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# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE



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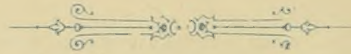
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# NEW MEXICO

With Her Healthful Climate, Dry Air, Light Atmospheric Pressure, Maximum of Sunshine and Minimum of Cloud, Slight Variations in Temperature and Porous Soil, is a Land of Especial Friendliness to the Farmer and Stock-raiser.



To sufferers from the various forms of lung and throat diseases, New Mexico offers climatic conditions more beneficial than can be found anywhere else in the world.



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## PECOS VALLEY, NEW MEXICO,

Is on the edge of great plains, cattle pastures, affording profitable home market for alfalfa and grain; noted for its large orchards and fine quality of fruits and vegetables; artesian belt with 300 flowing wells. Information regarding prices and description of land from

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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. 5  
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VOL. V.

JULY 7, 1903.

No. 28.

## HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN.

'Tis only the same old story  
That mothers so often tell  
With accents of infinite sadness,  
Like the tones of a funeral bell;  
But I never thought, once, when I heard it,  
I should learn all its meaning myself;  
I thought he'd be true to his mother,  
I thought he'd be true to himself.  
But alas, for my hopes, all delusion!  
Alas, for his youthful pride!  
Alas! who are safe when danger  
Is open on every side?  
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?  
No bar in its pathway be thrown.  
To save from the terrible maelstrom  
The thousands of boys going down?  
It was not on the field of battle,  
It was not with the ship at sea  
But a fate far worse than either  
That stole him away from me.  
'Twas the death in the tempting dram  
That the reason and senses drown;  
He drank the alluring poison,  
And thus my boy went down.  
Down from the heights of manhood  
To the depths of disgrace and sin;  
Down to a worthless being,  
From the hope that might have been.  
For the brand of a beast besotted  
He bartered his manhood's crown;  
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure  
My poor, weak boy went down.

\* \* \*

## JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

—Selected.

*The Almighty has plenty of time.*

\*

*The faith catches the glow of the soul.*

\*

*What you do not say you don't have to take back.*

\*

*If you want somebody to help you, begin by helping them.*

\*

*Those get the most out of life who put the most into it.*

*And the streets of heaven are full of children playing therein.*

\*

*Remember to abstain from every inconsiderate speech.*

\*

*Dress to have the moral value must be the exponent of a principle.*

\*

*Pride is largely undue anxiety as to what others think of us.*

\*

*Nobody ever hurt his eyes looking for the bright side of things.*

\*

*If what you do costs you one friend, you are playing a losing game.*

\*

*If you get no big fish to-day, your chances are better for to-morrow.*

\*

*It is a very low form of life which considers nothing but temporal reward.*

\*

*A marriage that lasts forever and ever is the only real and true marriage.*

\*

*It is smart to take advantage of an opportunity but still smarter to make one.*

\*

*A good appetite is better than a million of dollars and a stomach out of kelter.*

\*

*The saddest time in a man's life is when he contemplates giving up the struggle.*

\*

*The world has no place for the visionary man but after he gets there,—that is another story.*

\*

*Some churches are so busy with the interest on their mortgages they have no time for spiritual interests.*

\*

*No really good book stands abridgment. Beware of cheap books that do not contain all of the original.*



## A BLIND MAN'S STORY.

WHEN I was a little boy about three years of age I became totally blind. Accounts vary as to the cause of the blindness, but all agree that it was total and complete, and I do not remember of having seen the light until I was about thirty-five years of age. Then, by a miraculous operation, at the hands of a great oculist, my sight was restored to me. And now, that I can read the INGLENOOK and see what goes on in the world around me, the one thing that impresses me forcibly, of which the general public has no knowledge, is the way dreams impress the blind.

Did you ever stop to think of it? You have seen all your life and dream of seeing things, and the things that you dream about are perfectly natural because your mind has received correct impressions. The blind person dreams just as much as you do and he sees things in his mind without the slightest reference to their actuality. Thus, for illustration, when I dreamed of a landscape I knew that there was grass and I heard them say that it was green. I also dreamed of the sky overhead and I thought that it was green too, and it appeared to me to be just beyond the reach of a tall person on the roof of the highest house. I knew there was a creek down below the house and that water was running in it, for I had waded in it. While I was awake I had no idea of its color, yet in my sleep, or whenever I dreamed of any running water whatever, it was as red as blood. Stars to my mind were as big as a dinner plate and were a delightful blue color, while the moon was black and shed its rays very much as the sun does. People looked to me like exaggerated bipeds of some kind, and I always associated chickens with people, and my dreams showed men and women as enormously exaggerated chickens with their feathers off.

I had no conception of distances, colors, or general shapes. The first thing I saw after the operation that restored my sight was a great building which was in reality the house across the street, and which I saw through the window glass. Not knowing anything about distance I reached out my hand to touch it. The next thing I noticed was my nurse, and she seemed to be an uncouth and exaggerated specimen of an old hen.

As my powers of sight grew I made funny mistakes. Going out for a walk, accompanied by my friends to see that I did myself no harm, I felt much safer when I had my cane in my hand so that I could feel my way around. When I came to the creek, which I know now to be about thirty of forty yards wide I tried to step over it, knowing nothing of distance. And then I was continually reaching for things that were beyond my reach. All matters came to me very slowly at first and it was not an uncommon thing for me to use my knife at the table to locate a

thing before reaching out for it. There seemed to be a sort of satisfaction in first verifying its position by touch. When an apple was placed in my hand, though I saw it perfectly well, I did not know it from an egg until I had felt over it. Gradually my mind came to grasp the difference between things without feeling them.

On the other hand it has always been a source of great pleasure to show my friends the superiority of my touch to theirs by two of us being blindfolded while a third person placed something in our hands for us to describe. The difference between our accounts were just as ludicrous as my idea of things before I came to understand them clearly.

Now that I have learned to read by sight I am gradually losing the power I had of reading by the tips of my fingers over the common print of a newspaper. Taking it all the way through I know that the blind lead lives of which those who see have no knowledge. And the same must be true of the deaf and the mute. The fact is we never know the value of these blessings until we have lost them.

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## TESTING THE STANDARDS.

UNCLE SAM'S weights and measures are undergoing examination. The tables have been turned, for the weights themselves are now being weighed, and the measures tested to show whether or not they really hold as much as they pretend. Every standard must prove its case and a yardstick that measures a hair's breadth more or less than three feet will stand no more show than would a baker's dozen when eggs are scarce. The director, Mr. Stratton, and his chemists, physicians and other scientific experts at the bureau of standards are sitting in judgment and there is trouble ahead for the long and short measures and the light and heavy weights. The capricious thermometer must also come down or up, as the case may be, and give an account of itself along with the barometer and other things of that kind, known chiefly to science and the dictionary.

So effectively has Mr. Stratton organized the new bureau of standards that it will not be long before many of the standards will have been verified. The rapid development of the country's industries has resulted in demands upon the government, to which it was not subjected formerly. There is now hardly a field in which competition does not exist and in consequence, the bureau of standards is called upon to settle questions of standards that would not have arisen a few years ago.

The necessity for accuracy is greater now than ever before. What was considered sufficiently accurate a few years ago will no longer satisfy engineers, manufacturers, merchants and the rest of the public. For instance, the set of weights and measures furnished



the States in accordance with acts of Congress years ago, while good enough for the times in which they were designed, do not meet present requirements and Mr. Stratton is often called upon by state and city authorities for information as to where suitable sets of standards may be procured.

Among the models completed by the bureau of standards is one for a fifty-pound weight. It is about the size of the battery jar used for telephones, with an oval depression in one end. It is made of cold rolled shafting. The edges are rounded to prevent nicking and scratching. So accurate was the bureau in its construction that its weight was determined

When the bureau took up the work of testing thermometers it was found that there were two standards for Fahrenheit thermometers which differed by about two-fifths of a degree. It was also found that ordinary clinical thermometers, the kind used by physicians and nurses to determine the temperature of patients, showed wide divergencies, sometimes as much as one degree. In the case of a fever patient this would be sufficient cause for alarm, where none was necessary, and would also result in the diagnosis of a case as normal where the temperature was deficient. Every physician and nurse in the United States has some kind of clinical



HOME OF D. H. IMLER, TROPICO, CALIFORNIA.

without the difference of a fraction of grain in standard. It is as nearly a perfect weight as mathematical exactitude could make it. In indicating the difference in weights, one of the bureau experts showed the correspondent for the *Star* a set of weights sent to the bureau by a firm of druggists, who had used them for the weighing of coarse materials. They were made of ordinary cast iron and were neither plated nor polished. The porous nature of the metal permitted of increased weight by the intrusion of dust particles and rust, while nicks and scratches made a reduced weight possible. Such changes are not of importance in practical affairs and would be ignored by official weighers, but to the bureau of standards in its model work they are of the highest importance, for the models will be used in comparison of standards in general use.

thermometer and the lifetime of such a thermometer in regular use is less than six months. This means that hundreds of thousands of thermometers must be provided each year. There are thirty manufacturers of clinical thermometers in this country and the bureau began its work by obtaining from them facts as to the standard they used in graduating their clinical instruments and where such standards had last been compared. The bureau had adopted the international hydrogen scale, which for scientific purposes is used the world over. The standards of the manufacturers were compared with the bureau standard and corrections were made. In many cases the bureau made suggestions as to defects in form and construction. This resulted within a year in bringing practically the entire clinical industry to the correct scale of temperature.



## ALASKA.

MRS. ROSE LEECH tells a most interesting story in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* concerning the conditions in Alaska which cannot fail to be of value to all good Nookers.

No one else can tell quite so well why she likes the peninsula as she can herself. Here is what she has to say:

"Some persons have said they liked Alaska for the unbounded joy it gave them in getting out of the region. That is not my reason. I like the place as a home. For one who fancies a rugged, outdoor life there is no place in the world like Alaska. For the physically weak it would not be a desirable place. I should not advise any one to go there. Certainly the white silence of the region, those long dead Alaska nights in the winter, and the never-setting sun of the summer, are things which cannot be said to give very great variety to Alaskan existence. There is a dreary sameness about it all, but no one could be else than loyal who understands Alaska and knows its promises and foresees its future.

"At first it was the novelty of the life that won me. I went to Nome during the gold rush there. It was new to me. When that was over I went to Teller, and a more out-of-the-way place could hardly be planted on the face of the globe. Still we made it a happy place in which to live.

"Away up there one feels as if he were as far from home as he could get, just as if, for instance, he had landed on the moon and didn't know how he was going to get back to earth again. It is not knowing that you are so many hundreds or thousands of miles away that makes you feel so. It is because everything there is so different.

"There is little there that you see here, and there is little here that you see there. Yet all that is there is wondrously beautiful. It is worth giving up all there is here to have the brilliant aurora borealis dropping before you across the heavens on every one of those long winter nights. It is worth living there to know that you live in the only place on earth, perhaps, where everybody is absolutely equal socially, whether they be rich or poor.

"In Alaska he who will work will prosper. There never was a place where so many opportunities are offered by nature. The whole peninsula is planted with gold, but one must work and be patient to get his share of it. For those who do not care to be miners there is a soil and a climate that will some day open the eyes of the world when its marvelous agricultural products are sent to the distant markets. Oh, not all of Alaska is ice. There are green fields there, and great expanses of land decorated with wild flowers that would shame the flora of the tropics.

In no country in the world are the flowers more beautiful than in Alaska. The blues and the whites of those great blossoms fairly dazzle the eye with their brilliancy. That is what you find in frozen Alaska. And you find the best wheat in the world, and the largest potatoes and turnips, and other hardy vegetables.

"There is little reason why grain and vegetables should not be grown there. It is true the summer is short and not very hot, but remember the sun never sets in the summer time. While the vegetation in this latitude grows during the twelve or fourteen hours that the sun shines, there it grows all the time.

Through the growing season it is always daylight at Teller. Of course the ground is always frozen underneath the soil, but the heat thaws the ground to a depth sufficient to allow all plant life to mature.

The natives do not understand just what we are driving at, but they are convinced it is all right. They believe in everything the white man does and they go away, and at once try to do the same thing. They are as ignorant as they can be, but they quickly pick up any little custom of the camp.

"The Eskimos about Teller have no idea of the extent of the world. They know of Siberia, and one old fellow has been as far away as Dawson. He is regarded as a hero in one sense and as a gigantic liar in another. The Eskimos no longer have any confidence in him. Until two or three years ago natives to the north of Teller never heard of an animal larger than their own reindeer, which are only about four and one-half feet high. When this old Eskimo went to Dawson he saw several horses and was amazed at their size. When he returned to Teller the natives gathered around him, listening open-mouthed to the wonderful stories he told of the work of the white men who were digging in the hills for gold.

"They believed all he told them about machinery and the manner of building houses, and all that, but when he told them he had seen a lot of horses, each one as large as two reindeer, they got up in disgust and left him. For a long time they all called him by the Eskimo name which means that he cannot tell the truth.

"The Eskimos became quite expert in handling both the deer and the dogs, and these serve them well. They do not need better animals.

"The Eskimos are a peculiar people. They have the highest notions of morality and they are extremely gentle. You never hear a complaint from an Eskimo parent, and I have never seen an Eskimo child deserving of punishment. Nor have I ever heard an Eskimo child cry. Once in a great while you will find a man who is mean, but nine times out of ten he is so because he has acquired a taste for the liquor which white men introduced into the territory.



"Of the strange customs practiced by the natives, that of marriage is the most striking. A young Eskimo never goes courting. If he takes a notion he wants to get married he gets all his property together and then tries to decide what girl he wants. When he chooses one he sends her some article of clothing. An Eskimo girl never accepts a present of this kind from a young fellow unless she is willing to marry him.

"The fellow waits for some time, and if the girl doesn't send his present back to him he will go and bargain with her parents. He offers so many pieces of walrus ivory or so many furs, and usually can strike a bargain. When he does he grabs the girl by the hand and takes her away with him without asking her consent. They have no marriage ceremony whatever, but when a young fellow marries, he never leaves his wife.

"I like the Eskimos and I like all that is in Alaska. There is but one depressing thing there and that is those long winter nights. It becomes daylight at 10 o'clock in the morning and gets dark at two o'clock in the afternoon."

\* \* \*

#### GIRLS TOIL IN MINES.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the criticism and ameliorative suggestions that prevail on social reform among the laboring classes, and the dreams of the modern sociologists of both hemispheres, the problem of how Belgium can supply decent employment to its southern girls remains still to be solved. The kingdom is only one-fourth the size of Pennsylvania, and yet within its boundaries more than 6,000 persons are battling for their daily bread.

Undoubtedly the American girls pity their Belgian sisters and condemn the act of employing the weaker sex upon dangerous and strenuous labor in subterranean galleries, just as the Belgian servant girls and farmers' daughters have pitied them for many years; nevertheless, the girls at work in the mines make light of their sympathizers and seem more than satisfied with their miserable lot. None of them would voluntarily exchange it for the position of a servant girl. Complaints seldom arise from their lips, no matter what grave danger the day's share of work may involve or to what wretched condition of servitude they may be doomed.

The mines wherein so many young girls are spending the best days of their youth are undisputably the deepest in the whole world, some reaching a depth of 4200 feet, and their interior is insufficiently ventilated; the air is impure, the heat intense and highly explosive from the numerous crevices, capable of transforming hundreds of toiling bodies into lifeless masses in an unexpected moment. Numerous instances of such disasters are on record.

The clothes worn by the unfortunate girls during working time are made of blue linen of the lightest weight and consist of large pantaloons, the end of these bifurcate garments being tied around the legs just above the shoes; also a jacket wherein the body can freely exercise its muscular strength. The hair is skillfully enveloped in a handkerchief, thus protecting the head from coal dust as well as if it had never approached a coal mine. The whole outfit costs about seventy cents and is changed twice a week. In full dress the girl of the Belgian mine resembles a bicyclist of her sex arrayed in bloomers.

For twelve hours' work a day in the mines the Belgian girl earns fifty cents.

\* \* \*

#### PLAYING MARBLES IN CITY.

THE average New York boy is just about as ingenious as any boy in the world, especially when it comes to inventing games of amusement. He is compelled to play under many conditions which do not confront the boys of smaller cities. For one thing he has not the space and for another the police do not allow him as much "rope," so to speak, as is allowed the boys of smaller cities. So he is driven to the necessity of playing in accordance with the rules of a great metropolis. When he wants to play marbles he cannot mark off a chalk ring in the street because the police will be after him for disfiguring the pavement. Boys who live downtown have no vacant lots to play marbles in, and uptown many of the vacant lots are not only fenced in but guarded by special watchmen.

Consequently the New York boy has to find another way to play marbles. He has finally settled upon the iron tops which cover openings to the various conduits under the streets. His favorite is the large, square top which covers an opening to the electric light conduits. This is not only large, but it is made very rough on the surface and has in the center a round indentation which will hold quite a lot of marbles.

Often one sees boys gathered about these iron tops enjoying a fine game of marbles. Each one throws into the circular indentation the same number of marbles and the game is to shoot them out of the ring and off the top entirely. This is quite hard to do, as after they are knocked out of the ring they lodge in the other indentations on the top. The game is quite popular among boys in all parts of Manhattan.

\* \* \*

Good habits are not made on birthdays, nor Christian character at the New Year. The workshop of character is every-day life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is lost or won.—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*



## THE END OF THE WORLD.

BY GARRET P. SERVISS.

PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB has written a little story concerning the end of the world, which he pictures as arriving through the fall of a huge, dark body, an opaque and non-luminous star, into the sun. This is an idea that has often been enlarged upon by others, both imaginatively and in a semi-scientific way, and Professor Newcomb adds virtually nothing to the conception.

Nobody knows better than he how extremely improbable such an occurrence must be. It is, however,

tential capital of these things stored up in the sun, which will some day become exhausted. When that day arrives the sun will be snuffed out like a candle that has burned down to its socket. Its eternal energies, which now keep it bright and hot, will all have been expended and its huge globe will become an invisible bulk, drifting blindly through the ocean of ether.

It is needless to say that when the sun goes out life will vanish from its planets. The earth will become a frost-encrusted ball, and neither animal nor vegetable life will any longer exist upon its surface.

This fact, to be sure, is, in the regular order of things, a very remote one. Several millions of years



REAL ANTIQUITIES—GRÆCO-ITALIAN VASES.—Chicago Art Institute.

within the limits of remote possibility, and so may be regarded as a legitimate subject, not only of fiction but of speculative science.

But there is another, far more probable, way in which the world may end, and which is the direct antithesis to that chosen by Professor Newcomb. In fact, the whole trend of modern science indicates that this other way is that in which the world actually will end.

It is, of course, as well known to Professor Newcomb as is the opposite theory of fire and burning, but doubtless he thought the latter presented greater dramatic possibilities for a story.

The other way to which I refer is by freezing and desiccation. Modern astronomy has taught us that the sun is not a perpetual motion machine. Its extravagant expenditure of light, heat and other forms of radiant energy has to be paid for. There is a po-

must probably elapse before the light and heat of the sun will begin notably to decline. But there are ways in which the process may be accelerated. The sun may attain a critical point and then cool more rapidly.

And then, too, the gradual drying up of the earth may hasten the end. The moon hangs above our heads a visible image of what a dried-up world means. Mars appears to be in a state of desiccation, only less complete than that of the moon, though many forms, and even high forms, of life may yet exist there, battling against extinction, which draws on apace. Mercury is another apparently dried-up planet. So there are plenty of examples before us.

The slow freezing of the earth is not lacking, either, in dramatic interest. On come the polar snows, marching resistlessly equatorward, simultaneously from the north and from the south. The life of any globe retreats before them, and is driven in succession from all

its strongholds. The temperate zones become glacial. All the inhabitants of the earth are crowded into the tropics and along the equator. If they remain numerous—if race suicide and hard conditions do not sweep them off more rapidly than the habitable land contracts—a terrific struggle for existence must finally ensue, as they crowd, shivering, into the equatorial belt in South America and Africa and the East Indian Islands, and seek to prolong their miserable lives under a perpendicular but fast-paling sun!

In the inevitable end of the earth as a habitable abode may be found another argument for the immortality of the spirit of man, which can foresee and estimate these stupendous facts.—*Chicago American.*

\* \* \*

#### BURBANK'S INDIAN PORTRAITS.

"No, painting Indians is not the easiest thing in the world, but during the last seven years I have grown to think it the most interesting," says E. A. Burbank, who has done more than any other artist to preserve accurate records of the faces and costumes of these vanishing races. The faces are frequently hidden under thick paint, but that, too, is a part of the costume, every color and every stripe having its own symbolism. If the latest order from Washington goes into effect, forbidding our red-skinned wards to loaf and satisfy their souls with blankets and pigment, Burbank's faithful presentments of barbaric bedizenments will have an even greater ethnological value than they have to-day.

With the skill of a Munich-trained man he has painted portraits of all the famous chiefs still living, and every one knows that there are not likely to be any more famous chiefs when these are gone. He has painted characteristic types, from Rain-in-the-Face, the Sioux warrior who will wear only a civilized policeman's uniform, to Black-Coyote, of the Arrapahoes, half-nude, with his war-paint and feathers, or Chief Tal-Klai, of the Apaches, with his rugged face framed in heavy black hair and no gewgaws but a string of beads and silver ornaments, and a handsome blanket thrown over his shoulders. He has lived among the Cheyennes, Comanches, Kiowas, Foxes, Modocs, Pueblos, Navajos, and all the rest of them. He has learned in part their languages, and quite thoroughly the universal language of signs. He has had assistance and introductions from military men, many of whom are learned in Indian lore.

When he could not get a shelter at a post, or a trader's house, he has slept with six Indians on the floor of a hut, or made his overcoat his pillow in the open. When the railroad went no further, he rode two hundred miles on horseback, with an Apache trailer for guide. Many is the tramp he has had to take on foot. "I'll never forget one, when the thermom-

eter stood at one hundred and sixteen in the shade, and I was carrying my stretchers and whole outfit to paint an Indian who refused to sit at the last moment.—*Isabel McDougall, in the Pilgrim.*

\* \* \*

#### USES OF ASBESTOS.

THE order of the insurance commissioners that all wires in New York's new subway shall be insulated with asbestos and that the roofs and floors of all subway cars shall be protected with asbestos mill board, calls attention to the valuable qualities of a mineral that we hardly knew existed a quarter of a century ago. It looks as if asbestos would be a great boon to mankind.

It is only a little over a quarter of century since the discovery of asbestos. It is the only fireproof fiber in the world. To look at some of the beautiful articles woven from it, we can hardly conceive that asbestos is a mineral and in its native state looks just like an ordinary rock to the untrained eye. An asbestos mine is, indeed, in simplest expression, merely a rock quarry. But from this stone it is possible to manufacture a suit of clothes.

The strongest statement that can be made about asbestos is, it positively cannot be burned. In New York there are several firms handling the crude and manufactured product. One of these made some experiments for a Commercial reporter. A gentleman took a handful of loose asbestos fiber—it looked like gray cloth ravelings and as inflammable as tinder—and applied a lighted match to the bunch. The blaze discolored it a little, that was all.

Formerly asbestos was chiefly used as a covering for superheated pipes. Its usefulness is spreading daily. It is made into theater curtains and stage appliances, table cloths, wall paper, lining for safes, and so on. Ground, it is manufactured, with coloring matter, into fireproof paint and into a cement tiling for floors of sky scrapers.

So far, Canada furnishes nearly all the asbestos of the world, though several mines are being developed in this country. The Canadian mines are in Ontario and Quebec provinces. The value of Canada's output in 1901—the last year of compiled statistics—was \$1,186,434. Two-thirds of this comes to the United States. The milling process, whereby the fiber is released from the stone, is secret. It is done at the mines. The imported product is manufactured in this city, at Erie, Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston and Philadelphia; also at Canal Dover, O., where a new plant has been established for the production of a new article from asbestos—sad irons.

\* \* \*

THE United States Weather Bureau employs 1,400 trained observers at 180 stations.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## HORSE KNEW THE PATRONS.

"THE dairyman's horse learns a few things as he goes on his daily round," said a man who lives up-town, "and I had occasion to observe this fact recently. It came about in a very pathetic way. For many years I have been patronizing one milkman and for the past several years he has been driving an old frame of a horse. The animal was not very fast, but he was faithful. One day not long ago, the old milkman was suddenly stricken with paralysis while making his round, or just as he had completed it. At any rate he was in his wagon and was so violently afflicted that he could not move, could not do anything for himself.

"The horse seemed to understand the situation, so he pulled the wagon home with his master in it. I did not know about this until several days after it happened. I missed my milkman for several days and did not understand why it was. I thought probably the old fellow was sick or that something had happened to him. In a few days a strange milkman stopped in front of my house. He came in and asked if the old man—calling his name—had been delivering milk at my place. I told him that he had and inquired what was the matter with the old fellow. Then he told me the old dairyman had been stricken with paralysis and was in a desperate condition.

"'We have a number of customers,' he said, half apologetically, 'having your name and I was not certain about your place. But, you see, this old horse here has been our main reliance. He knows the route pretty well and when he stopped in front of your house I thought you must be one of the old man's customers too. That old horse is not very good looking, but he has a head full of sense,' and the new milkman walked away with a show of much pride. Horses are close observers and learn rapidly sometimes."—*New Orleans Times Democrat*.

\* \* \*

## SLEEPY GRASS.

IN some sections of the Southwest there is a species of grass called sleepy grass by residents. The peculiarity is that when stock eat of it they grow stupid and sleepy. They do not again eat of it after the first experience. The following account of its action is from the story of one who has had experience:

"After going into camp one evening in a beautiful park, bordered with spruce and fir, along the crest of the mountain, he was warned by a passing ranchman

that the horses were getting sleepy grass, and adding that if they got a good feed of it it might be a week before they could get out of there. Not wishing to remain that long but wishing to test the effect, Mr. Bailey permitted the horses to feed for half an hour, then they were picketed out of reach of the grass. The next morning all of the horses showed more or less drowsiness, but one, Old Joe, seemed to have secured more than the others and 'was standing on the hill side asleep, his feet braced wide apart, head high in air, both ears and under lip dropped, a most ridiculous picture of profound slumber. At breakfast time the others woke up to a keen interest in their oats, but Old Joe, after being dragged to camp, much against his will, preferred to sleep rather than eat, and after pulling back on his rope all the way down to the spring refused to drink or even lower his head.' Although the horses were gotten under way, they manifested evidences of stupor and could only be induced to move by repeated urging with whip and spur. 'The stupor lasted about three days, and was too evident and unusual to be attributed to weariness or natural indisposition. We were making easy trips and the horses were in good condition. After it wore off they showed their usual spirit and energy, as well as appetite. The only after-effect was a gaunt appearance, apparently resulting from lack of energy to get their usual amount of grass.'

"It appears from Mr. Bailey's inquiries that horses coming up from the valley will always eat freely of this grass, and the resulting stupor may last for a week or ten days, but they will never touch the grass a second time. Horses and cattle familiar with the range carefully avoid this grass, perhaps having learned from experience of its somnolent effects. The sleep-inducing properties appear to reside in the leaves, but just what it is, is not known, although it has been suggested that it is allied to opium."

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## BIRDS WITH ODD WAYS.

ALL birds live in more or less close relation to the earth, but some are peculiarly associated with it, or depend upon it more especially for certain requirements. Not the least interesting of these are the burrowing owls. These, unlike their tree or tower-haunting relatives, make their home underground, digging their tunnels together, and laying their eggs at the farther end. Here in the darkness the little owlets are hatched, and here they are fed on fat grasshoppers



and mice until they are able to climb up and look upon the world for themselves. It is curious that these owls, which of all their family would seem to have the best practice in their youth for learning to use their eyes in the dark, are not nocturnal, but dig their burrows, catch their food and do their courting in broad daylight.

Ostriches may be mentioned as types of birds which have found it so good for them to spend their life in running that they are without the power of flight, and are never able to rise above the ground—"winged creatures" of the earth, not the "air."

The bird which is pre-eminently of the earth earthy lives in the far antipodes—Australia and the Philippine Islands. It is the megapode, or mound builder, and has the curious habit of burying its eggs in the ground or in a mound of leaves and dirt, leaving them—reptile-like—to hatch from the heat generated in the pile of decaying vegetation. It is thought that the parents never see their offspring, which are fully feathered when they leave the egg and able to dig out and fly at once. This unusual development at birth is made possible by the great amount of nourishing yolk in the eggs, which are very large in proportion to the size of the bird. Think of a member of this class of birds, made to spend its life partly in the air, hatching in a tightly packed, damp mound of earth six feet below the surface. We cannot censure the parents for shirking the responsibilities of incubation when we think of the enormous amount of work necessary to collect such masses of rubbish, which measure sometimes 50 feet in circumference and 14 feet in height. Of course, this is not collected in one year, but it is a great undertaking for birds no larger than our common grouse. Thus we see man cannot take the credit of having first used an artificial incubator to hatch the eggs of birds.

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#### THE WOOD DUCK'S NEST.

IN the country along the south shore of Lake Superior and contiguous to it most of the wild fowl have gone to breeding. In many instances the flocks remained unseparated up to two weeks ago.

The mallards, the teal, which have come so far north, the sprigs and butterballs are all laying and the blue-bills will begin soon. Even the wood ducks are building, and they are among the latest of all ducks to set up housekeeping.

The wood duck is more of a summer duck than the other kinds and breeds much further south, though some individuals go even further north than Superior. The wood duck, in fact, breeds as far down the country as northern Arkansas and some hurt individuals have been known to rear young amid the torrid heats of Louisiana.

This bird, one of the most interesting of the duck family, is one of the hardest to find. It does not display extraordinary skill in hiding its nest, but most persons in going through the woods and seeing a wood duck's nest would take it to be the nest of a squirrel or crow and so pass it by.

The summer habitation of this duck is generally found only by accident. A man walking or standing near sees a duck come hurtling through the trees from the lake and pitch into the nest, or he hears the faint quack of the young just out of the shell, or later, when they have grown stronger, one climbs over the edge and falls and is killed.

The nest is placed generally in the heavy fork of some big tree, and not more than twenty feet from the ground, if the tree be decayed and offer a cavity big enough to permit of the mother's entrance. The nest is constructed of heavy twigs and short sticks ingeniously placed, and it is stuck together here and there with mud brought from the water's edge in the builder's bill. Nearly always the nest is so placed that it is protected by heavy limbs from rain.

It is a popular fiction that the wood duck, when her young have grown large enough to swim, takes them to the water upon her back or carries them one at a time in her bill. The nest is nearly always close to the water; a quarter of a mile away is a considerable distance.—*The Inter-Ocean*.

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#### A SOLDIER ROOSTER.

ONE of the most extraordinary army pets is Charlie, the fine rooster belonging to Driver J. Herriman of the Twenty-ninth battery of the Royal field artillery. The bird traveled all the way from Bombay to South Africa with the regiment at the beginning of the Boer war. He accompanied the battery on the marches to Lydenburg, Middleburg, Pretoria and Johannesburg, and was carried in Driver Herriman's pocket all through the battle of Elandslaagte. The strange pet is now with the battery at No. 2 depot, Glasgow, in the pink of condition, absolutely none the worse for his strange adventures.

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#### CRAB-EATING MONKEYS.

PEOPLE are so much in the habit of thinking that monkeys are found only in the forests that it comes as a surprise to learn of one that bears the name of the crab-eating macaque. It is found through Burmah, Siam and Malay land, living among the trees that line the tidal creeks. The chief food of these animals consists of seeds, insects and crabs. In pursuit of crabs they must take to the water. Use has become second nature with them as with other animals, and they are said to be able to swim uncommonly well.



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—Selected.

♦ ♦ ♦

## GETTING ALONG PLEASANTLY.

VERY few people in this world start out on life's journey with the realization of the actual value to them of getting along pleasantly with people with whom they are thrown in contact. It may not be apparent to everybody, but it is nevertheless a solemn fact that it is one of the elements of success. Every successful man before the public, and dependent upon the public for his preferment, must, in the very nature of things, pleasantly relate himself to those around him. The idea of a successful politician of surly cast of mind and repulsive, is a combination impossible to conceive. In fact it is one of the essentials of success to get along pleasantly with those we necessarily rub against as we travel down Time's turnpike.

This thing of getting along smoothly is very largely due to a fact that may not readily be apparent to all. If we were called upon to define it we would say that it consists in seeing the better side of things about us and making the most of our agreements. And, on the contrary, avoiding angularities of character and disposition and in fitting in with the best, while we ignore the worst as far as it affects us. Everybody has his good side as well as his bad one, and by getting close to the good we not only help ourselves but help each other. It is not always easy to do but it is always best to get along pleasantly.

It is not meant by this that a man or woman need necessarily act a two-faced part and be always actuated by a personal policy involving an advantage. What is meant is the unwisdom of our relating ourselves to those around us in a repellant form, when we might as well get as close to the smooth side as possible. There is hardly ever any use in scratching people while there is often much of advantage to both sides by a judicious use of the smoothing process.

Some people go through the world with a hatpin in their hands and they are always ready to scratch or jab somebody with it and the consequence naturally is that unpleasant relations are always inaugurated and subsequently maintained. On the other hand there are others who pass through life with the tact and touch of an intelligent dispenser of the better things of life, and people are attracted by such as much as they are repelled by the other. People are a great deal like a hot poker. They have a more or less hot end and a cooler and more comfortable handle. It is just as well in our relations with the world to get hold of the cool end. In fact it is so much better that the INGLENOOK risks teaching it.

Moreover one of the advantages of the pleasant side of things is that everything we do comes to be more or less of a habit with us. And habits once required are as iron fetters to us. Get into the growly and complainy habit and it is sure to stay by you, while, if you get into the smily and appreciative channel, it becomes a part of you all the same. It is a great deal better to whistle than it is to be perpetually singing a dirge. Or, clear outside of the advantage that allures to us there is a very marked advantage in the benefit we confer on others. Not only by the fact itself but by the contagion of example, more likely to make for the good of those around us than for their evil.

The moral of the whole acquisition lies in being less critical of the faults of others and more appreciative of their excellencies. This I take to be eminently a Christian gift. The Child of the King ought to be gracious not only to his brothers and sisters, but doubly so to those who are not yet in the line of the inheritance. The INGLENOOK will venture upon the assumption that the Master himself was most companionable and pleasant to be about. No charge of surliness or personal criticism is recorded against him. He was crucified for political reasons, not for personal ones.

Yes, it is better to laugh than it is to wail, and it is just as well to have other people look pleasant and feel pleasant because you see the good that is in them, and the orders are from this on to be pleasant with everybody.

## OUR CANADIAN ISSUE.

SOME time ago a special issue of the INGLENOOK devoted to northwest Canada was announced, and for reasons not necessary to go into here and now, was postponed. It has now been taken up again, and will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

The western part of Canada has rapidly come to the fore as a new and desirable place in which to settle. Thousands of our American citizens have gone over there, settled down and become Canadians to all intents and purposes. It has been said to the Nookman that perhaps there are a hundred thousand Americans now living in Canada. And more are going. And other thousands are coming from the old world.

Now what sort of a place is this western Canada? What are the land and the people like? The land agents and the emigration people tell their stories, and what one side says the other tears down, what one offers as an inducement, the other belittles. What are the facts? The Nookman is going to see for the Nook family. And it will all be in the special issue, without fear or favor.

It is not altogether like our northern part of the United States, just the same as the northern part of our country is not like the middle United States. Go north five hundred miles, anywhere, and conditions are different. What grows there? Are there any fruit trees, berries, and flowers to be seen? Is it a vast, arid plain on which nothing but sheep can live, and is it where half the year is frozen up, and the other half thawing out? We are going to see about it, going to see personally, and we are telling it for the information of the Nook family even though the most of them may never be within a thousand miles of the country described. And this one thing more! Some people are so constituted that they cannot understand a situation without its personal interest that is kept in the rear. To all such, though it will do little good, let it be said that the only thing in mind is making a good and a reliable INGLENOOK, and there is not a single item of personal interest, one way or other, in the whole matter.

Watch out for the Canadian Nook. It is likely to be a valuable addition to the knowledge of everybody. It will look at things through American eyes, and will tell what it sees in the INGLENOOK way. There are advantages and disadvantages. We will try to get the facts. Wait for the issue.

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## TO GO OR NOT TO GO.

THE question sometimes arises whether it is better to go away to school or to attend from home. The answer depends. If there is a good school within reach of home it may be best, all things considered, to

attend the home institution. But there is also another side, and an important one.

Education does not consist in boring one's way through a certain number of books, of "learning" them. There is a large additional feature of school represented by personal association with strangers, and coming in contact with mature minds, things that are either not possible or facile at home. It is this rubbing against others in the most impressionable period of life, the attrition of mind against mind, that constitutes a very considerable and valuable part of an education. There is a great deal in the *esprit de corps* of a struggling, eager lot of boys and girls, each striving for proficiency and class honors. None of this is available when all are acquainted, and what one gets by going out into the world and seeing how others do, is of unquestioned value. It corresponds to travel in foreign lands. Then, again, the individual gets his sharp corners knocked off. If he has many notions of personal superiority he is very apt to get them seriously damaged when he asserts them before several hundred democratic fellow students. Take it far and near, the distant school, all other things being equal, is apt to give the best returns for the time and money.

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## PICTORIAL JOURNALISM.

THOSE who take the daily papers and see the pictures of men in the public eye are very often surprised to see the wide difference between the pictures in one paper and those of another. In fact, if we take the picture of a prominent man, say President Roosevelt, for instance, and print a couple dozen of them side by side, taken from various sources and at different times, the resemblance would be so indistinct that without being told we would not know who was being shown up. The reason for this is that the pictures are more or less the result of snapshots, sometimes by a more or less inexperienced artist, and sometimes they are made from a good photograph, and again, it has been known that a publisher used the picture of an entirely different person to represent the individual he had in mind. All told at the bottom of the whole business is a vanity more honored in the breach than the observance.

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"ENTHUSIASM is the element of success in everything; it is the light that leads and the strength that lifts men on and up in the great struggle of scientific pursuits and professional labor; it robs endurance of difficulty and makes duty a pleasure."

\* \* \*

"No one is living aright unless he so lives that whoever meets him goes away more confident and joyous for the contact."



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

Since the post office inspection has been going on, the other departments of the government are receiving attention also. Already investigations are under way in the Interior, Agricultural, Treasury, and Judiciary Departments, all of which are based upon more or less serious charges. President Roosevelt may some day win the name, "The Civil Service Puritan."

The persecution of the Jews in Russia is receiving much attention. In March, 1903, the Czar issued a declaration which seemingly promised equal rights to all Russians. In the face of this it is no wonder that the massacre in Kishenev, in April, and other murders are gravely considered by the civilized world. The Jews of the United States have appealed to our Government to intercede and President Roosevelt has decided that their petition shall be sent.

In the petition sent to the Russian Government is the following paragraph, which contains a truth well worth emphasis: "Religious persecution is more sinful and more fatuous even than war. War sometimes is necessary, honorable and just; religious persecution never is defensible."

Doctor Dorosbeosky, who has unremittently given his attention to the Jewish victims of the Kishenev massacre, has been forced to resign his position in the provincial hospital at Kishenev. It is believed the reason for this is that he published facts, figures and names which the authorities wanted kept secret.

The Jews are rapidly emigrating from Russia, going to Brazil, Argentina, South Africa and the United States.

While in the West cloudbursts, floods, etc., were the order of the day, New England, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey were parched by unseasonable heat. During fifty-two days less than one-third of an inch of rain fell in that section. Now, since the breaking of the drouth, in and around New York, they have have had seventeen successive rainy days, with a precipitation greater than the average for the entire month of June during the last thirty-four years.

Much of the wheat crop of Oklahoma is now cut and it has proved to be a most excellent one. Although the wheat and oats are good, the corn of Oklahoma is poor, owing to the rains and the subsequent late planting.

The wheat crop in the principal crop raising districts of Missouri is a great disappointment on account of the heavy rains.

A solid column of army worms, one hundred and fifty yards wide and nearly three miles long, marched through Walla Walla County, Washington, doing much damage to the growing crops. The worms are from one and one-half to two inches long.

A cloudburst visited the Wheeling Creek Valley and Peters Run, West Virginia, June 28, leaving the farms barren in a district ten miles square.

Nevada also is having extra heavy rainfall.

Rain and frost combined are the cause of thousands of acres of potatoes being ruined in Ireland. It is feared this will cause great hardship for the peasants.

In Kansas City a committee has been set to work hunting up all the laws discriminating against independent labor. The city's eight-hour law is one that is attacked. The walking delegate, they say, is the only man who wants such a law. The laborer does not want it because all he has to sell is his time and the more time he sells the more money he has.

Business men in Kentucky are considering a plan for a strike insurance company. They propose to conduct this on principles similar to those of fire insurance companies, and when an employer loses from the effect of a strike he will be paid by the strike insurance company in accordance with the profits of the corresponding season of the previous year.

Belgium hopes to rid herself of the labor question by a new plan, which contemplates the payment of an annual tax by the employers to the government, which will insure all employees against accident and death.

Steps are being taken to organize a Teachers' Union in Nebraska. The teachers say they are underpaid and propose to follow the steps of organized labor, in order to raise the minimum wage to about fifty dollars a month.

Now they are urging the soldiers to form a union! What next?

Nathan Straus, a philanthropist of New York, has donated a pasteurizing plant to the city of Chicago, thus establishing a system whereby pure milk may be had for the children of that city.

Charles J. Bonaparte, a grandnephew of the great Napoleon, has been one of the prominent persons advocating the civil service reform. His home is in Baltimore.

The Pope, Leo XIII, was able to take part in the public consistory at Rome, June 25. On account of his great age and failing health many think this will be his last consistory.



Miss Elizabeth Coombs Adams, a niece of John Quincy Adams, died at her home in Quincy, Massachusetts, last week. Miss Adams was over ninety-five years old, and was the last of a direct line of descendants from President Adams.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is arranging to give his Bible class a summer outing together, where they may have systematic physical exercise. This young man of wealth is an enthusiastic Bible teacher and believes that a strong, healthy body is an invaluable aid to a Christian.

Miss Sallie Sullivan, the "Bug Artist," who for twenty-three years has been Government entomological illustrator, is dead. Her name is well-known to scientists in the United States and abroad. Her paintings and drawings are regarded as the best of their kind.

Alexander S. Beaubien, who has served as a policeman in the city of Chicago for forty years, retired July 1. He was the first white baby boy born in the city of Chicago. This event occurred June 21, 1821. He is still hale and hearty. Mr. Beaubien has never been outside of the State of Illinois.

Eliza Boardman Burnz, the first girl stenographer, died June 29 in New York. She was eighty years old and learned stenography from Isaac Pitman, in England, when a girl of fifteen. When seventeen she came to America and was the only woman stenographer in this country. Later she gave her services free as a teacher in a school of stenography for women and when she surrendered her class to another, in 1887, there were five thousand women and girls earning a livelihood by stenography in New York and Brooklyn.

Miss Eda Nemoede, a modest young stenographer in Chicago promises to become one of America's greatest miniature painters. Paying for her lessons in painting by the earnings gained by stenography this girl has accomplished wonders within this last year. One of her best miniatures is that of President Roosevelt. She was unable to obtain a sitting of this distinguished subject, so she followed him about the city and studied him from a distance. The result is the strikingly fine portrait of our President which is attracting much attention. Miss Nemoede hopes to earn money enough to enable her to study in Europe. If she succeeds in this she will likely give the world some pictures of lasting merit.

The Hawaiian Government has voted to stop American immigration. The natives take the position that they do not want more Americans there, as they would soon outvote the Hawaiians and the latter would thus lose control.

Not long ago the Liberty Bell made a visit to Massachusetts. Now there is talk of taking the historic Plymouth rock on a tour of the country to visit all the large cities. The guardians of the rock like the idea and necessary arrangements are being made for the visit.

A quiet Fourth of July for the Kansas City, Kansas, boys. All because the mayor issued an order which absolutely forbade the use of fireworks or firearms within the city limits. This was done to insure safety to the piles of wreckage about the streets.

Beginning with July 1 all oil sold in Oklahoma must bear a tag showing the specific gravity and flash test. And should the oil not prove to be as represented, the retail dealer will be subject to a heavy fine.

A report submitted to the annual meeting of the American Library Association, held at Niagara Falls, New York, shows that \$10,308,400 were given for founding libraries during the year ending May 31, 1903. Andrew Carnegie was the most liberal donor.

After a seven-weeks' tour through the United States, the delegation of forty-seven Germans, who were sent to this country to study agricultural methods, is now ready to depart for home. Our agricultural experiment stations were a revelation to them.

King Edward's birthday, June 26, was officially celebrated in England.

Plans are being made for a trans-Siberian and Alaska Railroad, connected by means of a tunnel under Behring Strait. It is estimated that the cost will be about two hundred million dollars, of which sixty-five million will be expended in the tunnel. The company will be incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois, as the main office is expected to be in Chicago.

Minnie Cox, the negro postmistress at Indianola, Mississippi, has been forced by the white population of that section to resign her position. The reason given is that the black folks made the post office a loafing place. As a result the little town is without a post office and the postal authorities have the "black and white" question to consider. Three-fourths of the population of the county are negroes.

One of the political platforms to be considered this next election in the State of Mississippi involves the division of the State school fund, thus leaving the negro to provide for his own education, which means fewer schools for the blacks. Unfortunately very few can now read and write. This is not because they lack ability to learn but the opportunity has never been given them.



## SOME PEARL FISHING.

JUST a few days ago a big tobacco factory that had been bought up and closed by the trust again blew its whistle at Louisiana, Mo., on the Mississippi river, 120 miles north of St. Louis, but this time as a button factory. From tobacco to buttons is a far cry, but it tells an interesting story of the development of an industry; and at the bottom of the story lies a jewel—a pearl, the beautiful pearl that is found, sometimes, in the shell of the inland river mussel, or freshwater clam.

Along the upper Mississippi and some of its tributaries the pearl fisher has started forth again to seek his fortune. During the winter months he has stayed on land, content to tell stories of his past misfortunes, of the luck which he expects in the future, and the various ways he will spend his wealth—when he gets it.

In the winter time the pearl fisher may be a farmer, who sticks to his "section" as long as the rivers are frozen over, but who cannot escape the get-rich-quick contagion which comes with spring skies and the return of the pearl fishing season. Occasionally a tale reaches his ears of how some fellow countryman has attained sudden wealth by discovering a "strawberry" pearl, and the mere routine of farm life becomes all at once a slavish drudgery. A day later the farmer is off for the mussel beds.

Hundreds of pearl fishers also come from river towns, where they have lived a precarious life through the winter, and having spent what little they earned the foregoing year are eager to get back to the mussel beds at the earliest sign of a thaw. Men who have families, as a general thing, take their wives and children with them. When the season, therefore, has really opened, many of these communities along the rivers of Wisconsin and Iowa are practically deserted. There is a fortune lurking in the turbid waters, and the crowd which rushes thither has much of the nervous anxiety of adventurers which flock to a newly discovered gold field.

The pearl fisher with a family soon finds a home near the mussel beds. He either pitches a tent on the river's edge or rigs up a houseboat. In any case, it is a miserable habitation, visited at all hours of the day and night by mosquitoes which would drive even a Jersey man frantic, and filled frequently with the miasma which breeds malaria.

Having thus cared for the domestic or social side of life, the pearl fisher equips himself for business. If he has fished for pearls before, he knows that he cannot depend alone on these foundlings of fortune for a livelihood. The only practical way for him is to dig up mussels, and sell their shells, and as he sorts over the bivalves he can keep his eye out for an elusive pearl. He may go through a whole season and only discover a few "dead ones," which are practically

worthless, or, of a sudden he may stare at a brilliant "turtle back" as large as a marble and worth \$10,000.

The work is done from a scow-shaped boat which drifts with the current, dragging over the bottom a large number of hooks, on which the mussels "bite." The hooks are on short strings, or chains, and are attached side by side on a long bar or gas pipe. There are two of these bars, which are kept on stanchions on either side of the boat. By means of a "mule," which consists of a frame covered with canvas, placed vertically into the water, and which acts as an underwater sail, the clammer obtains enough motive power to propel the boat and drag the hooks over the bottom. They lie with their mouths toward the current, so that they may catch food particles that come floating toward them. When the hooks enter their mouths they immediately shut down on them and hang on like so many steel traps. On days when the water is muddy after a hard rain, they are feeding and they "bite" freely.

There are some fifty varieties of shells, most of which are valuable. The largest shells, or "washboards," are too brittle to be worth anything for commercial purposes. The smaller shells are all good for pearl buttons and bring the clammer \$15 to \$20 a ton. The shell buyers come with large barges and take the shells at the camps. Very often a steamboat is sailing down the river, pushing several barges, each of which contains in the neighborhood of five hundred tons of clam shells. These shells are made into pearl buttons at factories at various river towns. The buttons are sawed out of the shell, and in this rough form are sent East to be finished.

At the new factory in Louisiana, Mo., the buttons will be finished; this factory buying "cut-outs" from smaller plants.

The history of fresh water pearl fishing forms an interesting chapter in the development of a number of river towns. Twelve or fifteen years ago some fishermen on the Sugar river, a small stream in Wisconsin, made the discovery that fresh water mussels contained pearls. People looked on these finds as curiosities, pretty, but of little value, and they were fished by those living in that vicinity as a Sunday diversion, and the one lucky enough to find a pearl prized it as one would an odd-shaped stone, and would usually part with it for little or nothing. It remained for a firm of Milwaukee jewelers to be the first to consider them objects of value. This house, in spite of the warnings of others, invested large sums in these gems, paying what was then thought to be fabulous prices.

It was at the World's Columbian Exposition that fresh water pearls were first brought before the public. The exhibit attracted much attention, and was the principal factor in putting the pearls on the general market. The largest and finest pearl shown at the



World's Fair sold for \$250, but now that identical pearl cannot be bought for \$1500. Until the year 1893 pearl fishing was carried on in the Sugar river, but with the knowledge that a pearl might mean a small fortune, those persons living in the vicinity of other streams took a hand in the pearl fishing business.

In the early days of mussel fishing the perfect pearl was the only one marketable, while now all sizes and shapes are made use of. When the formation is round, or partly round, it goes by the name of pearl. One which is perfect on one side, the other being flat, is termed a button pearl. Buttons are divided into "haystacks" and "turtlebacks," according to the height of the projection above the flat surface. By far the greater number of pearls are of this variety. There are also numerous imperfections that are distinguished by various names, as "birds-eyes," referring to a little projection on the bent surface of the pearl that seems to be the finishing off place that the mussel has left unsmoothed. "Ring arounds" are those with a dark or discolored ring appearing on the surface. "Strawberries" are pearls that have a large number of minute projections on the surface, and when of high luster are exceedingly pretty. These names are supplemented by a great number of others that vary in the different localities.

A perfect pearl is, of course, round, but even then it must be of fair size and good color to be of any value. One the size of an ordinary pea is worth nearly, if not quite \$200. The color that is most sought after and is the most valuable is the pure white of dewdrop transparency. Light pink is also very valuable, while dark pink, which is very beautiful when first taken from the water, shows a decided tendency to fade when left in a strong light. Light yellow is not considered a desirable color, while peacock green or blue, the changeable variety, is highly thought of and brings a good price. Bottle green is another color that is sometimes found, but it is so scarce that its commercial value is not as nearly ascertained as some of the others. Those that have no luster and are of a dark or muddy color are termed "dead." They are found in dead mussels and are valueless, like those taken from the oyster that has been cooked.

A pearl is built in layers the same as the shell. It is this fact which gives rise to the popular idea that its formation is caused by some foreign substance getting into the clam and thereby causing it to coat the offensive particle with mother of pearl. These coatings may be peeled off, and very often a dead surface conceals a splendid surface underneath. Several men in the river towns make a business of "peeling pearls," and do a thriving business at it, as nearly every one who finds a pearl believes or hopes that the poor part is all on the surface.

Very often the question is asked: "How much is

the largest fresh water pearl worth, and what is its size?" The largest one ever found was about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, was perfectly round and weighed 126 grains. A spot on one side was its only imperfection. It was found by a man named Ferguson and sold by him the same day for \$1,750. Later it was sold by the buyer for \$10,000. The finest pearl ever found was one of 70 grains and brought the finder \$600. It is now held by a jewelry firm for \$20,000. Finds of this character are rare, however, and men have fished for years and never found a really fine pearl. Others that have worked in the same manner and the same place have met with astounding success. A certain Charles Reed, of Prairie du Chien, has "mussed" for several years. He never found anything that brought him more than \$400, yet, instead of being the poor man of a few years ago, he is now independently rich.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

\* \* \*

#### WHY A NEGRO NEVER COMMITS SUICIDE.

DID you ever think why a negro never commits suicide? When a negro sits down to brood over a thing, he straightway goes to sleep, forgetting his troubles. The darky is a queer animal from the Caucasian's standpoint. Whoever saw a negro that had troubles to brood over so long as there was a chicken roost or a watermelon patch within ten miles? He is cheerful and hopeful. He may be grieved for a time over some personal loss, like that of a near relative, but he gives vent to his grief in a few vociferous howls and that ends it. He is straightway cheerful and his laughter echoes in the moonlight to the twanging of his banjo or the scream of the fiddle and the slap, slap of his dancing feet. Even in slavery he was not unhappy, for a darky does not love responsibility and slave days were the golden age of his existence. No, darkies don't ever commit suicide because they are too much in love with life.

\* \* \*

#### WHAT HE IS WORTH.

"WHAT a curious habit we have," remarked the street-car philosopher, "of saying that a man is worth so and so many thousands of dollars. I know men who have many dollars who, judged from any reasonable standard that I know, are not worth anything at all. It is refreshing to hear occasionally of men who do happen to be worth a great deal, even although they are rich, and who are anxious that people should forget they have money and think of them only for their qualities. All the same, it always gives me an unpleasant turn when I see a man's worth put down in dollars."

\* \* \*

ABOUT 30,000 automobiles are in use in the United States.



## AN AMERICAN TEA GARDEN.

It is said that the first pound of tea in America was brought home as a curiosity by a New England sea captain. The captain's thrifty wife, having boiled the strange foreign product thoroughly, threw out the liquor and served the "grounds" as "greens" to a number of neighbors invited in for the occasion. The guests at this first "tea party," having sampled the new delicacy, seasoned with salt and pepper, decided that it did not begin to compare with cowslips or dandelions, and that the bringing of it from far off heathen lands was a foolish expenditure of effort.

doubling the crop of 1901. The average retail price of this quality of tea is about one dollar a pound. The United States government has of late years contributed toward the experiment work being done at Pinehurst, and Dr. Shepherd is a special agent of the department. The department has purchased some rare and expensive seed, and also some improved machinery for use at the plantation. But there is no duty imposed on tea imported into the United States now, and the Pinehurst gardens cannot compete with the low priced teas. In the position which the United States takes in this matter it is almost alone among great nations. Great Britain imposes a tax of twelve cents a pound on tea, even



D. GRISWOLD'S STRAWBERRY FIELD, TROPICO, CAL.

We, who read this story, now smile at the ignorance of the persons of whom it tells, but considering the millions of pounds of tea that have been consumed in this country since then, how few persons there are who have ever seen a tea plant, or who have any intelligent information of what the plant is like and how it is cultivated, or of the process of making its leaves into the tea which we know.

The oldest and best known tea farm in the United States is that of Dr. Charles H. Shepherd, at Summerville, S. C., who has been experimenting with the tea plant for fifteen years, and who has about one hundred acres set out to tea plants now.

During the season of 1902 the Pinehurst tea gardens produced more than 8,000 pounds of dry tea, almost

if it comes from British colonies. In France the duty is more than twenty cents a pound.

It is said that the repeal of the recent war tax on tea discouraged several men who were about to set out large plantations near Pinehurst. That this American experiment is attracting world-wide interest may be seen from this item in the Colombo (Ceylon) *Observer* of December 23, 1902: "There is probably no more interesting tea growing experiment in the world at the present moment than that of Mr. Shepherd, at Pinehurst, S. C."

How profitable the growing of tea commercially may be in this country is yet largely a matter of experiment, but it seems altogether probable that it can be grown as a home product over a large portion of

the South. The plant is an evergreen shrub, with beautifully glossy, dark green leaves. As an ornamental shrub, or set in hedges, or planted in otherwise unutilized corners around the house, it adds to the attractiveness of any home. The leaves can be cured at home, in small quantities, and, as Dr. Shepherd says, they will furnish, free of expense, a wholesome beverage in the place of the too often questionable mixture bought as tea.

The problem of getting the tea picked was one of the most serious which Dr. Shepherd encountered. Picking by hand is the only method possible. The employment of men, or even women, as pickers, made the cultivation of the crop disastrously expensive in this country, as compared with the labor in India, China and Ceylon; nor did many adult persons easily develop the dexterity desirable for the work. Dr. Shepherd finally hit upon the plan of building a schoolhouse, hiring a good teacher, and then inviting the colored folk in the neighborhood to send their children to the school six months in the year free of charge, with the understanding that the children were to work at wages the rest of the year picking tea.

The plan has worked well. The children are getting an education, and the tea planter has secured a company of trained pickers who do more work and better work than most adults could do. Each child wears a wicker trout basket slung around his or her neck. The plucked leaves are dropped through the square hole in the cover of the basket. At frequent intervals the pickers take the baskets to the factory, where they are emptied and the weight of the contents credited to the picker.

The children are paid by the pound of green leaves. The older and more capable ones earn from thirty to fifty cents a day, and they are furnished their lunch, although this is done partly for the sake of insuring the standard of cleanliness which the establishment insists upon everywhere. It takes four and a half pounds of green leaves to make a pound of dry tea.

\* \* \*

#### IMPROVEMENT OF CORN.

PROF. L. H. BAILEY in *Country Life in America* explains the wonderful manner in which corn is being improved. The particular materials that give the corn kernel most of its value are the oil, the protein and the starch. For the production of corn oil—for which the demand is large—a corn that has a high oil content is, of course, particularly valuable; while for the production of starch or for the feeding of bacon hogs, a relatively higher percentage of other materials is desirable. It is apparent, therefore, that races of corn should be bred for a particular content, depending on the disposition to be made of the grain. Equal economic results cannot be attained, however, in increas-

ing the content of any of the three leading ingredients, since a pound of gluten is worth one cent, a pound of starch one and one-half cents, and a pound of oil five cents. The amounts of these ingredients in the corn kernel are amenable to increase or diminution by means of selection,—by choosing for seed the kernels of ears that are rich or poor in one or the other of these materials. Fortunately, the oil and starch and protein of the corn kernel occupy rather distinct zones. Next, the outside hull is a dark and horny layer that is very rich in protein; in the center is the large germ, very rich in oil; between the two is a white layer of starch. It is found that the kernels on any ear are remarkably uniform in their content; the dissection of a few kernels, therefore, enables the breeder to determine the ears that are rich in any one of the substances. Experiment stations in the corn-growing states are already making great headway in this new breeding of corn, and one large concern in Illinois is taking it up as a commercial enterprise. All this recalls the remarkable breeding experiments of the Vilmorins in France, whereby the sugar-content of the beet was raised several points. It is impossible to overestimate the value of any concerted corn-breeding work of this general type. The grain alone of the corn crop is worth nearly one billion dollars annually. It is possible to increase this efficiency several percentages; the coming generation will see it accomplished.

\* \* \*

#### QUEER MARRIAGES.

AMONG certain African tribes husbands are not permitted to look upon their wives. They live in huts apart, and only during the night are they allowed to visit their brides. This custom, which prevails in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo, is equalled in singularity by that in vogue at Futa, where wives never permit their husbands to see them unveiled until three years have elapsed since their marriage. In Sparta, as is well known, the husband was only able to seek the society of his wife by stealth and under cover of darkness, as seems to be the case among the Turkomans of the present day, on whom, sometimes for the space of two years after marriage, a similar taboo is laid.

\* \* \*

JUST look at those Servian names: King Karageorgevitch, Jovan Avakumovics, Jubunor Kalievics, Stojan Protics, George Genschics, Jorvan Alansokvics, Vogislav Velikovics, Aleander Machin, Jubunor Schikovocs, Mikodeni, Mavkovitch, Obrenovitch, Potrovitch, Tudorvics, Pavlovitch, Topschider, Mischich, Naumovics, Lazarewics and Milkovitz. Now do you wonder that it happened?

\* \* \*

YEAR in and year out the coldest hour of the 24 is 5 o'clock in the morning.



## WHAT KINGS AND QUEENS READ.

A LONDON paper in writing on the subject of royal reading says, that kings and queens have, of course, their preferences in the way of newspapers just like any other individuals. But as the monarchs of modern civilized countries are among the busiest people on earth it is but seldom that any of them can ever afford the time to sit down and comfortably peruse the columns of any journal.

It is the present emperor of Austria who may be said to be responsible for the method by which most European monarchs absorb the news of the day. Rather more than thirty years ago he gave orders that a private newspaper should be supplied to him every morning.

This journal is made up of extracts from all the leading morning journals of Austria. Each important article is carefully condensed by a competent writer, and the result written out on small square sheets, which are slipped into a binding cover and laid upon His Majesty's breakfast table.

The emperor has given the strictest directions that nothing which concerns him personally, whether disagreeable or otherwise, shall be omitted, and it is said that he occasionally orders in a bundle of fresh newspapers in order to be sure that his orders are not disobeyed.

In a more or less modified form this is the way in which nearly all reigning royalties read the news. The German kaiser, one of the busiest men alive, has a court officer, with a staff under him, whose sole duty is to cut out all items of news which may interest the imperial eye, and submit them neatly pasted up in a scrap book each morning. These books are kept and filed away, and should eventually prove a valuable record of the history of a stirring reign.

In June last the czar created something like consternation in official circles by calling together a conference of two hundred of the most educated men in Russia. This act was the outcome of His Majesty's thirst for news. Up to quite recently Russian rulers had been content to receive their news secondhand through official channels. Naturally, criticisms and other possibly unpleasant articles have been conspicuous by their absence. But such a mode of procedure failed to satisfy the present czar.

A year or two ago he privately ordered to be sent to him copies of Russian papers representing every shade of opinion. He even included Anarchist journals, such as the *Kolokol* (or the "Bell"), which is published in Geneva by a man named Grekoff. Everything which bore upon Russian social questions of the day the czar eagerly absorbed, and extracts were entered in his private diary.

The most literary monarch in Europe is without doubt the young Victor Emanuel of Italy. He knows

English, French and German equally as well as his native language, and has even a reading acquaintance with that very difficult language, Russian. He spends at least three hours every day in his study busy with current literature of every kind. He is said to prefer the monthly reviews to daily journals; but, however this may be, it is quite certain that no monarch alive keeps himself more thoroughly posted in all questions of the day.

King Oscar of Sweden is another king who may be classed among the best read of royalties. He always finds time to read the papers of his own kingdom without resorting to the help of others, but for those of other countries he relies mainly on clippings. Not only does he read the papers, but there are three Stockholm journals which number the king among their contributors. He writes, of course, under a *nom de plume*, but his articles are extremely able and well worthy of so talented a man.

Newspaper clipping bureaus, of which there are said to be over four hundred now in existence, employing thousands of people, find many patrons among royalty. His Majesty, King Edward VII, is said to subscribe to two, and to receive from them hundreds of cuttings weekly. But the king, like any other English gentleman, is also known to read his newspapers first hand.

The late Queen Victoria seldom read herself, at least during the last twenty years of her life, but every day all the important news was read to her by one of her ladies.

King Christian of Denmark adopts the plan of reading a different paper each day of the week. Thus, he says, he gets at everybody's ideas. Certainly no monarch is better in touch with his people. The king of the Belgians, on the other hand, reads clippings. Being so clever a financier as he is, he is particularly interested in all that may bear upon the stock markets of the world.

\* \* \*

## MONEY IN OSTRICH FARMS.

A RECENT shipment of forty ostriches to Nice, on the borders of Italy and France, from California, directs attention to this growing California industry—the culture of the African ostrich in America. Just about fifteen years have elapsed since the American ostrich farmers gave their first serious attention to this subject. Now the ostrich industry is well established in the United States, some 800 birds existing in the country, and these will doubtless form the nucleus of that immense number that one day will cover the mesas of Southern California, the meadows of Arizona, the vast plateaus of Texas and the everglades of Florida, as their kind do the African veldt to-day.

The ostrich has come to stay. He costs little to keep—not more than the ordinary sheep—and yields an annual value of \$30 to the proprietor. One man

can take care of one hundred ostriches. The creature is hardy and of a careless appetite. The average increase to the stock each year is between fifteen and twenty ostriches to a pair. Some have been known to produce as many as thirty-seven in a year. The birds are kept in pens in California and a source of revenue has been found in exhibiting them to many tourists who are attracted there. Incubators showing the various stages of ostrich life are also on view. A growth from the size of a duck to a height of six feet is a question of only six months.

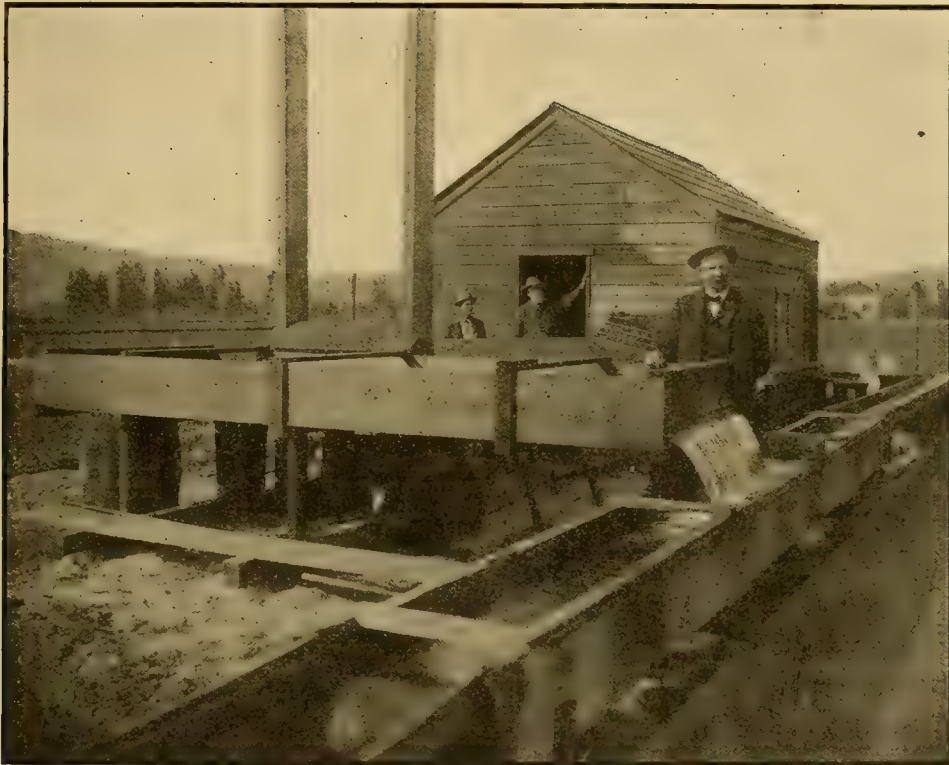
When the birds are a year old their feathers are

win Cawston, the pioneer California ostrich farmer, will have been realized. Two million dollars each year will then remain in the country instead of going to London, and another magnificent industry will have been added to the already vast resources of the greatest of all republics.—*Town and Country*.

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#### OUR FLAG.

THOUGH the United States is the youngest of the great nations, our flag is older than that of any of the others. The flag of England in its distinctive form



D. GRISWOLD'S PUMPING PLANT—720 GALLONS PER MINUTE.

ready for the market. The cropping is accomplished by covering the ostrich's head with a hood and plying a pair of shears. This process takes place every eight months. The feathers on the large side wings are cut off near the roots, the smaller feathers on the tail are pulled out without injury to the bird, for on the care now bestowed depends the future health of the coming feather. In the course of three weeks the stems left start to fall out and a new feather begins to grow, which in due time is taken off for the benefit of the ostrich farmer. The feathers are graded and sent to the feather manufacturers of New York, who make them up into those beautiful articles of dress so dear to the hearts of those who wear them. When the American woman can buy only the ostrich feather of the American ostrich, the most sanguine hope of Ed-

of the Union Jack dates back only to 1801. The French tricolor was adopted in 1794. The German and Italian banners are no older than the existing regimes of those countries. The Spaniards first established theirs in 1785, while June 14, 1777, was the day on which the continental congress passed its memorable resolutions "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen white stars in a blue field, representing a new constellation." The impression prevailing among many that every schoolhouse in the United States possesses a flag is erroneous, and it is safe to presume that of the 400,000 or more schools less than one-half ever displayed a flag. Especially in rural districts the cost of purchasing a new flag has precluded its use.



## HOW TO GROW AQUATICS.

THE following instructions are offered to those possessing a garden in which a place for hardy aquatics seems feasible: In the lowest part of the ground dig out the soil to a depth sloping from one foot at the sides to three feet in the center, in any shape that is preferred. Then make it hold water, for which purpose there is nothing better than clay, which will require preparing. Take, say, a barrow load and chop it up with a spade; if rather dry, water it, and work it well until it reaches the consistency of dough. Spread this six inches thick over the surface, and make as many more barrow loads as are needed; then set your man to tread it all over with his naked feet, and also use a rammer. If the clay is well rammed down the bottom of that pond will never leak. Now, as to the sides. Prepare more clay and plaster it on, commencing at the bottom; then beat it thoroughly with a short handled wooden mallet or back of a spade. The clay should be quite six inches thick here, be very pure and without stones, and laid on several inches higher than the water is likely to reach, and the surface soil should be pressed down to the top of the clay, or it will get dry and crack away from the bank. Before filling in the water cover the bottom with rich loam—say, six inches deep in the center and carried up to the sides—for making a nice root bed. All will now be ready for letting in the water, and here comes the rub. The advice is to think out the means for the water supply and disposal before you commence the labor of digging out a pond. Some put a coating of cement on top of the clay, which certainly gives a clean appearance, but, to my way of thinking, spoils the rusticity and natural appearance of the scene. If the surroundings are not grass they should consist of a wide gravel path, or the approaches may be made up of rock work, interspersed with hardy ferns or creeping plants, such as *Cotoneaster microphylla*. A piece of masonry representing a suitable subject often adorns the center of the water, and sometimes is used as a fountain; a few goldfish are also an embellishment, but none of the feathered tribe is admissible. Aquatic plants vary considerably in their habits, some having a preference for deep water, others for shallow, while some will float on the surface; some, again, are grown in pots which are placed in an inch or two of water. Those preferring a deep rootbed, like water lilies, are generally planted firmly in small wicker baskets, the roots surrounded by soil, with moss strung around to keep the bunch together. The whole is then dropped to the bottom. In the case of these lilies it is not material if the growth is below the surface at first, as it will soon find its way up. The water violet (*Hottonia*) has both its roots and leaves floating, so merely requires to be laid in the water. In fountain basins single plants of many species may be

cultivated in fancy vases and rustic pots placed in the water, which should be changed occasionally if not constantly running, or it will become covered with water mosses or duckweed. The difficulty, however, may be got over in another way—by skimming or flooding these growths off. If soil is put into the bottom it should consist of six inches of good rich loam, and covered with an inch of white stones sifted out of silver sand or other pebbles. This clean surfacing should be sprinkled in some days after planting.

\* \* \*

## THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE JEWS.

THE following table, presented in *World's Work*, by Prof. Richard Gottheil, shows how the Jews of the world are distributed:

America.		Portugal, .....		700
United States.....	1,136,240	Rumelia (East-ern), .....	6,982	
Canada, .....	16,432	Roumania, .....	229,000	
Mexico, .....	1,000	Russia, .....	5,189,401	
Central America...	3,000	Servia, .....	5,100	
Argentine Repub-lic, .....	7,015	Spain (with Gib-raltar), .....	4,500	
Dutch Guiana, ....	1,250	Switzerland, .....	12,551	
Venezuela and Cos-ta Rica, .....	711	Turkey, .....	75,295	
Brazil, .....	2,000	Cyprus and Malta, .....	130	
Rest of S. America.	2,000			8,581,772
	1,168,948			
Australasia.		Asia.		
New South Wales,	6,447	Palestine, .....	60,000	
Queensland, .....	733	Caucasus, .....	58,471	
Tasmania, .....	107	Siberia, .....	34,477	
New Zealand, .....	1,611	Central Asia, ....	12,729	
Victoria, .....	5,897	Asia Minor and		
S. Australia, .....	786	Syria, .....	65,000	
W. Australia, .....	1,259	Persia, .....	35,000	
	17,040	India, .....	22,000	
Europe.		Arabia, .....	15,000	
Austria-Hungary, ..	1,994,378	China and Japan, .	2,000	
Belgium, .....	12,000	Turkestan and Af-ghanistan, .....	14,000	
Bosnia, .....	5,845			318,677
Bulgaria, .....	28,000	Africa.		
Denmark, .....	4,080	Morocco, .....	150,000	
England, etc., ....	179,000	Tunis, .....	45,000	
France, .....	86,885	Algeria, .....	57,132	
Germany, .....	586,948	Egypt, .....	25,300	
Greece, .....	8,350	Tripoli, .....	10,000	
Holland, .....	103,988	Abyssinia, .....	50,000	
Italy, .....	44,037	South Africa, ....	25,000	
Luxemburg, .....	1,200			362,432
Norway and Swe-den, .....	3,402	Total, .....	10,431,829	

\* \* \*

## PURSUING KNOWLEDGE.

TEACHER: "James what makes you late?"

James: "I was pursuing knowledge."

Teacher: "Pursuing knowledge? What do you mean?"

James: "Why, my dog ran off with my spelling-book and I ran after him."—*Exchange*.

\* \* \*

A CHEERFUL, intelligent face is the end of culture and success enough.—*Emerson*.

# Aunt Barbara's Page

## GRASSHOPPER GREEN.

Grasshopper Green is a comical chap;  
He lives on the best of fare.  
Bright little jacket, trousers and cap,  
These are his summer wear.

Out in the meadow he loves to go,  
Playing away in the sun;  
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,  
Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house;  
It's under the hedge so gay.  
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,  
Watches him over the way.

Gladly he's calling the children I know,  
Out in the beautiful sun.  
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,  
Summer's the time for fun.



## ERIC'S ENGINE RIDE.

ERIC stood on the garden side of the gate, watching the men who were mending the road. Behind him the flowers nodded and the fruit-trees rustled in the breezes, but Eric did not care about them.

Two men were busy sweeping water over the stones, and one was driving the engine. At last the engine stopped just in front of the gate, and the driver climbed down, looking very red and hot.

"I say, Joe, this is warm work," he cried, "I'm glad we've finished for to-day."

"Are you going away?" asked Eric, timidly. "I'm so sorry!"

The driver turned to him.

"Are you fond of engines, little master?"

"Yes, I'm going to be an engine man when I grow up," answered Eric. "Only I shall drive a train, not a roller."

"I'd rather have my own old engine," said the driver.

"I suppose it's a matter of taste," said the little boy, so gravely that they all laughed.

"Well, look here, little master," said the driver. "If you like, I will give you a ride on my engine down to the bottom of the road."

Eric's eyes sparkled.

"Oh, thank you ever so much!" he cried; "but I must ask mother first."

The man nodded, and Eric bounded away, soon returning, followed by mother herself.

The driver politely touched his cap.

"Bless you, no, ma'am; there's no danger," he said in answer to her questions, "I wouldn't take him if there was."

"Very well," said mother, "just a short ride."

So Eric was lifted up and allowed to pull the lever which started the engine, and they went puffing down the road, mother watching rather anxiously from the gate.

But when Eric ran back again he was wild with delight.

"Oh, it was lovely, mother! And we had to stop to let the milkman's horse go by. The horse didn't like the noise," he said.

Then, as the men came slowly up the road on the way home, looking very hot, he whispered something to his mother.

She nodded, and he ran off down the garden. Hastily picking three rhubarb leaves, he filled them with currants, and, bringing them carefully back, gave them to the men.



## A BATTLE WITH A PORCUPINE.

BY E. A. M. REFLOGLE.

I HAD never thought of writing about an animal as ugly as this jaggy creature, but an article in the INGLENOOK reminded me of an incident away back in the sunny days of childhood near our old home. It was several miles from the famous White Sulphur Springs, in Millighan's Cove, a little romantic glen. Now and then a bear or a wild cat was heard, and in the darkest woods a panther would be noticed in a decade, but no one had ever seen a porcupine.

Early one summer morning about '61 or '62, our neighbors were all astir early. One of the boys came down to ask us if we wanted to see a porcupine. We children all ran up to see it. They had heard a strange noise and a terrible stamping among the horses in the field at about two or three o'clock in the morning. The porcupine had attacked the horses, and the whole morning was spent in battle with it. It fought the dogs until they were full of quills and nearly dead. There were three or four men there, and they were in battle array against it. Finally they succeeded in killing it somehow. The ground was covered with quills as sharp as needles, and woe to the bare feet that ventured close to the scene.

*New Enterprise, Pa.*



# The Q. & A. Department.

Is anything known of Patagonia?

Yes, a book has been recently published by an American who has been there. He says that the country has many desirable places for settlement and that successful agriculture is not an experiment. There is a city of 5,000 inhabitants, with banks, hotels and opera house. The main business of the country, however, is wool growing.

✱

Can you suggest a good cosmetic for the complexion for two country girls?

Wash you hands and face in common buttermilk, and rub on cucumber juice. There is nothing better. If desired use a little toilet powder, which is nothing but scented white dirt. Absolute cleanliness and plain food will bring with them a clear complexion. There is no harm in the buttermilk and cucumber juice, and, persistently used, they will do the work.

✱

Are the advertised baby foods of real merit?

Unquestionably some of them are, and it is often the case that when one disagrees, another is found to be the right thing. The baby food subject has had much study.

✱

Where is the head of theosophy?

The Nook does not know, but at Point Loma, Southern California, is a community called the Universal Brotherhood, presided over by Mrs. Tingley, that comes near to it.

✱

What is the cost of an art education in the Chicago school, mentioned in the Inglenook Art Talks?

Address Mr. W. M. R. French, Chicago Art Institute, Chicago, Ill., asking for a catalogue, which answers all questions.

✱

Is there any part of the country where women use tobacco?

In the mountains of the south women dip snuff and some chew tobacco. In tropical countries many women smoke.

✱

Is it a mark of real heroism to stick by a locomotive when a smash is coming, or is it right to jump?

In practice the engineer will jump if possible. When a crash is a sure thing, why stay in it?

✱

Is the Chinese Minister, Liang Cheng, an old man?

He is about forty-two. He was educated in this country, at Amherst college.

What do the different designs on coins and postage stamps signify?

They are purely arbitrary and are the result of the conclusions of those in authority.

✱

Is there any difference between chocolate and cocoa?

Yes, in the preparation. Cocoa is the same as chocolate with most of the oil extracted.

✱

Are flowers bad in a sick room?

If they are not unpleasant to the patient it is well to have them growing in the room.

✱

Are there orders in the Protestant church similar to the Catholic sisters' organizations?

Yes, in the Episcopal church, and possibly in others.

✱

Is Washington a timbered State?

The greatest timber belt in the world is to be found in Oregon and Washington.

✱

Is there as much beet sugar as cane sugar manufactured?

In 1900 the beet sugar product was 5,950,000 tons; cane 2,850,000 tons.

✱

What did the Ferris Wheel cost?

It is said to have cost \$362,000 originally. It has been sold recently.

✱

What is the oldest lot of laws in the world?

The code promulgated by the King of Babylon about 2285-2242 B. C.

✱

Can there be such a thing as heat with combustion?

Yes, such heat characterizes the action of the new mineral, radium.

✱

Was John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, an educated man?

Yes, he was at Christ College, Oxford, for five years.

✱

On which class of trains, freight or passenger, are there more wrecks?

Most wrecks occur on freights.

✱

When was Ohio admitted to the Union?

Never formally admitted.

✱

From what did the Hudson river get its name?

After its discoverer, a navigator named Hudson.

## The Home



## Department

### APPLE SOUFFLE.

BOIL some peeled and cored apples until tender. Press them through a colander. Season to taste with butter, sugar and vanilla; place the puree in a granite ware saucepan and let it cook until quite dry and firm. To one and one-quarter cupfuls of the hot, reduced apple puree, add the whites of four eggs, whipped very stiff and sweetened with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Mix the puree and meringue lightly and cook it together and turn it into a pudding dish. Smooth the top into a mound shape, sprinkle with sugar and bake in a slow oven twenty or twenty-five minutes. Serve with a hard sauce. This souffle does not fall.

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### DATE BREAD.

MAKE a sponge with a pint of slightly warmed milk, two cupfuls of white flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and half a yeast cake dissolved. Set in a warm place to raise; then add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and two of molasses, three cups of sliced dates and enough flour to make a medium stiff dough. Turn into a well-greased pan and bake after it has nearly doubled in bulk. Allow three-quarters of an hour for baking. The bread should be allowed to stand at least ten hours before eaten.

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### TOMATO AND TAPIOCA SOUP.

Put a pint of strained tomato into the soup kettle, add half a tablespoonful of beef extract, a tablespoonful of butter, three dessertspoonfuls of fine tapioca and three cups of hot water, season to taste with salt and paprika. Cook for a quarter of an hour and serve with tiny croutons.

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### SPICED CHERRIES.

BY ELIZA SPITZER.

To nine quarts of fruit take four pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, and one-half ounce each of cinnamon and cloves.

*Goods Mill, Va.*

### APPLE CREAM PIE.

AN apple cream pie requires a cupful of stewed and sweetened apples that have been pushed through a sieve, a cupful of cream, two eggs and sweetening to taste. If an unusually deep plate is used, three cupfuls of the mixture will be wanted. In this case the proportions may be two cupfuls of cream to one of fruit or an equal quantity of each. An egg is needed for every cupful of the mixture. Top the pie with a meringue of whipped cream. Pineapple cream pie is made in the same way, the canned, shredded kind being used for the purpose, and the syrup being drained carefully from the pulp.

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### LEMON PIES.

BY MRS. A. O. GROVER.

FOR three pies. To one quart boiling water add one and one-half cups sugar, the grated rind and juice of two lemons, and, lastly, the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and three tablespoonfuls cornstarch, dissolved in a little water. Cook until thick and put in the crusts which have previously been baked. Beat the whites and spread on top of the pies, after which set in oven to brown a little.

*Sabetha, Kansas.*

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### TO PRESERVE GREEN TOMATOES FOR PIES.

BY SISTER AGNES J. SNYDER.

TAKE twelve pounds of sliced tomatoes, seven pounds of sugar and three lemons sliced, cook all together until they become preserved.

*Lewistown, Pa.*

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### CHICKEN SALAD.

BY MRS. C. C. MOOMAW.

BOIL the chicken until the meat falls off the bones. When cold cut fine and add a medium-sized head of cabbage, cut fine, five or six hard boiled, eggs, sliced, and a little vinegar. Salt and pepper to taste. Mix all together thoroughly.



### INDIAN'S IDEA OF MONEY.

VERY few of the Indians, particularly those of the far west, have any idea of the true value of money, nor do they seem to learn by experience, that best though dearest of teachers. A. B. Moore, a live stock dealer of Kansas City, tells a story to illustrate the truth of this statement.

In 1897, said Mr. Moore, he grazed 10,000 sheep in the Ponca Indian country. The latter part of the summer the water gave out on his range and his only show was to buy a right of way to the river over lands owned by an old Ponca Indian. He took one of his herders, who had had some experience with the Indians, along with him and went to see the old Indian.

When Mr. Moore made his business known as best he could the old Indian grunted and pointed to his squaw. She promptly placed the price of water privileges over their land at \$1 a head for all stock. That would be \$10,000 and Mr. Moore was getting ready to drop dead, when the herder said: "Show her some money and keep on talking." Mr. Moore expected to be scalped right there and then. When he took four big silver dollars from down deep in his trousers pockets and offered the Indian woman that amount for the privilege to water his sheep, there was a smile that started at the corner of her mouth and passed over all the rest of her face. She pointed to the river and said: "Sheep drink in Indian's river." The squaw told the old Indian to get the ponies and they rode over to the agency and signed the lease in the presence of the agent,—or rather made their mark. The Indian woman got the \$4 and the sheep enjoyed the clear water of the river the remainder of the summer.

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### A STUDY IN REALISM.

It was a funny little speech of wee Eleanor's, so father and mother agreed that evening as they laughed over the mental picture each had of the saucy turned-up nose and the merry blue eyes of their four-year-old. Yet, wasn't there a great deal of feeling in the speech, too; and perhaps a bit of pathos?

Eleanor's mamma had shown her the beautiful new picture that a photographer had just sent home. She was a young mother, of course; and ever so pretty, in a tender, dainty way. But she could be a severe mother, an avenging spirit, and could show this in her clear-cut profile, all sweetness in the photograph.

Eleanor had one chubby dimpled hand thrown lovingly over her mother's shoulder; the other held the picture. Long and steadily the child kept this pose. There was great admiration in the baby face as she studied the sweet pictured mamma, still there was a pucker in the forehead that suggested unpleasantness.

As she looked from the profile on the pasteboard to

the one in flesh and blood, she put her pithy query at the original of the photograph:

"You wouldn't think that face could spank me, would you, mother?"

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### EARLY NAMES OF ANIMALS.

AMONG the many names for cattle none is commoner than those which come from the roots mu and bu. "to bellow." Hence we have the Akkadian am, "bull;" the Turkic en-ek, "cow;" the Egyptian am, "cattle," and the Mongol buku, "bull," but a more distinctive word is tor, which seems to mean probably "horned" and which appears not only as taurus, but as the Semetic thor and the Mongol shor. The bull, whether tamed or wild, was no doubt well known to early man. The names for goats are also suggestive of connection and include the Aryan ais, the Semetic az and probably the Akkadian uz.

For sheep perhaps the oldest word is the Egyptian ba, but there is a word for lamb which seems to be widely distributed, as the Semetic kar, the Greek kar and the Finnic kari, probably from the root kar, to "inclose" or "guard," as meaning a herded flock. From the same root come words for pasture, no doubt allied.

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### A MISTAKEN DIAGNOSIS.

A CURIOUS incident occurred in a certain hospital in the east end of London the other day. A black sailor presented himself at the institution, apparently seeking treatment. However, he could speak no language known to the officials, but after having been examined by the doctors and given a bath he had his hair cut and was put to bed. When one of the visiting surgeons saw him next morning he could not discover that there was anything the matter. It subsequently appeared that he was a friend of one of the patients in the hospital and had merely called to see how he was getting on.

### Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—A brother who has a good knowledge of blacksmith and general repair work to locate in Brethren settlement. Is badly needed. State experience. Address: *Jesse L. Blickenstaff, Brethren, Michigan.*

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WANTED.—Sister desiring to do housework in city. Good wages, good church privileges. Address: *1026 Third Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

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LET me make your cap or bonnet.—*Barbara M. Culley, Elgin, Ill.*

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

JULY 14, 1903.

No 29.

## TWENTY YEARS AGO.

### An Old Favorite.

I've wandered by the village, Tom;  
I've sat beneath the tree,  
Upon the schoolhouse playing ground  
Which sheltered you and me;  
But none are left to greet me, Tom,  
And few are left to know  
That played with us upon the green  
Just twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, dear Tom,  
Barefooted boys at play  
Are sporting just as we were then,  
With spirits just as gay;  
But Master sleeps upon the hill,  
All coated o'er with snow.  
That was to us a sliding place,  
Just twenty years ago.

The old schoolhouse is altered some,  
The benches are replaced  
By new ones very like the same  
Our penknives had defaced;  
The same old bricks are in the wall;  
The bell swings, to and fro;  
The music's just the same, dear Tom,  
As twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game  
Beneath the same old tree,  
I do forget the name just now—  
You've played the same with me  
On that some spot; 'twas played with knives  
By throwing so, and so;  
The loser had a task to do  
There, twenty years ago.

The river's running, just as still—  
The willows on its side  
Are larger than they were, dear Tom.  
The stream appears less wide;  
The grapevine swing is ruined now,  
Where once we played the beau,  
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls,  
Just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill  
Close by the spreading beech,  
Is very high—'twas once so low  
That we could almost reach;  
But kneeling down to get a drink,  
Dear Tom, I started so  
To see how very much I'm changed  
Since twenty years ago.

Down by the spring upon an elm  
You know I cut your name—  
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,  
And you did mine the same;  
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark—  
'Twas dying, sure but slow,  
Just as the one whose name you cut,  
Died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, dear Tom,  
But tears came in my eyes;  
I thought of her I loved so well—  
Those early-broken ties;  
I visited the old church yard  
And took some flowers to strew  
Upon the graves of those we loved  
Some twenty years ago.

Some are in the church yard laid;  
Some sleep beneath the sea;  
But few are left of our old class,  
Excepting you and me;  
But when our time shall come, dear Tom,  
And we are called to go,  
I hope they'll lay us where we played  
Just twenty years ago.

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### A FEW THOUGHTS.

*Cynicism is mainly a reflection of our own weakness.*

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*The devil finds his best disciples among the envious.*

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*A bird in the bush is worth any number on a hat.*

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*Do not stand on your dignity or you may get a good fall.*

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*There are safety matches, but not matrimonial ones as yet.*

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*The first mail-carriers were the people who wore armors.*

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*If you want a little experience, try to get something for nothing.*

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*When you cannot believe your own eyes, seeing is not believing.*



## THE FLOWERS OF GRAND VALLEY, COLORADO.

BY S. Z. SHARP.

THE semi-arid region of western Kansas and eastern Colorado has but few flowers to break the monotony of the brown covering of buffalo grass. Coming to the western slope of the Rockies, the traveler across the continent is surprised to see the rich carpet of gay flowers, of so many varieties, on what is considered but arid regions. This great contrast between the eastern and the western slope of the mountains is accounted for by the greater amount of snow falling on the western side of the mountain crest and its melting during the summer and evaporation, producing many little showers to keep the flowers and vegetation alive.

Very early in spring, little modest flowers lift up their heads from stalks but an inch or two in height. Then comes the primrose, growing along the roadside on ground so dry and hard one would think it impossible for anything to grow, yet as many as half a dozen white or pink flowers, often three inches in diameter, grow on a single stem ready to greet the traveler every morning for several months. After this comes the cleome, on a stalk a foot or two in length, with golden colored flowers richly laden with honey. It is this flower which helps to make bee-culture in this valley so remunerative, as it comes long before the alfalfa and sweet clover are in bloom. This flower offers incentives to the bees to multiply early, so that by the first of June, many a bee keeper has doubled his number of hives. Even June 10th there were large tracts of desert covered with these beautiful flowers so densely, one would think they were sown broadcast and cultivated.

Then here and there one will see banks of cactus, both the crimson and the yellow. They do not spread over the desert promiscuously, but keep together in colonies, and when they bloom they make a big show.

There are twenty kinds of the lily family, among them the beautiful mariposa lily, the state flower of Arizona. There are several species of larkspur which select the foothills as their habitat. The geranium family is well represented. To name the numerous families of flowers which grow in this valley would not be within the scope of this article, suffice to say that most of the beautiful as well as the common varieties of Pennsylvania and Virginia are also found here, only they often differ in variety, as the clematis, anemone, buttercup, columbine, violet, spring-beauty, golden aster, sunflower, dandelion, phlox, etc.

*Fruita, Colorado.*

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UMBRELLAS to the value of \$10,000,000 are annually sold in London.

## UNCLE SAM'S CAMEL DRIVER.

TWELVE cowboys who performed obsequies over the body of Hijoly as it rested on the bier improvised of a Navajo blanket and cactus stems were not the only mourners. Two days before a brief press dispatch announced that Hijoly, the government camel herder, was dead. When the dispatch fell into the hands of old Indian fighters and prospectors and cattlemen—any of the hardy men who in the last half century took a part in making the great Southwest habitable and productive—there was added by those who spoke or thought a tribute of loving remembrance to the strangest character that ever became a part of the United States government.

Hijoly counted himself a part of the government, and he was so in fact. Soldiers who fought the Apaches and Utes in the Southwest knew the part that he had acted; cowboys had been his companions, and shared his good or ill fortune, and prospectors were his partners in days of luck and adversity.

Hijoly was a Turk, a native of Asia Minor. In his youth and young manhood he had another name, but it was never known in Arizona. The Mexicans gave him a Spanish name, but it didn't seem to fit, so plain Hijoly he was to the last. It is rather a title than a name. Once in the old days and in the old life he made a pilgrimage from Khoristan to Mecca, crossing the Syrian desert to visit the tomb of the great prophet, Mohammed. In the native tongue the pilgrim who has visited Mecca is distinguished by a title corresponding in sound to "Hijoly."

In 1857 the War department sent to Arabia for fifty camels. They were to be employed as pack animals in the campaign against the Apaches along the Mexican border. An American vessel was dispatched to bring home the camels which agents of the War department had purchased, but no American could be found who knew or cared to learn how to care for and manage the camels.

A stalwart young Turk, who had assisted in bringing the camels to the place of embarkation, was asked to accompany them to America. His companions, the other camel drivers, were heard to address him as Hijoly, so Hijoly was employed by the agents of the War department.

A contract was made in which he agreed to accompany the camels to Arizona and there to take charge of them for the army. He was to receive \$100 a month, a salary which the government agreed to pay him to the last day of his life on the condition that he remained in its employment and did not leave the United States. It was no fault of Hijoly that the camels proved a failure in the American army. He performed his part, and the government was so well satisfied that no question was raised about his continuing on the payroll of the army. But the camels were

turned adrift on the Arizona desert, all but one of them, a great bull that Hijoly kept for his own use.

Mounted on this beast he traveled from end to end of Arizona. He crossed the desert and went into the mountains, where he prospected, and he freighted stores for cattlemen and miners. Meantime the camels increased in number, and they became a menace to the cattlemen, because they stampeded the cattle and frightened the cowboys' horses and scared the Mexicans until it was feared that every "greaser" of them would bolt across the border, never to return. Then the cowboys and prospectors began a campaign to exterminate the wild camels. They hunted them down and killed them, until only one remained in Yuma and Maricopa counties, and that one was shot but a few months ago. The cowboys "jerked" the meat and brought it into Tyson's Wells, where they sold it to "Mike" Welz for "jerked" venison. Mike didn't care and his boarders never knew the difference. Mike Welz was the government keeper of Tyson's Wells during the days of Indian wars, when this oasis in the desert was the rendezvous of the army. He is still there, as great a man as ever.

When he had no further care with the camels, but was a nomad on the desert, Hijoly turned his attention to prospecting. About twenty years or so ago the course of his life was turned into new channels, when he discovered a rich mine near Tombstone. He developed it and sold it for \$32,000. Then he began to feel the loneliness of his state. Senorita Teresa Ruiz, a pretty Mexican girl, maybe heightened Hijoly's feeling of loneliness.

He offered to share his fortune with her—he a Mohammedan, she a Catholic—and she accepted. They were married by L. F. Bradshaw, justice of the peace at Tyson's Wells. Hijoly resigned his position as government caretaker of camels, and, with his bride and his fortune, went to Turkey. His story is like that of a thousand and one prospectors who have struck it rich. The fortune didn't last long, and the wife's affections expired when the purse was empty. They never did know in Arizona what became of Mme. Hijoly. Some think that she remained in Paris.

But Hijoly returned. His occupation was gone. The government had no camels to be herded and wanted none, and the herder had forfeited his contract. Hijoly attempted to capture one of the few camels that were running near Harquahala, but never found one to take the place of his bull. Fortune never again smiled on him, but he lived in a mixture of frontier and Oriental comfort in his cabin, near Quartzite, maintaining himself by freighting and doing odd jobs for the men of the mines and the desert. No one knew the territory better. He had traversed every corner of the deserts and the mountains and valleys. He knew nature's moods in the vast wilderness of

sand, and how to take advantage of every circumstance where other men would be daunted. He hired out as government packer and went with the army to the Philippines, but the climate affected his health and he soon returned to Arizona.

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#### BUTTONS.

THE ivory buttons you wear do not represent the death of an elephant in the wilds of Africa; your pearl buttons were probably never nearer than you took them to the shell of a bivalve mollusk, and the probabilities are that no rubber tree was ever tapped to produce the hard rubber buttons that adorn your overcoat. Down in Central America there is a fruit producing palm that has quite metamorphosed the button business and formed the nucleus for one of the most important industries in the United States. The seed of this fruit contains a milk that is sweet to the taste and relished by the natives. The milk, when allowed to remain in the nut long enough, becomes indurated and turns into a substance as brittle and hard as the ivory from the elephant's tusk. The plant that produces these nuts is called the ivory plant. Most of the buttons now used in America, whether termed ivory, pearl, rubber, horn or bone, come from this ivory plant. Thus the probabilities are that your buttons are made from a vegetable milk, and they grow on bushes.

The ivory plant is one of the marvels of the age and is rewarding its growers with vast fortunes. The nuts are brought to the United States by the ship load and hauled across the continent to the big button factories, from which they issue forth in every conceivable design, color, grade and classification of button.

The ivory plant has recently been discovered in California, but the nut it produces in its wild state is of inferior quality and will not make good buttons. It is believed, though, that with the proper cultivation the fruit would be as valuable as the Central American. If so, the growing of buttons in America would become an industry of importance second only to the growing of corn, wheat and cotton, for everybody wears buttons.—*Popular Mechanics*.

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#### EARRINGS FOR BELGIAN COWS.

THE cows in Belgium wear earrings. This is in accordance with law, which decrees that every animal of the bovine species when it has attained the age of three months must have in its ear a ring, to which is attached a metal tag bearing a number. The object is to preserve an exact record of the number of animals raised each year.

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GERMANY'S annual consumption of beer works out at over thirty-six gallons per head of population.



## SOMETHING ABOUT PICTURE SALES.

THE question often arises in the minds of the uninitiated as to the real value of some of the high-priced paintings, recent and older. Why should a painting sell for ten thousand dollars at one time, and twenty or fifty thousand dollars later? The answer to these questions brings out some interesting facts.

In the first place there is no set money value in the market for any painting. The work is worth, in dollars and cents, just what any buyer is willing to pay for it. A great deal depends on the painting, but not all, for much depends on the man who wants it,

there not another man, a mere copyist, who can so reproduce the effect that his forgery will deceive the very elect? Of course the art critic will say that it is impossible, but all the same it can be done, and is done, and done often.

Those who have been in the habit of attending art auctions, or, rather, the auctions where paintings and the like are sold, will hear much of forgeries. In a London paper we find the following:

So clever are some of these forgeries that the artist himself cannot always detect the fraud. The late Sidney Cooper was deceived more than once, and recognized as his own work paintings which he had never



TWILIGHT.—Chas. H. Davis in the Nickerson Collection, Chicago Art Institute.

how much money he has, and how much he is willing to put into the thing he wants. But why is any painting great? What is there in it that makes people rave over the work of an artist? Leaving the hysterics and emotional part out of consideration, there are these facts to remember.

The work of a great master, old or modern, is perfect in its way. His conception of the subject, his treatment of it, his grouping, drawing, coloring and atmosphere, all combined, make a picture as perfect as human skill and the soul of the artist can bring out. It has no money value, and if for sale is worth just what it will bring. It is altogether likely that he is the one man of the whole world who could have given birth to the picture. But after it is made is

set eyes on before! while Sir Edwin Landseer, chancing to drop in one day to an auction-room where a copy of one of his canvases was being offered as genuine, actually declared that it was so, so marvelously had his style been reproduced. Perhaps no artist of our times has been victimized so largely in this way as Sidney Cooper. There are at this moment hundreds of spurious Coopers in private collections, and even in our exhibitions. Cooper was so much pestered in his later years by people who wanted him to certify the genuineness of their pictures that he was compelled in self-protection to insist on a fee before he would even look at one of them, and he would not give a certificate that it was really his own work under a fee of five guineas. In a lawsuit not long ago he stated that

of 153 "Coopers" that had been submitted to him in this way for identification 142 were forgeries, and of some of the rest he was not absolutely sure. Another modern artist whose pictures have been copied to a perfectly shameful extent was the late T. B. Hardy, the famous marine painter. "It is quite true," his son, Dudley Hardy, said recently, "that there are literally thousands of spurious 'T. B. Hardys' in dealers' shops and private collections, and it is time the fraud was exposed."

Of course these picture forgers are very clever men, who make a lifelong study of a particular artist's style, until from observation and constant practice they can reproduce it to perfection. As an example of the skill with which even so difficult a master as Turner can be copied, Mr. Ruskin once wrote: "I have given my best attention during upward of ten years to train a copyist to perfect fidelity in rendering the works of Turner, and have now succeeded in enabling him to produce facsimiles so near as to look like replicas—facsimiles which I must sign with my own name to prevent their being sold for real vignettes."

Mr. Linnell was so much annoyed by the numerous forgeries of his work that he published a long list of copies of his pictures which had been sold at large prices as original, and offered a reward of £100 for the detection of any of the offenders; and, in fact, there are few of the great painters, whose work you see at the Academy, whose pictures are not imitated in the same shameless way.

It will be seen from the above that even the artist himself is at times puzzled to know his own work from that of a forger. All this does not lower the value of the original production. Without the original there could have been no forgery, without the genuine, no imitation.

If any Nooker has at his disposal a few hundreds or thousands of dollars which he wants to invest in works of art, the INGLENOOK would suggest the importance and desirability of having at his command expert knowledge. Without it he is liable to be deceived and, as the London paper goes on to say, he may not even get what he thinks he is getting.

These forgeries are principally sold at public auction-rooms, and are snapped up as great bargains by country connoisseurs. Among the pictures are a few genuine specimens and a great many copies. The real picture is exposed for sale, but it is the bogus one that is sent home; or, as an alternative plan, two canvases are placed in one frame, the genuine one being placed over a copy. When the picture is sold the purchaser is asked to put his name or private mark at the back of the canvas for identification, and when he receives his painting he gets frame, canvas, mark and all, but it is only the under canvas or the copy that he gets, and not the picture he saw.

## OLIVE OIL IN ARIZONA.

"OLIVE oil is now being shipped by the ton from the Salt river valley of Arizona and the business is on the boom," said B. F. Franklin, of Phoenix, Arizona. "The entire valley is becoming dotted with olive orchards, and at this season of the year the trees are covered with thousands of tiny little starlike buds, which will soon be followed by the fruit formation, which when matured on the tree will amount to hundreds of pounds of fruit. Olives remain on the trees until they are thoroughly ripe before they are picked to have the oil squeezed and pressed from them.

"When the olives are ripe it requires a large number of hands to pick them, for the work must be done quickly. This is usually done by spreading large canvas sheets around the trees, upon which the pickers throw the olives as they are plucked off the branches. Once they are picked the fruit is carried to the crushing machine, which breaks the fruit up much as apples are crushed for cider. The pulp is then put into a machine which presses the juice from it, which runs off into a tank, where by force of gravity the oil proper rises to the top and is skimmed off and put away for several months to settle before it is bottled ready for the market. It requires about seventy-five pounds of fruit to produce a gallon of oil."

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## HABIT IN READING PAPERS.

"VERY old persons," said an observer, "nearly always, on unfolding their newspapers, turn to the column of 'Deaths.' This is because, in the first place, they are more likely to find news of their friends there than in the column of 'Marriages,' or any other part of the paper, and because, in the second place, they are interested in death—they have it much in their minds.

"Young girls turn first to the society news and weddings, and after that to the fashions. Young men of the healthy, open-air sort, turn first to the sporting news, while boys universally turn to this page first. The actor, of course, reads the dramatic columns, and the writer the book reviews, but neither of these departments, I fancy, does any part of the disinterested public consult first of all.

"The elderly gentleman of a pompous appearance reads the editorials first, while his corpulent, cheerful wife reads the recipes on the 'household' page. Some clergymen read the wills of the dead, to see what charities have been remembered with bequests. There are many people who read the crimes, the scandals and the shocking accidents first. Poets, as a rule, will not read the newspapers at all."—*Philadelphia Record*.

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FEW delights can equal the mere presence of one whom we trust utterly.—*George Macdonald*.



### PROFIT IN ANGORA GOATS.

THE Angora goat is native to Turkey, where the Sultan strives to keep him, the Turks being very proud of the goats and jealous of their deportation.

There are in the United States about two hundred thousand Angoras, one-fourth of which number it is intended to bring to Missouri. The majority of the goats are now in Texas, New Mexico and California.

The Angora is a pure white, both male and female. There are horned and hornless varieties, the hornless being most common.

The male goat wears a little goatee.

As to what the Angora is good for, the reply must be many pronged.

The chief use of the Angora is as a forerunner of the axman. He clears away the underbrush and weeds, and even the smaller trees, so that the preparation of wild land for orchard or farm uses is a thing of small moment.

Some of the tales told by Angora fanciers seem so fanciful that one is constrained to believe that the narrators are given to amateur fishermen's methods of yarnning. But the facts are well authenticated.

An Ozark farmer last winter bought three hundred goats and pastured them upon forty acres of uncleared land. A goat pasture, it should be remembered, is not a field, but a forest. An Angora will feast in a forest and grow forlorn in a field.

That land was worth two dollars and fifty cents an acre, and few takers at that, when the farmer put his goats out to browse. Next spring the man was offered ten dollars an acre for the tract and refused it.

The goats had cleared off the ground so thoroughly that it was practically ready for planting.

It is the intention of the Frisco Livestock Co. to let its goats remain on the eight-thousand-acre tract long enough to eat the shrubbery and weeds, then transfer them to another wild tract and turn the original goat ranch into an apple orchard, where the big red apple will flourish.

The Angora, if driven to it, will subsist on the bark of big trees, and by "circling" the trees will kill them and thus prepare the way for a complete clearing, furnishing dried firewood in the bargain.

It is estimated by Angora experts that one of these goats will almost pay for itself in a year by the sale of its hair, from which fine mohair cloth is woven. A goat furnishes from three to five pounds of hair a year, and the animal can be bought for about four dollars. The hair sometimes sells as high as one dollar a pound.

Eating nothing except weeds and shrubbery, the goat is an exceedingly economical animal. It is held that he more than pays for his care and keep by the good that he does.

In listing the uses of the Angora, there are to be considered several things beside his value as a clearer of land and a destroyer of weeds.

In Malta, it is said, practically all the milk used by the populace is from goats.

Coincident with the opening of the Angora branch, it is planned by the National Angora Goat Breeders' Association to establish in Kansas City a large packing house for goat meat, the product of which will be put upon the market under its own name, without any apology whatever, the promoters believing that they will be able to popularize the meat.

They admit, however, that they have a deep-seated prejudice to overcome. The goat so long has been used as the butt of the joker that most persons pooh-pooh the idea of eating its meat. Lovers of goat meat point to the fact that forty years ago people would not eat the tomato, now a universal market commodity.

There are great goat milk farms, and families have their individual milch goat or two.

Physicians in the United States frequently prescribe goat's milk for patients, and great difficulty is experienced in filling the prescriptions.

Angora enthusiasts have been so bold as to predict that if a goat milk farm were established near St. Louis the product could be sold as high as twenty-five cents a quart.

Some of the best cheeses on the market are made from the milk of the Angora. Goat dairies exist in some countries, and there is talk of establishing cheese factories in connection with the Missouri Angora ranch.

The hides of goats, with the fine, silken, foot-long white fleece, make artistic rugs for the parlor floor or the drawing room.

Goat meat is in great favor in some countries. In the United States there is a prejudice against it, chiefly because of the well-known toughness and great age of the ordinary browsing billygoat; but the Angora's advocates say that the meat of this breed is sweet and tender, and it is averred by the promoters of the Ozark goat ranch that we eat more or less goat meat now, sold as sheep mutton. In place of lamb chops there are kid chops, said to be more like venison in flavor than the meat of the sheep.

As a resultant effect of the Missouri goat ranch one may expect to find in the market fresh goat, canned goat, deviled goat, pickled goat and the like.

The United States is a peculiarly goatless country. Though there are two hundred thousand Angoras, it is estimated by an enthusiastic goat expert that Taney County, Missouri, has wild land enough to pasture all the goats of this breed that can be found between the oceans.

In goats of all breeds the United States has about 500,000. There are about 1,000,000 goats in Mexico.

1,000,000 in the Argentine Republic and 1,500,000 in Venezuela.

Europe is literally overrun with goats. There are 3,000,000 in Germany, 2,000,000 in Austria-Hungary, 1,500,000 each in France, Bulgaria and Italy, and about the same number in the European part of Russia. The total for Europe is about 22,000,000. Spain alone has nearly 5,000,000, and classic Greece, the home of goat-footed Pan and the goat herds of mythology, has 1,000,000.

Africa is a favored goat country. There are 4,000,000 in Algeria, and the exact figures sent out from Cape Colony show 5,631,351 goats.

It is believed by some that the goat will supersede

comes soaked and freezes. It is only necessary to keep the fleece dry in weather that is both wet and cold. In dry weather, cold or warm, the long hair in itself is sufficient shelter for the hardy little animal inside.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

\* \* \*

#### THE PARADISE OF OLD WOMEN.

WOMEN live to a greater age in tropical countries than they do in temperate climes. The torrid zone appears to suit them. They are less liable to tropical diseases than men are, and as a rule they live longer.

In the West Indies and South America women centenarians are too common to be noticed. Rider Haggard's Gagool might be duplicated a thousand times



JUDGMENT OF PARIS.—Walter McEwen.

the sheep in the affections of the Western farmer. It is argued that the goat is a hardier animal and more economical, being an earner, as well as a consumer.

Moreover, the goat is able to take care of himself. He will fight at sight, and in some States a few goats are always kept in big herds of sheep to frighten off dogs, wolves and coyotes. A bout with a billy is not relished even by a fierce wolf, and the animals which prey upon sheep fight shy of goats.

The introduction of the Angora, therefore, may be considered of importance to Missouri; and the fact that the United States experts have declared the Ozark country to be the best goat land in the world is not to be underestimated.

There is very little to do in establishing a goat ranch other than getting the goats and the land together.

Big sheds may be built for the shelter of the goats in very wet, cold weather, for then their long hair be-

comes soaked and freezes. Many old negresses alive to-day in Jamaica and Trinidad were mothers of families when they were emancipated from slavery by Queen Victoria sixty-five years ago.

One old woman in Barbados has celebrated the coronations of four British sovereigns, beginning with George IV. She fully expects to celebrate another, for, she says cheerfully, she is "only ninety-nine."

In Colombia and Venezuela one may find many old women who vividly remember the struggle of Bolivar, the South American Washington, to free those countries from the Spanish yoke in the beginning of the last century. In Hayti there dwells an aged mulatto woman who asserts, probably with truth, that Toussaint L'Ouverture was her godfather.

Very old women are exceedingly common among all dwellers in the tropics, whether they be white, yellow, brown or black.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## DEGENERATE BEARS.

"THE tameness and impudence of the bears in Yellowstone Park have been commented on a great deal of late by the newspapers," said a native Adirondack dweller, "but I doubt if those bears can beat our Adirondack bears much in that respect.

"There was a time when the Adirondack bear was as wild and shy and fierce as his Pennsylvania or Sullivan county brethren are reported to be, but, as a rule, he has got over it, and degenerated into a thieving camp follower and hanger-on around clubhouse and hotel and camp grounds, a pensioner on the garbage pail and the refuse supplies.

"At camps or clubhouses where they have not been disturbed bears have in many instances forgotten their shyness and fear of danger to such a degree that they come swaggering to the very kitchen doors and, if not chased from there, do not hesitate to enter the camp itself and nose around for choicer morsels than the garbage pail contains. Bears became such a nuisance in this way at Garry Benson's place in the Pesco Lake region last season that he pitched into one impudent old chap one day with a horsewhip. The bear went back to the woods, stopping every few steps to rub himself, looking back at Garry each time in evident surprise at the reception he had received.

"Nobody at Benson's Camp would think of killing one of these shaggy intruders any more than he would of killing a woodchuck. Garry Benson says that kicking them off the premises and stoning them is only a temporary relief, but the horsewhip once laid well over a bear, he finds, causes that bear to give that place a wide berth thereafter.

"At the district school at Sander's Mill, on the Mad river, a big bear came slouching out of the woods one day, a week or so ago, and advanced directly on the schoolhouse. Some of the children had eaten their luncheon on the grass in front of the building.

"The bear stopped and licked up the crumbs and remnants of the repast, and then stuck his head in at the schoolhouse door. The screams of the pupils and the school ma'am frightened bruin, and he hurried back into the woods.

"The next day the bear came to the schoolhouse at about the same hour, and ate the crumbs and crusts he found on the grass. He didn't venture to the schoolhouse door again, though, and after he had cleaned up the remnants of the school lunch he went slowly back to the woods.

"His visits became of daily regularity, and, it being evident that he came with no evil intent, the teacher, and now and then a pupil, took to tossing him an apple or other bit of luncheon, and finally to feeding him out of hand, until now, so it is reported, that bear has almost quartered himself in that school district and lunches regularly with the Sander's Mill school children and teacher."

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## WITH NATURE IN THE WOODS, BUT GUNLESS.

I THINK the day will come, and it is not, perhaps, so distant as it seems, when the idea of killing anything for pleasure will seem so strange as to be scarcely credible. The Anglo-Saxon's proverbial pastime of going out and killing something will seem hardly less amazing than the gladiatorial shows.

Ah, yes! to know all the birds of the wood—without a gun! With a gun, how can one know them, and, by killing them instead of knowing them, what fascinating knowledge a man misses! A dead bird! A handful of bloodstained feathers! Little more than that! Carrion for the sexton beetle, or for the feasting fly! But the living bird—what a vivid, mysterious creature it is, with its lovely bright eyes, and those sad vowels in its throat! It seems strange to think of what that little head knows, secrets of nature eternally hidden from us. Is not the bird itself one of nature's secrets? The woodland, which, to us, is a wilderness, is to him a city, of which he knows all the streets and all the inhabitants. All the invisible highways of the air are to him like well-trodden paths, and, when he darts off in that apparently casual way, he very well knows whither he is going and what business takes him. When he sits and whistles by the hour on some swaying pinnacle of the greenwood, there is some meaning in it all beyond the music. That meaning will ever be hidden from us. If we could know it, as Tennyson said of the "flower in the crannied wall," we "should know what God and man are."

If, instead of shooting the bird, scotching the snake, smashing the beetle and pinching the tiny life out of the butterfly, we were to watch any one of these creatures on a summer day, the day would pass like an hour, so packed with exciting experience it would seem. Through what mysterious coverts of the woodland, into what a haunted underworld of tunneled banks and hidden ditches and secret passages the snake would show us the way, and we should have strange hearts if, as we thus watched it through its mysterious

day, we did not find our dislike of the clever little creature dying away, and even changing into a deep tenderness toward the small, self-reliant life, so lonely a speck of existence in so vast a world.

\* \* \*

#### MISCHIEVOUS CROWS.

THE following story about some mischievous crows is told by a gentleman who has spent much time traveling in Japan:

"There are millions of crows, and in many places they break the silence of the silent land with a Babel of noisy discords. They are everywhere, and have attained a degree of most unpardonable impertinence, mingled with a cunning and sagacity which almost puts them on a level with a man in some circumstances. Five of them were so impudent as to alight on two of my horses and so be ferried across a river. In the inn garden at Mori I saw a dog eating a piece of carrion in the presence of several of these covetous birds. They evidently said a great deal to each other on the subject, and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resented. At last a big, strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine where the others were congregated, and after much earnest speech they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth, when he immediately snapped at it, unwisely letting go the big piece for a second, and two of the crows flew away with it to the pine, and with much fluttering and hilarity they all ate it, the deceived dog looked vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them."

\* \* \*

#### A LONG TRIP FOR A QUEER FISH.

A MEMBER of Cambridge University has just returned to England after a trip of more than two thousand miles into the interior of Africa all for the sake of finding and studying one particular fish.

To make a journey of this kind for a mere fish may seem quixotical, but it was caused by sound scientific reasoning, for the fish in question is one of the most wonderful living forms in the world.

Now, of all the armored fishes, the polypterus is most interesting, not because he is armored, but because travelers have found him again and again buried in hot dry, sunbaked mud in hottest Africa, and living with apparently as much comfort as if he were splashing in cool water.

This is because the Polypterus has a lung or the beginning of a lung. And the significance of this is that in the course of evolution, all the fishes retained their gills, with just a few exceptions, like his. And the

discoveries of fossil forms millions of years old show that the fish that did develop lungs may have been the very earliest ancestors of the land animals that we know now.

\* \* \*

#### WASPS DEVOUR SPIDERS.

DR. DALLINGER describes the ruthless destruction of spiders by the ichneumon fly and by certain wasps. The young of some wasps can live only on live spiders and the mother wasp, therefore, renders the spiders powerless by her sting—after which it can live a month—and then deposits it in the cocoon where she has laid her egg. On hatching out, the wasp grubs feed on the bodies of the living spiders. Another wasp deposits her egg in the body of the spider, which is then buried alive and is fed upon by the wasp grub.

\* \* \*

#### AT HIGH ALTITUDE.

BALLOONISTS who ascended about ten thousand feet in Europe, the other day, found a temperature of twenty-seven degrees below zero.

\* \* \*

How vast are the waste places of the earth may be seen from the fact that the great desert of Gobi, in China, would fill the entire Mississippi valley, from the Alleghanies to the Rockies. Upward of 300,000 square miles of Arabia are an uninhabitable waste, while the terrible Sahara is vast enough to cover the whole United States.

\* \* \*

RECENT observations have brought to light this interesting fact, that persons breathe less when they are concentrating their minds on study or work, and also when they are under the influence of depressing emotion. On the other hand, we breathe more when exhilarated by pleasure and amusement.

\* \* \*

A FRENCH scientist declares that he has been able to stimulate the growth of plants by applying glucose or glycerine to the roots.

\* \* \*

AN orange tree in full bearing has been known to produce fifteen thousand oranges; a lemon tree six thousand fruit.

\* \* \*

NORTH AMERICA has twenty volcanoes, Central America twenty-five and South America thirty-seven.

\* \* \*

THUNDER is rarely, if ever, heard at a greater distance than eighteen miles.

\* \* \*

AN ordinary brick will absorb about sixteen ounces of water.



# THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

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I wrote down my troubles every day;  
And after a few short years,  
When I turned to the heartaches passed away.  
I read them with smiles, not tears.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

\* \* \*

## THE TIRESOMENESS OF IT.

THERE is probably not a reader who has not had his spells of revulsion at the unending routine of duty, and there is an immediate desire to get away, somewhere, anywhere, and escape it all. Very few people ever get so thoroughly rooted to the home place that they never want to get away. The feeling is a natural one, and it takes its thousands across the plains to the far coast, to the mountains, or the resorts. It is very much like the bow that is never unstrung, and which loses its usefulness, because it has lost its elasticity.

While it is true that we all want to get rid of routine for a time, it is also true that we are just as ready to get back again, once the novelty of the situation has worn off its newness. If there are any people who long for quiet and rest it is the lot whose duty chains them to these very resorts. They get their fill of the confusion, and, like the circus people, at a new place every day, they want a rest, from even the excitement of the hour.

The NOOK does not, by any means, teach that all work is the thing. On the contrary it is the privilege of every reader to get off the wheel, and go see how others are doing, to sit around while others work, to rest and sleep while somebody else turns the crank. It seems to be a part of human nature, and the face of every map in the world has either been made or

changed by the restless spirit of men. If there were a hundred worlds to explore there would be a thousand people ready for the work.

There is certainly a relaxation and a let-up that is to be desired, in getting away from the grind of existence. There is, perhaps, more satisfaction in getting ready for the trip than there is in the fact. The school debating society has perhaps not fully settled that there is more satisfaction in anticipation than in possession, but if it is an open question it is pretty clear to the Nookman that at least half the satisfaction is in contemplating what we are going to do, and which we never really do.

Not long ago there was a story about an old maid who annually bought a wedding cake and made believe that she was going to be married. The pleasure was an innocent one, and gave her lots of satisfaction. And between you and me the most of us really do that very thing. It may not be wedding cakes, but it may be what we would do if we had a few millions of dollars. All the same a good many of us live just over the hill where we can't see, and where we will never be. Those who really have been over the crest say that there is as much happiness on this side of the mountain as on the other.

The Nook started out to talk about the tiresomeness of it all. Then there came another thought,—the blessedness of it all. There is a certain satisfaction in the daily grind of drudgery that has a high moral value. Work has to be done, dishes have to be washed, cooking over a hot stove is a necessity, the week's wash is inevitable. But after it is all said and done is there not quite as much real pleasure in knowing that we have done our duty, instead of running away from it and leaving it to others? All the same the day off, the outing, the camping in the woods, are very real things, and are as the salt and pepper on the dinner table, compared with the things more substantial.

The trouble about it all is that when we go a fishing we find it impossible to lock up our cares in a drawer, and forget about them, even as we forget our linen. They persist in going along, and they put in when the conversation runs on other things. Our troubles are very much like ill bred children, who persist in cutting in on the talk and on utterly irrelevant subjects. And they will not down more than the enfant terrible will.

And all this is life as it really is, not as we picture it, but as it invariably is, and as it always comes around. We may paint a picture that shows the kine in the meadow, knee deep in the lush green, but the actual milk is delivered in a wagon, dealt out by a hand not too clean, and there is never a suspicion of a

yellow dandelion. Sometimes it is tiresome, but it is always blessed that these things are as they are. None of us live the life of a flower or an animal. Whether we will or not, our duties invest us, and if anyone is so constituted that he can take them off like an old coat and hang them up till wanted, happy is he.

\* \* \*

COURTESY.

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WE sometimes see two men starting out in life having about the same facilities and the same opportunities generally. One of them succeeds and the other fails. What is the reason?

Perhaps one of the best reasons, if not the only reason, for the failure, lies in his personal manners. While the other man attracts people by his way, and all who came in contact with him liked him and wanted to do business with him, the failure's manners were such as to repel them and naturally he lost their confidence and their custom. It will not do to say that the first man has been a trickster and that his affability was all put on, and that the second man was really the best man. The fact remains that the public prefers, as a rule, to transact business with those whose demeanor is a courteous one, and whose personal ways are such as to make it pleasant doing business with him. Being polite and good mannered has been the cause of many a man's advancement, while the lack of it has kept down many another. And while nothing can do away with real ability, yet a very close second to it is politeness with those with whom we are thrown in contact.

The people who ridicule this externalism are those who do not have it or do not know its value. What is the use of being a piece of gold if you persist in looking like a piece of brass.

The time to begin the acquirement of good manners is in early youth, and though it may be picked up later, that which comes in later or middle life never sticks to the person "like the paper to the wall." And, moreover one can not have two sets of manners, one for the general public and his intercourse with it, and one for his home and individual relations. It is not something that can be put on like a Sunday suit of clothes, but must be worn like an undergarment, next to one, day and night, in order to be available when wanted. Let every reader remember that there is not only money in manners, which means success, but that, also, it makes whatever is done as pleasant as possible.

\* \* \*

OVERFOOLISH.

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BE *not* overfoolish! It may be said that we should not be foolish, that is, like a fool at all. Yet the most of us say and do a great deal that is not in line with wisdom at all. A little nonsense that is relished by the

wisest may not be seriously out of place. But the man who is ever a clown, and always on the grimace, is another and a more serious matter. We come to hate him, so to speak, because when we would be earnest he is to the fore with his utter nonsense and frivolity. It is not always the best to be continually going to a funeral, but it is never right to be singing songs at the funeral. There is a time for everything, the wise man said, but few of them require perennial foolishness.

\* \* \*

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

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A GOOD many of us, when things with which we are related, go palpably wrong, are in the habit of referring the whole matter to those in authority. In other words we are apt to regard ourselves as being without responsibility as long as there is a leader. The real fact as to our duty is to continually watch that those who are set apart for the purpose of authority do their duty without failure of true outcome. There is not enough of that watchfulness and care for the results that there should be. Each person is under a certain amount of responsibility, not only for what is committed to his care, but for the general outcome as well. We cannot shift our responsibility to others, in any moral question.

\* \* \*

WHY IS IT?

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WHY is it a part of human nature that we will not learn by experience, and must dabble with the forbidden and the morally unhealthy? It is the history of all mankind, and if there is a choice, and one side or one way seems tabooed or posted, so to speak, it is that which we choose, or at least tamper with it. The way to make some people take hold of a given thing is to forbid its use. It is not obstinacy, it seems to root in some hidden pleasure that looks too good to miss. At all events, the way human nature is constituted at present, and as it will be for many a generation, people will play with forbidden fire, and get scorched, never learning by the experience of those who have gone before.

\* \* \*

"GLADNESS is God's ideal for his children. He means them to be sunny-faced and happy-hearted. He does not wish them to be heavy and sad. He has made the world full of beauty and full of music. The mission of the gospel is to start songs wherever it goes. Its keynote is joy—it is 'good tidings of great joy to all people.'"

\* \* \*

"MAKE one person happy each day, and in forty years you have made 14,600 human beings happy for a little time at least."



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

A cousin of the present King of Servia lives in New York, where for forty years he has been a furrier.

The assassins of the Servian king and queen do not seem to be worrying over their prospective punishment.

The new Pacific cable has been laid and a message from President Roosevelt to Gov. Taft, Manila, took but a few minutes in the transmission. The answer to the President was in even less time.

The Wabash Fast Express, No. 13 had a smash at Stuneville, Ind., July 6. Seven passengers were injured.

From Jeannette, Pa., in western Pennsylvania, we learn that after a waterspout the dam at Oakford broke and swept down the valley, a wall of water 20 feet high, carrying ruin with it. Reports place the number who lost their lives at from 50 to 75. The actual number of victims of the disaster will not be definitely known for some days.

At Rock Fish, Virginia, on the afternoon of July 7 the Southern Railway had a collision with a freight train. Both engines were wrecked and twenty-three people were killed or injured. There were about one hundred and twenty passengers on the train.

A dog at Cleveland, Ohio, belonging to a family which has had the small-pox, is suffering from what is thought to be the disease. He has all the symptoms and his hide is covered with pustules. The case is rare in medical practice, but is not entirely unknown.

W. W. Graham, of St. Joseph, Missouri, suffers from indigestion and is also troubled with dandruff. He consulted a physician and a barber and as a result purchased two bottles—one a dandruff cure and the other an indigestion medicine. He took a dose out of the dandruff bottle and is likely to die.

Over in Pittsburg, Pa., on July 4 an electric wire parted and one end fell into a puddle of water. The 2,000 volts so charged the water that four persons, who inadvertently stepped into the pool, fell dead.

An unknown suicide in the lake at Chicago jumped into the water clutching a Bible in which the passage, "This is a faithful saying," etc., was heavily underlined.

The Christian Science people in Boston at their meeting last week reported a total membership of 566 regularly organized churches. This is a gain of 55 during the year.

At Leadville, Colo., on the morning of the Fourth there was a three inch covering of snow over everything. The temperature fell forty degrees and ice formed. The ice around Elgin was the kind you buy out of the wagon.

On the glorious Fourth it was so hot that it is estimated that 500,000 people left Chicago in search of comfort. Here, at Elgin, it rained hard in the afternoon.

To go more into detail, the results of the Fourth of July celebration now foot up twenty-eight dead and 1,485 injured all over the country. When we consider the number of accidents not reported the total must be appalling in its entirety.

And now count fingers, noses, eyes and the like as a result of the senseless firecracker nuisance of the Fourth. In Chicago two are reported dead and ninety-two more or less used up. Consider the hundreds all over the country, hurt and not reported. Some people can only express themselves with noise.

A Nebraska farmer, H. M. Heilig, has invented a beet harvester which promises to greatly stimulate the cultivation of beets in that country. The machine will top, pull, and load the beets.

The past few days have been ideal corn weather. Hot days, occasional rains, and warm nights and corn can almost be seen growing.

Canada will have the biggest wheat crop in the country's history. That's the result of emigration and increased acreage.

The wheat harvest of the world promises to be an exceptionally good one in quantity and quality. Whenever there is a surplus of wheat in this country, over and above the demands of its people, there is always a market for it among the Asiatic hordes. Overproduction is something which need not be feared for many a year to come.

Out in Kansas there are over two hundred thousand acres of over-ripe wheat standing in the fields, all due to the fact that there is not a sufficient number of hands to gather the harvest.

There is a wonderful demand for harvest hands in the West, and any reader who is so situated that he can travel will find plenty of work for a month or two to come if he should travel northward with the harvest wave.

In Chicago there are one hundred and sixty thousand women who work daily. And this army may be seen tramping or riding to work in the early morning or going home in the evening.

At this writing Bro. D. L. Miller is in North Dakota.

July 7, from Omaha we learn that the editors of the country have been pouring into that city to attend the eighteenth annual convention of the Editorial Association. About five hundred delegates are now in the city.

Grover Cleveland is said to be coquetting with the Presidency. He is willing if "duty" seems to call.

George A. Wyman crossed the continent from San Francisco to New York on a motor cycle. It took him fifty days, including stops.

Fifty prominent Englishmen, members of Parliament, and others, are coming to Canada to study economic conditions that may be helpful in their grappling with similar questions at home.

The editor of the INGLENOOK has just returned from his Canadian trip and finds a large amount of mail and other business on his table. Some little time will be required to catch up, and this will explain any seeming delays to correspondents.

On the night of July 7 an Evansville, Ind., mob lynched a negro, and the local militia company, called out to suppress the disorder, got into a fight with the people, and in all seven were killed and twenty wounded in the fracas. Great excitement is abroad in the neighborhood, and further trouble seems inevitable.

Referring to the killing at Evansville it will come to pass that a good deal of our boasted civilization will have to be discounted if lynch law and race wars are continued.

The Ice Trust in Chicago is receiving hard words on all sides for having put up the price of ice during the hot weather. It is probable that the owners of the Trust will have to answer in court for what they have done.

The largest poultry business in the Southwest has been bought by the Armour Packing Company, of Chicago, for \$100,000 cash. It was known as the Jean Hurst Redfearn Poultry Company, and had ranches in Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas and Arkansas.

It is reported that genuine anthracite coal has been discovered in Routt Co., Colo. Doubtful.

The vacation schools of the country are in full blast. It is doubtful whether there is really much to be gained by turning the rest of the season into one of work.

The overflow of emigration from the old country to Canada is persistent and unheard of in the annals of the settlement of the country.

July 7 the Pope had an operation performed on him. It was successful and succeeded in relieving him of mucus that was troubling him. Undoubtedly the end is not far off.

The operation for the relief of the Pope consisted in the insertion of a hollow needle into the space between the lung and the wall at the lung cavity, and the removal, by means of an ordinary syringe, attached to the needle, of the water which had collected there. The operation is a simple one, if, indeed, it can be called one. About four-fifths of a quart of liquid was drawn away and this enabled the patient to breathe with a greater degree of ease. The remarkable thing about the Pope is his hold on life, which is probably the result of abstemious and regular living.

The newspapers are figuring upon the papal possibilities of the case. Considering the unlimited influence a pope has, it is a question to be entered upon with much thought and care upon the part of those whose duty it is to make the selection.

As we go to press we learn that the Pope is not yet dead, but that his recovery is impossible.

Throughout the country the Catholics are praying for the recovery of the Pope.

The coming Canadian INGLENOOK, which will appear in a few weeks, will be a very interesting number.

John Metzger, of Edwardsville, Illinois, was so annoyed by the noise of the Fourth of July that he killed himself. It was his habit not to go away from home on the Fourth. Soon after daylight of the day we celebrate, a crowd of boys, without thinking, chose a place near his house to set off their cannon crackers and other celebrating devices. Metzger got up, dressed himself, and closed all the windows and doors. This did not close his ears to the noise, so he got a bottle of poison and went to the barn where his body was found two hours later.

The present hot wave will likely be broken before this issue of the NOOK gets to the reader. It has been very disastrous to the large contingent of sick babies in the cities.

It has been pretty warm weather the past week, all over the country, but not too warm to stop the strikes that are hampering the business interests of the country.

Owing to the absence of the Editor and the press of business at the office, the competitive Bible contest has been delayed. The questions and answers will appear in an early INGLENOOK. There are also some very interesting essays as to the ideal brother and sister.



## MAKING CARTRIDGES.

THE Philadelphia *Inquirer* tells an interesting story of the manufacture of cartridges.

In Frankford, running down to the Delaware at one point, is an institution of exceeding interest, the United States arsenal. The plant covers sixty-four acres, bounded by Bridge street, Tacony road, Frankford creek and the Delaware river. The government ammunition is manufactured here. Practically all the cartridges used in the army, navy and marine stores of the United States are here formed with wonderful care and skill, and at present the plant is rapidly turning out ammunition for the Philippines. Nothing could exceed the scrupulous nicety and conscientious accuracy which attends at each step the making of the ammunition. Every bit of material is tested again and again in each stage of its construction, human skill being augmented by machines of marvelous power and ingenuity. There are about nine hundred employes upon the plant, five hundred of them being women.

The grounds are well kept; grassy lawns are intersected by smooth, curving walks and driveways. Numerous tasteful buildings of brick, stone and some of frame are scattered at intervals. All is quiet and orderly and smacks of military discipline and promptitude. There is little to suggest war, only at the gate a sentinel paces to and fro continually and the iron fence across the front displays a conventionalized design of picks and battle axes; cannon gape at the passers-by and stacks of picturesque old cannon balls, now long past their days of usefulness, meet one here and there.

One of the most interesting buildings is the cartridge factory, a large two-story brick building. Stepping inside, there is the whirl of many machines, each with its absorbed attendants, many of whom are women. Here lead and powder and brass are made up into cartridges. The brass forms the shells or cartridge case, the lead the bullet. The brass comes in thin bars, shaped like lath. It is run into a machine, which, with a double movement, cuts out a circular disc and depresses it into the shape of a cup. This cup is then annealed in a furnace. From the furnace it is put into a pickling tub. Here, in a solution of vitriol, it is vigorously rocked back and forth. Into another apparatus it goes, where it is whirled under a large stream of water and thus washed—then to the drying machine.

The handling of the ponderous cupping machine, the heavy work at the glowing furnaces, the sousing and rocking in the pickling vats, the washing and drying are done by men. The bushels of little cups now pass into the hands of a woman. Seated before a draw press, she places each cup in a receptacle. There is a

soft, powerful touch upon it and the cup falls from the machine, increased in length, but unaltered otherwise. It is then again taken to be annealed, pickled, washed and dried and passed to another woman with a draw press, to be again increased in length. Five times this is done, the fifth machine being also a bumper which depresses the end of the now elongated tube. After the fifth annealing there is one more drawing. The bit of brass is now long enough, but before entering upon another stage of preparation it is carefully gauged by an implement that most accurately records the diameter. Should there be one one-thousandth of an inch deviation from the accepted standard the cylinder is rejected.

Those that are perfect thus far pass into the hands of the trimmer, who cuts them to the right length. The brass is now in the shape of a cartridge shell, but it must next be primed. Various heading machines receive it, to get the end in shape. The primer has in the meantime been cut, shaped and loaded with powder in another part of the building. Before the two are safely put together and ready for varnishing some thirteen men or women, each with a machine, have handled the now perfect shell. But this is only the shell, the casting of the cartridge.

On the lower floor of the shop the bullets are being made. The lead comes to the plant in pigs. When it reaches the bullet machines it is in long cylinders of small diameter. A man stands beside a bullet machine, feeding it with rods; the finished bullets drop from it below into a receptacle. The bullets for the 30-caliber, the thirty-eight and the forty-five differ somewhat in construction. For some the slug, as the lead is called, is put into cases of metal called, by the workmen, bullet-jackets. These jackets have previously gone through draw presses and trimming machines in a manner greatly resembling the process to which the copper shell is subjected. Then the velvet hand of a machine with a touch seals the two together. The finished bullet is now ready for the finished shell, each having been followed through every stage by vigilant examiners and inspectors. Men prepare the bullets, but women take them again and run the machines to make up the cartridge. The bullet is fitted into the shell by most cunning and intricate devices. One machine alone goes through five different operations before the finished product drops from its grasp. In the loading machines the powder is added and the cartridge is complete.

The lubricator with which, in one stage of the process, they are coated, is now carefully wiped away; the finished piles are examined one by one and sorted. Each one is furthermore gauged and weighed by delicate machines that discard those that are defective. They are now ready for testing by gun and pass from the cartridge-house into other hands.

## THE HENRY FIELD AND THE NICKERSON ART COLLECTIONS.

MANY art lovers spend much time and money studying the works of the world's great artists, and as a result they often succeed in getting many of the finest productions that have been produced. This is true in all lines of art, but we wish now to speak of but two of the many collections of oil paintings by modern masters. We have chosen the two named because many of the Nook family are acquainted with a number of the subjects and can more readily appreciate them. These two collections, together with the Mungier collection, occupy places of importance in the Chicago Art Institute.

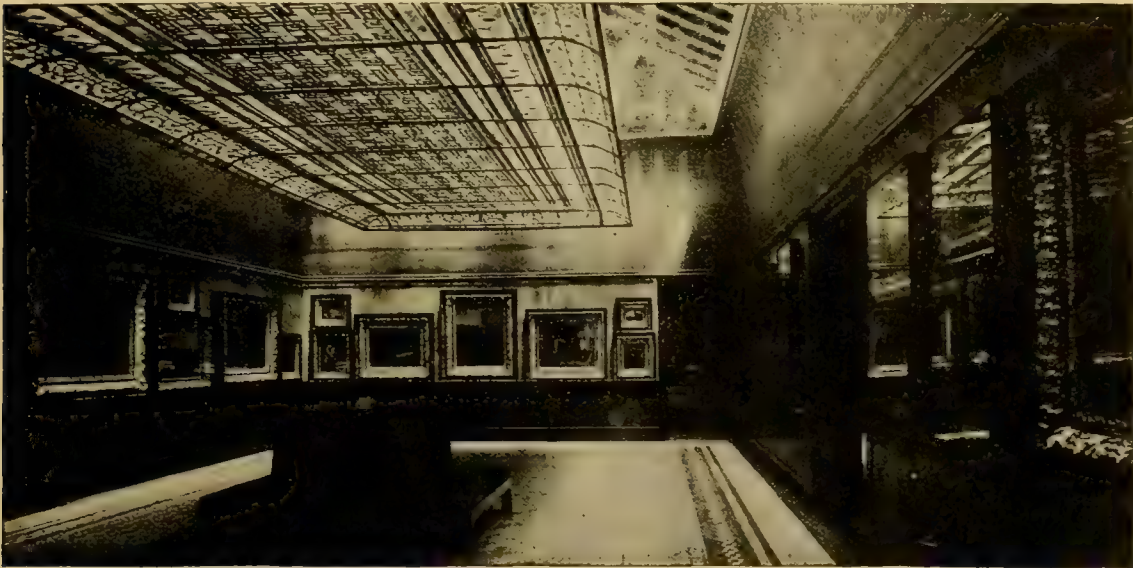
The Henry Field Memorial Collection, through the

of American artists are represented, and sunsets, marine sceneries and compositions figure prominently. This is a larger collection and represents much of value in art.

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## THE GRAVE PROBLEM OF JEWISH IMMIGRATION.

OUR philanthropy, which does us credit, may also bring us embarrassment. The more money we send to the distressed Jews in Russia, the more of them will come to the United States. This is not a reason why we should not relieve their distress, but it is a very good reason why we should make sure that our immigration law is rigidly enforced. But even the most rigid enforcement of the law will exclude very few



HENRY FIELD MEMORIAL COLLECTION.

generosity of his widow, was donated to that institution in 1893. It is composed of forty-one original oil paintings by twenty of the most esteemed modern artists. Fifteen of these artists are French, two Spanish, two German and one English. The famous Barbizon school is well represented by Corot, Millet, Rousseau and others. Among the paintings may be found "The Song of the Lark," by Breton, three landscapes by Corot, the great landscape painter, several paintings by Troyon, the French landscape and animal painter and several by his pupil, Van Marcke.

Besides the forty-one paintings mentioned is a portrait of Henry Field, presented by Marshall Field. To this number according to the deed of trust none may be added and none taken.

The Nickerson Collection, presented by Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Nickerson, occupies another room, and in it is found a different class of paintings. A number

Jews. They are not utter paupers, in the sense of the law: and they do not become public charges. But when they come to us in great swarms they do become a grave social burden to our great cities.

And there is another aspect of this large subject. If the oppression of an undesirable part of European population provokes American philanthropy to send money to the oppressed, whereby, if they wish, they may come to the United States, there is more than one community in Europe that may be tempted to play upon American sympathy. Most Russian communities wish to be rid of Jews. But it is both difficult and costly to remove them. If American citizens can be easily provoked to send them money and practically to invite them to come here, a difficult European problem may thus be easily solved. Thus the humane impulses of American citizens may easily be turned to assisting undesirable immigration.—*World's Work*.



## A TRADE IN BIG REPTILES.

THE ichthyosaurus was a huge sea reptile of prehistoric times, and the skeletons and fossil remains generally constitute quite a trade in some sections of the world.

In the southwestern corner of Germany there is a veritable catacomb of ichthyosaurians. It is difficult to believe, but literally true, that now, even after years of systematic exploitation, 150 to 200 ichthyosaurians are found there every year. The quarry owners and workmen in the Swabian quarries have made a regular article of commerce of them. They calculate that they will find a "beastie" for about every square rood of excavation.

Buyers are plentiful. Museums, private collectors, even schools go there for material as if they were buying some regular crop. "No horse trade," says Fraas, "is conducted with more shrewdness and keenness than the saurian trade, and no business requires more knowledge of the 'tricks of the trade.'"

The big supply has forced prices down, so that it is possible to get an ichthyosaurus of the common kinds for from \$25 to \$50. Of course, specimens of great scientific value cost more. The workmen have learned to examine each new find closely to see if it is a "paw" animal or one with flippers. The creature with "paws" ranks far beyond the cheap ichthyosaurian price list; it is a much less common reptile of the Jurassic period, the teleosaurus. It belongs to the ancestors of our crocodiles, and, like them, it had "paws"—four regular feet for crawling, quite different from the ichthyosaurus with its characteristic whale's flippers.

The ichthyosaurus was an oceanic animal. Everything of animal remnants that has been found in its company—mollusks, crabs and fish—is from the sea. Sea creatures were its food. The scientists know exactly what its pet dishes were.

A black spot between the ribs of many specimens shows where the creature's stomach was; the investigator discovers in the petrified contents of that stomach the distinctive scales of some fish that are related to the sturgeon and that thronged the sea in the older times of world story. There is also the fossilized debris of the hard parts of cuttlefish. Neither to-day nor, demonstrably, at any time have cuttlefish dwelled in fresh water. Whatever hunted them must have been an inhabitant of the ocean, like our sperm whale.

They must have lived a most gregarious life. Such a wonderful massing together of creatures as is found in these German ichthyosaurian catacombs can only be explained as being due to the fact that the monsters dwelled for a long period in a comparatively limited locality, made attractive, perhaps, on account of its excellence of food supply.

Of course it would be entirely incorrect to imagine

the sea of those old days as being filled everywhere with great monsters. The mass of animal life that swam, crawled, trampled, hopped and flew over this planet throughout all the epochs of geological time was, no doubt, inconceivably vast. But these myriads were distributed through millions of years, and there is no evidence that the number of single forms ever was greater at any time in any one place than they are now.

A whimsical picture, certainly, must have been such a herd of swimming "lizards." The long, pointed heads carried powerful teeth in the beak-like jaws, as much as two hundred in number. These curious teeth sat, not in separate tooth cavities, but in a long furrow. Later, in the cretaceous period, there were wonderful birds in North America that also had such teeth in just such furrows.

Spectrally, as with no other animal created before or since, stared the eye of the ichthyosaurus. That immense eye comprised not only the huge eye socket itself, but a surrounding hard ring of movable bony plates, that acted like a most ingenious pair of spectacles, enlarging or diminishing the pupil of the eye at will. To make room for the goggle eyes, the brain was small—a reptile brain is a still lower stage of development than that of our whales, which are not a genuine fish, but merely mammals that have adapted themselves magnificently to oceanic existence.

Without doubt the ichthyosaurus was a reptile—a lizard in the broader sense of the term. Neither young nor old specimens betray any vestige of gills. The fish-bone-like, but immensely strong ribs, speak clearly for an energetic lung action with the fully developed faculty for holding a large supply of air in the chest for the purposes of diving.

The ichthyosaurus had no armor. In this many "dragons" of his time were far superior to him. He was only slightly scaled, so slightly that to the eye he appeared merely as a creature with a somewhat wrinkled skin.

But if he lacked scales, he had a more striking peculiarity in entirely loose flesh fins that he possessed in addition to his flippers. Ignorance of these flesh fins, which naturally had not been preserved, like the bones, made it a mighty difficult job for the early investigators to imagine how the animal whose skeletons they had, really appeared in life.

Old Richard Owen in England, a fine observer and anatomical logician of the first rank, was first to get the idea that the ichthyosaurus must have had a great caudal fin like our whale. It was a simple circumstance that made him think so. Every specimen that was found showed a caudal vertebra that was broken near the tail end.

The dead body, reasoned Owen, no doubt would drift for a while on the open sea, buoyed by the gases engendered in decomposition, before it finally reached

its goal in the deep mud at the bottom of the sea. Now if there was a heavy caudal fin or fluke, only partially supported by bones, it would begin to dangle as soon as the muscles ceased their voluntary supporting action. Lower and lower it would sink until, at last, its great weight broke the end of the vertebral column. From the form of the vertebra to which the great muscles of such a fin would necessarily have been fastened, Owen deduced that this caudal fluke must have been perpendicular to the body like the fins of fish, and not horizontal as with the whale.

More than half a century had to elapse before Owen's ingenious speculations could be proved and improved by undeniable testimony. Then there came

Everything appears to point to the fact that the oldest forms of these reptiles—if they all did develop from one ancient form—possessed a certain external similarity to our living lizards, being land or fresh water forms with five-toed feet, showing no tendency to become flipperlike.

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#### A STRIKING PICTURE.

"THE most singular painting I ever saw," said Rev. George R. Savage to several men who were discussing art, "was owned by T. B. Peterson, the Philadelphia publisher. I have often wondered what became of it after his death, and have often thought that I



PART OF THE NICKERSON COLLECTION AT THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

the un hoped for accident of finding a stone slab in the Swabian ichthyosaurus catacombs that had in it not only the cast of a skeleton, but also of all the soft parts.

And there it was! A huge perpendicular caudal fin, with two big forks like a fish tail, clear before the eyes of the living world. This same grand specimen showed a high, triangular dorsal fin, which no Owen could have suspected.

With this new knowledge all comparison between lizards of to-day and the ichthyosaurus, so far as externals are concerned, diminishes to almost nothing, and when one views the beast carefully, it is best to lay aside all comparisons and say that the ocean's marvel, considered strictly, looked like no other extinct or living creature of the ocean.

would like to own it. It wasn't a great work of art as the critic might view it, but it appealed to me very strongly. It was by an obscure painter, whose name I don't even remember. The subject was a German cathedral, with a tower rising in bold relief, and in the tower was a clock. A hole had been cut in the canvas to accommodate the face of the clock. The thing was so skillfully done that in looking at the picture one would not suspect that a real clock figured in it, for it was a very large canvas. But on the hour the clock would strike in such a tone as to give the impression of great distance to accord with the perspective of the picture. The face of the clock, which was of French make, was quite small, and the deep, muffled tone was very effective."—*Philadelphia Record*.



## JOHN CHINAMAN AS "UNCLE."

BEHIND the little red curtain which flaps in the dingy window of the Chinese laundry, there is many a secret full of human interest. Few of those who hand their cuffs and collars over the ironing board of John, the Chinaman, and watch him ticket them with his mechanical grin and stolid eyes, know what a warm heart beats under his yellow skin and his flapping blue jacket.

"No ticket, no shirtee!" is supposed to be the Alpha and Omega of his philosophy. Yet John, the Chinaman, is an "uncle" to the poor,—a pawnbroker with a heart, a money lender with a conscience.

Nine out of every ten Chinamen who run laundries in those districts of the city where tenement stairs are high and rents are low are pawnbrokers after a fashion. But no strings of antique jewelry hang in the window of the Chinese pawnshop; no flaring gilt watches, loudly ticketed, nor broken musical instruments tell the tale of usury. The Chinese pawnshop is as quiet as the close-mouthed artist of the shirt and iron himself.

Your pawn ticket is your laundry ticket; your security is your linen; John's interest is nothing more nor less than the satisfaction of having helped a customer.

This is the way it is done. On Monday morning, bright and early, Michael Flannigan takes his soiled shirt, his Sunday cuffs and his bunch of yellowed collars to the laundry and receives in exchange a ticket, which, though only of pink paper, is as good as gold. On Monday morning Michael is hopeful. A good situation has been promised to him. He feels confident that by Saturday he will be able to pay for his laundry. John smiles at him over the counter and remarks that it is "a plitty good weather."

On Tuesday Michael discovers that hopes were made to be blasted. He has not got the job he coveted. He must search for another. But alas! he has no decent clothes in which to present himself for candidacy. His only collars are in the laundry, his hat is a disgrace to Old Erin.

Then he thinks of his friend, the Chinaman. Once more he passes the little red curtain, presents his pink ticket and requests "a small loan." Does John look daggers at him over brass-rimmed glasses as some others might? Nothing of the kind. Stolidly he takes down the parcel of soiled laundry and looks it over. If it is worth anything above a dollar, Michael gets the dollar. Uptown he goes, buys his collar and his hat and sallies forth a gentleman in search of a job.

Until he finds that job he keeps his ticket, on which is marked the amount of his loan, and John keeps the shirts. But always, in the end, he comes back, loan and laundry money in hand, and claims his own once more. And John must be a very mean Chinaman indeed if he charges even the small interest of

ten cents. There is no better friend and no worse enemy on earth than the silent, sallow little Chinaman.

That anybody would take advantage of so humble a person seems almost incredible. Yet there are those who consider the laundryman their lawful prey. One of the many ways in which John is cheated out of his hard-earned dollars is so barefaced that it seems incredible that it should succeed.

Some bright morning a gay lady in a flowered hat will sail into the shop and hand a small bundle, sweetened by a Judas smile, over the counter. Nothing could equal the innocence with which she tucks away the pink ticket and rustles out. John, at ease with the world, opens his bundle to find therein a shabby duck skirt or a shirtwaist which has seen so many better days that it hardly seems worth the price of laundering. But suds and a hot iron do wonders for old clothing and John gets the garment into good shape.

At the end of a week a beetle-browed man calls, and presents a pink ticket for his laundry. John searches his shelf and finds the bundle bearing the other half of the ticket. It is a very small bundle and the man looks at it in pretended astonishment. He opens it with a growl. Inside is the clean duck skirt or shirtwaist. The man laughs the thing to scorn.

"Say," says he. "This here's a mistake. I don't wear petticoats and I'm long out of kilts. Come, come! I had at least \$10 worth of stuff here."

"What you have?" asks the laundryman.

The man names a list of things, a column long. John looks sadly up and down the shelf and shakes his head. Then the man goes away, swearing to carry his case into court. This he does; and always it is the Chinaman who loses and has to pay the "pal" of the woman in the flowered hat. This is called the "flim-flam" game. Against it a Chinaman has no redress.

But if there are Chinamen who are "done" by their customers, there are in turn others who make a living by cheating their own kind. These are the migrating Chinamen. This man is as suave as a drug store cat; he "seems as innocent as the flower, but he is the serpent under it." He comes to town with money up his big sleeve. Craftily he looks about him for a laundry which is paying badly. This he buys, good will and all, for a mere song, the Chinaman who sells grinning over his good fortune in getting rid of it and chuckling at the thought of the other's approaching discomfiture.

But behold! The moment the migrating Chinaman touches the new laundry it turns into gold. A new curtain flaunts in its window and customers pour in at its doors. Other Chinamen do not know that to build up this mushroom trade the migrating one is giving away cheap presents with every pound of

clothes and doing his work at half price. They only see wealth rolling in upon him and they gurggle with envy over their irons.

In a month the migrating fellow has the biggest business in town. But he is tired. He is "going back to China to his wife and babies." Who wants to buy his business? There is a scramble for the opportunity and he sells out at a big price to the highest bidder.

A week later the laundry window is fly-specked once more and the place has dwindled down to its old state of dilapidation and poor trade. But by this time the migrating Chinaman is far, far away—buying another business.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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#### RUIN WORKED BY INSECT.

IN a neglected vault of the department of agriculture was stored an accumulation of records and documents, says the *Washington Post*. One of the janitors was seized with an inclination to give the vault a spring airing. To his dismay he discovered that an insect of some description had dug trenches in long, straight rows through certain sections of the records piled high in the vaults, while in other sections there were caves and deep mines. When exposed for a short time to the air, the records crumbled and fell in hopeless ruin.

Entomologists of the department had told American housewives how to rid their homes of roaches and bed-bugs. Farmers had been carefully coached in the latest methods of destroying chinch bugs. Science had practically annihilated the calico-back cabbage bug and the ladybug gave promise of destroying the San Jose scale. But here within the walls of the department an insect had attacked and vanquished the musty records which told how other pests were to be destroyed.

"White ants have done it!" shouted the janitor.

"It is the work of *termes flavides*," said C. S. Marlatt, widely known as the destroyer of insects. Both were correct.

The white ant is the most destructive of all insects. In the merry month of May the mother flourishes from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In more southerly regions it is at its best in April. Houses crumble and fall and their owners know not why. It is the work of the janitor's white ant and Mr. Marlatt's *termes flavides*. "Our records are not complete," said Mr. Marlatt in explanation, "but we know that an accumulation of books and papers owned by the state of Illinois was entirely ruined by what you have called white ants. A library in South Carolina, left closed for the summer, was as complete a wreck in the fall as our own volumes in the adjoining vault. Humboldt accounts for the rarity of old books in New Spain by the destructive work of these insects. The flooring of one of the sections of the United States national museum

was for several years annually undermined and weakened by these insects and the colony could not be located. It was finally necessary to replace the wooden floors with cement."

When all other recommendations fail the only resource, according to Mr. Marlatt, is to replace flooring with cement and stone.

The term "white ant," Mr. Marlatt, insists, is a misnomer. The white ant is not an ant at all. Its social habits are much the same as those of other ants, but it is allied to the dragon flies and May flies. In their swarming or nuptial flight the white ants come out in pairs. If one of these pairs succeeds in finding a decayed stump or a moist unabridged dictionary, before the season is over white ants are reproduced at the rate of something like 80,000 a day. Race suicide is not one of the sins of the ant family. White ants contrive to get along even without a queen. What the entomologists call a supplemental queen, one that is never winged and never leaves the colony, always comes forward to replenish the species.

Mr. Marlatt says that the greatest protection against these insects is perfect dryness. The presence of flying termites in the spring should be followed by an immediate and persistent hunt for the colony. If the colony is found about the house, steam or hot water should at once be liberally used and, if necessary, an entire floor removed, in order to expose the insects to attack. Better than hot water or steam is kerosene or some other petroleum oil. Where floorings and underpinning or books and papers are badly infested and a wholesale treatment becomes imperative, hydrocyanic acid gas fumigation is urged.

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#### GRACEFUL MANNERS.

GRACEFUL manners, says Longfellow, are the outward form of refinement in the mind and good affections in the heart. Good manners, says Archbishop Whately, are a part of good morals and kind courtesy. Manners, says Emerson, are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage, they form at last a rich varnish with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are on the surface, so are the dewdrops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners, says Burke, are of more importance than laws. Upon them in a great measure the laws depend. The law can touch us here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in; they give their whole form and color to our lives; according to their quality they aid morals, they supply them or they totally destroy them.



### RICHES GO FOR CANDY.

CANDY and confectionery to the amount of \$100,000,000 are sold in the American home market every year, and to this total of manufacture New York contributes \$20,000,000, or one-fifth. Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Illinois are the three other states which contribute largely to the total, which is constantly increasing, for three reasons.

These are the lower price of sugar and sirup, the superior excellence of American manufacture which has made this country independent of foreign imports in this line, and the national taste for sugar and for all articles of manufacture into which sugar enters as the chief ingredient.

The whole foreign importation of confectionery to this country, which was formerly a considerable trade, was less than \$75,000 last year, and the home consumption has increased correspondingly.

It is a well-known fact that sugar in the form of candy or sweets is a substitute for alcohol. Most all abstainers from the use of alcohol in any form are candy eaters, as vegetarians almost universally are as well. The man who ceases to drink develops an uncommon fondness for candy.

The candy eater who develops a partiality for wine or spirits, or even beer, which contains much saccharine matter, is seen to diminish his purchases of candy. It is in temperance localities that the largest amount of candy is eaten, and the largest patrons of candy stores everywhere are, of course, women—and especially young women and children.

The candy making interest of the United States, now centering in and about New York, where there are nearly nine hundred candy making establishments, shows steady and constant increase, and it is a noticeable fact that in localities in which foreign born residents are numerous there is less candy eaten than in those neighborhoods which are inhabited by those of American nativity.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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### POISON IVY.

A GREAT many Nookers have had trouble with ivy poisoning, and the troublesome itching and inflammation are familiar to most every reader. The poison part of the plant has been found to reside in a non-volatile oil that, even after the plant is dead, is to be found in the wood. What concerns the Nooker most is the cure.

Here are a few cures that will be found available. In case of infection wash the place with diluted alcohol, whiskey or any harmless alcoholic liquid will do. The idea is to dissolve the poison oil on the skin. Poisoning may follow, but it will not be so marked or severe. Then a solution of sugar of lead in alcohol applied

freely will nearly always work a cure. It may happen that the patient is thoroughly well poisoned where none of these things are immediately available. In such a case apply common table salt worked into a paste with water, or baking soda, so fixed and applied, has been known to cure. A free use of sweet oil with internal doses of the oil, in large quantities, will often effect a cure. People peculiarly liable to ivy poisoning may use as a preventative a thin coating of oil of any kind rubbed on the hands or exposed parts of the body when going where infection is likely.

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### BARGAINS IN LIFE MATES.

A WRITER in an eastern journal advises socialists and sentimentalists, with a predilection for marrying and giving in marriage to turn their attention to the department stores because there is a big lot of that kind of business going on there.

Men clerks and women clerks have the matrimonial habit. They do not say so when they accept a situation and they go into a shop for the ostensible purpose of selling ribbons and lace and notions instead of getting married, but they are pretty sure to do the latter thing before they get out. Romance is in the air and they cannot help themselves. Long hours, carping customers and hurried orders cannot dispel it; in fact they thicken it. What young man with real blood in his veins can look up from a box of suspenders and see the young woman who sells gloves across the way shrinking under the sharp criticism of an irate purchaser without yearning to protect her. Nine times out of ten he does so yearn, and the consequence is he marries her. That does not mean that he quits selling suspenders or that she quits selling gloves. They do not quit. They keep right on at the same occupation and then by and by they are promoted and live happy ever after.

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### HOME OPEN-AIR LOUNGING PLACES.

THE desire to get into the open air without going from home is being met very ingeniously nowadays by city dwellers. Not only do the newer hotels and apartment houses provide roof resorts for their guests, but householders are following suit and devising backyard retreats and roof gardens.

Not everybody can have plashing fountains, fine exotics and full-leaved bowers, but much comfort can be got out of the backyard or the roof fitted up with a rational view to the needs and limitations of their situation. A woman who has tried both schemes pronounces the back yard the more practical for daily living purposes, and the roof the more satisfactory for evening use.

# Aunt Barbara's Page

## POOR WILLIE.

A swarm of bees chased Willie  
Till the boy was almost wild.  
His anxious parents wondered  
Why the bees pursued the child.  
To diagnose they summoned  
Their physician, Doctor Ives.  
"I think," he said, "the reason's clear—  
Our Willie has the hives."

—Cornell Widow.

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## HONEST LITTLE DICK.

In all my life I never saw so honest a little cat as our Dick. He not only never stole himself, but he would not allow any other cat to steal if he could help it. The dear little fellow, however, was strongly tempted once and came very near losing his good name.

One day the cook carried out a pail of nice little frost-fish and set it down in the yard. Dick was there. Dick always was nearby when there were good things to eat. The cook went back into the house and Dick sat down to wait for her return; and two of his especial friends were at the window upstairs, looking down to see what "honest little Dick" would do.

The cook was a long time coming back to dress the fish; and all the while Dick kept watch—now on the pail, now on the kitchen door. At last he went somewhat nearer to the pail, then nearer, then nearer. Ah! frost-fish smell so good. Dick's little nose almost touched them! And then he sat down and cried at the top of his voice for cook to return quickly and save him from becoming a thief.

Still she did not come. At last Dick put his fore paws on the edge of the pail. Then he looked at the kitchen door and cried again. But the door did not open. So, slowly, softly, a paw reached down into the pail. But, before it had gone down as far as the fish, it came back with a jerk, empty; and its owner ran around the corner of the house where he would not see or smell those nice frost-fish any more. He did not want to be a thief; and we believe that the little fellow never came so near it again.—*Little Folks.*

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## THE CAT IN THE BAG.

LITTLE Arabella Frost was almost asleep; her curly head was nestled on the soft pillow of her brass cot and the dark lashes rested on her pink cheek. She was almost asleep, but not quite; the little ears were

still open and she heard her mother say to her big brother, Joe: "Then the cat is out of the bag."

"What cat, mother?" asked Arabella, sleepily, without opening her eyes.

"Never mind, baby, go to sleep," said the mother.

"What did they put the cat in the bag for?" Arabella asked herself. "It must be a wild cat."

Just then Arabella saw the bag, it was empty; she saw the cat, it looked very wild and seemed to be biting and scratching many people; and in a great fright she screamed and woke up.

You see, she had gone to sleep and dreamed about the cat getting out of the bag and her mother had to take her on her lap to get the little girl quiet again.

The mother then told her that "letting the cat out of the bag" meant telling a thing that ought not to be told and that a story was sometimes just like the cat she had dreamed about; it hurt people when it ran about. "If you hear anything ugly about your little playmates, darling," said the mother, "remember what the cat did when she got out and tie your bag as tight as you can."—*Elizabeth P. Allen.*

\* \* \*

## PARTNERS.

A STURDY little figure it was trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted us to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl to-day?"

"Yes, 'm."

The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed, and perspiring, but cheery withal.

"Yes, 'm; it takes a heap of water to do a washing."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"Oh, we have it in the cistern mostly, only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And is there nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she is washin'."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her."

It was not a well-considered compliment, and the little water-carrier did not consider it one at all, for there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes, and almost indignant tone in her voice, as she answered: "Why, of course, I help her. I always help her to do things all the time; she hasn't anybody else. Mother 'n me's partners."



## The Q. & A. Department.

Will the Nook give a recipe for florist's earth?

Florist's earth is made by taking great pieces of sod and building them in a square, about six feet, we will say. On the top of this sod put an equal thickness of well-rotted barnyard manure, over this another thickness of sand, then more manure and more sand until you have it as high as you can conveniently handle. This pile is allowed to remain out over winter where it will freeze. The freezing is a necessity. Early in the spring, when the pile is thawed out, go to work at it with a shovel and coal-ash sifter. Cut the pile down transversely with a spade. Sift it into store boxes or any other receptacle. Put it into the cellar, or under cover somewhere, and the longer it is kept the better it will be. Professional florists all use this prepared earth and without it it is impossible to grow their kind of flowers. A little trouble this fall will put any Nooker in possession of a pile of florist's earth sufficient to last for many years. Its effect on garden truck and the like is most marked, but it is generally used for potting purposes, and every family ought to have a great box of it. When well prepared it presents the appearance and texture of a coarse brown granulated sugar.

✧

Why do frosts visit the valleys earlier, as a rule, than they do the surrounding hills?

To explain this peculiarity of nature the United States Bureau reports as follows: Air, like liquids, arranges itself according to its density, or weight. Cold air, being heavier than warm will seek the lowest levels. During a calm night, when frosts occur, the surface of the hillsides cools by radiation and thereby cools the air in contact with it. Hence this cold air flows down in the valley beneath. Coming in contact with a still colder soil or plant it becomes colder and accumulates as a layer of cold air, which grows thicker during the night by the steady addition of the thin layers of descending air from the hillsides. The warmer air floats on top of the cold mass and furnishes a continuous supply of heat to the hillsides as fast as it comes in contact with them, before it cools and descends.

✧

About how many of the soldiers of the late Spanish-American war are receiving pensions?

More than sixty thousand claims have been filed and of that number over twelve thousand have been allowed. It was a little war but has resulted in a big pension roll.

How may soiled floor matting be used?

Wash it with salt water—a pint of salt to a gallon of water. Use a soft flannel cloth and see that the matting is thoroughly dried afterward. If there are spots that are much soiled they should be rubbed with water and cornmeal. White matting that has become dingy may be changed to a pale yellow tint by washing in a weak solution of soda.

✧

Who is credited as having made the first lantern?

Alfred the Great, nearly a thousand years ago. He, however, did not make it for a lantern, but to regulate the burning of the candles, by which they kept the time of day. They had no clocks.

✧

What treatment should an umbrella plant have?

Give it very rich soil. Set the pot in a jardinière and keep the soil in the pot covered with water. Every two weeks empty the jardinière, wash, and refill with fresh water. See that the plant gets the morning sun.

✧

Is peat worth as much for fuel as coal?

Yes, but it takes ten times as much peat as coal. That is ten tons of peat are worth a ton of ordinary coal.

✧

What is the cost of an automobile?

They will run from \$400 to \$500 up to \$10,000, or more, dependent upon the make and the character.

✧

Is there a possibility of a flying machine being invented?

Yes, it is almost certain that a method of navigating the air will be found.

✧

How is public money for the running of the Government collected?

It is nearly all from two sources—customs and internal revenue.

✧

What does it cost to produce an acre of sugar beets?

It is said that it costs about \$30 to raise an acre of sugar beets.

✧

What is the size of Portland, Oregon?

The last census gave a population of 90,426.

✧

Are there any colored people in the regular army?

Yes.

## The Home



## Department

### OLD-FASHIONED FRUIT CAKE.

AN excellent rule for an old-fashioned fruit cake which comes from an experienced housekeeper in Ohio calls for two pounds of sweet Malaga raisins, seeded, two pounds of currants, carefully cleaned, twelve eggs, one pound of brown sugar, one pound of butter, one-fourth of a pound of candied lemon peel, one-fourth of a pound of citron, one-fourth of a pound of candied orange peel, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of allspice, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one pound of flour. Cream the butter and sugar, add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten, and the whites whipped to a stiff froth. After this mix the flour, sifted, with the fruit and spices, and stir thoroughly. Bake the cake in a slow oven for three and a half hours. Put a pan of hot water on the grate of the oven if it is too hot. The cake scorches easily, therefore it is best to place an asbestos mat under it. The cake should be perfectly black when it is taken out of the oven. Let it cool in the pan for four hours; then ice it with a thin icing made by beating the white of one egg in a bowl with a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar. Let the cake dry for two hours more after this. Then beat four ounces of sugar with another white of an egg for ten minutes to make a second icing for the cake. Let this dry for two hours longer, when the cake may be covered with a decorative icing. Fruit cake should always be heavily iced.

\* \* \*

### USES FOR CORN.

WITH green corn at its best, try this old Quaker recipe for green corn pudding:

Prepare one pint of grated corn, or cut with a knife through the center of the rows and scrape out the inside of the kernels. Add to the pint of prepared corn one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two beaten eggs and one teaspoonful of salt. Bake in buttered tins about two inches thick. It will require three-quarters of an hour.

Corn griddle cake may be prepared in much the same way. To two cupfuls of the milky pulp allow a cup of sweet milk, two eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a half-teaspoonful of salt and a quarter-spoonful of soda, with just enough flour to make a thin

batter. Bake like griddle cakes and eat with butter and sirup.

Corn that has been boiled can be chopped fine and added to any good griddle cake batter.

\* \* \*

### CABBAGE SALAD.

SALAD in whole cabbage is made as follows: Select a firm, round cabbage; remove all outside leaves that are wilted or stained, cut and scoop out the center, leaving a firm bowl or shell of the cabbage. Mix two cupfuls of finely chopped cabbage with two cupfuls of celery; let stand in lemon-flavored ice water half an hour, drain and dry, and add one cupful of nut meats—pecans are delicious—and the pulp of one grapefruit cut in small pieces; mix this with an egg-and-butter dressing, and when very cold fill the cabbage and serve. The dressing is made by cooking one scant fourth of a cupful of vinegar with the yolks of five eggs and one-fourth of a cupful of butter, seasoning with sugar, mustard, salt, and pepper, and when cold mixing with an equal amount of whipped cream.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

\* \* \*

### GREEN APPLE DESSERT.

TAKE half a dozen large green apples, preferably the first of the season; core and quarter them, and put into a saucepan with barely enough water to cover them. They should be cooked slowly, and when tender pressed while hot through a sieve, and sweetened to taste. The yolks of three eggs, well beaten, should be ready at this moment, and beaten into the hot puree, which is returned for an instant to the fire afterward. The mixture is then put into lemonade glasses, and is served when cold with whipped cream and a candied cherry heaped on the top of each. It may also be pressed into porcelain egg cups, and the cups set in the oven a moment to brown. It is then eaten hot or cold, and with or without plain cream.

\* \* \*

### FUDGE.

BOIL together a cup of milk, one of sugar and one of grated chocolate until a little dropped in cold water hardens. Then remove from the fire, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and beat until creamy and granulated. Turn into a greased pan and mark off into squares.



## LITERARY.

*The Arena* for July is before us. It contains an unusual number of special articles of interest to the scholarly and thoughtful world. One of the leading articles is on "Philadelphia, a Study in Political Psychology." "The Rise and Progress of Co-Operation in Europe" is well treated while an exceptionally well written article is "The Reign of Terror in Finland." "The Corruptions of Government by Corporations" is another most interesting contribution, giving the inside facts in some recent legislation. It will be of interest to every reader.

*The Arena* costs twenty-five cents and can be had at any news stand.

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*The Review of Reviews* for July is also an exceptionally interesting number. "Our High Tide of Immigration" is an illustrated article of great interest. "The Congo Free State and its Autocrat" is an interesting contribution to the world's knowledge of the Congo region. "The Erie Canal—Its Past and Future," is a very interesting study of a great enterprise. Forest fires in the United States and the recent floods of the middle west come in for discussion in a way of utmost interest to all concerned in such matters. *The Review of Reviews* is one of the literary stand-bys and can be had at any newsstand for twenty-five cents per copy. *The INGLENOOK* recommends it.

\* \* \*

## A PRUDENT SALMON.

KITTY COLLINS is a Newfoundland fish-wife whose sharp tongue and dealings have made her a celebrity the length of the East Shore. The man or woman is yet to be born who can beat her on any trade which savors of fish.

She lives in one of the out-ports and brings her fish to St. John's to market.

Early one spring she brought the first salmon of the season to the house of the Bishop to sell. It was a fine salmon weighing eight pounds, and the bishop was so pleased that he gave her not only the high price she asked for it, but a little extra to show his appreciation of Kitty's enterprise.

When the salmon was dressed it was found to be stuffed with about two pounds of gravel. The Bishop was angry that the fish-wife should dare try her tricks on him, and demanded that he should be notified when she appeared again.

Kitty was not long in making a return trip.

When Kitty stood before him, the Bishop terrible in his righteous wrath, thundered,—

"What do you mean, woman, by selling me a fish filled with rocks?"

"Oh, but, sir, your Grace," replied Kitty, smiling and unruffled, don't you remember that last gale, sir?

He took on ballast, your Grace."—*Caroline Lockhart, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

\* \* \*

## LAPLAND COURTSHIP.

IN Lapland the crime which, after murder, is punished with the greatest severity is that of marrying a girl against the wishes of her parents. When a suitor makes his appearance he says nothing to the maiden, who often does not know who he is, but her parents inform her that she is sought in marriage. Shortly afterward, on a day appointed, the girl, her parents, friends and suitor all meet together at a feast and the young man and maiden are placed opposite, so that they can look at each other freely and can talk with comfort. After the meal is over the company repair to an open space, where "the race for a wife" is run. The usual distance is about a quarter of a mile and the girl is placed a third of the distance from the starting point. If she be fleet of foot she can easily reach the goal before her suitor, and in that case he may never trouble her again. If, however, he has found favor in her eyes, all she has to do is to lag somewhat in her flight, so that he may overtake her. If she desires to intimate to him that his love for her is returned she may run a little way and then turn with open arms to accept him.

\* \* \*

## A CASE IN POINT.

ATTORNEY JACOBI had just successfully defended Sim Walton, who was charged with stealing a watch. When they were outside the court-room, the lawyer asked Sim for the fee, which was ten dollars. Sim turned to him and said,—

"Boss, I ain't got a cent."

"Well, haven't you something you can give me as security until you can raise the money?" asked Jacobi.

Sim replied: "I ain't got nothin' but dat ol' watch I stole. You is welcome to dat, ef you'll tek hit."—*Silas Xavier Floyd, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

## Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—A brother who has a good knowledge of blacksmith and general repair work to locate in Brethren settlement. Is badly needed. State experience. Address: *Jesse L. Blickenstaff, Brethren, Michigan.*

+

WANTED.—Sister desiring to do housework in city. Good wages, good church privileges. Address: *1026 Third Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

+

LET me make your cap or bonnet.—*Barbara M. Culley, Elgin, Ill.*

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

JULY 21, 1903.

No. 30.

## THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirred our hearts in youth,  
The impulses of wordless prayer,  
The dreams of love and truth;  
The longings after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The striving after better hopes—  
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid  
A brother in his need,  
A kindly word in grief's dark hour,  
That proves a friend indeed;  
The plea for mercy softly breathed,  
When justice threatens nigh;  
The sorrow of a contrite heart—  
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand.  
The pressure of a kiss,  
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,  
That make up love's first bliss;  
If with a firm, unchanging faith,  
And holy trust and high,  
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met—  
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,  
That wounded as it fell;  
The chilling want of sympathy  
We feel but cannot tell;  
The hard repulse that chills the heart,  
Whose hopes were bounding high,  
In an unflinching record kept—  
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand  
Must find some work to do;  
Lose not a chance to waken love—  
Be firm and just and true.  
So shall light that cannot fade  
Beam on thee from on high,  
And angel voices say to thee—  
These things shall never die.

\* \* \*

## JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

*Figures sometimes do lie.*

\*

*Early to bed and early to rise and you'll miss a whole lot.*

*There are some things that even the talkiest woman never tells.*

\*

*People who live in glass houses should keep the blinds closed.*

\*

*Some of us prefer believing a pleasant lie to an unpleasant truth.*

\*

*Some people are in jail for safe-keeping and others for safe-breaking.*

\*

*Never let the shadows of yesterday project themselves upon to-day.*

\*

*Beauty may be only skin deep, but it usually gets a seat in the crowd.*

\*

*Remembering our own weakness, let us use our strength for helping others.*

\*

*Our own shortcoming is too often the yardstick with which we measure others.*

\*

*A married woman, and a married man are generally what they make of each other.*

\*

*Strange how some people, always singing about their happy home over there, hurry off for a doctor.*

\*

*The office cat said to the Nookman, "There'll be some people disappointed about the prize contest!"*

\*

*Does a woman wearing shoes with the heels in the middle of her feet imagine it makes her feet look smaller?*

\*

*Instead of consulting the physical culture teacher, tackle the woodsaw or the washboard. The result is the same, only cheaper.*

\*

*If that boy or girl kicks out their shoes so rapidly remember their health and their strength enables them to do it. Shoes are cheaper than doctors.*



## LIGHTHOUSE LIBRARIES.

A WRITER in the *Washington Times* tells about the Government library in use for circulation among lighthouse keepers.

This library now numbers more than fifty thousand volumes and has one thousand combination packing and book cases which are used in circulating the library for the use of more than ten thousand employees of the government lighthouse service.

Few undertakings have had a more noble purpose than that which prompted the establishment of a library for this class of government workers. The men who enter this field of labor are of remarkable character, possessing courage, patience and fortitude nowhere surpassed. It is not unusual for from one to five men to enter upon a long watch on some dangerous shoal and keep burning, night after night, a beacon light to guard ocean liners from danger. Months pass without these men coming in contact with other human beings. Insanity, under such conditions, has not been uncommon.

Government officials have accomplished much in preventing ships from coming to harm while approaching the shores of the United States. In so doing an occupation has been built up which produces a mental strain unequaled in any other class of employment. Members of the lighthouse board have had to deal with many cases of suicidal and homicidal insanity induced by the lonely watches lighthouse keepers are compelled to endure.

Twenty-five years ago Arnold Burgess Johnson, chief clerk of the lighthouse board, asked permission to do what he could for the relief of the condition of the lighthouse keepers. Mr. Johnson finally obtained permission to use what he called the "fag ends" of appropriations. He desired this money for the purchase of books, which he planned to send to the various lighthouses. From this idea has grown the wonderful library of to-day.

Mr. Johnson buys books which have become shopworn. In going to the publishers he is able to get such books in great quantities, and at a price which enables him to procure many volumes for little money. In fact, he has been so keen for bargains that when he now enters the offices of New York publishers he is greeted as "A Buccaneer Johnson," the title being a paraphrase on his initials, which are "A. B."

Just recently Mr. Johnson purchased one thousand volumes from a New York publisher at a uniform price of thirty cents a volume. The lowest retail price of any of these books was one dollar and fifty cents. Some of the books had been tied in bundles, so that the covers showed the marks of cords; others were slightly broken at the corners, and still others rough-

ened through having been spattered with water. In every case, however, the print was clear.

All books purchased by the lighthouse board are covered with manila paper, and properly labeled before they are placed in one of the circulating libraries. Fifty books are used to form one library. Once in three months or six months, according to the frequency with which supplies are landed at the lighthouses, a new library is sent to the keepers, and the old one passed along to the next.

A government report tells of the efforts of the lighthouse board to make the lives of the keepers more comfortable, and after speaking of the manner in which the keepers are furnished with fuel and rations, says:

"Something also has been done for the intellectual needs of the keepers by supplying them with libraries. These are arranged in cases, so constructed that they make rather a neat appearance when set upright on a table, and they only need to be closed and locked to be ready for transportation. They contain on an average about fifty volumes each, of a proper admixture of historical, scientific, poetical and good novels, together with a Bible and a prayer book.

"One of these libraries is left at a station for some three months, when it is exchanged and the first is passed on to another station. This is usually done when the inspector makes his quarterly inspection; so each of the stations to which the libraries go sees some two hundred different books each year."

Lighthouse keepers are appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury on the recommendation of the lighthouse board. The candidate, however, receives at first only an acting appointment. If, after serving some three months, he passes the examination of the officer of the United States navy, who is the lighthouse inspector of that district, the candidate receives a full appointment; failing to pass that examination, he is dropped from the service.

The appointment of lighthouse keepers is restricted to those who can read, write, keep accounts, are able to do the requisite manual labor, to pull and sail a boat, and have enough mechanical ability to make the necessary minor repairs about the premises and keep them white-washed or painted and in good order. Although but one grade of keeper is recognized by law, usage has divided keepers into a number of grades, with different pay, as well as different duties, and with promotions running through various grades.

At one lighthouse there may be but one keeper; at another a principal keeper and assistant. There is a station where there is a principal keeper, with four assistants. Young men who have seen some sea service are preferred as assistants at the larger stations. At stations requiring but one keeper, retired sea captains who have families are frequently selected.

Many light stations are located on submarine sites,

and these are the ones most in need of libraries. The greater number of lights, however, have connected with them a little land, which the keepers are encouraged to cultivate.

Keepers are forbidden to engage in any business which will prevent their presence at their stations, or the proper and timely performance of their lighthouse duties. It is no unusual thing to find a keeper work-

judge who dates his taste for admiralty law and something of his knowledge as to its practice from what he learned while one of the keepers on the Florida reef.

The class of men from whom keepers are selected is so good that the punishment of dismissal is infrequently inflicted. But it follows swiftly in two cases. A keeper found intoxicated is not only summarily dis-



ONEONTA GORGE, COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.—On Union Pacific Ry.

ing at his station as a shoemaker, tailor, or in some similar capacity. There are light keepers who fill neighboring pulpits, others who hold commissions as justices of the peace, and there are still others who do duty as school-teachers without neglecting their lighthouses. Many persons have continued their professional studies while doing good service as lighthouse keepers. Among them are several lawyers who now have high reputation, and there is a

missed from the service, but he is instantly ejected from the station, and a keeper who allows his light to go out is dismissed without regard to excuse or his previous good conduct.

The lighthouse board holds that it is the duty of every light keeper to stand by his light as long as the lighthouse stands. For him to desert it when it is in danger is as cowardly as for a soldier to leave his gun on the advance of an enemy.



## ABOUT BLOODHOUNDS.

PROBABLY everybody has heard of bloodhounds, but few know much about them in detail. Says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*:

The use of what are called bloodhounds in the southern part of the United States for catching criminals is a common practice. For over fifty years dogs have been trained in the south for this purpose. Before the civil war nearly all of the larger plantations had one or more pure bloodhounds, trained to pursue runaway slaves. In some cases the plantation owners would club together and purchase a pack, each having the use of it when needed to catch the fleeing negro. In those days some white men in the South made it a business to train dogs especially for the purpose and accompanied them when they were needed for a "chase," as it was termed. Very few were ever used for bird or animal hunting, as it affected their scent for men. The planters fond of hunting kept other breeds of dogs almost entirely for sport. Since the war the value of the hound is so well known in following escaped criminals that to-day the half-breeds are almost as numerous as the others were thirty years ago, although many were killed by the union soldiers and the negroes themselves during the war.

Dog fanciers say that there are probably not twenty-five pure-blooded dogs of this breed in the United States at present. The first of the kind came from the north of England near the Scotch boundary line. When not in service they are often kept about the house, more as pets, probably because of their courage and docility, for the real bloodhound is anything but the savage and vicious brute depicted by artists and described by novelists, in his ordinary condition. When not aroused he is as gentle and as tractable as a lap dog. Let him be provoked, however, and he will attack man or beast with a ferocity which is equaled by no other breed of canines. He never gives up as long as life lasts and it is death to either himself or the object of his attack. The savage side of the dog is aroused by resistance and he will seldom bite anyone who does not offer it unless influenced by the scent of blood. This trait is proved by numerous illustrations where the animal has been used in the southern States. The negroes in the slave days were well aware of it and frequently, when run down, a "darkey" would throw himself at full length upon the ground and remain motionless. The dogs, coming up, would stand around baying until the pursuing party reached the fugitive. Many a runaway, however, met his death in endeavoring to strangle the dogs or beat them off with a club.

The hounds of the pure species have an unusually long and narrow forehead, with eyes very large and soft, while in color they are dark, tan or fawn. They

stand about two feet above the ground. Their legs are short but powerful, and they are not swift running dogs, although they have as much endurance as any of the hunting breed. Their scent, however, is wonderful and probably surpasses that of any other variety. This is shown after they are "broken in" to hunt criminals. The manner of breaking them in in the Southern States is to select a stretch of country about a mile long with one or two small thickets on the "course," as it is termed. The ground may be a pasture or perhaps an old cotton field where the earth is loose. A negro boy who is a good runner is hired or induced in some other way to take the part of the runaway. He puts on a pair of shoes or "bro-gans," the soles of which are rubbed with blood from some animal or a chicken, and is given a start of about twenty minutes. This will enable him easily to cover the course, at the end of which is a tree or some other refuge into which he can climb and thus avoid any possibility of being injured by the dog. When the animal is loosed the trainer puts his nose to the spot where the negro started and as a rule he is "on the scent" in a second, going at full speed across the stretch of country. In the thicket he may be puzzled a few moments, but generally he strikes the trail again and in a few moments is baying, which indicates that he has found the place where the fugitive is located. The scent is best early in the morning before the sun has dried the dew on the ground, as the moisture seems to hold the odor.

After a few trials the dog follows the negro simply by the odor of his feet—at least this is the supposition of the trainers. Then a course is laid out which is more difficult. Several streams of water are crossed and a start is taken during a hot day four or five hours after the supposed fugitive has gone over the ground. From one mile the course is lengthened to five or more. Sometimes the dog may take a half day to complete it; as when he reaches a water way he has to run up and down each bank until he finds where the negro entered the water and emerged. But his wonderful nose constantly moving over the ground usually proves an unerring guide and seldom is he "thrown off," as the saying goes, more than half an hour. A few months of this coursing and the bloodhound is ready to act as a detective—one which cannot be bribed and is "faithful unto death."

As already stated, very few of the dogs now used are even half bloodhound. It is found that a mixture of the setter, pointer or some other breed of hunting dog with the bloodhound type answers the purpose about as well, and the dogs thus obtained are much cheaper, the pure breed being sold at very high prices. Many of the packs are owned by county sheriffs and carefully guarded, as the criminal element, whether black or white, well know their qualities and do not

hesitate to use poison or other means to kill them whenever possible.

Even to this day the odor by which the dog follows a man is a subject of discussion among the veteran trainers. Some argue that it comes from the soles of the feet and some say it is the natural odor of the body. Others claim, however, that the leather is especially adhesive and attempt to prove this theory by showing that where a fugitive has taken off his shoes the dogs have frequently been delayed considerably in tracing. As under such conditions the man is liable to bruise his feet and as his blood offers the best scent, it is merely choosing the worse of two evils in most instances to follow this plan.

Occasionally hounds are used to trace criminals in the western States, but the practice is confined almost exclusively to the south. Efforts have been made to train ordinary breeds of dogs, such as setters, for this purpose, but, as far as known, the plan has been a failure. While a mixed breed of dog can be used satisfactorily for criminal hunting, a strain of the blood-hound seems to be absolutely necessary to give the requisite accuracy of scent and the courage necessary to follow such criminals as the sheriffs and constables in the southern States have to contend with.

\* \* \*

#### SNAIL CULTURE IN AMERICA.

UNTIL recently people who relished snails were regarded with sentiments that savored of disgust, but that notion has changed, and at the present time the delicacy can be procured at almost any of the cafes and hotels in the large cities in the East. In the West they have not shown signs of popularity for table purposes.

In order to meet the demand one of the largest caterers in New York imports 25,000 snails every week from France, but some of the French artisans in New York prefer to cultivate their own supplies, and keep their dinner tables stocked from a private snailery. The overplus is sold to their less progressive neighbors.

The snail raisers find it very easy to maintain the industry. They say all that is necessary to go into the business is to buy a few hundred snails from an importing house, or import them direct, and put them in a box turned on one side, or even under a board or piece of shingle. During the mild weather they thrive in a sheltered nook in the yard. Fog is as the breath of life to them, and they are in their element when the dew falls. If a few green vegetables can be planted in the immediate vicinity, it is not necessary to furnish other food for them, as the accommodating creatures will take care of themselves and grow large and plump in no time.

In winter they are taken indoors and fed with pars-

ley, sprinkled lightly with water. When the fresh, green herb is thrown into their box, there is a rustle and a bustle among its inmates, and horned heads are poked out of the shells in the direction of the edible. At night, when everything is quiet, they sometimes evince roving tendencies and crawl up the walls, but as soon as daylight appears they return unassisted to their snug house.

There are various ways of cooking snails, and most unlovely objects they appear when ready for the pot. The majority of snail lovers prefer to have them served in the form of snail butter. They are first boiled until they become tender, then chopped fine, with a little parsley or garlic, and replaced in the shells, which have meanwhile been made sightly by a bath in boiling water. The butter looks appetizing enough, and is devoured with zest by the families who know how to conduct snail culture in its most successful form.

The native American snail, that is, the wild variety, is not relished by the epicurean palate. In spite of protracted boiling it remains tough and leathery, while the foreign article requires but slight cooking.

French children belonging to the New York colony make pets of their mother's snails and know how to coax them out of their shells, but if the small creature is obdurate and refuses to appear, a little salt is sprinkled over the opening in the shell and never fails to induce Mr. Snail to come out. The young girls, also, have fun with them. They follow the old Provencal custom of consulting the snails on the first day of May.

\* \* \*

#### TOY LOCOMOTIVES FOR WORLD'S FAIR.

THREE toy locomotives are being manufactured at the Miller & Buchanan Iron and Steel Works, for the miniature railway company, which will use one of them at a public park in Kansas City and the other two at the World's Fair in St. Louis. The engines will be coupled to small trains of five cars each and make trips on schedule time around and through the Fair Grounds.

These small locomotives are eight feet long, including the tender, and a little less than three feet in height. They are built exactly like the modern locomotive, with all the latest improvements, and are handsomely finished in polished steel. They run on a track eighteen inches wide and will pull a load of more than ten tons. One of these little locomotives is capable of developing a speed of thirty-five miles per hour with safety and could go considerably faster were it not that, owing to their lightness, they are liable to jump the track.

\* \* \*

GOD puts consolation only where he has first put pain.—*Mme. Swetchine.*



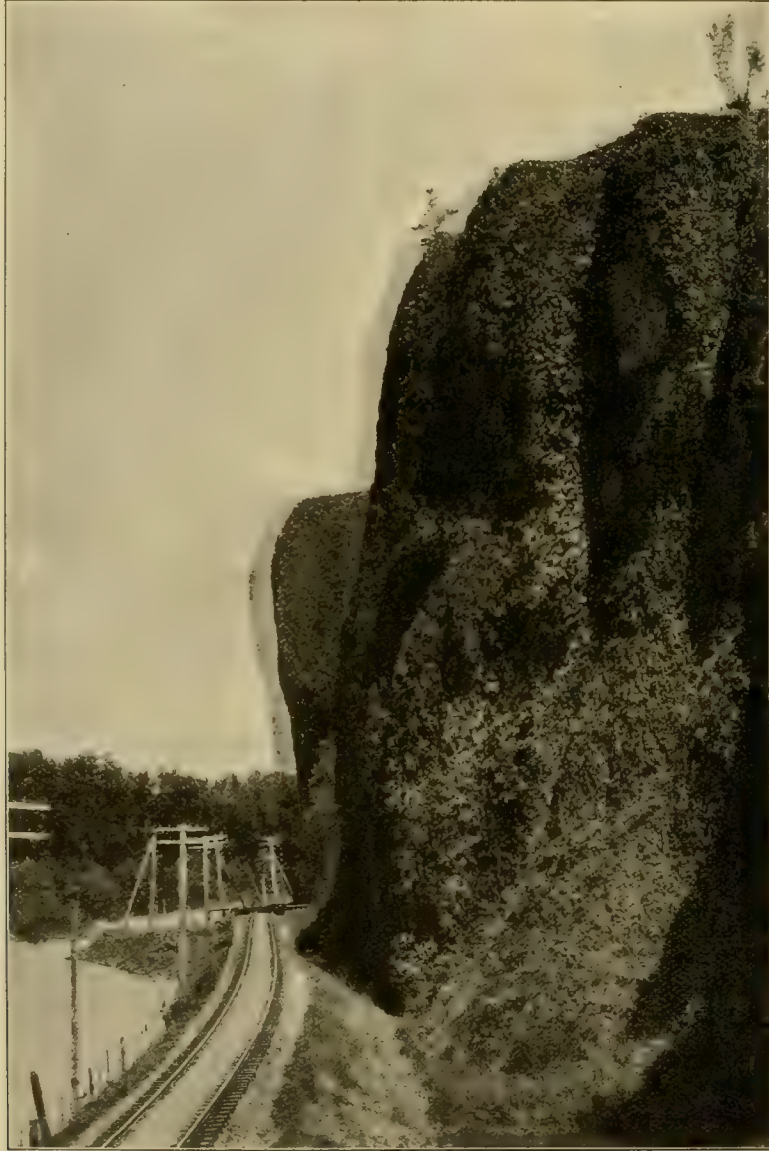
## THOUGHTLESSNESS.

HERE are stories of Canadian tragedies which ought to carry their own lesson.

A young French woman was standing at the door of her little home, her five-months-old child in her arms, when she suddenly felt a shock of some kind, and her baby screamed, struggled violently and, in a moment or two, was dead. The father was near by, and aroused

er, where it had lodged. It had come from one of the German long range rifles, sold commonly in this country at a low price a few years ago. Whose gun dispatched it, or from what distance it had come, is not known, probably never will be known, as many hunters are afield in the deer country just now.

It was about thirty miles southeast of the scene of this incident that last autumn a sawmill hand, standing on a boom above the flume, suddenly dropped his



BRIDAL VEIL BLUFFS, COLUMBIA RIVER.—On Union Pacific Ry.

by the scream, came in as the mother sank to the floor unconscious. Her long fainting fit was overcome with difficulty. Then they tried to account for the sudden death of the child. It was not until the little body was stripped of its clothing that the matter became clear to the investigators. Then a stain upon the inner garment, one tiny wound on the chest, and one in the back, told the tale of a bullet gone astray; the bullet itself was found in the clothing of the moth-

pikepole, reeled and fell into the water dead, with a steel bullet in his brain. No report was heard; the force of the missile was evidently almost spent, and the man who killed his fellow was never discovered—perhaps never knew of the outcome of his long range shooting. Indeed, he may have been a mile away from his victim at the time.

Quite recently, two sons of one of the country's most prominent men were crossing a lake after ducks when,

without warning of any kind, one of them received a shock which almost threw him out of the boat. A flying bullet had ploughed transversely in a slightly downward direction across his chest, inflicting an ugly, painful, though fortunately not dangerous wound. As his doctor said, that lad can never be much nearer death, no matter what befalls him.

News of somewhat similar happenings are being reported from other sporting districts. In this region, the rather slow moving settlers are beginning an agitation for a gun license fee, and for an act of Parliament behind it, which shall compel the use of a Government stamp upon the sporting firearms, certifying that their range is not above five hundred yards.

How thoughtless some men are in their use of firearms, and how accidents often occur, was forcibly demonstrated lately. A farmer had just retired for the night, when he noticed the sound of blows upon his shingled roof. This was followed by the noise of breaking glass in the attic chamber, next to which he was lying. Fortunately for him, he had philosophy enough to subdue his curiosity until morning, when he discovered that several stray bullets had pierced the walls and window of his spare bedroom. During the day a couple of hunters came in for supplies from a large shooting party encamped beside a pond about half a mile away. Upon inquiry it turned out that as the men could not sleep that first night out, they had amused themselves by firing in the moonlight at a dead tree top on the other side of the water. The question of where the bullets they had heedlessly set going might stop had not occurred to them.

\* \* \*

#### MAKING USE OF OLD CANS.

I WAS much surprised and greatly interested a few days since, when shown through a certain establishment near New York City, to find that the "raw material" used consisted chiefly of empty fruit and vegetable cans rescued by the cart load from the dumps of the city. I had supposed, up to that time, that the only purpose for which such material was suited was food for goats or to be attached to the tails of unfortunate canines. The principal products of this establishment, which is a foundry, are window sash weights, elevator weights and ballast for boats. The weight castings are very hard and when struck with a hammer ring like steel. About the only tool which can be used for removing sprues and fins is the hammer, as a cold chisel or file will not stand up to the work. The fracture of the round sash weights is smooth and shows crystals radiating from the center like spokes of a wheel.

After delivery at the foundry the cans are first piled into a large iron grating, located under a sheet iron hood which terminates in a smokestack. They are

sprinkled liberally with crude oil, which is set on fire. This process consumes the labels, loosens the dirt and melts the solder, which falls through the grating, is collected, washed and melted, cast into ingots and sold to be used again. Some of these cans, which have simply lapped and soldered joints, melt apart completely. These are sorted out and the sheets forming the shell are straightened into bundles to be sold to trunk makers, who utilize them for protecting the corners of Saratoga trunks. They are also bought by button manufacturers, who stamp from them the disks used in cloth-covered buttons. The remainder of the cans, being machine made, does not come apart. These are loaded into large carts, taken to the charging floor on an elevator and dumped into the cupola. The cupola is fed with coke and cans in alternation.

There is occasionally an old wash boiler or a bundle of tin roofing used, but cans form the bulk of the material. The cans are so light that some of them are carried out at the top of the stack by the force of the blast and a large screen has been arranged to prevent the pieces from falling on the roof.—*American Machinist*.

\* \* \*

#### THE ORIGIN OF RATTLESNAKE.

THE Passamaquoddy Indians, like all the other Indians, have many legends attached to their tribe. Around one of their prophets called Kuloskop has been built a great epic, very much resembling our Bible history. He seemed to be the patron saint of these warlike people, and he performed miracles quite beyond the power of mortals. Some of the Passamaquoddy warriors were very arrogant, and though Kuloskop gave them warning of a Great Flood, they said they did not care.

"The water may rise above your heads," said Kuloskop.

They only laughed and replied, "We shall then be very wet."

"You had better be good and quiet, and pray that you may escape from drowning," warned the Prophet. But they only mocked him, and whooped, and got out all of their rattles, which were made of turtle shells filled with little pebbles, and danced to the Flood, rattling all the way.

Then the rain began to fall, and the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and the water rose higher and higher. But still they kept on dancing and shaking their rattles. Then Kuloskop became angry, and to punish them for their arrogance he turned them into rattlesnakes, to crawl about the rocks. To this day when the rattlesnakes see a man they lift their heads and hiss, moving them up and down. This was called their dance, for they shake their rattles just as the warriors did when they danced to the Flood.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## CHASING BUTTERFLIES.

CHASING butterflies over meadow and mountainside is the fascinating, somewhat poetical errand upon which William Bentenmuller set out a few days ago. He is the butterfly man—or, to be more precise, the curator of the department of entomology—of the American Museum of Natural History.

The objective point of the expedition is the Black Mountain region of North Carolina. In the interest of the museum four trips have been made of that part of the country in previous years, resulting in a collection of nearly one thousand species. The present quest is to complete the work by getting additional material, more particularly from the northwest chain of the Black Mountains and by getting fuller information of the species to be found in May and early June. The museum's collection was greatly enriched by a similar expedition made one year ago and financed by Dean Hoffman. At that time many peaks in the main chains of the range were explored, and four thousand specimens were obtained, many of which can be found only in June.

The Black Mountain forests consist mostly of dense growths of Carolina balsam and black spruce, in some places varied with growths of mountain ash, wild red cherry, hemlock and mountain maple. From the dark foliage of the evergreens the Black Mountains derive their name. A deep layer of damp moss covers the mountain sides, and the ground is littered with fallen trees. These conditions make the region one favored of butterflies, just as the Blue Ridge and Craggy Range, covered with entirely different trees, are the haunts of innumerable rare beetles.

The schoolboy who chases the gorgeous butterfly with his hat is at a great disadvantage compared with the entomologist, who goes out armed with paraphernalia for capturing, killing and preserving the prey. From nearby places the specimens are sent to the museums in a cork-lined box, each one of them fastened to its bottom with a long pin. From a distance they are shipped in little folded paper packages, one fly in each package, and hundreds of them in a cigar or other small box.

In the museum the specimens are placed in a moistening box and afterwards taken out and mounted on spreading boards made for that purpose. These are made of soft wood, lined with yuccae or cork. Much work and care are bestowed upon the butterflies before they are finally ready for the cabinet or showcase.

## NEW FLOWERS.

THE newest thing in the way of a flower is a red daisy, which is already being handled commercially by some florists, and is likely to become fashionable. Of course, it was only a short time ago that daisies were quite despised, being considered too common to deserve recognition; but within the last few years the ordinary field daisy has earned the consideration to which it is fairly entitled, and has been bred for size on a considerable scale. Indeed, when the wild crop is out of season, hothouse daisies command good prices.

Red violets are as yet little known, but are obtaining increased popularity, while white violets are considered appropriate for weddings and for the decoration of dinner-tables. Comparatively little attention, however, has been paid as yet to the development of the violet, beyond mere enlargement of its blossoms and improvement of its fragrance. There is no reason why this kind of flower should not be differentiated to a great extent in respect to form and hue, whereas at the present time nearly all of the purple ones grown in the United States are much alike, being practically of the same tint. With a view of obtaining some valuable novelties in violets, Government botanists at Washington have recently imported a number of unfamiliar European varieties, which are being cross-bred.

Carnations have already been obtained by cross-breeding in almost every color except a clear, pure blue. The blue carnation is an achievement reserved for the future, and the ingenious gardener who succeeds in producing it will gain a fortune by his enterprise. The improved carnation of to-day sometimes exceeds four inches in diameter, so that a single bloom makes a fine boutonnière, while half a dozen in a vase afford a good show.

The blue rose and the black tulip are two other long-sought flowers which seem to elude the pursuit of the ambitious grower. They may yet be secured, however, and at no very great distance of time. The cleverness of the Yankee gardener recognizes few limitations.



## THREE ANTLERS INTERLOCKED.

AN Indian from the Flambeau reservation in northern Wisconsin recently came into the fishing resort of Squaw lake with a curiosity in the way of deer horns he wished to sell. Failing to make a sale he took the horns back to the reservation and has not been seen by white men since then.

His treasure was three sets of antlers inexplicably interlocked, and they were worth considerable money to horn collectors. Two sets of antlers so locked are rare, but not unknown. It is believed that the Flambeau Chippewa has the only set of three locked antlers in the world.

This accident could have happened only in one way. Two bucks of equal strength were fighting in the forest and became locked. Then, while they were still struggling, a third buck appeared in the usual angry temper of these animals in the mating season, and charged them both, probably repeatedly, until his own horns became fastened. The spectacle of three huge bucks mated to each other until death, would have been a great one if there had been anybody there to see.

The Indian said he found the horns north of Flambeau lake, about a mile from the water. They were lying on the side of a hill, and there were no bones near them. The condition of the horns proved that the fight occurred not more than two years ago, and probably last fall.

The antlers were all of full-grown bucks, showing eight and ten points each. The third pair had been driven into the others just above where they joined, and the branches of them were about equally locked with the branches of the others.

\* \* \*

#### TRAGEDY OF ANIMAL LIFE.

To him who knows the story of the passenger pigeon this group of beautiful, grayish brown birds with the iridescent golden sheen upon their throats is the last word of a tragedy of animal life. America was once the land of the wild pigeon. Early American writers are full of references to it. Alexander Wilson, the father of American ornithology, estimated that a flock seen by him in 1808 contained over two million individuals. It stretched from horizon to horizon, as far as the eye could see, and was over four hours in passing a given point. He saw a nesting colony forty miles long and several miles in width.

In 1805 Audubon saw schooners at the wharfs in New York loaded not in packages, but in bulk, with wild pigeons caught up the Hudson river and sold for a cent apiece. Up to 1860 the bird continued fairly abundant. Then a frightful slaughter began to supply an increased food demand. Gun, pole, club, net and sulphur pot were employed. Thirty dozen birds were captured at one spring of the net. One man netted five hundred dozen in one day. In the nesting season trees were shaken or felled and wagon loads of squab taken nightly, droves of hogs being turned in to utilize what the "hunters" had left. Wherever the distracted flocks appeared the slaughter began. At the last known large pigeon "nesting," in 1878, a billion birds were killed during the season. Like the bi-

son, it was effectually exterminated, showing the terrible efficiency of man when he sets out systematically in pursuit of a lower species.—*New York Post*.

\* \* \*

#### A BOTTOMLESS LAKE.

If the passenger on a Northwestern train is at all observing, a couple of miles east of Clinton, Iowa, on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River, he will notice a peaceful little lake of water about one hundred yards in diameter. It resembles in appearance an ordinary pond full of surface water, but the farmers who live near the mysterious "deep hole," as it is called, assert it is a regular "devil hole" and has no bottom and indications are that the latter assertion is true. The farmers who reside in the vicinity of the bottomless lake assert that soundings have been made with lines several hundred feet in length, but no bottom has ever been reached. It is thought the lake connects with the Mississippi River by a subterranean passage and there is good ground for the assertion. The water in the lake always rises or falls with the rise and fall of the river. Then, fish have been caught in the lake such as are found in the Mississippi. There is no visible outlet or inlet to the lake, yet in dry seasons it always remains full of water, just the same as when there has been lots of rain.

\* \* \*

#### FRENCH MEMORIAL TO PIGEONS.

M. FREMIET, the French sculptor, has received a commission for a monument to be erected in Paris in memory of the pigeons which carried messages during the siege. At its commencement the institution of the pigeon post was of marked service and thousands of letters and dispatches were sent out from Paris by this means. Writings were photographed and reduced to so minute a size that not a word could be read without the aid of a very powerful magnifying glass, hence one bird could carry many missives. In one instance a cage containing a couple of homing pigeons was appended to a balloon with a notice offering a reward of one hundred francs to anyone who would send them back with news of the outer world. But the Prussians captured the balloon and sent back word by parlementaire that the pigeons were both welcome and tender and had made a good pie.

\* \* \*

THE muscles of a bird's wings are twenty times more powerful, proportionately speaking, than those of a man's arm.

\* \* \*

In a lifetime of seventy years the blood driven by a man's heart travels 4,292,000 miles.



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" 'Tis a false doctrine and most grave  
And yet 'tis taught us every day.  
That men grow rich by what they save  
And poor by what they give away.  
" Yet to say this I now make bold  
And hope my words with you may live:  
Men's wealth is not in what they hold,  
But in what to the world they give."

\* \* \*

## UNWRITTEN VALUES.

THERE are certain features in the church life of the Brethren that have a value, or rather values, that the public never gets hold of. They are the social and friendly sides of the situation. Outsiders never get them, in fact, the public hardly ever sees them at all. Take for instance, the meeting of a large church at a love feast season. The social side is pre-eminent. The members meet with about as much freedom and kindness of feeling as is possible in any walk or relation in this life. They are free from grudge, as far as human possibilities go, and each one is willing and ready to "tarry one for another."

Outsiders never understand this fully, because they never get to see it at its best. The social life, the church visit, the council, the sermon on the fitness of the individual, are all more or less removed from public knowledge, and so it comes that the onlooker sees, but does not understand as the people who belong do. The bond is there, but it is not readily visible.

But, says some reader, is this not true of all sects, characteristic of all other churches? The writer does not know, for he is not acquainted with "all other churches," but he is inclined to believe it is not so

true of others. There is a good reason for it, and it appears to the Nookman that it is a subject not often talked about, and so, not well understood.

Here are some of the most cogent reasons for the indefinable bond of union between people under the common standard. When the church was younger than it now is there was a large degree of ridicule and criticism abroad in the land. It hit the members in their weakest point, that of susceptibility to talk, and as a result it strengthened them by knitting them together. The common and tabooed name became a red rag to the average member, and so it was, in the earlier days, that synonymous with the public word for our people arose an intense hatred of the term. All this made them stick closer, and to this day it is objectionable. Ridicule a people and they band together, oppress and persecute them, and they grow in grace and numbers. The way to kill off any public enterprise is to give it full swing and never say a word about it, one way or another.

There has been no more effective bond of union, nothing that made and makes the members cling closer together, than the garb of the church adopted and generally recognized by those who, according to St. Paul, are not fashioned according to the world. At the first of it there was, no doubt, an intense and pronounced hatred and ill-advised criticism of the order of dress, originating among outsiders. Few indeed were those who were ashamed of it. But it made the members cling together closer, with perhaps the idea of mutual protection uppermost. Then the years went by, and what was once a matter of ridicule became honorable, and a certificate of standing.

It seems to the Nookman, sometimes, that the average member, especially the younger one, does not fully realize the value that inures to what has won an enviable reputation for the church. What has been had through persecution and suffering has no light and worthless characteristic. The heirloom may have but little intrinsic value, but selling your grandmother's wedding ring for a mess of greens is not more to be deplored than sacrificing the unwritten values of our church for the false and gilt offering of the world. That there are people willing to do it is well understood, and it is nothing strange in a church, a member of which once sold the Master, himself, for the price of a gored slave.

What the writer wants to impress on the minds of the reader is to hold the traditions of higher worth than mere "man-made" affairs, good enough in their day, but of doubtful use now. It has been made before, this error of catering to the world, or selling the old homestead and investing the proceeds in a flimsy town house, and leaving the sunshine, the dew-gemmed

meadow, and the music of the brook for the rush and rattle of the town. Too much of real value, the unwritten part, goes along in the transfer to make it anything but a fool's bargain.

The older people understand this pretty well, and the younger not so entirely. It is to these we address ourself, and we would like this thing to be considered, when it comes to a transfer of any part of our inheritance from those who have gone before for anything the world has to offer, whether it is not a foolish bargain, considering the unwritten values that are inextricably woven into it, to pass it over lightly and thoughtlessly.

\* \* \*

#### A CERTAIN CHANGE.

ONE of the signs of man's cruelty born in him, probably inherited, from his cave dwelling ancestors, is the disposition to kill or hurt something. To this end it is regarded as the proper thing to buy an expensive gun and go out in the woods or in the fields and blow to pieces such of the feathered creation as come under the head of game. The result has been that inbred in the bird and animal kingdom is a fear of the unfeathered biped that begins to appear just as soon as the helpless "lower orders" are born.

But a great change has come over the world and instead of hunting birds with a gun the best people now use a camera. Nature study and a love for the lower orders of creation, so-called, has taken place of the murderous instinct. And this is just as it should be, and there is in sight the realization of the time and the condition best voiced by Burns who invoked a curse upon the murderous art.

\* \* \*

#### NOTHING IS UNIMPORTANT.

It probably never occurred to the average reader that even our mistakes have a value all their own. Some of them we make seem so bad through and through as to have no intrinsic or relative value, yet, after all is said and done, it is mainly through them that anybody learns about all the positive knowledge he has. The child that picks up the poker by the hot end may be severely burned, but is very apt to look the next time before taking hold. In certain sections of the country the writer knows about, where cows are allowed to run loose, one that has been bumped by the cars, yet not severely hurt has an added value of from ten to twenty dollars. On account of having received that lesson she will never be killed on the track. And so it is with our personal lives. After we have been burned and bumped it makes us more careful of what we do, and, after all our mistakes have their values as well as our successes.

#### THE VALUE OF MISTAKES.

WE are very apt at times to consider some things as being small and unimportant, but it is doubtful whether there is such a thing in existence that might be called wholly useless and unimportant. It is out of the small things that great events grow. The mightiest occurrences among men in all history were first but a single thought in one man's mind. And if we look back over our lives and face the devious paths we have trodden we will find that the very smallest things have caused us to turn to the right or the left. It is a well-known fact in physics that every thing in the world has a relative value. And the statement has been made that every time a grasshopper jumps he moves the earth out of its orbit just in proportion to their relative sizes: Whether or not this be literally true the fact remains that there can be nothing unimportant or useless in the moral world. Everything we say or do has its effect, if not on others, on ourselves, and no greater mistake can be made than ignoring little things as being of no account and of no avail.

\* \* \*

THE Canadian trip took the Nookman into a neighborhood where the sun played tricks on him. It was light enough at ten o'clock at night to read the INGLENOOK and, while people who knew went to bed, the editor man remained up until it got dark, and then, as accustomed to at home, he got up in the morning to find it getting daylight at three o'clock. The result was a feeling of drowsiness all day long as though he had been cheated out of half a night's rest. It takes some little time for strangers to get used to this thing. And conditions are just about as bad in winter time when you go to bed at four, if you retire with the sun, and you have a good long sleep of it if you wait until he shows his smiling face in the morning.

\* \* \*

WE are in receipt of a catalogue of the Chicago Art Institute, beautifully illustrated, which tells how the art schools are conducted. This catalogue will be sent free to any Inglenooker on request. Address the Chicago Art Institute, Chicago, Illinois, and mention the INGLENOOK when you write.

\* \* \*

I AM not careful for what may be a hundred years hence. He who governed the world before I was born shall take care of it likewise when I am dead. My part is to improve the present moment.—*John Wesley.*

\* \* \*

MORE dear in the sight of God and his angels than any other conquest is the conquest of self, which each man with the help of heaven can secure for himself.—*A. P. Stanley.*



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

At the Annual Conference of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Long Island, Bishop Burgess said to the delegates, among other things, "Let the church refuse to accept the large gifts that come from men whose morality has been notoriously corrupt, or from fortunes won by child labor or by blinding the faces of the poor in the mines or amid the clattering mills." The Chicago *Examiner*, commenting on it editorially says, "Take the gift and thank the giver." But it would be a more fitting rebuke to refuse it.

Of Irish emigrants there were 24,356 during the last fiscal year. This is five thousand more than the year preceding.

People who have occasion to travel from the Rock Island Station at Chicago will now leave the new building which was opened, never to be closed, at midnight of last Saturday.

There is a national Gallery of Art planned for Washington City. Nookers who have been in the Corcoran Gallery of Washington will understand that it is to be larger and much more extensive than the Corcoran Exhibit.

The St. Louis Fair authorities intend building a ten-acre replica of Jerusalem. It will cost \$1,400,000.

The Western Federation of Miners have taken action looking for an international effort to secure an eight-hour day of labor.

The Baptist Young People's Union, in session at Atlanta, Georgia, listened to a speech by D. McKenney, of Alton, Illinois, declaring that the North should shut down on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" shows, as tending to keep sectional hatred alive.

Dora Wright, a negress who whipped a seven-year-old child to death, is to be hanged in Indian Territory for the offense. The President of the United States and the Attorney General have decided not to interfere and so she hangs.

Miss Marie Murphy, aged twenty-one, of Pontiac, Illinois, was burned to death at Denver, July 11. She had on a light, fluffy skirt, which caught fire from a match she stepped on, which set her underclothes on fire with fatal results.

Italian women, in New York City, have applied to the authorities for a chance to work with the street cleaning brigade, and have been denied the work.

Swift and Co., Omaha, have issued an order that office employees must not roll up their sleeves while at work. Much grumbling has resulted.

The Amish of central Illinois are getting ready to move to the south of Keokuk, Iowa. There has been much trouble for some years, owing to the suicide of Frederick Schultz who first tried to kill his whole family because he had been "banned."

Overcome with grief at the death of her daughter, Mrs. Kate Donaldy, at Jeanette, Pa., fell dead, Saturday. The body of her daughter was brought to Jeanette for burial, and the mother was sitting at a window where she could see the approach of the funeral procession. When it came in sight she fell dead.

The search for the victims of the Oakford Park, Pa., disaster still continues. This is the place where a flood swept down the valley, destroying life and property. It is thought about seventy-five persons drowned.

President Harper of the University of Chicago has sailed for Europe.

The Salvation Army is dealing in penny ice in the cities. That is it sells ice to the poor by the cent's worth.

The authorities at Washington are going to experiment on the effect of tobacco on eighteen selected people. The object is to settle the amount and extent of injury done to the human system by the use of the weed.

There are 63,000 Christian Endeavor societies with a membership of 3,800,000. The first Christian Endeavor society was organized in 1881. Ten years later there were 16,274 societies and twenty years 61,427 societies. The limit of its growth does not seem to have yet been reached.

Only four companies of the United States Regulars remain in Cuba.

A steam auto has just been shipped to the Emperor of Japan from Toledo, Ohio.

The California legislature has appropriated \$15,000 for the study of the forests in the State, with a view to helping and perpetuating the woods.

During the last year over \$30,000,000 of diamonds and other precious stones were brought into the United States. It is the largest importation shown in any one year of our commerce.

A strange story comes from Rockford, Illinois. About twenty-one years ago Mrs. Louise Olson was called from Rockford to Plattsburg, New York, by telegram on account of sickness. On the way there was a horrible railroad wreck, in which seventy-one people were killed and about two hundred injured. Mrs. Olson was a passenger on the train and was be-

lieved to be killed. Last Thursday, after an absence of twenty-one years, she returned to find the little children she left, grown and with children of their own. Her husband had been married the third time. Mrs. Olson tells that she was taken to the hospital where, when she recovered she could not tell anything of her surroundings and her people, and that she had been taken along with a wealthy family that traveled in France and all over Europe. As soon as she came within reach of Rockford she hunted up her friends with the above noted results.

A commission of fourteen bishops and delegates of the M. E. Church North and the M. E. Church South are holding a convention at Ocean Grove in order to effect a union, if possible. The sessions are secret and will be continued several days.

Cardinal Gibbons of this country stands a good chance of being the next Pope.

The death of the Pope will bring profit to quite a number of people but there is one man who is sure to be helped by it. This is the Secretary of State. It is his duty, when the new Pope is elected, to offer the white cap, the emblem of papal dignity, to the new pontiff, who is expected to remove his red cap and put the white one on his head, while kneeling to the person as a sign that he will soon create him a cardinal.

Pope Leo accumulated an enormous fortune during his long life, the sum reaching \$20,000,000. Most of this he deposited in the bank of England. He was a good business man and succeeded not only in amassing a large fortune for himself but also left the Holy See free from debt and with an annual income. The jewels which the Pope owned are probably richer than those of any European sovereign. The number of vessels, chalices, used in the ceremonies of the church exceed two thousand in number. Most of them are gifts from admiring friends. Strange as it may seem, one of the most valuable treasures of the Pope came from President Kruger from South Africa, one of the most stubborn Protestants since Luther's time.

The big carriage and wagon depository of the Studebaker Bros. at San Francisco, California, was destroyed by fire July 8. Loss \$200,000. Partly insured.

Henrietta Neiderheiman, of Cincinnati, twenty-one years old, and George Distler were engaged to be married. It was a case of love at first sight. It subsequently developed that they were brother and sister, whereupon Henrietta killed herself. They did not know of the relationship at first, and the foster parents of the girl told the young man of it and he in turn told the girl, with the result given.

Down in Missouri they have practically prohibited Uncle Tom's Cabin shows by putting on a tax of \$200 a day. Prior to the war Howard County, where this happened, was the largest slave-holding county in the State.

In Kansas a horde of farmers stopped a Missouri Pacific train and went through it searching for harvest hands. They stopped the train by means of a lantern wrapped in a red handkerchief. Over five thousand men are wanted to take in the harvest.

Every year there is a longer or shorter period of intense, enervating heat. This happened last week in the Chicago neighborhood, which includes Elgin, and the force of the hot spell was broken Wednesday by a copious rainfall.

If signs hold out, there will be an unusually large wheat harvest this year. This is due to two things, the increased acreage, and the promised yield to the acre. Taking the world over, and there is not a week where the wheat harvest is not on somewhere.

For the last two Sundays, in parts of Kansas, church services have been dispensed with that the harvest work might be done. In some cases the preachers have helped do the work.

Out at Russell, Kansas, two negroes were bid off on the auction block as harvest hands, July 7. They brought \$3.21 per day. In Ellis County, Kansas, another colored man asked for bids for a hand who would pitch and stack all one header could cut. He brought \$6.00 a day.

The auctioning off of farm help in Kansas is very likely to be characterized by the Southern people as selling slaves at auction.

Nooker M. P. Lichty, of North Dakota, says that in the Zion neighborhood they are suffering from a drouth. As a result the wheat, oats, barley and speltz are badly off, and the gopher is also getting in his work. We hope our Dakota friends may get the rain necessary to develop their crops.

Washington says that the potato crop is 49,000 acres less this year than last.

California will ship 35,000 car-loads of oranges and lemons this year.

And now the freight handling people are talking of a tie-up. It is to be hoped that matters will be so arranged that the public will not be made the sufferers.

Sister Gertrude Hertzler, of Myerstown, Pa., called at the Nook office, en route to Gardner, Kansas, to visit relatives.



### CHOOSING A NEW POPE.

ON the eleventh day after the death of a pope, the tenth day in ordinary calculations, but the eleventh if the day of the pope's death is counted, the cardinals meet in conclave to elect his successor. They meet in the Vatican palace, where, locked up in a vast suite of rooms, every act regulated by laws nearly six centuries old, they vote daily until they succeed in choosing a pope. The laws governing the conclave are many and minute. The general course of the conclave is set forth here.

The pope dies. As soon as he is dead the officials of the papal court leave the palace; nowadays they will simply leave the chamber of the dead pope, for it must not be forgotten that the pope is still, together with his officials, a prisoner; so outside of the Vatican the officials cannot go except individually. The cardinal-camerlengo, or chamberlain, announces to the people of the court that his holiness is dead; and then breaks with a hammer the ring of the fisherman and the seal of the dead pope. The dean of the sacred college, the senior cardinal priest and the senior cardinal deacon, then take charge of the administration of the affairs of the church and send notice to all the cardinals not in the city. These cardinals are not summoned; they come at once without being called. For ten days funeral services are held daily in St. Peter's church, and then the body is placed in a temporary resting place.

The period of ten days is fixed by law; but it is not obligatory on the cardinals to obey the law. In fact, there are several things fixed by the Roman ceremonial governing the conclave that may be disregarded. So the conclave may begin within ten days or it may not begin for a good deal more than ten days. It all depends. But on the appointed day the cardinals gather in St. Peter's and the cardinal-dean celebrates the mass of the Holy Ghost. After this the cardinals, in procession, singing "*Veni, Creator Spiritus*," march to the place of the conclave in the palace. There the dean recites the prayer, "*Deus qui corda*," and the constitutions governing the conclave are read and the cardinals take oath to obey them. During the rest of the day the cardinals receive their friends, but when evening comes the friends depart and the cardinals are shut up; the conclave begins.

The pope, whose importance as actual bishop of Rome was much more apparent formerly than now, when his duties are so much more varied than those of an ordinary bishop, was chosen at first by the people of the city. Then grew up, little by little, the restriction to the cardinals to the right of suffrage in choosing the pope. The Romans for many years retained the right of objecting to the choice, "*very much in the same manner as the forbidding banms of marriage is now exercised*," says an English student of the history of the conclaves. Then, after the right of the

people had become obsolete, the emperor asserted his right to a controlling voice in the election; but this right depended much on the character and residence of the emperor. Three outside powers still assert a right to interfere, not after the election by way of veto, but during the conclave, if they learn that some cardinal to whom they are opposed is likely to be elected. These powers are France, Austria and Spain; and not longer ago than in 1831 Spain forbade the election of Cardinal Giustiniani. The fact that outside powers can communicate with cardinals within the conclave, rather combats the widespread belief that the conclavists are shut off from the world and rely wholly on divine guidance in their use of the right to vote.

The conclave itself is a creature of growth. In its present form it seems to have begun about 1216, and against the will of the cardinals, for that year Innocent III. died at Perugia, and the Perugians shut up the cardinals, who were in that city, and would not let them out until they had chosen a new pope—Honorius III. Gregory IX. was elected in the same way, the Romans shutting up the cardinals until they had chosen him. In 1272 Gregory X. was chosen in the same manner. Only, in his case the people of Viterbo removed the roof of the building where the cardinals were shut up, to make them decide more quickly. The reason for shutting up the cardinals undoubtedly was to hasten the election, the pope being in those days the temporal ruler of Rome, and, as all administration was suspended at his death, naturally the people were interested in getting a new ruler as well as a new pope.

So the conclave begins in the evening of the eleventh day after the pontiff's death, or else at some other time. The door is closed and locked with two keys, one of which is kept by the cardinal-camerlengo, the other by the governor of the conclave, a prelate chosen by the cardinals. A turning box is built into the door, through which food is passed; the keys are kept by an outside guard and by the chief master of ceremonies on the inside. Prelates of various grades, changed twice each day, watch outside that no letters or messages are brought in and in theory nothing can reach the conclavists from the outside world. On the inside the cardinal-dean and the camerlengo make a tour of inspection every evening to see that all is safe.

There are many more persons in the conclave than the cardinals. Each cardinal is entitled to two servants and a third if he is very feeble. Then there are two sacristans, two masters of ceremonies, one religious to hear confessions, one secretary, who has one servant, three surgeons, four barbers, one carpenter, one mason and several general servants. None of these is to be chosen from the household of any cardinal, nor is a cardinal to bring with him anybody but actual servants who have been in his service for more

than a year. The time about the number of servants is said to be ignored, each cardinal having three and more if he wants them.

The conclave having begun in the evening of the eleventh day, the cardinals go to their "cells." These are wooden booths arranged in the largest hall of the conclave; there is one booth for each cardinal; the booths of those cardinals created by the pope just dead are covered with purple serge, those of the others with green serge. Over the door of each apartment is placed the coat of arms of the occupant. Whether or not a cardinal goes into the conclave, he has to pay for his cell, which costs him about \$1,000.

In the morning the cardinal-dean says a low mass of the Holy Ghost, at which all the cardinals receive the communion. This is said in the Sistine or the Pauline chapel. Then a scrutiny or vote is taken. Only the cardinals are allowed in the chapel at this time, but no cardinal can be kept out. A cardinal arriving late may be admitted, but only a sick person may leave the conclave after he is once in. Even an excommunicated cardinal may vote.

Three cardinals, one from each order, are chosen to act as tellers. In turn the cardinals approach the vase on the altar, and, kneeling, pray for guidance. Then they take this oath: "I call upon God, who will be my judge, to witness that I choose the person whom before God I judge to be elected, and that I will do the same on the accession," and having sworn they drop their ballots into the vase. The ballots are prepared thus: At one end the cardinal writes his name; he then folds the ballot so that his name shall not appear as the ballot is examined first, and seals the fold; the name of his candidate he writes in these words: "I choose for supreme pontiff the Most Rev. ——" and seals this part of the ballot. When all the cardinals present have voted the tellers begin to count the ballots.

When a pope is chosen the cardinal-dean asks him what name he will take, and the secretary takes note of all that is happening. Two cardinal-deacons then lead the new pope behind the high altar, where he puts on the pontifical vestments; he then seats himself before the high altar and receives the salutation of all the cardinals, who kiss him on the foot, the hand and the mouth. The cardinal-camerlengo then places the ring of the fisherman on his finger, which the pope gives back, that his name may be engraved on it. Then the senior cardinal-deacon, preceded by musicians and the choir singing "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," goes to the balcony and announces the election to the people. "I announce to you a great joy. We have as pope the most eminent and most reverend —, cardinal of the holy Roman church, who has taken the name of —."

If the cardinal-dean himself is chosen pope, the car-

dinal-camerlengo acts in his place in the conclave after the election. The burning of the ballots formerly was a very important signal to the waiting crowds, as it meant that the election had not been made. Each day during the conclave the people of Rome assembled at about 10 o'clock and again at 2 to see if smoke came from the chimney connected with the chapel where the balloting took place.

The regulations prescribed that, if the cardinals cannot make a choice in three days, thereafter until they do they shall have but one meal a day, and if they do not make a choice in five days thereafter, their single meal shall consist of bread and wine or water. These were changed later and no such rule holds good now. The conclave which elected Gregory XVI. in 1831 lasted fifty days. The cardinals did not have to live on bread and water or wine for those fifty days.

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#### NO LANGUAGE OF THEIR OWN.

AMONG the peoples of the world the Swiss are alone in having no language they can call their own. According to a recent visitor to the little country, about three-fourths of the people of Switzerland speak German, while the remainder divide four other languages among them, mainly French and Italian, the languages varying as a rule according to the proximity of the people to each country whose tongue they speak. Public documents and notices are printed in both French and German.

In the Swiss congress or national parliament the members make their speeches either in French or German, for nearly all the members understand both languages. The orders of the president are translated by an official interpreter and furnished to the newspapers in both languages. Probably it would puzzle even Macauley's learned schoolboy to name the president of the Swiss republic. He is M. Adolf Deucher, a name that will be strange to many even of those who are familiar with the names and titles of every other European ruler.

\* \* \*

THE way to profit by reading the scriptures is to apply to ourselves that which is spoken in general to all: this truth, this command, this threat, this promise, this intimation, is to me.—*T. Wilson, D.D.*

\* \* \*

"THE noblest human life is not the life which has most of wealth or fame or rank or power or knowledge in it, but which has most of God in it, for we are made for him essentially and above all."

\* \* \*

AMERICANS bought in Paris last year \$25,000 worth of gooseliver pie, \$28,000 worth of human hair, and \$120,000 worth of mushrooms.



## BIG STORE SICK ROOMS.

THE *Tribune* tell an interesting story of the sickrooms of some of the big New York stores.

June shopping was at flood tide recently in a Broadway department store when the startled shoppers fell back to make way for a shrieking woman, bound for the nearest door. Before an employee of the store could intervene she dashed into the street. Over one arm hung the limp form of her baby, and when she reached the nearest drug store, nearly two blocks away, she explained hysterically that her baby had picked up a button at the counter where she was shopping, and was choking. A physician was summoned, the druggist doing his best meanwhile to relieve the little sufferer, but death arrived in advance of the doctor. Yet in the very store from which the terrified mother fled was a trained nurse, cool, calm and prepared for every emergency, who could have applied those drastic measures which the physician was too late in offering.

A few weeks ago a woman of excellent family was attacked with vertigo and hurried from a crowded store into fresh air. Almost directly upon reaching the street she fainted. A crowd gathered and the police summoned an ambulance, whose attendant surgeon pronounced the case one of alcoholism and bundled the victim of vertigo into his wagon and off to the hospital. Here her case was correctly diagnosed, a cab was called and she returned to her home. The matter was hushed up because of the woman's horror of notoriety. Had she appealed to the aislesman in the store she would have been sent, under proper escort, to the sickroom, there to be attended by a maid with a knowledge of the remedies needed, and there would have been no publicity. Any valuables on her person would have been safeguarded, and, if necessary, a member of her family or a physician would have been summoned—and all without charge.

The sickroom has become a feature of many well-organized department stores, but this is not generally advertised by the managers for obvious reasons. There are some women who take to coddling as a duck takes to water, and the knowledge that there is a comfortable corner, with easy chairs, a cot and a solicitous maid with salts at her command, would suffice to bring on an "attack" in the case of a neurotic woman. Every employee in the store, however, is posted as to the location of the room, and how to act in case of an emergency.

Each firm has its own methods of caring for customers under such circumstances, but perhaps the most complete organization exists in a department store which occupies one of New York's newest and most modern buildings. Here the sickroom opens from the ladies' parlor, in one of the most retired corners of the third floor. Its furnishings are in soft rose and

dull green, and include a cot, several reclining chairs and a complete toilet equipment. In attendance is a colored woman who understands the use of a number of simple remedies, with which she is always supplied.

Should a clerk discover that a customer is ill she at once notifies the floorman. If it is seen that the patient is threatened with fainting or is too ill to walk to the sickroom, the floorman rings what is known as the emergency gong. These are posted at intervals over the entire store. The sound attracts the attention of the superintendent, or his assistants, in the balcony, who can scan not only the ground floor, but by looking up the immense rotunda can be signaled by the employes on any floor, and simultaneously the attendant in charge of the invalid rolling chair, which always stands in the center of the basement floor, starts for the scene of trouble. This invalid chair will slip into any of the elevators, and with the patient aboard it is hurried to the sickroom.

No one is permitted to enter with the patient save the attendant and a shopping companion, should she have one. If the colored maid finds that her remedies do not relieve, she summons the trained nurse, always on duty in the employees' emergency room. If dangerous symptoms manifest themselves the nurse summons the store physician. He is in his office in the employees' parlor all morning, and during the afternoon can be summoned by telephone from his private office a block away. If the patient is able to communicate her wishes and desires her family physician, he is called by telephone. If she wishes a member of her family to be summoned or desires to be sent home in a cab, this also is arranged by the attendants. No charges are made for any of these services, not even for the attendance of the store physician.

The emergency room, the sickroom and the store physician are the natural outgrowth of the department store idea. Where thousands of employees, subject to all human ailments, congregate for ten hours each day, and where thousands more come and go during the shopping hours, a trained nurse and a physician represent actual money saving to the firm. Employees who would lose a day's work if sent home can frequently return to their duties after being treated in the physician's office. In case of an accident to employees or customers, the presence of a physician may not only prevent serious consequences which would follow delay in receiving medical aid, but insures valuable witness in case of a damage suit. One superintendent thus sums up the situation:

"The sickroom is as much for our own benefit as for the convenience of our customers. In modern commercialism one must be prepared for every emergency. Accidents will happen in the best regulated shop, especially during rush hours. The averting of one or two heavy damage suits will more than pay

the expenses attached to such a room. In most stores employees and firm share the expense of the physician's salary, and he treats all employees free of charge.

"The demands made upon the sickroom vary with the character of trade drawn to a store. For instance, a store which caters to wealthy trade will have little call for a sickroom, save in case of accident. On the other hand, a store which appeals to the masses will have a regular run on the sickroom, particularly

"I don't believe it," said his friend, "but admitting it to be true for the sake of argument, what is the reason?"

"There are many reasons. The women of savage and barbarian races don't wear stays, to start with. That is an enormous gain, since it allows their bodies to develop naturally. Then, the savage woman goes bare-footed from infancy. She has no high-heeled shoes to distort her feet and throw her whole body off



PORTRAIT OF MARQUIS SPINOLA. Painted by Rubens, who was never willing to separate from this picture.—Chicago Art Institute.

on bargain days. The superintendent of a department store noted for its Monday and Friday sales tells me that their physician treats as many as twenty-five cases in a single morning, and that 90 per cent of these can be traced directly to the fact that women have rushed from a light, badly-prepared breakfast to the bargain counter and have not the vitality to withstand the crush and excitement."

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#### WHY SAVAGE WOMEN HAVE GOOD FIGURES.

"As a rule," observed a widely-traveled man the other day, "savage women have much better figures than civilized women."

its proper poise. She always has plenty of vigorous outdoor exercise, and her clothes—if she wears any, which she usually doesn't—are designed for ease, not for elegance.

"But the principal cause of her good figure is her habit of carrying heavy weights on her head from earliest childhood. A negress on the west coast of Africa or in the West Indies will think nothing of carrying nearly a hundredweight on her head for a mile or more.

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If I can put some torches of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, then I feel that I have wrought with God.—George Macdonald.



## CARRIAGE MAKING.

THE *New York Times* has an interesting talk about carriages:

The automobiles have not crowded out the carriages by any means, and the revival of interest in old-fashioned coaching this season indicates that new fashions in carriage construction are in the course of development. Incidentally it may be remarked that the American carriage leads the world to-day, and manufacturers are exporting vehicles of all types to nearly all the European countries. This is partly due to the unsurpassed wood supply of the United States, which enables manufacturers of carriages to turn out vehicles superior in finish to any abroad. American carriage experts study new styles and devices abroad and then adopt the worthy ones here, but few European builders have returned the compliment, and orders for American carriages in Europe show that our inventive genius is appreciated by the public users of vehicles, if not by the foreign builders.

The old-fashioned stage coaching outing has come into distinct popularity in the past few years, and this has influenced the season's output of carriages. There is a tendency to follow the heavy lines of the old stage coach in many types of carriages, but while these vehicles suggest strength, solidity, and even clumsiness, they are built of the lightest material consistent with strength. The modern stage coach would move along a level road with half the power required to pull the early colonial affairs.

The larger part of the carriages to-day are made by the "factory system," but this, instead of implying cheapness of workmanship and material, indicates a certain standard of perfection that serves as a guarantee of durability. Nearly everything is factory made to-day. It would be hard to find a carriage made by any other method. Half a century ago nearly all parts of the wagons and carriages were made by hand. The factory system has brought together in single enormous shops the best skill and brains of the trade, and machinery turns the wood, cuts the metal parts, and reduces everything to a simple method. Consequently a better carriage can be made to-day for a given sum than ever before in the history of the world.

The supply of wood is the first great factor in the industry. The wood that goes into modern carriages must be the best of its kind and cured by methods that admit of no weakening of the grain or texture. Kiln-dried wood hastily made may prove so weak that it would be useless for any severe strain. A carriage could be made out of such wood that would go to pieces in the first slight collision. To obviate any such catastrophe every piece of wood must be selected, cured carefully, and tested. The testing of every piece of wood is an important development in modern carriage building. The constructor is something of an engi-

neer, and when his plans are made he can tell you exactly the limit of strain on the vehicle before it will go to pieces. So ingeniously have the workmen labored in this field that a carriage of oak, ash or hickory will stand a smash-up almost as well as a motor car built of iron and steel.

The higher grade carriages are distinguished from the cheaper ones by their strength rather than by their appearance. A difference of one-half may be made in the cost price. But when an accident occurs the man with the guaranteed carriage will find his extra money well invested. Instead of falling to pieces in a runaway the chances are that the carriage will withstand the shock and save the life of the occupants. Carriage building on such a scientific basis is very much like building railroad cars of the parlor type which will not smash up in an accident.

The maximum of strength with the minimum of weight is the ambition of every builder. With these qualities supplied in the framework of the vehicle, the elaboration of shape and detail decoration can be carried to any degree desired. The finish of the carriages to-day is so fine that no one could detect the presence of cracks where the wood is joined together. Wood-working machines cut the wood so accurately that the fit is perfect. In fitting the carriages together the grain of the wood is often selected so that it not only harmonizes in detail, but yields the greatest possible textile strength. Unless the grain is thus matched according to scientific rules the weakness of the wood may at any moment cause trouble. Warping and wrenching of the wood in carriages are seldom seen, and as a rule the woodwork will outlast the metal.

Certain woods are always selected for different parts of a carriage, for experience has demonstrated that they are best fitted to do the work required of them. This was known half a century ago, and few improvements have been made in this direction. The wood is matured and seasoned after years of careful manipulation. Ash and white wood, with sometimes oak, are used mainly for the body of the carriage, hickory for the spokes and felloes and elm for the hubs. The second growth of elm is always preferred for this latter work and there are groves of trees planted for this particular purpose.

Wood wearing against iron will cause loosening of joints unless scientific exactness in fitting them together is observed. One of the best experts of the trade must attend to this part of the fitting. Slight miscalculations may spoil the whole job. The manufacture of springs which will give just the proper amount of luxurious swing, and the construction of wheels which will resist violent side jerks and pulls, are specialties in the industry that cannot be described because of the accurate skill required to select, fit and bind them to suit each separate vehicle.

Nearly every coach or carriage carries around with it a small paint shop. The painting is a long and tedious process. It begins with oil and ends with varnish of such a high gloss that one can see his face in it. There are eighteen coats of oil and paint on a first class carriage. These must be applied skillfully and according to the grain of the wood. American painters have excelled all others in the use of the brush because of their close study of the grain of the wood, which if not treated in the right way will present an unfinished surface.

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#### "ADS" THAT ATTRACT.

OF the thousands who gaze idly every day at the glaring advertisements in the tops of the street cars, there are probably very few who realize the great amount of time and money spent on the designing, manufacture, and distribution of these many-colored placards.

"Any fool can write a verse as good as that," Brown or Jones is apt to say to himself on his way home to dinner. And yet if this same critical person will only send a verse of his own composition to the people who are advertising some new breakfast food or cleaning composition the chances are ten to one that two days later he will get it back again and see written on the back of the sheet: "Declined with thanks."

"I would be willing to wager," said a man at the head of a large advertising agency, "that I send back more manuscripts every month than any magazine in the United States. The number of people who think they can write advertisements seems to be without end; those who really can write good ones are mighty hard to find."

When advertisers once discover anybody who can do clever work either at making verses or drawing pictures, this person can command pay far out of proportion to the actual work that he does. But for every one who is able to sell his ideas at fancy prices there are hundreds of failures who do not make enough money to pay for the pens and ink with which they write. One man who does all the advertising for several large firms said to an inquiring visitor:

"It's not always the sense we want. If something silly will attract people's attention, it suits us exactly. The more idiotic a verse is the better we like it, generally."

Often a couplet, in which the lack of meter is exceeded only by the lack of sense, brings to the writer \$40 or \$50. A ridiculous defect, the advertisers tell you, will often be paid for handsomely, while other verses with perfect meter are returned by the score. When passengers on a surface or elevated car notice a ludicrous lack of rhythm in a verse they nudge each other, point it out, and remember the name of the ar-

ticle mentioned long after all correctly measured lines are forgotten. The chief reason for the refusal of such a great number of verses is that they have too much sense in them, and therefore do not appeal to the passengers' sense of humor.

Manufacturers of the various breakfast foods, cleaning compositions, medicines and numberless other articles advertised in the cars receive every day dozens of drawings and rhymes proclaiming the perfection of this or that commodity. Out of these they usually choose those that they consider best and return all the rest. Occasionally, however, a particularly clever artist or rhymester is employed solely by one firm, and does no work for any other. Any one who has displayed such a noticeable talent can almost name his own price and be pretty sure of getting it. The famous Jim Dumps posters are the work of two young women, one drawing the ridiculous pictures of Sunny Jim and the other writing the catchy verses. They, as well as the author of the well-known Spotless Town placards, are in salaried positions, and devote their entire time and energy to their specialty.—*New York Times*.

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#### BEING JILTED HELPS.

A NORMAL woman would not be soured by being jilted. She would only be a little wiser; a little better able to judge between the true and the false afterward. She would not be so ready to trust all men, but would have just as much faith in the one man as ever, should she love again. For faith and hope and love are the natural heritage of the normal woman. These qualities are as much a part of her as life itself.

There are girls, of course, whose natures never recover from the shock of being jilted.

The wise girl, however, recognizes that it is better to be jilted before marriage than neglected afterward. She may love him dearly, and yet willingly give him up on hearing that his heart has changed toward her. Probably the worst sorrow a girl can know would be hers, with the knowledge that his heart has gone from her to another. But even then, if she truly loves, she would not feel bitterly toward him. She would lose her childlike, girlish trust, which led her to believe all men good and noble. She would be better able to distinguish between the false and the true as a consequence. And if she loves again, after time had healed the wound, it would be in the same blind, unreasoning, trusting way, if she was the normal woman.

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WILLIAM W. WALLACE, of Philadelphia, has a room the four walls of which are entirely covered with postage stamps, set in regular order and varnished. It required 82,944 stamps. It took five years to collect the stamps, and over a year to put them up.



### POISON IN THE BODY.

"THE human body is literally a laboratory of poisons!"

This statement was made the other day by a lecturer in the clinic hall of a New York hospital. He had just finished an autopsy on a patient who had died by swallowing arsenic.

"The mere fact of finding arsenic in the human body," said the lecturer to the students gathered around him, "does not prove that the man was murdered or committed suicide. Arsenic occurs naturally in the human body in quantity sufficient to make a deadly dose. So do many other poisons, such as hippuric acid, creatin, taurin and guanin. In fact, the body is a laboratory of poisons, almost any of which is generated daily in sufficient quantity to kill an ordinary man.

"It is not necessary for a man to be ill in order to be full of these poisons. His body is naturally full of poisons, which it makes and throws off even in a state of health. If it were not for our livers and our kidneys we would poison ourselves in no time. Most of the important diseases are merely the result of a temporary inability to overcome the poisons which the body is constantly generating.

"Every man is specially susceptible to some poisons and comparatively immune of others. He may be knocked over by a trifling quantity of morphine and yet be able to take immense doses of arsenic. So, too, our bodies manufacture different poisons in varying quantities.

"Men often increase the amount of poison in their systems by their occupations and their habits of life. Take a typical Wall Street man, for instance, After some years of headlong rush and worry, he begins to find himself in a condition of nerve exhaustion. He is nervous, irritable and depressed, and among other things he tells his friends he has malaria. Later on, if there is a tendency to epilepsy in his family, he has fits.

"Now, in most cases, such a man will be found ultimately to have intestinal dyspepsia, and the poisons which, under ordinary conditions, would pass out of his system are being absorbed by his blood. His condition is the result of the poisons which his mode of life has generated. Such a man will have in him constantly more than enough poison to kill an ordinary person. But it does not kill him because it has been generated gradually. He becomes accustomed to it as a man gets used to increased quantities of morphine. It becomes part of him."

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### FROG RAISING.

ALTHOUGH numerous efforts have been made it has been found impossible to raise frogs from the egg

stage, owing to the excessive time required. The principal difficulty experienced has been in furnishing the creature with food when it assumes the adult form. From this time the food must be living, and it consists almost entirely of insects. The extreme difficulty of furnishing these in sufficient quantity has been the great drawback. The frogs, failing in the supply of more natural food, have been compelled to devour each other.

The best plan is to prepare a shallow old pond, which is already well stocked with organic matter, and build a close fence around the edge of it to exclude such enemies as raccoons and reptiles, while a screen should be provided so that wading birds, whose long legs furnish them special facilities, cannot stand in the water and devour the helpless tadpoles. The screen and fence should be so arranged, however, as to permit the young tadpoles to come to land, for if there is no opportunity for the tadpoles to breathe the air at rest and exercise the legs, the period of metamorphosis will be indefinitely delayed. By dividing the pond into two parts, one part could be stocked with pairs of adult frogs, while the other could be stocked with tadpoles. If put together the frogs will eat the tadpoles.

Food is readily provided during the tadpole stage. In an old pond there is usually considerable natural food for the frogs, and this can be rapidly increased by supplying animal refuse, liver and such material, care being taken not to leave a surplus to putrefy and infect the water. The more abundant the food and the warmer the water the more rapid is the growth, hence the desirability of selecting a shallow pond. The pond should have a growth of rushes and other plants, while shade is quite necessary.

\* \* \*

### HOW'S ALL THIS?

WHAT is the condition of mind an Editor gets into finally? We take up his paper and learn that he was "shocked" over some matter of recent happening and in the next paragraph he is "pleased" to learn, and immediately after he is "appalled" at the news. In the next column he is "thrown into consternation" and then acknowledges with "pleasure" the receipt of a lot of apples from a subscriber. He may be dismayed, made happy, be saddened, overjoyed, or in despair, all in one week, or even in one day.

What is the outcome of all that confusing and unbalancing of conditions? We give it up, and all we really do know is that he seems to be in his normal condition, save that he is wondering where the next load of coal is to come from.

\* \* \*

SIXTEEN ounces of gold are sufficient to gild a wire that would encircle the earth.

# Aunt Barbara's Page

## LET THE BAIRNIES PLAY.

Oh! let the bairnies play themsel's,  
 I like to hear their din.  
 I like to hear each restless foot  
 Come trippin' oot and in;  
 I like to see each face sae bricht,  
 And each wee heart sae gay:  
 They mind me o' my ain young days—  
 Oh! let the bairnies play.

Oh! dinna check their sinless mirth,  
 Or mak' them dull and wae  
 Wi' gloomy looks or cankered words,  
 But let the bairnies play.  
 Auld douce, wise folks should ne'er forget  
 They once were young as they,  
 As fu' o' fun and mischief, too—  
 Then let the bairnies play.

And never try to set a heid,  
 Wi' auld age grim and gray,  
 Upon a wee saft, snawy neck—  
 No! let the bairnies play.  
 For, oh! there's mony a weary nicht  
 And mony a woeful day  
 Before them, if God spares their lives—  
 Sae let the bairnies play.

—Mary Inglis, in Toledo Blade.

\* \* \*

## A CAT FARM.

THERE is one woman on the coast of Maine who has made a very considerable income by conducting a cat farm, says the *Brooklyn Eagle*. In that locality is a beautiful species of cat, called by some of the natives "coon cat" and by others "shag cat." These cats in many cases attain to a considerable size, eighteen and twenty pounds being not at all uncommon.

They vary in color, have large heads and many of them pronounced mutton-chop whiskers in addition to their "smellers"; the fur on their chests grows very long and some among the finest of the breed have a small fur tassel growing from the very center of the chest.

In frequent instances these cats mature with blue eyes, and it is not uncommon to see a full-grown cat of this breed with one blue and one green eye.

Years ago many of the Maine sea captains brought home from their trips to eastern ports specimens of the beautiful cats of the orient, which in after years developed into the present coon cat.

The price ranges from \$5 upward, size, color, etc., determining the cost. She has a large house for them and spacious grounds screened off with wire netting,

which prevents the cats from straying. The proprietor of this cat farm says that cats are easier to raise and command readier sales than dogs.

\* \* \*

## RULES FOR DOLLS.

"A WOODEN-HEADED doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mother's lest she should hurt her.

"A wax doll should avoid the fire if she wishes to preserve a good complexion.

"Often an old doll with a cracked head and a sweet smile is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face.

"It is a bad plan for dolls to be stretched out on the floor, as people may tread upon them; and a doll that is trodden on is sure to go into a decline."

Madge was reading these rules to her dolly, with a very sober face. Then she laughed.

"Dolly," she said, "it's funny; but I really believe these rules are more for me than they are for you."—*Sunday-School Advocate*.

\* \* \*

## A LITTLE LADY.

SOME years ago, when the present queen of England was princess of Wales and her children were very small, they were staying at a quiet watering-place.

Once, on returning from a short sail, one of the little princesses was walking up the plank. An old sailor instinctively said:

"Take care, little lady!"

The child drew herself up haughtily and said:

"I'm not a lady; I'm a princess!"

The princess of Wales, who overheard the kindly injunction and the rather ill-bred reply, said quickly:

"Tell the good sailor you are not a little lady yet, but you hope to be some day."—*The Montreal Star*.

\* \* \*

## EIGHT PUZZLES.

FEET have they, but they walk not—stoves.

Eyes have they, but they see not—potatoes.

Teeth have they, but they chew not—saws.

Noses have they, but they smell not—teapot.

Mouths have they, but they taste not—rivers.

Hands have they, but they handle not—clocks.

Ears have they, but they hear not—cornstalks.

Tongues have they, but they talk not—wagons.

—*Golden Days*.



# The Q. & A. Department.

## THE BIBLE CONTEST.

IN the opinion of the parties to whom the matter was submitted the prize for the most complete list of answers goes to Ida Wagner Hoff, of North Manchester, Indiana. The following persons are entitled to honorable mention:

Emma Carstensen.....Elgin, Ill.  
 Della Peifer, .....Waterloo, Iowa.  
 Isabelle Jelf,.....Girard, Ill.  
 Dessa Kreps,....Independence, Oregon.  
 Rebecca C. Foutz,.....Waynesboro, Pa.  
 M. A. Lichtenwalter, ....Neutral, Kans.  
 John Wieand,.....Wooster, Ohio.  
 Lewis D. Rose,.....Rummel, Pa.  
 H. A. Hoffert,.....Carleton, Nebr.  
 Minnie Hart,.....Ari, Ind.  
 U. T. Forney,.....Hyland, N. Dak.  
 George Derry,.....Lamona, Iowa.  
 D. J. Wampler,.....Union City, Ind.  
 A. Brubacher,.....Lebanon, Pa.  
 Samuel A. Mohler,.....Falls City, Nebr.  
 Clara Steffy,.....Staunton, Va.  
 Chas. E. Hollar,.....Hardin, Mo.  
 Noah Horning,.....Frederick, S. Dak.  
 Anna Lesh,.....Goshen, Ohio.

Some of these questions were easy, some difficult to answer. All competitors showed a more or less intimate knowledge of the Bible. The questions are printed with their answers following. In case of dissent address the party answering and not the INGLENOOK.

1. How many languages did Matthew understand?

Aramaic, and more than likely Greek and Hebrew. As a publican he may have known Latin.—*Ida Wagner Hoff, North Manchester, Ind.*

2. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, the books of the New Testament, were not always arranged in that order. Who made the present order, and when?

Some of the oldest Gothic and Latin versions place Matthew and John first and after them Mark and Luke. This order was broken up by Tatian in 170 A. D.—*Ida Wagner Hoff, North Manchester, Ind.*

3. The authorized King James Version.—how and why is it authorized?

There were several English versions and a dispute arose as to which was correct. King James appointed a committee, consisting of forty-seven of the best scholars, to make a correct version. It was completed in 1611 and approved by King James, hence the Authorized, or King James Version.—*Emma Carstensen, Elgin, Ill.*

4. Is baptism for the dead recognized in the Testament?

Yes. 1 Cor. 15:29.—*Della Peiffer, Waterloo, Iowa.*

5. Was Christ an Essene?

He was mistaken by some for an Essene but he was not. He was nearer an Essene than a Pharisee or Sadducee though he was neither.—*Ida Wagner Hoff, North Manchester, Ind.*

6. What did the Jerusalem Jews do with salt around their Temple?

Sprinkled it on the streets to prevent slipping.—*Anna Lesh, Goshen, Ohio.*

7. What is a gloss.—quote a likely specimen.

A marginal annotation or explanation. At first very brief, often confined to a single word, then finally grew into more extended remarks. Rom. 10:9. Instead of "Confess with thy mouth, Jesus as Lord," some ancient authorities read "Confess the word with thy mouth that Jesus is Lord." For another, Rom. 2:17.—*Ida Wagner Hoff, North Manchester, Ind.*

8. How do the Jews account for the taste of the manna not palling on them?

They say the taste of it changed every meal or tasted like whatever they wanted.—*Rebecca C. Foutz, Waynesboro, Pa.*

9. What is meant by the apocryphal books of the Bible? Why are they in the Bible at all?

The books of the Old Testament that are regarded by the Protestant churches as unsound. Moral and doctrinal views can be drawn from them.—*Lewis D. Rose, Rummel, Pa.*

10. Who was the founder of the Christian church?

St. Paul, by the will of God.—*Emma Carstensen, Elgin, Ill.*

11. In our measurement what constituted a baking of meal?

It is about thirty-four quarts.—*Emma Carstensen, Elgin, Ill.*

12. What is a canonical book, and is it necessarily a guarantee of genuineness to the exclusion of other books?

One of the collection of books which form the original and authoritative written rule of faith and practice of the Christian church.—*Minnie Hart, Ari, Indiana.*

13. The high priest's robe had bells on the edge of the garment. Why?

To announce to the people when he entered the "Most Holy Place" that they might accompany him with prayers.—*A. H. Brubacher, Lebanon, Pa.*

(To Be Concluded.)

## The Home



## Department

### PEANUT BRITTLE.

PUT one cupful of molasses, six cupfuls of brown sugar and one cupful of water in a deep kettle and boil until, when dropped in cold water, it can be rolled to a hard ball between the thumb and fingers. Add three pints of shelled and broken peanuts, boil five minutes more, then add two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, take from the fire and stir till the butter is melted. Add one teaspoonful of baking soda and stir quickly. As the candy begins to rise pour at once on well-greased pans, spreading as thin as possible.—*Margaret Highland Warner, in Table Talk.*

\* \* \*

### CREAMED WALNUTS.

ONE cup white sugar, one-half teaspoonful vanilla, one-third cup of water, one cup of unbroken half walnut meats. Let the sugar and water boil until it will form a soft ball, not brittle. Take from the fire and add vanilla. Stir until it begins to look milky; then pour in the cup of nut meats. Stir until they are all covered, and then take out on plates. If the meats stick together, they can easily be pulled apart.

\* \* \*

### CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.

ONE cup of fine, granulated sugar, one cup of New Orleans molasses, one-fourth cup of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one cup of chocolate after it is cut up, if made single quantity; if doubled, it is as well not to put the chocolate in till about done, and then the same quantity of this recipe will suffice, as it retains the flavor if not cooked as much. Boil till it will stiffen in water; pour into flat, buttered pans to the thickness of half an inch.

\* \* \*

### COCOANUT CANDY.

USE a good-sized, thick-bottomed kettle or saucepan. Put in it one cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses and a piece of butter the size of an egg and boil until a little, dropped into cold water can be rolled into a firm ball. Take from the fire and stir into it as much grated cocoanut as possible. Mold into balls or cones and stand on a buttered plate till cold.

### TOMATO CHOWDER.

TAKE three pounds of soup meat or a large soup bone, a medium sized onion, a few small potatoes, five small carrots, a new turnip, a bunch of soup herbs and a quart of tomatoes. Season with salt and pepper. When the soup is done remove the meat or bone and add a cup of grated corn or some tiny egg dumplings.

\* \* \*

### PEANUT BRITTLE.

BOIL together a cupful each of molasses and brown sugar, a tablespoonful of vinegar and two tablespoonfuls of butter. When a little dropped in cold water is brittle add a cupful of blanched peanuts; remove at once from the fire, add a teaspoonful of baking soda, beat hard and pour into buttered pans.

\* \* \*

### SUGAR TAFFY.

THREE pounds best brown sugar, one pound butter, enough water to moisten the sugar; boil until crisp when dropped into cold water, then pour into pans, or upon platters, as thin as possible. It usually requires to boil fast, without stirring, three-quarters of an hour.

\* \* \*

### KISSES.

ONE egg, one cup sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup milk, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one-half of soda, flour enough to make a stiff dough; drop on tins and sprinkle over with powdered sugar. Bake in a quick oven.

\* \* \*

### COCOANUT DROPS.

TO one grated cocoanut, add half its weight of sugar and the white of one egg, cut to a stiff froth, mix thoroughly and drop on buttered white paper or tin sheets. Bake fifteen minutes.

\* \* \*

### BUTTER SCOTCH.

FOUR cups brown sugar, two of butter, vinegar to taste, two tablespoons water, and a little soda; boil half an hour; drop a little in hot water, and if crisp, it is done.



## THE INJUSTICE OF IT.

*Brother Nookman:*

In your comment on the "Old Fashioned Brother's" letter which appeared in INGLENOOK of June 16 you hold certain brethren responsible for the appearance of their pictures in the Annual Meeting Daily, and then, after making a fling of cutting sarcasm at these brethren, you speak of the need of further "outspoken comment," "pricking of bubbles," etc.

As to the pictures, I happen to be in a position to know that the majority of the portrait cuts of brethren that were used in the *Daily Examiner* at Bellefontaine were made without the knowledge or consent of the subjects and from photographs which they had taken, doubtless without even dreaming that such use would ever be made of them.

Most of the brethren referred to are men of character and established reputation, having done perhaps a thousand times as much for the church as you or I will ever do, and I do not suppose they have been specially exercised by what you have said; but I have made this statement on behalf of justice to the facts, and in the belief that you will be glad to correct the false impression for which you are responsible.

Fraternally Yours,  
ONE WHO KNOWS.

## COMMENT.

We print the above explanation with pleasure. And we make the *amende honorable* to those who were misjudged as being personally responsible for self advertisement. Knowing as we do the class of people most interested in getting their pictures in the papers, and why they want them there, it seems to many as in exceptionally bad taste for an ambassador of Christ to desire similar personal exhibition. The place for a good man's picture is in the hearts of those who know him best. Many of the best people, those of whom the world was not worthy, never had so much as their names in print, save, perhaps, their brief death notice.

If an injustice has been done any individual through the Nook we regret it exceedingly, and we additionally call attention to that spirit and feeling shown by the elders at Miletus, "Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." The Nook suggests pictures in the hearts of those about us, and not in the papers.

\* \* \*

## MAGIC IN THE KITCHEN.

"TAKE a good lump of fresh butter and roll it in flour, place it in a lined saucepan with a half pint of good, rich cream, stir it gently over a low fire, always the same way, till it begins to simmer."

This recipe for the making of melted butter is quoted from an old-fashioned cookery book of a cen-

tury ago, but the direction to stir "always the same way" is observed as religiously to-day as it was then, and probably will be for a thousand years to come.

All cooks of all nations stir not only the same way, but also from east to west, a sure indication that the practice originated with the sun worshipers.

Speaking of stirring brings to mind that in most households—country ones, at least—the practice of the whole family joining to stir the Christmas plum pudding is still in vogue.

There are many peculiar, old-fashioned superstitions connected with cooking.

For instance, in Scotland, when oat cakes are being baked, it is still customary to break off a little piece and throw it into the fire.

At one time, whenever a baking was made—which was, perhaps, once a month only—a cake was made with nine knobs on it. Each of the company broke one off, and, throwing it behind him, said: "This I give to thee; preserve thou my sheep," mentioning the name of a noxious animal—fox, wolf or eagle.

A roast pheasant is usually sent up with the tail feathers. This practice is a memorial of the days when a peacock was skinned before roasting, and when cooked was sewn into its plumage again, its beak gilded and so served.

Tossing the pancake is another interesting food superstition. Formerly the master of the house was always called upon to toss the Shrove Tuesday pancake. Usually he did it so clumsily that the contents of the pan found their way to the floor, when a fine was demanded by the cook. The custom is still kept up at Westminster school, where a pancake is tossed over the bar and scrambled for. The one who secures it is rewarded with a guinea.

The origin of the cross on hot cross buns is a matter of dispute. There is little doubt that cakes partly divided into four quarters were made long before the Christian era. At one time it was believed that bread baked on Good Friday would never grow moldy, and a piece of it grated was kept in every house, being supposed to be a sovereign remedy for almost any kind of ailment to which man is subject.

In many parts of England it is considered 'unlucky to offer a mince pie to a guest. It must be asked for.

## Want Advertisements.

LET me make your cap or bonnet.—*Barbara M. Culley, Elgin, Ill.*

✱

WANTED.—Sisters to do housework and attend church services, in this city. Wages in nice families, \$4 per week and up. For best wages write, giving experience, and reference as to ability, John E. Mohler, Des Moines, Iowa.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

JULY 28, 1903.

No 31.

## OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me—

Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;

The gleam of their snowy robes I see.

But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,

And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;

He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,

And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.

We saw not the angels who met him there;

The gates of the city we could not see;

Over the river, over the river.

My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river, the boatman pale

Carried another—the household pet;

Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—

Darling Minnie! I see her yet.

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,

And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;

We watched it glide from the silver sands,

And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.

We know she is safe on the farther side,

Where all the ransomed and angels be;

Over the river, the mystic river,

My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,

Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;

We hear the dip of the golden oars,

And catch a gleam of the snowy sail—

And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;

They cross the stream and are gone for aye;

We may not sunder the veil apart,

That hides from our vision the gates of day.

We only know that their barks no more

May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;

Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,

They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold

Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,

I shall one day stand by the water cold,

And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;

I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;

I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;

I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,

To the better shore of the spirit land;

I shall know the loved who have gone before—

And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,

When over the river, the peaceful river,

The Angel of Death shall carry me.

—Nancy A. W. Priest.

## JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

*Mercy is the mother of forgiveness.*

✱

*Gilded sin is a pill that soon loses its coating.*

✱

*Sincerity is at the bottom of all real friendship.*

✱

*The bald head seen in the mirror is never funny.*

✱

*Satan laughs when church congregations quarrel.*

✱

*Misfortune is sometimes the father of prosperity.*

✱

*Pray for what you need instead of what you want.*

✱

*Without troubles we do not appreciate our blessings.*

✱

*The man who wins is he who keeps everlastingly at it.*

✱

*A forbidden book is the one the people want to read.*

✱

*The only real value of knowledge is to give it to others.*

✱

*Worrying is like taking medicine for an expected disease.*

✱

*Never draw a curtain over the possible sunshine of the future.*

✱

*It is not so much knowing what to do as knowing what not to do.*

✱

*It is better to help carry your neighbors' load than to groan with them.*

✱

*One of the conditions of faith in God is a knowledge of our own weakness.*



## HOW A POPE IS CROWNED.

PAPAL coronations differ from those of temporal sovereigns, and there seems to be a very general impression that popes crown themselves, since by reason of their exalted rank no one is qualified to place the tiara on their head. This is not the case, for the pope is crowned by a member of the sacred college, who is not a cardinal bishop or even a cardinal priest, but merely a cardinal deacon. It is Cardinal Borromeo who crowned Leo XIII. It is to Cardinal Macchi, now the senior of the cardinal deacons, to whom would fall the lot of crowning the next occupant of the chair of St. Peter, says Marquise De Fontenoy in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

It remains to be seen whether the next coronation will take place in St. Peter's or in the Sistine chapel in the Vatican. Much will depend upon the views and politics of the new pope. If it is Cardinal Vannutelli or one of the members of the sacred college who are disposed to be friendly with the Italian government, it is probable that the coronation will take place in St. Peter's, whereas, if the next pope belongs to the intransigent party, it will take place, like that of Leo XIII, in the Sistine chapel.

The ceremony will take place in the morning, and will commence with a procession headed by the Swiss guards and ended by the new pope, wearing a golden miter, carried aloft on the *sedia gestatoria*, with a silver damask canopy borne above his head, flanked by the flabelli, the great fans of ostrich and peacock feathers, and surrounded by the noble guards with drawn swords. As the pope enters either the Sistine chapel or St. Peter's—that is to say, the place where the coronation takes place—he is stopped three times by one of the clerks of the chapel, who, kneeling, sets fire to some flax on the points of a three-pronged stick, exclaiming in a loud and mournful voice, “*Pater sancte, sic transit gloria mundi*” (holy father, thus passes away the glory of the world).

Having descended from the *sedia gestatoria*, the pope proceeds to the altar and after a brief prayer commences the introit of the mass, which on this occasion is celebrated by him. At the end of the confession he takes his place on the throne on the left side of the altar, while the first cardinal bishop recites the three customary prayers over him. Then the pope returns to the altar, kneels on the step, and while the first cardinal deacon removes his gold miter, the second cardinal deacon invests him with a pontifical pallium or band of white wool worn on the shoulders, with a short band extending downward on the back and breast. This pallium is adorned with three black, silk-embroidered crosses and constitutes the most sacred and important tokens of his office.

As soon as the pope is invested therewith he resumes his miter, reascends his throne and then re-

ceives the homage of the principal dignitaries present. The cardinals come first and kiss in turn his foot and his hand and are then embraced by him. Archbishops and bishops kiss his foot and his right knee, but receive no embraces, while minor dignitaries of the church and laymen kiss his foot, or, rather the cross on his slipper, alone.

The mass is then proceeded with, and after the collects the senior cardinal deacon, standing at the lowest step of the altar, cries three times, “Long life to our lord, Leo XIV (or whatever other title the new pope may assume), the bishop and universal pontiff given to us by God,” and thereupon, turning toward the pope, hands him the papal crozier, which is distinguished from those of all cardinals, archbishops and bishops and abbots in that it is surmounted by a cross instead of a shepherd's crook. This form of crozier is exclusively used by the pontiff, and it is said that one of the reasons why the croziers of the other dignitaries of the church have the upper end bent and are surmounted by a crook is as a symbol of the fact that their owners are compelled to bow to the will of the supreme pontiff.

Not until the conclusion of the mass does the actual coronation take place. The pope proceeds from the altar to his seat on the throne, and thereupon, while the senior cardinal deacon pronounces a prayer over him, the second cardinal deacon removes from the pontiff's head the golden miter which he has until that time worn. The first cardinal deacon then places the tiara upon the pope's head, with the words:

“Take this tiara, adorned with three crowns, and know that thou art the father of all princes and sovereigns, the ruler of the globe, and on earth the vicerent of our Savior, Jesus Christ, to whom all honor and glory for ever and ever, amen.”

The pope then rises and, wearing the tiara, delivers that benediction which completes the ceremony of coronation and which until the reign of Leo XIII was invariably given from the external balcony of St. Peter's to the faithful assembled in the vast square below.

The tiara, like the cross-surmounted crozier, above described, is an attribute which belongs to the pope exclusively. It is like so many other symbols of religion and of royal or oriental origin, for Herodotus describes the crown of the rulers of Persia as a “tiara.” Nicholas I, who was the first pope to be crowned and who occupied the chair of St. Peter from 850 to 869, was crowned with an ordinary episcopal miter, surrounded by a single crown.

In 1290 Pope Boniface VII added a second crown to the miter in order to indicate his sovereignty over things temporal as well as spiritual. This gave much offense to the German emperor and to the rulers of France and England, and it was partly in consequence of this that Pope Clement V added the third crown to

indicate the spiritual supremacy of the papacy over the then three known quarters of the globe—that is to say, Europe, Asia and Africa.

The reign of a pope, I may add in conclusion, dates from his coronation instead of from his election, although he is fully qualified to enjoy all the prerogatives of pontiff even prior to his coronation.

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#### WOMEN WHO WEAR TROUSERS.

At Kew Gardens, in London, a small, intelligent,

leg below the knees and about the ankles to permit unimpeded stepping in and out among close-set plants. A blue smocked frock loosely gathered in by a broad belt at the waist forms a remainder of their very sensible uniform. The public when visiting the famous gardens easily catches a glimpse of them.

\*\*\*

It is very pleasant to be missed, isn't it? And your heart gives such a delicious little throb when friends and acquaintances look into your eyes and tell you, as they press your hand warmly, that they are *so* glad to



THE CATHEDRAL AT ROUEN, FROM A PICTURE IN THE  
CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

capable and scientific squad of practical women gardeners is employed. They labor in the pötting sheds, wield the pruning shears, study fertilizers and wear trousers.

In summer their nether bifurcated garments are of dark blue linen or brown, as each wearer prefers. They have adopted long breeches strapped close to the

see you back from a journey or a vacation, or, mayhap, an illness. A beautiful young lady once said she wanted to die when she would be "missed the most." She had her wish, for death called her away in the flower of her young womanhood, when it seemed as if she could not be spared. What a natural desire it is—this craving to be missed!—*Zion's Herald*.



## MAKING SMOKELESS POWDER.

THE manufacture of smokeless powder is certainly not without its many perils, and yet most of the labor is unskilled and drawn from the farm hands of the neighborhood. The directive work is under trained guidance, but the happy negro whistles and even jigs-steps amid masses of explosive mighty enough to send a whole city to eternity in the wink of an eye.

Without going into the physics of the case, everyone knows that smoke means unconsumed particles—in other words, incomplete combustion. The smoke of the old black and brown powders represented a loss of over fifty per cent; half of the firing mass being unconsumed, yet, as a dead weight added to that of the projectile, being moved from the gun by force of the thoroughly-ignited other half. The cause was a lack of oxygen which, in the older forms of powders could not be generated in sufficient excess over that in the gun chamber without seriously affecting the safety of the discharge. The introduction of smokeless powder in its modern form—smokelessness being a consequence and not the direct aim—brought, first, a reduction in the weight of the charge, for a given performance, of about fifty per cent; secured the development of uniform pressure of a lower range for higher velocities; resulted in less tax on guns and gave them a longer life; and finally that it does not, when properly prepared, deteriorate within reasonable limits of time, and, being insoluble in water, is not permanently affected by dampness, and is as good as new when dried out after a wetting. By the nature of its thoroughly-controlled combustion, sufficient oxygen is evolved to burn up all the particles progressively; and the thin veil of smoke at discharge is only that made by the small ignition charge of black powder, which, up to date, has been found needful to supply the ignition flash.

Smokeless powder, such as is made at Indian Head, is what is termed a guncotton or pyrocellulose powder, and, in general terms, is second cousin to the translucent celluloid of commerce when ready for use. The processes of manufacture are seemingly simple, and yet they require the utmost care and nicety of manipulation. The constituents are soluble nitro-cellulose, ethyl ether, and ethyl alcohol. In common terms, cotton that has been saturated with nitric acid and subsequently dissolved by the admixture of given proportions of ether and alcohol.

If one will look, through a magnifying glass, at particles of raw cotton, each filament will appear tubular in form and ribbed not unlike a miniature tapeworm. When the cotton is dipped in nitric acid, the filaments become merely the skeletons of the original cotton—the fiber alone remaining—and it is the personality of these tiny threadlike tubes that determines the character of the explosive. Cottons from every section

have their own peculiar intimate structural forms and maybe that from the most peace-loving district may produce the most disastrous explosive. Now for the course of manufacture.

At Indian Head, the cotton used is largely the scraps from mills, consisting of cuttings from woven underwear and stockings—undyed, of course,—and the storehouse stock looks not unlike the badly mangled laundry of some big institution. These woven goods are first given a potash bath to cleanse them of oil and dirt. They are then dried and picked or combed into shreds the better to take the subsequent acid bath. When seemingly dry to ordinary touch—that is, with about seven per cent of moisture still in them—they are taken to the drying house, where even this modest dampness is removed. It was a summer day and a pretty warm one, but it is not likely that that drying room will be soon forgotten. The temperature was exactly that of the boiling point—212 degrees of heat. It brought the moisture out of the visitors in a steady ooze. How the attendant could stand it, hour in and hour out, as he lay the great masses of cleansed cotton upon the drying trays, is something that he perhaps can best explain. The object of this super-drying is to increase the absorptive tendency of the cotton for the acid and thus induce a more thorough saturation. When the cotton is declared absolutely dry it is put hot in great tin cans, and then hurried off to the nitrating tubs. The nitrating mixture consists principally of nitric acid and a portion of sulphuric acid. Dry as the cotton is, the reaction of the attack of the nitric acid produces an appreciable quantity of water which would soon weaken the acid bath. To obviate this to a great degree, the sulphuric acid is introduced, which absorbs the water so generated and thus leaves the nitric acid still strong enough to continue its prime work. The cotton is dipped into the acid mixture in masses of sixteen pounds and allowed to remain there thirty minutes. It is then put in a centrifugal wringer—such as are common in all steam laundries—and the bulk of the acid removed. The cotton that went into the bath only a few moments ago harmless is now guncotton, and, to the touch is slightly harsher and to the eye somewhat duller. Having secured thorough saturation of the acid, it is now the main object to remove every trace of the chemical, for upon this depends the ultimate stability or proof against deterioration of the later powder. Acid, even in minute quantities, produces decomposition in time and, possibly, spontaneous combustion.

The removal of the acid is the longest part of the process of manufacture. After leaving the nitrating house, the cotton is carried to great steaming vats, where it is thoroughly steeped for eight hours. Even this does not complete the process. The aim is to remove every trace. The next stage is in a regular,

pulping mill—similar in most of its details to that of a paper mill. Here the lately stewed nitrated cotton is gradually reduced to a slippery pulp, and washing after washing eventually eliminates the last of the clinging acid. This watery pulp, not unlike very dilute flour paste, is fed upon a broad traveling band or belt of blanket—the nap of which catches the paste in a thick film. This film, in turn, is led through rollers, under heavy pressure, and comes out the other side in flakes not unlike bits of overkept crackers—just slightly soft to the touch. The mixing or kneading is done mechanically and by the same means that the dough is prepared in the modern steam bakery. The resultant mass, strongly redolent with ether, is a crumbly, granular substance, something akin to bread crumbs slightly damp. In a chemical sense, the gun cotton is now thoroughly solvent, and homogeneity is secured by pressure. Into a hydraulic press these crumbs are loaded to a weight of about thirty-five pounds, and after pressure, become a solid cylindrical mass, feeling and sounding to a blow pretty much like a lump of crude rubber. In appearance it looks like syrupy maple sugar with its mixture of opaque flakes and patches of translucent amber. The ether for this work is made at Indian Head, and so searching are the fumes that a large area of the grounds smell pretty much akin to a great operating ward. Again the amber-colored cylinders must go under pressure. First the pressure is 3,000 pounds, and the rubber-like mass is bodily forced through a colander of stout steel and comes out in long, macaroni cords of a slightly creamy color. These macaroni strips, for a greater unification, are again subjected to pressure, this time being turned out in the big cylindrical form of first pressure. The color now has become more generally a translucent amber.

Now comes the final process of forming the finished grains or small perforated cubes of the actual powder. This time the pressure is again 3,000 pounds, and the macaroni die varies in size with the caliber of the gun for which the powder is intended. Fluidity doesn't seem to be a characteristic of that fairly hard bulk of pyrocellulose, and yet, backed by that unyielding thrust of one and one-half tons, the mass is made to flow through the small openings of the die—at first while the die is cold—with manifest effort and with a sharp, snapping sound, and then, as the die becomes heated by friction, the powder runs out rapidly and with the seeming ease of soft putty. Along it comes like an endless snake of pale yellow taffy, perforated from end to end with a concentric group of circular passages. Just as rapidly it is led under the remorseless knife of a cutting machine, which clips the rod into little cylinders of the requisite length, which varies, of course, for the different calibers of guns and their space for stowage. The object of the small lon-

gitudinal perforations is to insure a greater area for the attack of the burning gases. It is the peculiarly beautiful regularity with which this powder burns that makes it possible to secure wonderful high velocities without danger of sudden and excessive pressures in the gun, and because it contains just enough oxygen to convert its substance—without detrimental ash of any sort—into a wholly gaseous product. Herein lie the incidental reasons for its smokelessness and the prime achievements of safety, durability and cheapness: Only half the quantity of powder is now required to accomplish the work of a pound of the older sorts, the life of the gun is lengthened, and the performance of the new powder is a uniform thing within reasonably narrow limits of variation and over long periods of time. In the open air it burns with a bright flame, slowly, and without the flash of the black powder common to our knowledge.

The question naturally rises, "Have there been no accidents at the Indian Head powder works?" Of minor personal injuries, due to mechanical conditions, yes; but from the explosion of the powder in process of making, no. There have been two or three explosions in the magazines, but even those have been shown to have been caused by some older powder, not of local make, whose stability was questionable and whose explosion proved it.

The amount of powder turned out at Indian Head during the past year was one-half a million pounds. This did not begin to supply the navy's needs; and no matter how much more may be manufactured there, still even peace-time requirements will keep that and the private powder factories constantly busy.

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#### A GENIUS FOR FRIENDSHIP.

No man of Johnson's time knew the great city better nor all the varieties of life contained within its walls. He slept with beggars or wandered houseless through the streets at night with a brother poet; he "slanged" a bargeman, laughed and jested with Garrick's actresses or talked "with profound respect, but still in a firm, manly manner, with his sonorous voice," to majesty itself. "I look upon a day as lost," he said, "in which I do not make a new acquaintance." The fact that he never lost a friend except by death shows that he was as tenacious of old friendships as he was eager to acquire new. He had in fact a very genius for friendship, and the circle that gathered round him in his later years included not only poets, scholars and men of letters, but the most prominent painters, actors, musicians, doctors and statesmen in England.—*Booklovers' Magazine*.

\* \* \*

It is as great a mercy to be preserved in health as to be delivered from sickness.—*John Mason*.



### WISH TO PRESERVE RUINS.

THE United States have lately taken steps to preserve the extensive ruin discovered on the Navajo Indian reservation in the northeastern part of Arizona. A custodian has been appointed for the De Chelly, Del Muerto and Monument canyons, and no one will be permitted to make excavations except under direction of the proper authorities.

In the canyons are cliff dweller's ruins, varying in size from a single room perched on some ledge to an extensive communal building, numbering as many as seventy-five rooms and several stories in height. On the canyon bottoms are most interesting pueblo ruins. There are more than 200 of both classes and at one time they must have housed a population of 15,000 souls. Students of America's prehistoric civilization hold that the cliff and pueblo dwellers belonged to the same race and possessed the same characteristics, dwelling in harmony. It is of interest to note that the Indians who now dwell in the canyon show a less advanced civilization than its prehistoric occupants.

Rev. Henry Mason Baum has made several visits to the canyons and discovered many valuable specimens. It was on his recommendation that the custodian was appointed. In the current issue of *Records of the Past* he tells about some of his visits. He found Del Muerto the most interesting. It takes its name—"the canyon of death"—from the fact that at the time of the Spanish conquest a large force moved up the canyon and massacred hundreds of Indians.

It was in this canyon that he found a most peculiar mummy—an aged cliff-dwelling warrior done up in a well-preserved feather cloth. By his side was a bow and arrow of perfect workmanship. "As I made the accompanying photograph," writes Mr. Baum, "it seemed to me that a more pathetic discovery had not been made in recent years."

In another cliff ruin was found the well-preserved skeleton of a male dwarf, supposed to be about thirty-five years old and measuring thirty-three inches in height. It is the first dwarf mummy found in the southwest and opens a considerable field of investigation. "It may bring the student face to face with a race of dwarfs as found in some of the native tribes of Africa. Each tribe is the possessor of from one to four of these dwarfs, whom they regard as their wise men. The saying is current among them that 'you can fool a native many times, but a dwarf but once.'"

\* \* \*

### RAILROAD CARS AS CONDUCTORS OF DISEASE.

THE State board of Kentucky is conducting an investigation with a view of ascertaining to what extent disease germs are carried on coaches and Pullman cars and taking measures to decrease the danger therefrom to the public. The Kentucky body is not the first to

have investigated the same matter, and it was long ago well established that infectious germs were conveyed in coaches and Pullmans so as to present a menace to the traveling public. The railroads and the Pullman Company have long recognized this fact and have instituted reforms in building and caretaking tending to minimize the public danger.

The Pullman car and day coach of to-day differ materially from the coach and Pullman of five years ago. So far as possible car builders have relegated the filigree work and the fancy and useless upholstering which provided commodious and comfortable resting places for the insidious disease germ. The modern car is devoid of most of the old-time ostentatious features and is severely plain. The changes in construction, together with improved methods of cleansing and renovating, have accomplished much. Take the Pullman Company for example. At the end of every run a Pullman car is taken to the yards, where a compressed air machine is awaiting it. The car is first thoroughly swept and then the compressed air is forced through and into every crack and crevice and into the upholstery with a force that blows everything, including the disease germs, out of the windows or doors. When this process is finished there is not much left. The cleaner, however, then uses powerful disinfectants, sweeps again, beats the cushions, carpets and rugs and the air is again put on. After that the car is given a complete bath inside and out, and no house in Chicago is cleaner than a Pullman when the process is completed. The same care is taken of day coaches.

En route every care is taken to keep the cars as clean as possible, and on long runs they are swept and dusted numerous times. If the public were willing to travel in less comfort, car builders and railroads would be glad to dispense with upholstery, but as this is not the case, rigorous cleanliness is in almost all cases being practiced.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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### "ATTRACTIONS" OF THE PHILIPPINES.

AN American in the Philippines, writing on business to a friend in Washington, incidentally sums up his impressions of our annexed territory thus: "The Philippine islands are a fierce proposition. I would not take Governor Taft's job, and you know how avaricious I am. Here are the attractions: Bugs, ants, lizards, mosquitoes, snakes, beriberi, leprosy, cholera, bubonic plague, fevers, dhoubeitch, etc. News is a month behind all the time. Ink costs a dollar (Mexican) for a half-pint bottle, but the man who stays here to sell it deserves the price. It is inconceivable to me how any white man can 'enjoy' Manila."

\* \* \*

WHOEVER loves in us our beauty of soul, loves us truly.—*St. Ambrose*.

## EVER LOOKS FOR TROUBLE.

THE really unhappy man, whose unhappiness is his own fault, is the one who is forever carrying "a chip upon his shoulder." Perhaps his happiness is his unhappiness, for when he is not engaged in a personal altercation he is brooding over some fancied slight and awaiting a favorable opportunity to give vent to his wrath.

The man with the chip on his shoulder is easily recognized and his society by wise people is carefully avoided. He can go nowhere without trouble following in his wake. If he attends a theater he is either annoyed by the usher or someone in the audience or at the man in the box office for not having sold him a seat bought long before he appeared at the window. He is the bane of the car conductor and on the railroad train he succeeds in embroiling himself in a row with the brakeman, conductor, Pullman car porter and the passengers. Each flying cinder from the locomotive is aimed especially at his eyes and he succeeds in stirring up the spirit of mutiny in the hearts of the travelers.

There are some women similarly constituted who manage to be in trouble from the moment their eyes open in the morning till they close them in sleep. These people are indeed to be pitied, if, indeed, they are not cordially hated. This quarrelsome habit of mind can be so fostered that the petulancy grows to be a malignant disease and leads sometimes to the insane asylum. Parents who notice in their children this fretful, quarreling disposition can easily find a remedy. They may not agree to the measure—simply a good, sound thrashing. Everyone has heard of the story of the child who was continually whimpering and quarreling. In despair the mother cried: "Are you sick? What do you want?" Gravely the child answered: "I think, mamma, I want a whipping." She received the whipping and there was a marked improvement in her temper.

\* \* \*

## INDIAN TERRITORY HAS FIVE CAPITALS.

HERE is a common geographical mistake corrected:

"The educators of the Indian Territory should endeavor to educate the various school book publishing companies in regard to the capitals of the Indian country," recently said Tams Bixby, chairman of the Dawes commission. "Every geography published has Tahlequah as the capital of the Indian Territory. The maps of the territory in these geographies show scarcely any other towns. But Talequah is always played up in heavy black letters with the star representing the capital. It is about time that authors of geographies knew something of the geography of the Indian country and the educators here ought to draw

their attention to the inaccuracies of the text books on geography.

As a matter of fact the Indian Territory proper has no capital, as it is not regularly organized territory. It is simply the Indian country.

The seat of government is Muskogee. Each of the five civilized tribes, however, has a capital. Tallequah



NIKE, OF SAMOTHRACHE, A STATUE ON THE PROW OF A GALLEY, 305 B. C.

is the capital of the Cherokee nation, Okmulgee of the Creek nation, Tishomingo of the Chickasaw nation, Wewoka of the Seminole nation and Tuskahoma of the Choctaw nation.

\* \* \*

THE life of a dime is only four or five years, because it changes hands ten times while a half dollar is moved once from one person's pocket into the till of another.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## NATURAL HISTORY ECHOES.

NOOKER P. Brower, of South English, Iowa, commenting on the Natural History Questions, says, referring to the dandelion, that he has been unable to find anywhere that it blooms every month in the year. Yet it is a fact that the dandelion will bloom every month in the year, it requiring only a sheltered position and a warm day or two to bring out the little flowers. Of course it is not generally known but it is a fact well known to botanists.

Our naturalist friend thinks the mosquito comes nearer being born full size than the housefly. And in this he is perhaps right. It is also true of many other insects commonly understood to be objectionable. He also takes exception to the statement that the apple begins to color after it has attained its full size. This is perhaps true of some varieties but in the main the coloring comes after the apple has developed and is as large as it ever will be.

He also states that the pigeon does not mate for life, and that in the case of two marked pigeons they separated, after having reared their young, and then remated with others. And this is probably true. In the main, however, taken as a whole, they are usually true one to the other. Naturalists, however, find that there are old maids and old bachelors in the bird kingdom, and that they have their domestic infelicities, quarrel and separate and remarry, just as the unfeathered bipeds do. A whole list of birds was sent in as mating for life and the subject presents many difficulties. Almost any boy can determine this matter clearly by coloring the wings of a pair of pigeons with analine dye, painted in a bar across the wing, the same color for the mated birds, and then observing them in their housekeeping.

Prof. S. Z. Sharp, of Fruita, Colorado, says that in the Grand Valley, Colorado, apples begin to color before they are half grown. He also says that nothing could be farther from being round in shape than a shark's egg.

Edwin B. Miller, of Flora, Indiana, also says that some varieties of apples color before attaining their full size. He says also that swine get up like a horse, although they have cleft feet. He also adds that the rattler, moccasin, and copperhead referred to as being the only poisonous snakes should have added to them the viper. The term viper includes the varieties and is a general and not a specific word.

He also refers to the fact that great numbers of

small fish and shrimps have fallen with rain, probably sucked up by a waterspout, all of which is true enough.

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## BETRAY THEIR OWN NESTS.

PROBABLY in a state of wild nature birds never make mistakes, but where they come in contact with our civilization and are confronted by new conditions they very naturally make mistakes. For instance, their cunning in nest-building sometimes deserts them.

The art of the bird is to conceal its nest both as to position and as to material, but now and then it is betrayed into weaving into its structure showy and bizarre bits of this or that, which give its secret away and which seem to violate all the traditions of its kind.

I have the picture of a robin's nest before me, upon the outside of which are stuck a small muslin flower, a leaf, from a small calendar and a photograph of a local celebrity. A more incongruous use of material in bird architecture it would be hard to find.

I have been told of another robin's nest upon the outside of which the bird had fastened a wooden label from a near-by flower bed marked "Wake Robin."

Still another nest I have seen built upon a large, showy foundation of the paperlike flowers of antenaria, or everlasting.

The wood thrush frequently weaves a fragment of newspaper or a white rag into the foundation of its nest.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners." The newspaper and the rag bag unsettle the wits of the birds.—*The Century*.

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## WILD PLANTS.

THE INGLENOOK repeats what it has previously said about the desirability of marking the location of blooming wild flowers in order that they may be transplanted for winter purposes. There is not, perhaps, a single wild flower anywhere that will not be worth preserving and cultivating in the home. Some of them are very chary of the conditions under which they do the best, and to rudely transplant them is to simply destroy them. Such a simple thing as a double dandelion of deep orange hue in full flower is a real beauty blossoming in the house at Christmas, and yet it takes more than ordinary skill to successfully transplant it.

If the Nookers who love nature will mark with a colored stick, some beautiful wild flowers and then

transplant them carefully they will be repaid when the snow flies and the creek is ice-bound.

One thing should be remembered in all efforts of this kind, and that is that nearly all wild flowers must first be frozen, just as they are in their natural state, after which the warmth of the room induces them to think Spring has come again and they put forth all their glory.

Really the best way is to mark the plant and then wait until the ground is frozen and go out with an ax, or a hatchet, and chop it out of the earth so as to retain all the roots. After transplanting it carefully take it into the house where it will come forth in all its beauty.

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#### OREGON RICH IN TIMBER.

THE greatest timber belt in the world is to be found in western Oregon and in Washington. According to government reports Oregon has about 335,000,000,000 feet of standing timber, mostly fir, cedar, hemlock, spruce and larch. As there is now cut in the State about 1,000,000,000 feet annually there is still enough timber left to last for several hundred years at the same rate of cutting.

For ship-building, masts, bridge timbers, car sills and other needs demanding a combination of great length, strength, durability and lightness the Oregon fir is unrivaled. Government tests show that under pressure it has nearly twice the strength of oak and three times that of pine. From each of the five continents the demand for it is continually increasing. The German emperor's new yacht has Oregon fir for its masts and booms and the royal standard on Windsor castle floats from a flagstaff of the same wood.

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#### NATURE'S DISINFECTANTS.

AN important meteorological factor, affecting the public health for good or ill, is the amount of sunshine. Fresh air and sunshine are nature's most potent disinfectors and disease germ killers. Especially are the direct rays of the sun deadly to the microscopic forms of vegetable life, to whose poisons, elaborated under favoring conditions of heat, moisture and darkness, are due the pestilential scourges of human life. A few hours' exposure to these rays destroys the vitality of the flora that cause consumption, pneumonia, influenza, diphtheria and many other maladies.

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#### THE MOSQUITO.

ONE would naturally suppose that the mosquito would be found in large numbers only in warm countries and be absent in the colder regions. The actual facts are that they are rather rare, if not altogether

wanting, in some of the sub-tropics. They say down in Mexico City that prior to the advent of the American there were no mosquitoes, and there are not many now. Up in the Klondike, where the ground never thaws out, the mosquitoes are a veritable pest, and in the season render life intolerable by their number and their bite. Even up in the polar regions, in the eternal snows, the mosquito is a pest.

The outcome of the effort to kill them off by putting oil on their breeding places will be watched with great interest.

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#### TRANSPLANTING THE ROSE.

A LOVER of flowers has written the INGLENOOK in regard to transplanting the common wild rose. Nothing is more difficult to pot than a specimen of the wild rose, though no plant is more worth while. It would be easier to get some of the small plants that have just come from the seed, and they may be found in proximity to the larger plants, and transplant them with care and hold them over until their blooming season. With all our talk about the cultivation and the improvement of the rose there are some specimens that grow wild that for fragrance and beauty are not surpassed by any conservatory specimen. It should be remembered that there are as many different varieties of wild roses, referring now to shading and size, as there are of cultivated varieties, and in transplanting, of course, select the best.

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#### NEGRO BABIES CHANGE COLOR.

A GERMAN physician, who had spent several years at Klein-Popo, in the African Togoland, says that the stages of color through which negro babies pass in the equatorial regions are as follows: At birth they are the same color as European infants. After two or three months the skin turns a lilac color. Ten days later it is a light chestnut shade and it is only at the end of three or four months that the skin becomes completely black.

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#### GOLD FOUND IN A METEOR.

AN Australian scientist has analyzed a meteor which contained traces of gold, showing that that element is not monopolized by the earth.

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#### TRAIN SERVICE FOR DOGS.

BERLIN, Germany, local trains now have special compartments for "passengers with dogs."

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ONE hundred and thirty kinds of wild flowers are found near Nome, Alaska.



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## THE BABY.

Full short his journey was; no dust  
Of earth unto his sandals clave;  
The weary weight that old men must  
He bore not to the grave.  
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way  
And wandered hither; so his stay  
With us was short, and 'twas most meet  
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,  
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet  
To stand before his God.

\* \* \*

## SILENT PEOPLE.

PEOPLE are differently constituted. They are spelled differently, pronounced differently, accented on different syllables. It is the way that they are made, and they are hardly responsible for it, one way or another. With all the different kinds there are the silent people, the people who think and who feel, but for one reason or another, do not often come to the fore in the crowd and make themselves heard.

Then there are the others, the noisy, talky lot, the people who are ever to the front talking, suggesting, moving, speech making and the like, and in ordinary times these are the ones who get the credit, the people who are credited with being smart and progressive, while the silent are set back, or, at least, not considered in the same class with the noisy people. And they are not.

In ordinary times it is the noisy lot that manage things. In extraordinary times it is the silent who come forward and take charge. Grant as a tanner was one sort of a man, and had there been no chance

he would probably have died a commonplace sort of man. But there came a day when a leader of men was wanted, one who was a leader and a fighter. He did not come from the noisy lot, this man who was wanted, but he rose from the midst of the people, and became one of the world's greatest in every way. It was this same Grant, the silent.

Back in Christ's time there was Peter, the impulsive. He was one of the talkative kind. He did enough of it, and made some emphatic promises when there was no danger. But when the supreme moment came, he was the first to swear that he had nothing whatever to do with the business of the Master. Again and again he did it, and while there is, perhaps, nothing to condemn him much for having acted along the lines over which he was made, he was not Paul, the permanent.

It is exactly so in our church to-day. It is so in all churches. There are men and women who are sitting back, saying nothing, thinking much, and doing apparently nothing for the good of the cause, while the Peters and the rest of the assertive lot are making the noise. The silent people are often credited with indifference because they are not noisy. They are said to be cold and impassive, all because they are not noisy. Yet should there come a time when martyrs are wanted they will be out of the ranks of these same quiet people. It is the history of the world, the record of the ages repeating itself.

The best people of this world are the quietest. They have the staying qualities that are of use in time of need. It is not the loudest praying who are the most sincere. It is not the longest and most tiresome speakers who make the deepest dent in the hearts of hearers, and it is not the noisy who do the most good. Take from the ranks of the church its quiet people and leave only the acrobat and the poser, and the body will not last long. The veritable life of any organization is the solid part that is never heard of unless there is a life and death occasion for speech, and then they are heard from to some effect.

The object in writing this is to steady the silent people, to encourage them. The individual is sometimes disheartened. He hears from the shouters around him that he belongs to the no good class, and that he could make a noise if he felt like it. He does not feel like it, and he does not do it. Sometimes he is discouraged to the extent that he begins to think that, perhaps, what they say is true, and then his heart is as lead within him. He actually comes to think that he does not feel because he does no shouting, that he has no heart because he makes no noise.

What the silent want to do is to continue their communion with God, uninterrupted by the racket ever going on about them. God, who sees what is in the heart of a man, judges accordingly, but not by the noisy professions made. The time may never come to stand up to be crucified for a principle, but none know better than the quiet people that they would readily lay down their lives for the cause of truth, that when, if ever, the call came for those who were to walk down the *via dolorosa* they would quietly step forward. So let the silent take courage. God sees and he knows, and that is enough.

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#### THE LEPER.

THE INGLENOOK is being sent to Louisa M. Todd, care the Pest House, San Francisco, California, owing to the kindness of Nooker David Bosserman, of St. Louis. Our attention was called to this case by Sister Lucinda Humbert, of Flora, Indiana.

In describing an interview with the leper she says that the lady who visited the leper stepped close to the high board fence and called her name. Mrs. Todd appeared on the stairs and the conversation was carried on at a distance.

She is a woman of about fifty-nine years of age. She said she has had the leprosy for over five years. She contracted it in Molokai where she was the only white person. She said she was as fairly happy as any one could be under the circumstances and that there are other lepers in the pest house but she does not associate with them.

Mrs. Todd says lepers do not die directly from the disease but usually from some complication which results, usually a disease of the heart, lungs, or kidneys. It is difficult for us who are well and free from disease of any kind to understand the situation of one who has the leprosy, a disease from which there is no escape and no hope. Doubtless Mrs. Todd will take great satisfaction in reading her INGLENOOK in the pest house, so far away from where the magazine is made.

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#### A HARD LESSON.

YES, it is a hard lesson, but it is a sure one. It is that we are so readily overlooked by those of whom we expect better things. Here's something that will come into every life. Children come into the world, and in the early years of their helplessness all possible care is taken of them. They are nursed through their infantile diseases, watched with care, fed, clothed, schooled, and the parents deny themselves at every turn for the good of the boy and girl who are coming on.

Then, about the time that they might be of service, they get away from us. The boy grown to be a man takes a neighbor girl and turns his back on the old folks. The girl pledges her love to a stranger, cries a little, but all the same goes off to her new home. The old folks are left alone, often, too often, in neglect. They see it, know it, feel it, and possibly talk about it, but there is the hard fact that they are back numbers, practically useless till they have passed, and the living bury them and divide what has been saved.

Life may have its side of comedy, but as things naturally go it ends in a tragedy, unseen, unprinted in the papers, but nevertheless a tragedy. It seems to be a part, a necessary part of human life, for in the natural course of things it comes to all of us. But it is a hard lesson to the mother who hears from her children only as they reach the limit of duty. It is hard for the father who thinks of the time when they were all together. It is quiet enough now at home. And it is also hard. There must be another world where it is all evened up, and where we are all together for all time, if indeed there be time in eternity.

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#### OUR LITTLENESS.

No man is indispensable, nobody so related to his work that he cannot be replaced when he is called away from it. We often hear that such and such a man will be greatly missed, and that is often true enough, but it is a further fact that when this good man is called on to come higher, the work that he has left goes on just about the same as it did when he was conducting it. God's way always has a man to conduct it along right lines.

It is better to remember our own shortcomings, and to do what seems to be our work as well as we can, and not to think too highly of our own fitness or the excellence of the work that we are turning out. There are others, and these others will take our place, and will do our work when we are called from it, just as well as we are doing it, and what is sometimes not pleasant to think of, often better than we do it.

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IN the matter of the answers to the Bible questions, should any reader dissent, take the matter up with the one answering, not with the Editor. This is to avoid a lot of letters which properly belong to the party giving the answer to which the exception is taken.

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NEXT week the two prize essays as to the ideal brother and the ideal sister will be printed. A number came in and two have been selected as more nearly filling the requirements in the case and they will be printed, side by side, together with the names of the writers.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## GENERAL.

Two hundred Chicago school-teachers have been seeing the sights in New York.

The effort of the United States to protest against the massacre of the Jews at Kishenev has been vetoed by the Czar of Russia.

On July 14 the temperature at Hutchison, Kansas, was 104 degrees, the hottest of the year. It was almost as hot at Great Bend, Kansas.

More immigrants arrived in the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30 than in any other year in the history of the country.

As a result of a collision on the Cleveland and South-western Road between Oberlin and Elyra, Ohio, one person was killed and ninety injured.

New York State produces nearly one-half of the cheese output of the United States and last year the butter production was 59,920,270 pounds.

A Chicago professor tells what becomes of cottonseed. The most of it is made into olive oil and nearly half of it masquerades as butter and lard.

Over seventeen thousand delegates met at the Epworth League Convention in Detroit. The town is crowded and the exercises are interesting.

Two trains at Cincinnati, one backing into the station and the other pulling out, "side-swiped" three coaches, fatally injuring half a dozen people.

A set of thirteen Apostle spoons, with figures of Christ and the twelve apostles on them, was recently auctioned off at London and brought \$24,500.

Recent discoveries are expected to simplify the sending of wireless messages. The tall masts and wires now in use are expected to be rendered obsolete.

Near Anandale, a suburb station on the Ohio and Cincinnati, a division of the Pennsylvania, in Ohio, four persons were killed while walking on the track July 19.

Russia's refusal of the Jewish petition, in regard to the late massacre over there, is accepted by Secretary Hay of the United States and the incident may be regarded as closed.

Mexico, having passed some very favorable immigration laws, is getting the Chinese in thousands. Over three thousand have been landed at Guaymas during the last month.

A woman dropped a chatelaine pocketbook containing \$325 in gold into the Chicago River. A diver was sent for and he succeeded in finding it and restoring it to its owner.

At Streator, Illinois, on July 17, a cyclone passed over the northeast part of the city killing five and injuring a score of others, causing a property loss of between \$200,000 and \$500,000.

The Colorado Flyer on the Missouri Pacific was wrecked last Friday twenty-one miles south of Kansas City. The rails spread and the train left the track, all except the sleepers. A number were hurt.

At Muskegon, Michigan, last week, there was a mirage about ten o'clock in the morning which showed the city of Milwaukee resting on the placid waters of Lake Michigan. The principal buildings were readily recognized.

At LaCrosse, Wisconsin, Jean Ramstead and his hired man, both farmers, are nearly dead. They were nearly killed by a swarm of bees. Two horses were killed and the men only saved themselves by jumping into a stream.

The South is getting back at the North, referring to the lynchings, by saying burning people did not originate in the South, but in Massachusetts. It is altogether likely that wrong-doing is not confined to any geographical section.

The Canadian Government has chartered a sealing steamer to convey a scientific expedition to the Hudson Bay. The object is exploration and the enforcement of the Canadian custom laws against American whalers operating there.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has been experimenting in running fast trains. A train of eight coaches was sent over the track at ninety miles an hour. When the coaches were dropped one after another the engine and the tender made the rate of a mile at ninety-five miles an hour.

The Chicago and North-western Railroad has issued orders regulating the hot weather dress to be worn by its employes, especially the conductors and brakemen. Shirtwaists are prohibited unless covered by a vest. It may, however, be a thin one. Soft collars are also objected to.

Eight thousand Christian Endeavorers at Denver, on July 13, were thrown into a panic and nearly a score were hurt, because the big tent in which the convention was held was blown over. The sides of the tent were left open for comfort and a squall of wind lifted the tent from the poles like a balloon.

On July 21 a storm, rivaling a cyclone, struck Chicago, injuring a number of persons and doing about a half a million dollars damage. Hail fell, and it is said that over three hundred horses ran away, doing an immense amount of harm. Glass was broken, and signs blown down. Shoppers in the streets had hardly time to step within doors till the storm struck.

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#### DEAD.

James McNeil Whistler, the foremost American painter, died in England, July 17.

Forty-one deaths from lock-jaw as the result of the Fourth of July celebration have been reported in Pennsylvania. Consider the number we have never heard of!

Rev. S. Osborne, aged eighty years, of Salt River, Kentucky, dropped dead at a camp meeting. He was just completing a talk and his last words were, "We shall soon understand all these things." The coroner pronounced the trouble heart disease.

William Thacker, a white man, was taken from Flemingsburg, Kentucky, jail by a mob and lynched. It appears the people were angered by the failure to hang Thacker for killing a man two years ago. A sentence of life imprisonment worked up the public.

P. M. Arthur, the head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, dropped dead at midnight July 17, at Winnipeg, Canada, while addressing a convention of the order. He had just risen to respond to a toast and repeated these words: "It may be my parting to many of you," and fell backwards and expired in a few moments. His home is at Cleveland, Ohio, and he was born in Scotland in 1834.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, wife of the celebrated statesman, died at Augusta, Maine, July 15, of a general breakdown. She was seventy-six years old, and lived in Washington till her removal to Maine, just prior to her death. She and Mr. Blaine were both teachers in a Kentucky school when they were engaged. They were married in Pittsburg, Pa., and she leaves one son and two daughters. She was buried at Washington, D. C.

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#### THE FARM.

In order to facilitate the harvesting in Kansas and adjacent States the railroads made a rate of a cent a mile from the Missouri river.

The wheat is almost harvested in Kansas and a good crop is reported, especially in the western counties. It is reported as having been one of the best for years.

About two hundred of the attaches of Forepaugh's Circus deserted the sawdust arena and the big tent for the harvest fields of South Dakota. As a result the circus had to employ about two hundred boys to put up the tents when the show came out at Sioux City, Iowa.

Alfalfa is a wonderful plant for sending roots into the earth. A mining tunnel was excavated in Nevada and the roots were found one hundred and twenty-nine feet below the surface. It is one of these forage plants that the more it is cut and generally abused the better it gets.

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#### LABOR.

The nurses at the Milwaukee County Hospital have gone on a strike.

In Chicago the strikers of the Kellogg Switchboard Company and the police have had numerous fights in which a number of people have been hurt.

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#### PERSONAL.

Abner McKinley, the brother of President McKinley, has had a stroke of paralysis and is lying sick at his home in Somerset, Pa.

Dr. Dowie, of Chicago, has been fined \$2,000. by the courts in a libel suit of Samuel G. Piddle. Dowie in his "Leaves of Healing" charged him with being "an insane fanatic" and "a prophet of the gutter and damnation."

The stork has been at Grover Cleveland's house for the fifth time, the last visit being July 18, and now they are taking care of a baby boy. The child is the second son. There are five children altogether in the Cleveland family.

Major General Miles, of the United States Army, recently rode a distance of ninety miles from Fort Sill to Fort Reno. It appears that the law requires the retirement of army officers when they are sixty-four years old. General Miles will be of this age August 8, 1903. The ride was undertaken to show that he was still sturdy. It has been said by those who know that there is no possible way of evading the law in the case.

GEORGIANA HOKE, the INGLENOOK stenographer, has resigned her place at the Brethren Publishing House. She was an excellent helper, one who knew more about the details of the Nook work than any other person in existence. She was always courteous, never complaining, and what is more to the point, was thoroughly reliable. With "George Ann" in charge the Editor felt perfectly easy when on his long trips. Georgiana Hoke, late INGLENOOK stenographer, is all right.



### FITTING OUT A BATTLESHIP.

PREPARING a battleship to go into commission means to its commander and crew what spring cleaning does to housekeepers. The work must be done some time during the resting period of each naval vessel, and this is the only time that she ceases to be a mighty reproach to all housewives. This is the time, too, when; contrary to the customary hospitality of officers, visitors are looked upon with some disfavor. Those whose home is a great white cruiser are too proud of her appearance to want their friends and strangers to see her at so great a disadvantage as when supplies are being put aboard.

Few outside of naval circles have any idea of the work required, sometimes more than a week of it, to fit out a man of war for service or a long cruise. At the Brooklyn navy yard it is an ordinary, if not quite a daily occurrence, to see the prides of the navy under the fire of truck and barge instead of shot and shell. Each one of America's two hundred and twenty odd ships must take its turn at some outfitting station. The usual routine of ship life appears to the outsider to be turned topsy-turvy. Decks above and below are apparently given up to hopeless confusion, but in reality there are the same admirable discipline and system even about the smallest detail of putting on supplies that are so perfect on gala occasions or when under fire.

A short while ago the Kearsarge spent several days at the navy yard dock in Brooklyn preparing for a long European trip. As she made fast to the dock she seemed more than ever an ideal ship, but within twenty-four hours after the work of taking on stores her most intimate friend would not have recognized the double turreted beauty of the navy in this disheveled ship. Her decks swarmed with burdened sailors; her great white hull was flanked by trucks and cars. A steady stream of men poured up the gangplank, each one shouldering a box, a case or a bundle for future use on the other side of the world.

The decks had lost their clean polish and instead were carpeted with army beans. The ship's two forward guns, usually so trim, and both pointing outward at exactly the same angle, were no longer parallel. One drooped in a decidedly dejected manner. But this was only during outfitting operations. The crew had been divided into squads, and the first morning had been set to work soon after 8 o'clock. As car after car and truck after truck deposited their stores on the dock alongside of the ship, the sailors proceeded to carry the supplies on board and thence to the various rooms.

A hundred yards or so beyond the dock is the supply station, and close by that the clothing factory. At one of these depots every article of clothing worn by United States sailors is manufactured, while from the

other nine-tenths of all that he eats is sent out. No matter how far from home a ship may be, her commander knows that all he has to do, when the stock of clothes and food runs low, is to send word to headquarters regarding these conditions, and reinforcements will be forwarded to the nearest station at which his ship will stop. The naval clothing factory, which is in charge of Pay Inspector Eustace B. Rogers, is one of the most interesting features of the Brooklyn navy yard. The long, narrow, red brick building stands close to the dock. Its upper floor is devoted to the manufacture of wearing apparel, while the lower part offers, principally, store rooms for provisions. In one corner, or end, is constructed the huge coffee machine that grinds practically all the coffee drunk by the thousands of sailors in the service.

Several men are kept constantly at work here feeding the grinder and packing the fragrant grains in large tin cans, which are carefully sealed and soldered for the long voyage in store for them. There are boxes of beans and rice, cases of all kinds of tinned goods, all the necessities of life as well as a few luxuries, such as chests of plug tobacco, ranged in great rows ready to be put on the line of cars for shipment.

Above the supply department, where blouses and trousers are turned out by the hundreds, a corps of men are employed day after day cutting out garments in blue cloth and white English drill. The men do the cutting, but the sewing is mostly done by women, except in the case of overcoat making, which the officer in charge says, is too heavy work for feminine hands. Several long tables are arranged down the center of the factory building, and on these layers of cloth are laid, as many as forty, one upon the other. Then with the stiff pattern the outline is chalked out and an electric cutting machine is carefully run around the marks. In a remarkably short time forty pairs of trousers, forty overcoats or natty white blouses are cut as neatly as with a die, and are ready to be given out to the seamstresses.

When the completed garments are returned to the factory they are examined, and if perfect are passed on to the packing department. Twenty pairs of trousers, thirty blouses or any number of garments that will make a pile of a certain size, are neatly folded and laid one on top of another. They are temporarily roped before being placed under a hydraulic press, which reduces the size of the bundle to about one-half. While still under this pressure the pile of garments is folded in a square of burlap and tarpaulin, the edges are firmly sewn together and then made perfectly waterproof.

When being fitted out for a long cruise these stores are quite as important and necessary as ammunition and provisions, though the process of loading may not be so picturesque and characteristic as taking aboard

businesslike shells. Shells are brought to the navy yard from the arsenal down the bay on a lighter, which is towed to the side of the battleship. Though the deadly cargo may not appear very large, it is an extremely heavy one and requires considerable time to put aboard.

In the case of the Kearsarge, eight or ten sailors were detailed to work on the lighter, while as many more were stationed on the after deck of the battleship to receive the shells and pass them on the journey to their resting place in times of peace, far below decks. The shells were laid in rows of two or three deep, and each destructive piece of steel was encircled at tip and base with a single coil of rope, which was put on to prevent rolling. The first work consisted of chopping these bits of rope away, and then one at a time the 13-inch projectiles were rolled into a strong rope net and swung, by means of a derrick, to the deck of the ship. A dozen pairs of hands were raised aloft as the 11,000 pound shell shot into the air, poised over the heads of the men, and then swung over the side of the ship, where as many more hands waited to guide the heavy missile to a part of the deck protected from possible scars by a thick sheepskin rug. Inch boards laid close together on the polished deck floor also helped to keep it from being damaged.

As though taking a little rest before its final plunge into the depths of the ship, the shell was permitted to remain a short time on the skin rugs—then it was slowly raised, point up, directly over the circular deck opening, about twice its circumference, and at a signal from the boatswain, it disappeared from sight. Down below men were stationed on each deck at the opening where the shells were passing to lend a hand in guiding them on an uninterrupted passage to the ship's arsenal, where they were carefully laid in their proper rack. Smaller shells are sent aboard four at a time after the same manner as the larger ones, but when they are lowered to their own particular deck each one is laid on a car or sort of carriage that conveys it to its place in the department set aside for projectiles of this kind.

While this work is going on, on the after deck, men forward are putting anchors and chains in perfect condition; others are unloading trucks and storing away boxes and crates under the watchful eye of a superior. Guns are righted and every department put in perfect order. Then, when the last of the stores are tucked away, the decks are holy-stoned until they have regained their pristine freshness and brilliance, metal is polished and wood scoured, clean uniforms are donned and, with the same feeling that the conscientious housewife has when her annual period of getting to rights is over, the gleaming white ship slides away from the dock and puts to sea for whatever port fate may be sending her.

## MUCH LABOR IS INVOLVED.

DR. J. A. H. MURRAY, editor of the "New English Dictionary," told his hearers a great many interesting things about dictionaries in the course of a recent lecture at the Royal institution. The word *dictionary*, he said, appeared first in 1225 and though "dictionary" was used in its modern sense in 1542 it had not then ousted either the more correct word "vocabulary" or the fanciful titles which early compilers liked to employ. The contents of the earliest dictionaries were not arranged in alphabetical order, but under subject headings; it is only since the end of the sixteenth century that the alphabetical arrangement has become universal in Europe—an arrangement which is responsible for the wrongful application of the title "dictionary" to any work treating of subjects—e. g., cabinet-making or national biography—in alphabetical order. A dictionary is properly a book about words.

The average person seems somehow to think of dictionaries as the invention of Dr. Johnson and an altogether modern product. Dr. Murray corrected that idea. They were not the work of one or of several men, he told his audience, but a growth developed through the ages. They began with the glosses—that is, the explanations in easy Latin or English—of hard Latin words, written by the monks between the lines of the manuscripts. The glosses grew into translations and collections of glosses by this monk or that from all the sources available to him made glossaries or dictionaries. Little by little English supplanted the easy Latin explanations and the words were arranged in a rudimentary alphabetical order, thus forming, so long ago as 1,000 A. D., Latin-English dictionaries.

The first book with the title of "An English Dictionary" was published in 1623. These works were mainly compiled for the use of "women and other unskilled persons." In the year 1721 appeared the first attempt at a complete dictionary of the English language, remarkable also for the introduction of the etymological treatment of words—that of Nathaniel Bailey. His folio edition, published in 1730, was the working basis of Dr. Johnson's dictionary. In the reign of Anne an age of rest and subsidence from troubles—when the language had reached maturity, the demand arose for a standard dictionary which should fix forever (a childlike and pathetic aim) the correct usage. Pope interested himself in the plan. It fell to Johnson to execute it, at a cost of time, labor and money that far exceeded the original calculations of himself or his syndicate of book-sellers. The specially new feature of the work was the quotations, all gathered by Johnson himself and copied by six assistants. They were printed without verifications or reference and the proofs were not carefully read, hence many curious errors.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.



### THE DEATH OF THE POPE.

AT 4:04 o'clock, Monday afternoon, July 20, Pope Leo XIII died at Rome. He was ninety-four years old, and a man of wonderful vitality, physically. He served his church for more than a quarter of a century.

In many ways Pope Leo was a remarkable man. He was at the head of the oldest church in the world, filling a place far and away ahead of the princes and kings of the earth, and added thereto was the fact that he was a good man, meaning well to the entire world, as well as to the large numbers of his own faith. He was a scholar, one of the kind that reads the classics in old age for the very pleasure they give, and he was, himself, a writer of no mean parts.

The position of a Pope is one of the greatest in the world. A king may be born to his place, and he may be a fool or not, as the case may be, but not so with a Pope. He must have attained distinction and shown ability prior to his elevation to his responsible place. The democratic method of his election is a guarantee, to a large degree, of special fitness. The reign of Pope Leo will go down into history as one of wisdom and vast ability. Moreover his charity was broad enough to cover all mankind, and though he had to die, as every Nooker must, yet his life was such as to give him vast power, and he exercised it for the good of all people in a way that will make him a hard man to follow.

Nobody knows who is to be his successor, but whoever it is, let us hope that the same wisdom, charity and tact, may be his.

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### THE LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII.

BORN at Carpineto March 2, 1810.

Entered college at Rome 1824.

Matriculated at Gregorian University, 1830.

Entered college of Noble Ecclesiastics, 1832.

Appointed domestic prelate by Gregory XVI, 1837.

Referendary to Court of Segnatura March 16, 1837.

Order of priesthood conferred December 31, 1837.

Apostolic delegate at Benevento, 1837-1841.

Governor of Spoleto, 1841-1843.

Papal nuncio at Brussels; 1843-1845.

Made Archbishop of Perugia, 1846.

Created Cardinal December 19, 1853.

Made Cardinal Camerlengo July, 1877.

Elected Pope February 20, 1878.

Revived Roman Catholic hierarchy in Scotland March 4, 1878.

Encyclical, condemning communism, socialism and nihilism, December 28, 1878.

Encyclical against heresy and socialism November 5, 1882.

Recognized unity of Italy October 7, 1883.

Encyclical condemning liberalism November 6, 1885.

Celebrated golden jubilee, 1887.

Celebrated grand jubilee, 1888.

Encyclical on socialism and labor May 10, 1891.

Celebrated Episcopal jubilee February, 1893.

Issued appeal to England for reunion of Christendom April 14, 1894.

Celebrated sixtieth anniversary of his first mass February 13, 1898.

Declared 1900 a year of universal jubilee May, 1899.

Held consistory and created eleven new Cardinals June 19, 1899.

Celebrated nineteenth birthday March 2, 1900.

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### THE ONLY ENGLISH POPE.

ADRIAN IV was the only Englishman ever elected Pope. He had a most singular name—Nicholas Brake-spere. He is said to have left England as a beggar, and to have become a servant or lay brother in a monastery near Avignon, in France, where he studied with such diligence that in 1137, at the age of 37, he was elected abbot. Pope Eugenius III, that brilliant ascetic, soon discovered his merits and made him a cardinal bishop. In 1154 he was elected Pope against his own inclination and received the formal congratulations of Henry II. It was Adrian IV who forced Frederick I of Germany to hold his stirrup while he mounted his horse, though it took two days to make the Emperor yield the desired homage. It is said that Frederick prostrated himself before the Pope, kissed his foot and held his stirrup and led the white palfrey on which the Pope rode.

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### NAMES OF THE POPES.

THERE have been 258 Roman pontiffs. Some remarkable names are to be found among them. Leo XIII was Gioacchino (Joachim) Pecci. Pius II was Eneas Silvius Piccolomini. Innocent X was John Baptist Panfili; Innocent XII Antonio Pignatelli; Clement XII, Charles Rezzonico, a Venetian; Leo XII, Annibale della Genga; Pius IX, Giovanna (John) Maria (Mary) Mastaiferretti; Gregory XIV, Sfrondrate; Clement V, Bertrand de Got; Eugenius IV, Gabriel Condolmera; Calixtus III, Alfonso Borgia; Julius II, Julian della Rovere; Julius III, Giovanni M. Gicchi; Paul IV, John Peter Caraffa; Clement VIII, Hippolito Aldobrandini; Paul V, Camille Borghese; Pius VI, Barabo Chiaramonti; Pius VIII, Francis Xavier Castiglioni.

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THERE is no music in a "rest" that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life-melody, always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too.—*Ruskin*.

### POPE LEO'S CHARACTER IN SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

He never tolerated gossip.

He countenanced labor unions.

He was an expert chess player.

He called himself "the little old man."

He was a reverential admirer of nature.

He was a diligent reader of newspapers.

Dante and Virgil were his favorite poets.

His favorite relaxation was writing poetry.

He kept his private account with the Bank of England.

His brother, Cardinal Joseph, lived to the age of 84.

He was the owner and landlord of a dwelling in Paris.

His table expenses did not exceed 20 cents a day.

He wrote better Latin than any other living writer in the Church of Rome.

He never recognized the Italian King as anything more than the King of Sardinia.

His private safe was in his own apartment. He carried the key himself.

So regular were his habits that his servants could tell by glancing at the clock what he was doing at that moment.

He never forgot a face and remembered every Catholic who ever did the church a service.

He was a habitual snuff user, the tobacco being prepared in Baltimore especially for him.

It is said that his attendant used to pick him up and carry him about the Vatican as if he were a child.

In the Vatican he had a fixed rule for the dress of all inmates to be worn at every hour of the day.

He required park laborers and gardeners to be at their post as early as 4:30 in the morning.

His voice, while neither deep nor full, was clear and ringing, with a wonderful carrying power.

It is estimated that during his pontificate he amassed a fortune of \$20,000,000, half of which was in gifts of gold, silver and precious stones.

Patiently and without apparent prejudice, he examined the doctrines of the Socialists.

His handwriting was as beautiful and as legible as print, which it resembled more nearly than script.

He was economical, almost parsimonious, in his personal expenditures, but prodigal in founding schools and missions.

Paul Kruger is said to have presented the Pope with the largest diamond in the world, valued at \$4,000,000.

Throughout his career he cordially welcomed every improvement and invention, from the railroad to the automobile.

In his youth he acquired a practical knowledge of

vine culture, and put it to good use in the Vatican vineyard.

On fine summer days he spent nearly all his time in the Vatican garden, transacting business and granting audiences in the pavilion.

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### THE VATICAN.

THE Vatican consists of a collection of buildings erected at various times and for different purposes, the whole constituting the papal residence, a library and a museum. The length of the palace is 1151 feet, nearly five of our city blocks. Its breadth is 767 feet. It has eight grand staircases, twenty courts and over 11,000 apartments of different sizes. The quarters inhabited by the Pope are never seen except by those who are admitted to a special audience. The library is the oldest and most celebrated in Europe, containing 40,000 books and 25,000 manuscripts. Neither books nor manuscripts are to be seen; they are inclosed in sealed cabinets. The museum contains 10,000 pieces of statuary, yet so ample are its proportions that there is no crowding. Here are several of the noblest paintings of the old masters, among them "The Jewel of the Vatican," the finest picture in the world. It is "The Transfiguration," by Raphael. Mr. Morgan would give \$5,000,000 for it.

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### ICE-MAKING TO ORDER.

A STOUT framework is built, upon which loose poles are laid and a three-quarter inch or inch pipe is erected in the center of the framework. This pipe should project about a foot above the top of the frame, and should be coupled with a lawn sprinkler which revolves when the water is turned on. The water is thus distributed all over the area of the frame, and dripping from the poles soon forms long icicles. When these are large enough, the water is turned off, the icicles knocked down and the ice shoveled into the icehouse.

This frame work may be built directly over the ice house, or situated on an elevation near it, so that the ice may be shoveled on to an inclined trough placed between the bottom of the frame and the ice house.

This is a common plan in Switzerland when pure ice is not to be had near by. One of the large Canadian creameries has tried the method and finds it satisfactory and that not much labor is required.

\* \* \*

THE twenty-third psalm is the nightingale of psalms. It is small, of a homely feather, singing shyly out of obscurity; but oh! it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy greater than the heart can conceive! Blessed be the day on which that psalm was born!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*



## NEW CONSUMPTION TREATMENT.

FOR many years the white terror has been the means of carrying off its legions. Since it has been well established that consumption is not only an inheritable disease but is also, in a certain way, an infectious one, medical science has endeavored to discover some means whereby the ravages of the disease might be stayed. A great deal has been learned about it, but there is still much to learn. Several things may be regarded as settled. One is that there is little in medicine, pure and simple, that is of value in consumption and that there is a great deal in getting next to Nature and living as much in the open air as possible. The most recent discoveries lead to the belief that in getting close to the mother earth comes as near being a specific as anything yet known.

It does not appear that one part of the country is greatly superior to another. Fresh, pure air, is the thing. An absence of moisture in the air and good food are the two requirements in the new form of treatment, and it makes but little difference whether the patient is in Maine or in California.

Consumptive patients, to try the new cure, should go out in the country and live out of doors. If a house at all is used it should be of the nature of a hunter's camp with at least one side wide open to the elements. Here, with ample clothing to protect the patient from the weather, and so that he can keep himself warm, let him bundle up and lie upon the ground, drinking in the pure, fresh air day and night at every breath.

Doubtless many people would think that this would prove their death. On the other hand the facts will show that in a majority of the cases a cure is effected. If, added to this open air life, is good, plain, substantial food, the cure is as certain as it can be made.

Nothing is truer than that people who in past years traveled across the continent in wagons, and who for one cause or another were left en route on the plains, in every instance recovered their health if they were afflicted with this disease. The Nookman knows of one old man who, in crossing the plains, many years ago, was abandoned to die at his own request. He was on the road used by the emigrants and did not suffer for food. Left out in the open air, and roughing it generally, his lungs healed, and as far as known he is living to-day. So we would advise any unfortunate suffering from pulmonary disease to take no medicine but to go into a dry country and live in the open air, keeping warm, eating plain, substantial food, and if anything will cure him that will. All the California people get in the way of climate is a dry, bracing, atmosphere, and that may be had in many other sec-

tions of the country. The pure air of the open desert, together with freedom from care, is just as good a place as can be found anywhere for the man with bright eyes and hectic cheeks, coughing his life away. It is worth the trial and can do no harm.

\* \* \*

## TRAINING HOUSEWIVES.

BELGIAN authorities recognize the fact that one of the best qualifications for a wife is the ability to manage a well-ordered home, and have undertaken to supplement home training in housewifery by the establishment of classes in both the primary and secondary schools, where the whole system of housekeeping is taught, beginning with the smallest children and continuing until the girls are graduated.

One of the largest of these classes is held in the basement of a Brussels house. One room is set apart for lecture purposes, and in it lectures are given on domestic economy, nursing, care of children and invalids, and hygiene. Another room is furnished as a kitchen, and the cooking utensils are precisely such as would be found in the cottage of any respectable workingman. On the wall are odd-looking pictures of joints of meat, with price attached, and notes stating whether it would be most economical to roast, boil stew, or fry in each case.

Members of the class take turn in cooking the dinner every day. They are made to go through the form of purchasing all materials for the meal, which must cost under two shillings, and must be sufficient for six persons. Both judgment and economical management are required to feed six persons at a cost of two shillings, but it is stated that the girls turn out very fair meals, each dish being well made in every way.

The girls go through a regular course in the laundry as well as in the kitchen, and order everywhere is especially insisted upon. Two hours a week are given to instruction in making dresses, darning stockings, and all kinds of needle-work. Lessons on how to take care of children are also given. They are taught in other classes how to bind up wounds, dress burns, and treat the simple kinds of ailments. The result of this is that when a Brussels maiden marries she is more likely to be a success as a wife than any other girl in Europe.

\* \* \*

## DYNAMITE EASY TO GET.

DYNAMITE, the synonym of all that is dangerous and deadly, can be purchased in almost unlimited quantities by any one who wants it and has the money to pay for it. It is a commercial commodity, with no law over it to restrict or control its sale. The powder makers have it in crates all ready for shipment to any place at any time.

A local dealer in high explosives, speaking of the facility with which dynamite can be had, said:

"A total stranger could go into any powder company in this city and buy all the dynamite he had money to pay for, and not a question would be asked as to what use the explosive was to be put. A leader of a band of anarchists could come in here as a stranger and buy all the dynamite he wanted for a year to come, and he would have no questions to answer.

"A case is the smallest quantity sold. A case weighs fifty pounds, contains one hundred cartridges, and costs in the neighborhood of ten dollars.

so much harmless wax, to be ground up under the wheels of heavy trucks, and to be exploded with frightful havoc by the soft cushion tire of a bicycle."

\* \* \*

#### HIS REASONS.

JAMES J. HILL of the Great Northern railroad is cruising along the Canadian coast in his steam yacht, accompanied by a party of friends. A new story of this famous millionaire tells how he was "set back" by W. P. Clough, general counsel of the Great Northern system. Every time Mr. Hill called at the lawyer's



IN THE EGYPTIAN ROOM, CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

"Ever see a cartridge of dynamite? You might take it for the most harmless roll of tallow ever used for greasing a wagon wheel. A cartridge consists of a cylinder of paraffin paper about seven inches long and from one to one and a quarter inches in diameter. The ends of the cylinder are folded shut like the ends of a Cuban cigaret. Inside this harmless looking package the dynamite is packed. The explosive looks like cornmeal, or sawdust soaked in yellow oil.

"Perhaps nothing is more uncertain in the line of accidents than dynamite. You might drop a cartridge out of your hand and it would explode and tear your body to atoms. Another cartridge taken of the same case might be hurled down from the top of the Masonic temple and would land on the asphalt like

office he would find that gentleman reading a French novel. Convinced that this was not as it should be, he finally said: "Do you think I pay you \$20,000 a year to read French novels?" The lawyer replied: "No, you pay me to keep the Great Northern out of legal trouble. I am doing so, am I not?" Hill was obliged to answer in the affirmative. "Well, if I can keep your railroad out of trouble and find time to read French novels, too, I must be a pretty good man, don't you think?" Mr. Clough continued to read his favorite literature and the magnate had no more comment to make.

\* \* \*

SHALL I not call God the beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts?—Emerson.



## A CARDINAL'S HAT.

THE cardinal's red hat is perhaps the most expensive sort of headgear. The fees, presents, etc., which a new cardinal has to pay are even heavier than those in which English peers are mulcted on entering the house of lords.

Immediately after the secret consistory, in which the pope announces the names of the new cardinals, an employe of the apostolic chancery is dispatched to the residence of those who live in Rome, and on presenting the brief of nomination he receives a gift of \$100.

Another fee of \$60 has to be paid for the first time the new cardinal crosses the bridge of St. Angelo in his carriage to thank the pope for his elevation to the purple.

Perhaps the least agreeable of all these fees is one of \$600 which every new cardinal has to pay to the Vatican administration as a deposit to cover the expenses of his funeral.

When Cardinal Ledochowski, prefect of the propaganda, died last July, he had not paid that fee, which he considered arbitrary and unjust, so his heirs had to pay the money to avoid a conflict with the Vatican.

It has been calculated that on an average a cardinal's hat costs \$20,000. This includes the expense of a new carriage and pair, for the equipage of a cardinal is always drawn by two handsome black horses with flowing manes and tails; besides new liveries, a larger establishment, etc. A cardinal known for his stinginess, however, succeeded in doing everything "on the cheap" for \$16,000. Another prelate, whose private means were very limited, on being raised to the purple went straight to the pope and told him frankly that unless he advanced him \$20,000 he would have to decline the great honor conferred on him.

Leo XIII laughed good-humoredly and at once consented, as the cardinal in this case was "di curia"; that is, resident in Rome, and therefore entitled to a yearly income of \$12,000.

Many wealthy aspirants to the purple, in order to improve their chances, indirectly let the pope know that if made cardinal they would willingly forfeit their emoluments in favor of Peter's pence. This is a powerful argument, against which Leo XIII was seldom proof. The four newly-elected Italian cardinals are all "di curia," and therefore will cost the Vatican exchequer \$48,000 a year.

\* \* \*

## THE WEIGHT OF GOLD.

"THE weight of money is very deceptive," says an employe of the subtreasury. "For instance: A young man came in here one day with a young woman. I was showing them through the department and happened to ask him jokingly if he thought the girl was worth her weight in gold. He assured me that he certainly did think so, and after learning that her weight

was 106 pounds we figured that she would be worth in gold coin \$28,647. The young man was fond enough of her to think that was rather cheap.

"Another thing that deceives many people," he continued, "is the weight of paper money. Now, how many one dollar bills do you think it would take to weigh as much as a five-dollar gold piece?"

On a guess the writer said fifty, and the clerk laughed.

"I have heard guesses on that," he said, "all the way from fifty to five hundred, and from men who have handled money for years. The fact of the matter is that with a five-dollar gold piece in one scale you would have to put only six and one-half bills in the other to balance it."

The question afterward was put to several friends of the writer and elicited answers ranging all the way from twenty to 1,000, the majority guessing from 200 to 500.

Taking the weights of gold coins and bills given at the subtreasury, it was figured that a five-dollar gold piece weighs .296 of an ounce, avoirdupois. The employe of the treasury who handled the paper money said that 100 bills weigh four and one-half ounces. That would make one bill weigh .045 of an ounce, and between six and seven bills would balance the gold piece.

On the proposition of how much money one can lift, figures were obtained at the subtreasury, where certain numbers of coins were placed in bags and weighed as standards. For example, the standard amount for gold coin is \$5,000, which weighs eighteen and one-half pounds. Five hundred silver dollars weigh thirty-five and one-half pounds, while two hundred dollars in halves, or four hundred coins, weigh eleven pounds.

Two hundred pounds of coin money of various kinds is made up as follows: Silver dollars, \$2,617; half dollars, \$3,636; quarter-dollars, \$3,657; dimes, 3,615.80; nickels, \$917; pennies, \$295.61.

In one-dollar bills the same weight would amount to \$71,111.

\* \* \*

TEN years ago cents were little used in California and the south, and were practically unknown in Nevada, Wyoming, and Arizona, but to-day they circulate everywhere for the benefit of the slot machines.

\* \* \*

IT is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity.—*Ruskin*.

\* \* \*

NEARLY all the safety matches which are safe against friction on sandpaper, stone, wood, or brick ignite readily from a quick rub on glass.

# Aunt Barbara's Page

## PAPA'S MISTAKE.

Papa distinctly said, the other day,  
That in the night, when I'm asleep so sound,  
The earth keeps turning over all the time,  
And every morning it's been half way round.

I thought how grand to see the big round world  
Go turning past this window in the hall,  
And here I'm up at four o'clock to watch,  
And there is nothing going by at all.

I thought that deserts, palm trees and giraffes  
Might just be passing by the time I came;  
And now, instead of all those lovely things,  
Here's this old yellow rose bush just the same.  
—Century Magazine.

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## A BAD MIX-UP.

EVERY line in what follows is correct as far as the line goes. But the lines have been mixed. What Nooker under twelve can straighten out the story? The names will be printed.

### The Crows.

as snow." The moral of this story is that every crow with a gun going by. "Where are you going?" said all white as snow." The man promised, and on he thinks her own children white as white can be. I went. That evening he returned the same way, and

An old crow, sitting on a fence post, noticed a man wonder if that is true! What do you think about it? he had a string of crows as long as himself dangling from others?" "You can tell them by their being a white one among them," replied the man. "Oh, crow said. "And how shall I know your children crows," the man replied. "Oh, see that you take down his back. "Oh, oh," said the old mother crow, the mother crow. "I am going out hunting for good care not to shoot any of my children," the old yes they are, every one of mine, and they are as white "you have shot all my children!" "But there isn't

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## FINLAND BOYS' BATH.

WHEN the boys of Finland want to take a bath this is the way they do it:

In the first place, it is very, very cold in Finland—and the bathroom is not in the house at all, but is a building quite separate.

It is a round building, about the size of an ordinary room. There are no windows, so light and air can only come in when the door is open.

Inside benches are built all along the wall and in the center is a great pile of loose stones. Early on Sat-

urday morning wood is brought in and a great vessel standing near the stones is filled with water.

Then someone cuts ever so many birch switches and these are placed on the floor of the bathhouse. Next the fire is made under the stones and it burns all morning. In the afternoon, when the stones are very hot, the fire is put out, the place is swept clean and all is ready.

The boys undress in their homes and run to the bathhouse. As it is generally thirty degrees below zero, you may be sure they do it in double quick time.

As soon as they are in the bathhouse they shut the door tight and begin to throw water on the hot stones. This, of course, makes the steam rise.

And now comes the part that I think you American boys would not like at all. Each boy takes a birch switch and falls to whipping his companions. This is to make the blood circulate and though it is real hard whipping no one objects, but all think it great fun. At last, looking like a lot of boiled lobsters, they all rush out, have a roll in the snow and make for home.

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## A WONDERFUL POODLE.

MOREAU was a French poodle who would have performed tricks if any pains had been taken with his education, but Farmer Bradley and his wife were too busy for that. He was taught to drive the cows to pasture and to bring them home at night. A gate was constructed at the end of the lane in such a manner that it swung both ways. So, when the farmer said:

"Moreau, it is time to get the cows," he started without a word and ran down the lane. If the cows were waiting, he would push the gate open and hold it open with his paws for them to go through. But, if they had not come, he would go around the pasture and get them together, drive them up and open the gate the other way. This he did every night and morning.

The next thing he learned to do was to churn. A little harness was fitted to him, a band slipped over a level wheel and fastened to the big churn, a little platform for Moreau to walk steadily on and on, the crank of the churn turned by the motion, till the butter was there, yellow as gold. Moreau was then unharnessed and received his reward in the form of a drink of buttermilk. Then he would run and play in the sunshine or sleep in the shade till it was time to bring the cows home.—*New York Mail and Express*.



## The Q. & A. Department.

14. Who invented the versification of the books of the Bible?

Robert Stephens introduced the division of the New Testament in verses in 1551.—*Samuel A. Mohler, Falls City, Nebraska.*

15. What nationality of soldiers crucified Christ?

Roman soldiers.—*Dessie Kreps, Independence, Oregon.*

NOTE.—This question has been invariably misunderstood. Roman soldiers crucified Christ, but they are thought to have been Roman levies from Westphalia. If this is true they were Westphalians by nationality.—*ED.*

16. Why was Christ baptized, and what for?

To fulfill all righteousness and give us an example.—*U. T. Forney, Hyland, N. Dak.*

17. Does the Mohammedan believe in Christ and the Testament?

They believe in Christ as a common prophet, and in a sense believe in the New Testament.—*H. A. Hoffert, Carleton, Nebraska.*

18. From what organization did the Jews indirectly gain control of the money market originally?

I suppose this refers to the Rothschilds—Myer Anselm Rothschild was employed by the Senate of Frankfurt on the Main to raise a loan to save the city from pillage. He attained the loan from the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. The Landgrave became very wealthy. Napoleon after the battle of Jena pronounced the forfeiture of Landgrave's estate. He sent an army to the Landgrave's capital to seize about a million pounds of sterling that he had accumulated. The Landgrave offered the free use of this money without interest to Rothschild if he would convey it to a place of safety. This he succeeded in doing. The successful use of this money put the Rothschilds finally in control of the money market of the world.—*Samuel A. Mohler, Falls City, Nebraska.*

19. What is the first recorded instance of individual property holding?

Gen. 23. A burial ground.—*D. J. Wampler, Union City, Indiana.*

20. In what language was the first Bible printed?

Latin.—*Noah Horning, Frederick, South Dakota.*

21. Why is Jesus spoken of in the Gospels as "The Christ"?

Because Christ means the Savior of men.—*Clara Steffy, Staunton, Va.*

22. When do most scholars agree that Christ was born? Four years earlier than the year from which we count.—*Samuel A. Mohler, Falls City, Nebraska.*

23. How many languages did Christ speak?

Aramaic, Hebrew and Greek.—*Ida Wagner Hoff, North Manchester, Indiana.*

24. How old was Jesus when he legally received his name?

He was eight days old.—*Clara Steffy, Staunton, Va.*

25. What part of the original Jerusalem may yet be seen?

Temple Hill, remains of walls, several pools, etc.—*Ida Wagner Hoff, North Manchester, Indiana.*

26. What is a Targum?

A translation or paraphrase of the Sacred Scripture in the Chaldaic language or dialect.—*Anna Lesh, Gashen, Ohio.*

27. What was the nature of the argument the Jews used to convict Jesus before Pilate, that is, was it religious, social, or otherwise?

The one in Matt. 26:61 is evidently religious. The one in verse 63 was also religious and considered by them as blasphemy. The one in Luke 23:1-2 is evidently social.—*Ida Wagner Hoff, North Manchester, Indiana.*

28. Why did the early Christians take to the catacombs? Why were they not hunted out?

In order to worship God without persecution, and they were not hunted out because of the Romans' hatred or dislike for anything dead.—*Rebecca Foutz, Waynesboro, Pa.*

29. How is it known that Christ was a carpenter?

Because he worked under Joseph who was a carpenter.—*M. A. Lichtenwalter, Neutral, Kansas.*

30. What sect acknowledges part of the Apocrypha canonical?

The Catholics.—*Ida W. Hoff, North Manchester, Indiana.*

31. Was Christ's idea to reform Judaism, or to found a new organization?

If they would receive him he would reform Judaism, if not, then a new organization.—*U. T. Forney, Hyland, N. D.*

32. What rule governs the naming of Jewish children?

They are named after some of their kin.—*H. A. Hoffert, Carleton, Nebraska.*

(To Be Concluded.)

## The Home



## Department

### WATERMELON PRESERVE.

CUT the rind in small pieces, trim the upper edge evenly and tear off the outer skin. Then put in a stone jar, and to every five pounds add a half-cup of salt. Cover with cold water and let stand for five hours; then drain, and again cover with fresh, cold water. Soak for three hours, changing the water three times during that period. Dissolve a teaspoonful of powdered alum in two quarts of boiling water, bring to the boiling point and pour over the rind, allowing this quantity for every five pounds of fruit. Let stand for a moment, then drain. Make a syrup by boiling together two and a half pounds of granulated sugar and one quart and one pint of water for each five pounds; boil and skim thoroughly. When perfectly clear, drop in the watermelon rind and simmer gently until you can pierce it with a straw. When tender take the pieces out carefully with a skimmer and arrange them on large platters and stand in the sun until firm, which will usually require from one to two hours. For each quantity of syrup allow two lemons and one small piece of ginger root. Peel the yellow rind from one lemon, extract the juice of both, and cut the ginger root into thin slices. Then add to the syrup and boil gently for ten minutes. When the watermelon rind has hardened pack it in the jars. Bring the syrup to a boil and strain it over the rind, filling each jar. Seal and store in a cool place.

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### SWEET POTATO PUDDING.

WHEN baked sweet potatoes have been left over, an excellent way to use them is in a sweet-potato pudding. Mash the potatoes—half a pint or one cupful—smooth with a silver fork. Stir with it the beaten yolks of three eggs, one cupful of sugar, a half-cupful of molasses, a pinch of salt, a little grated orange peel, and milk enough to make a stiff batter. Bake, stirring in the first crust that forms.

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### CREAMED CABBAGE.

CUT each head into quarters; with a sharp knife cut away the hard central stem, then place in cold, slightly salted water for an hour. Have ready a large kettle full of rapidly-boiling water, add one table-

spoonful of salt. Drain and cut each quarter into five or six pieces and drop into the boiling water. Cover only long enough for the water to boil as before, then uncover and boil rapidly for from twenty-five to thirty minutes. Drain and press out every drop of water. Put it into a clean saucepan, pour over and mix with it a white sauce and stand over a slow fire for five minutes before serving.

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### SUGAR COOKIES.

BY TENNIE BOWMAN.

TAKE three cups of brown sugar, three large eggs,—beat whites and yolks separately,—add one-half cup of butter or lard, one cup of sweet cream, six heaping cups of flour, four rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted in the flour, one teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of ginger, or any flavoring preferred. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven. Just before baking sprinkle with sugar.

*Jonesboro, Tenn.*

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### APPLE TOAST.

TOAST thin slices of stale bread and spread with butter. Take as many apples as you desire in quantity, cut in thin slices and stew in saucepan as quickly as possible. Sweeten, mash fine and flavor with nutmeg. While toast and sauce are hot, spread the sauce on the toast and serve.

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### A NEW CUSTARD.

AN original way of making a custard is to mix the eggs, sugar, and scalded milk in a glass fruit jar. Seal the jar as tightly as possible, and place in a kettle of warm water. The water is allowed to come to a boil slowly, and the custard cooks until it sets. This is vouched for by a cook of reputation.

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### GLAZED SWEET POTATOES.

HALVE cold boiled potatoes; lay in a buttered tin; sift a little sugar over, lay bits of butter on top, and brown in the oven, basting often.



## LITERARY.

*Everybody's Magazine* for August is before us, and it contains an unusually good lot of reading. This magazine has changed hands recently, and has been considerably bettered in the character of its contents. For a good readable ten-cent magazine we know nothing better than *Everybody's*. The leading article in the August number is "Pope Leo's Successor," and goes over the possible successors to the Pope in a very interesting way, and it is said that the author has an intimate knowledge of the ground possessed by no other living writer. *Everybody's* is a cleanly magazine and a good one. Ten cents at any book store.

\* \* \*

## DIAMOND TEETH FOR SAWS.

PROBABLY the most expensive saws in use anywhere in the world are those in the factories of Pennsylvania where various articles are manufactured of slate. In one of those factories there are three hundred horizontal saws, twelve feet in length, each of which is furnished with seventy-five cutting diamonds, each saw being worth \$5,000. There are also in the factory jigsaws, a circular saw, planers and other slate-working machinery in which there are valuable diamonds.

The slate land which furnishes the material for these costly saws to work upon, was once so little valued that the tract upon which the famous Chapman quarry in Pennsylvania is situated was once sold for a pint of whiskey. Its subsequent owners have taken millions of dollars from the land.

The most valuable slate deposits in the world are found in the central and eastern parts of Pennsylvania. In the neighborhood of the Pennsylvania quarries there are houses whose walls are entirely of slate. The blocks of which they are made are smoothly sawed and are certainly most substantial.

Slate is put to a variety of uses nowadays, out of it being made floors, stairways, sidewalks, bath tubs, man- gers, posts, mantel pieces, blackboards, door and window sills and many other things.

When the slate is blasted in the quarries the rough slabs are taken to the shanties of the "splitters." The stone forms naturally in layers and the "splitter," following the grain or "ribbon" with his large chisel, separates the blocks into strips. Then these strips are passed through a trimming machine, where by the blows of a heavy knife they are cut into rectangular "shingles." Afterward they are piled up into "squares," ready to be used for roofing purposes.

When slate is cut up for use in other ways the procedure differs. The huge, horizontal saw, with its scores of diamonds, in the factory is called into play; it is lowered upon one of the blocks of slate by a ratchet at the rate of a quarter of an inch a minute.

The saw would cut through iron or steel at the same rate. The workmen play a stream of water upon the slate to keep it cool and wash the dust from the cut. After the sawing the block is planed by being moved back and forth by machinery under a firmly-fixed chisel. It is afterward polished much as marble and granite are, by means of a rapidly-revolving disk called a rubbing bed, which is kept covered with a fine sprinkling of fine sand saturated with water. Then the slate is bored by means of diamond-pointed drills.

The value of the slate quarries runs into the millions.

\* \* \*

## NEED A MOURNING STAMP.

THE post office department is constantly in receipt of requests for the issue of a mourning stamp for use on black-edged stationery. Persons in all grades of life assert that there is no harmony or appropriateness in an envelope with a black edge and a red stamp in the corner and they beg the department to issue a black stamp. The department has given much consideration to the subject, but has been unable to comply with the requests on account of the rules of the universal postal union, which prescribe that our lowest value stamp shall be green; that the stamp used for domestic use shall be red and the stamp carrying foreign mail—five-cent—shall be blue. In view of these restrictions it has not appeared possible to meet the requirements for a mourning stamp, as the department does not deem it advisable to print a stamp in red and also in black. However, the suggestion has been made that the three-cent stamp, now printed in purple, might be issued in black, so that persons desiring to use a black stamp upon their mourning envelope might do so by paying the additional cent. The department may take up this suggestion later and act upon it.

\* \* \*

## ORIGIN OF "A BAKER'S DOZEN."

THE expression "baker's dozen," which is in point of fact thirteen, has a history. For a baker in the olden times to give short weight in bread exposed him to considerable penalties and thus the custom arose of adding an extra loaf to the dozen as compensation for any possible deficiencies in the rest of the batch. The extra article was originally a safeguard to avert the chance of a heavy fine.

## Want Advertisements.

I WANT the address of the two sisters who wrote me concerning bonnet and cap goods and received no reply. Their letters were lost in moving. I desire to comply with their request.—*Barbara M. Culley, Elgin, Illinois.*

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

AUGUST 4, 1903.

No. 32.

## THE EVENING PRAYER.

"Now I lay me down to sleep"—  
Adown the purple-tinted west.  
Through distant vistas cool and deep.  
The sun at last has gone to rest.  
And robed in white dear Curly Head,  
With trusting heart that knows no care,  
Kneels down ere she climbs into bed  
And sweetly lisps her evening prayer.

"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep"—  
And angels hover near the place  
To watch the smiling dimples creep  
Across the dear one's happy face.  
Their wings are noiseless in their beat  
That they may catch each lisping tone  
To bear them upward and repeat  
In chorus 'round the golden throne.

"If I should die before I wake"—  
Dear God, not that! Our little one,  
O, spare her yet, else our hearts break,  
Though still we say, Thy will be done.  
She trusts in thee, and lisping prays  
That he who notes the sparrow's fall  
Will guard her all her earthly days  
And heed her ev'ry trusting call.

"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take"—  
Give me a faith like that, I pray.  
She knows her sleeping eyes will wake  
To greet again returning day.  
It may be that its golden rays  
Will light the shores of Over There,  
But with deep faith she kneels and prays  
And gives her soul to God's good care.

"And this I ask for Jesus' sake"  
That when life's care and toil are o'er  
My weary eyes at last shall wake  
Upon that farther golden shore.  
That I shall see what Curly Head  
With eyes of faith can plainly see  
Each night when she, robed for her bed,  
Kneels down to pray at mamma's knee.

\* \* \*

## JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

*Flattery is the salve for hurt vanity.*

\*

*A good paymaster never hunts for workmen.*

\*

*Ignorance and innocence are often synonymous.*

*Better keep your jest than lose your friend.*

\*

*The flower, wit, often bears thorns that tear a friend.*

\*

*All the world loves a lover—and laughs at him, too.*

\*

*The pessimist thinks every egg of last year's vintage.*

\*

*The people who work the hardest usually complain the least.*

\*

*The fat man must be very sick before he gets any sympathy.*

\*

*Some people are so brilliantly bad they ought to have medals.*

\*

*The hardest things to forget are the things we do not want to remember.*

\*

*Nobody can tell about the size of a man's soul by what the tombstone says.*

\*

*Are you superstitious enough to refuse thirteen dollars raise in your salary?*

\*

*No young man ever knows what sort of a mother-in-law he is going to have.*

\*

*The optimist is a man who thinks the filing of a saw like the song of a lark.*

\*

*There is nothing to glory about either great brains or big feet. Both are accidents.*

\*

*Some people would not think they were properly hung unless it was done by the union.*

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*When your girl begins to advise you against spending money foolishly, it is time to run or to say something.*



## ABOUT A HORSE.

"A HORSE may be taught to do anything possible to any creature so formed, and to be fearless of everything on earth."

That is what one expert horseman believes. He gives his reasons for saying so. In a book entitled "First Hand Bits of Stable Lore" Francis M. Ware tells all he knows of the members of the equine family. From the buying to the training and keeping of steeds he deals specifically with every detail of judging and educating a horse.

To owners or prospective owners of horses Mr. Ware gives pointed advice regarding the selection of the animal and his education. In the first place scorn advice, says the horseman. In the second place teach the horse what he should know. The man who listens to the "horse talk" of others will be sorry, he says.

"There can be no such thing as a partnership arrangement in the handling of dumb beasts," writes Mr. Ware, "and he who thinks this is exaggerated, and that he and his horse are animated by a single purpose, is laying up stores of trouble that will surely lead him to ultimate disaster. The fables of the Arab and his steed, and the verse or prose of various writers who were composing for the 'gallery' of the general public, make interesting reading; but beware how you reduce those lovely theories to practice. Any idea that your horse really knows you from any one else, or that your touch has any special influence over him, should be banished from the mind, for it is the merest nonsense. To any stranger who uses your tones he will pay as much attention as to you; to any casual whose nerve and experience chance to render the handling of the reins, etc., similar to that of the accustomed hand, he will prove as biddable. 'Go on' may mean 'stop' to him; 'whoa' may produce accelerated speed; 'go away' may make him come to you, provided he has been made to so construe those commands—and your actual words are immaterial; the tone and gesture are the only mediums effective.

"In educating a horse one should carefully remember three vitally important facts which never change as characteristics, although they may vary in degree. First, a horse is a fool and he is a coward. Nature intended that this should be the case in order that this failing should make him distrustful; that his foolish distrust should render him timid because of his suspicions; and that the combination of the characteristics should prompt him, once his fears, from whatever trivial cause, are aroused, to use his chief means of protection—his speed—in flight. A horse, will, of course, fight when cornered, as will any moral weakling; but save from a saucy colt, which may now and then run at you, or an occasional stallion which has been made savage, there is no such thing as any at-

tempt to seek an encounter with man, whose scent is disagreeable to the animal.

"The horse is an animal of one idea and can not be expected to consider two or more matters intelligently at the same time.

"A horse may be taught to do anything possible to any creature so formed, and to be fearless of everything on earth, if he is accustomed to see and hear all sights and sounds, and the fault in training all colts and horses is that we seek the quietest country locations and most secluded roads and fields for the purpose, and that we have to begin all over again when city life ensues. An ideal school for equines would contain pile-drivers, thrashing machines, steam drills, blowing paper, electric and elevated cars in quantity, while a band of music, a company of artillery, and a gang of quarrymen blasting rocks would prove useful accessories. Being timid and foolish, the horse does not discriminate, and notices nothing familiar, nearly everything strange; your artillery wheel-horse, which stands drowsily while cannons fire in his face, has a convulsion at sight of a fluttering apron. As the ideal school is a medley of hideous sights and sounds, so the ideal schoolmate is dumb. He who never speaks to a horse does well; he whose vocabulary is absolutely limited to 'whoa' and 'cl'k' is fortunate.

"You are greatly to blame, as a breeder or trainer, if you do not teach your pupils to walk fast, and to move actively at all paces; you are usually culpable, as an owner and consumer, if you do not improve your steed's abilities in this direction to the best of his powers. Remember that this pace is, to the average horse, the only one susceptible of improvement, and yet the gait upon which we rarely attempt to work any betterment. Of course the trotter or the race horse will gain increased speed at their fastest paces through teaching, but the average horse has his abilities at the trot and gallop very accurately measured out to him at birth, while his walk is what the trainer chooses to make it. No horse is so regularly overdriven and abused as the slow and dawdling walker, none so appreciated as the free and active mover at this gait. Your saddle or harness horse may be greatly helped if you will but persistently try to educate him.

"Punishment must enter into the education of the horse, and usually the quarrel which compels it brews without a helping hand from you. No animal is safe until he has been conquered in a discussion of this kind and made to know that he must obey, or physical pain to himself may follow. Arguments are naturally useless, and no such thing as mutual alliance or concession is possible; nor must he for an instant imagine that he is the superior; you must be the boss and there must be no possible misunderstanding about it. If you have to punish, the sharp and sudden is the most gen-

uinely kind method; but the subject must be allowed every opportunity to understand clearly the reason for the discipline, and the punishment itself must promptly follow the fault. It is true that if you punish for only reasons that satisfy yourself, it is strange how seldom you will inflict such discipline at all; but even so, the time always comes when the recalcitrant must learn who is master."

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#### CELLARS FULL OF TREASURES.

THE Bank of England is said to be the custodian

#### SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BREAD.

IN Brittany when a housewife begins to knead dough she makes a cross with her right hand, the left being placed in the trough. If a cat enters the room, it is believed the bread will not rise. It is supposed that certain women can cause the dough to multiply itself. On the coast of the channel the dough is adjured to imitate the leaven, the miller and the baker and to rise.

The oven is a sacred object and connected with crowds of superstitions. The oven is dedicated, with



A LANDSCAPE.—Chicago Art Institute.

of a large number of boxes deposited by customers for safety during the past two hundred years, and it may happen that in a few instances the boxes have not been claimed. Many of these consignments are not only of rare intrinsic and historical value, but of great romantic interest. For instance, some years ago the servants of the bank discovered in its vaults a chest, which on being moved literally fell to pieces. On examining the contents a quantity of massive plate of the period of Charles II. was discovered, along with a bundle of love-letters indited during the period of the Restoration. The directors of the bank caused search to be made in their books; the representative of the original depositor of the box was discovered, and the plate and love-letters were handed over.

ceremonies. In certain places in Brittany the wood is watered with blessed water. Bread must not be cooked on certain days, as on Holy Friday or during the night of All Saints, when the ghosts would eat it.

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#### STRAY MONEY IN MAILS.

THE income of the British post office from money in envelopes having no or insufficient address is \$30,000 to \$35,000 a day.

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DOROTHY DIX says: "The comfortable and comforting people are those who look upon the bright side of life, gathering its roses and sunshine and making the most that happens seem the best."



## GERMANY'S NEW TREASURE.

IN all the fairy tales of all the world—even in those of savage peoples—the buried treasure plays the greatest part. Even when the hero goes on a quest for the beautiful princess his achievement is not complete unless it is rounded out with a discovery of vast wealth stored away in subterranean caverns.

Even in the prosaic life of to-day dreams of buried gold and silver are ever present and actuate many a sober, business-like enterprise.

But, except for that hidden treasure which lies at the bottom of the seven seas or has been hidden away and lost, there is not much buried wealth in the world now. Even the vast hoards of gems and gold that once were held by the great Indian rajahs and Hindu kings have been converted into interest-bearing securities and investments, obedient to the call of that wonderful treasure seeker, Finance, whose touch is far more potent than ever was the most terrible incantations or the most effective fairy wand.

When it calls the vaults open with more celerity than they did in the days when the magic master word forced them to yawn with terrible thunderings and crackings. Finance takes the dead treasure and makes it live. It says "Earn interest" to it, and the gold and silver and precious stones pour out and spread themselves all over the world.

So it is like getting back into the twilight of story, when there were witches at every crossroads and dragons on every mountain, and gnomes in every cave, to hear of a vast, concealed treasure that is kept locked up, dead as dead can be, earning nothing year after year, lying in great chests in waiting till a ravening monster, greater and far more terrible than were the monsters of mythology, shall send out its roaring, peremptory call for it.

And that hoard is in the one country that would appear to be least likely to possess such a hoard. Twelve hundred chests lying filled with gold in a secret vault, guarded day and night with armed men, all waiting for the call of war to release them, might be conceivable in an oriental empire. But instead, of all lands in the world, that treasure is hidden away in Germany.

It is a great war fund—probably the only one of its kind in any great land on the globe. Although men knew that there was an old law that provides for such a fund, to lock away millions of dollars without letting them draw interest seems so absurd and contrary to all business and government sense that men treated as a myth the occasional tale that somewhere in Germany was hidden a vast treasure.

But it has been counted officially now, and the dry, red tape report has been made public, showing that it is no myth.

In a great, vaulted, windowless room in the massive

Julius tower, of the fortress of Spandau, near Berlin, inclosed by walls six feet thick, lie \$30,000,000 in gold coins, ready for instant use should war be declared by or against the German empire.

The great fund is sacred to war and nothing else. It was put away thirty years ago, to be left untouched except for that purpose, to serve in time of need and furnish the ready cash so that the army and navy could be fitted out without waiting until a war loan could be levied.

If it had been left in circulation it would have far more than tripled itself in the time since it was taken away from the uses of man and buried in the tower.

The money is in the form of ten and twenty mark pieces of gold. The room in which it lies is so built in the great tower that no amount of study or combination from the outside would serve even to give a hint as to its location. Even those who enter the vault now and then cannot point to any particular part of the outer walls and say: "The room lies here or there."

Around the tower there stands a living chain of men day and night. To assure the fact that the sentinels are bright and constantly on the alert they are relieved every two hours in the summer and every hour in the winter.

Every morning and night an engineer officer examines all the walls from the deep cellars to the top, both outside and inside.

Once a year two civilian members of the government appear and make an independent examination of the walls.

The official count was made by Herman Pachnicke, a member of the reichstag and a commissioner of the public debt. He was received by officers and soldiers and the curator and another civilian official of the castle. An officer carried six immense iron keys and led the way into the mighty fortress—one of the strongest in the world. Arriving in the bottom of the tower, the party climbed up a narrow, winding staircase until at last a massive door, made of riveted plates of iron barred the way. Two keys were needed to open it. It disclosed a pitch-dark room through which the officer groped until he found a great door of iron gratings, which, as it was thrown open, screeched complaints that showed how long it had been rusted in its hinges.

The little party was ushered inside and the grating locked again carefully behind them, shutting them in from the outer world. Then the escort lit candles and by their light could be discerned another triple, locked door of solid iron, more formidable even than the first.

This led to the treasure. In a black hole of a vault it lay, incased in 1,200 great chests, each containing \$25,000. To count this immense sum coin by coin was evidently impossible. It would have taken weeks of unrelenting labor. So, after consultation, the

member of the reichstag first went carefully over all the chests and satisfied himself that the seals were intact. Then he selected several chests at random and officials and laborers hauled them down and weighed them. It was known that the normal weight of each chest should be about eighty-seven pounds. Finding that the weights agreed, more chests were hauled out and opened. The gold coins lay inside, packed away in heavy canvas bags. Each of these bags in turn was laid on a scale that had been "fixed," that is, sealed weights were on the beam and the beam itself was made fast so that the scale could not possibly be made to balance unless each bag was of the correct weight.

After the bags had been thus weighed some of them were picked out, again at random, and the seals broken and their contents poured out. Careful count of all those sample bags having turned out satisfactorily the gold was put back and sealed, after which the chests were refilled, nailed up and sealed in their turn. Then the laborers carried each one back to the exact place in the pile whence it had been taken.

Every step of the count had been watched closely by officers and elaborate notes made of everything that was done. After the chests had been returned to their places and everything pronounced correct, the officers locked the great doors, and the party, still escorted by soldiers bearing candles—for no daylight enters the Julius tower—climbed carefully down the dangerous stairs into the subterranean vaults. Here it was necessary to stoop and finally to crawl in order to make the prescribed examination of the walls.

The great war treasure was hidden away from the knowledge of the world on Nov. 11, 1871. The money was taken from the immense war indemnity which Germany made France pay, and when the \$30,000,000 was laid away a law was passed to make it available only for the purpose of mobilizing the army and navy immediately in case of need.

But the conditions of war have changed so much in thirty years that, great as the sum is, it would not last for more than a few days. This fact adds to the discontent with which Germany has received the confirmation of the old tale that this huge fortune is actually locked up by the government.

Herman Pachnicke himself voices this discontent by saying in his report:

"Is it wise and useful to allow 120,000,000 marks to lie idle and dead and thus to lose annually from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 marks in interest alone? The present, with its developed finance systems, will consider this question differently from the way in which it was viewed in the past. Germany certainly is the only power which owns such a hidden treasure. How much would we have to-day if we had put out this 120,000,000 marks on interest thirty years ago?"

## SNAKE HYPNOTISM.

GRAHAM PECK, a well-known authority on snakes, was asked his opinion regarding a snake's hypnotic powers. His reply was as follows:

"There is a certain power to fascinate in a snake's eyes and movements. I saw only the other day a typical illustration of the power of a snake to fascinate.

'Over in the pine woods I saw a ground squirrel fascinated by a black gopher snake. The forked tongue darted out of the snake's mouth almost as regularly and rapidly as the needle of a sewing machine rises and falls. The squirrel seemed to watch it spellbound. The snake crept slowly nearer. When the gopher snake was within two or three inches of the squirrel, it gave a leap and threw three coils about the squirrel. Instantly the spell was gone. The fascination or charm there had been over the little animal was no doubt broken the very moment the serpent's coils were about the squirrel, for the animal gave three convulsive, terrified chirps and realized that its death moment had come.

"I believe implicitly that all snakes have a certain degree of power to fascinate their victims to death. Blacksnakes, gopher snakes and racers have the power to a large degree. Rattlesnakes have the most fascinating power among all the poisonous serpents in the southwest. The indications of charming among poisonous snakes are deceiving sometimes. Poisonous snakes fang their prey once only. The poison does not kill at once. The victim flutters to a branch, it may be, or runs a short distance and stops. The snake watches it. The poison does its deadly work and the bird falls. Any one who comes up, not having seen the attack, might be readily deceived into imagining that it was the glance of the snake and not the poison that caused the victim to fall."

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To stand with a smile upon your face, against a stake from which you cannot get away—that, no doubt, is heroic. But true glory is not resignation to the inevitable. To stand unchained, with perfect liberty to go away, held only by the higher claims of duty, and let the fire creep up to the heart—this is heroism.—*F. W. Robertson.*

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"EARNEST, active industry is a living hymn of praise; a never-failing source of happiness; it is obedience, for it is God's great law for moral existence."

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WE know not a millionth part of what Christ is to us, but perhaps we even less know what we are to him.—*Christina Rossetti.*



### QUEER NESTS OF BIRDS.

FOUR or five years ago a pigeon's nest was found on the roof of the Crystal palace, which was built of hair-pins and bits of wire, says *Answers*. But a pigeon is always one of the most careless of all nest builders, and its spring residence is generally made up of the roughest bits of stick piled together so carelessly that it is

membered, was wrecked off Lambert's bay, in the Cape Colony, about two years ago. The nest was found last year by a party of men and officers from one of the ships on the South African station. The center is of seaweed, but the whole framework of the nest is of steel wire from the rigging, together with a few strands of rope. How the bird managed to wrench the stout wire off the rigging is a puzzle.



ARTHUR OF ENGLAND.—Chicago Art Institute. From a Bronze Statue.

often possible to see the eggs through the bottom of the rude platform.

Wire by itself would seem to be of little use for a nest built on any place where a firm foundation was not easily obtainable; yet there is a nest in a London museum which, though built originally on a masthead, is almost entirely composed of steel wire. This is a cormorant's nest which was found on the masthead of the British warship *Sybill*. The *Sybill*, it may be re-

Another wire nest is in the museum at Brisbane. It came from the station of George Taylor at Merino Downs, near Roma. He had a pet magpie, which used to leave the house every spring and go off into the woods to build, coming home again after its nesting duties were over.

Wanting a young magpie for a friend, the bird's owner followed his pet, and found its nest in a lofty gum tree. A boy was sent up the tree. He came

down with a bird, and reported that the nest was all made of wire. His assertion being laughed at, he went up again, cut the branch off, and brought the nest down to prove his words. What he had said was perfectly true. The nest was almost entirely constructed of bits of fine wire ingeniously twisted together. A small piece of fine wire netting served for a mattress at the bottom of the nest, and over this was laid straw.

The British magpie has a bad character as a shocking thief. Ordinarily, these evil traits only appear when the bird is in captivity, but occasionally a wild magpie is guilty of larceny. A woman living near Epping went for a picnic in the forest. After luncheon the party wandered away, and when she came back her lace handkerchief, which she had left on the ground, was gone. Some weeks later a boy, plundering a magpie's nest near the scene of the luncheon, discovered the missing handkerchief roughly woven into the fabric of the nest.

Robins ordinarily use moss and similar materials for their neat little residences. But building as they do, usually near human habitations, strange odds and ends are frequently found forming part of their nests. Near Leominster, in Herefordshire, a robin's nest was found which was largely made of bits of colored paper picked from the outside of a pile of old meat cans, which lay in a ditch near by.

The American robin, which is really no robin at all, but a bird more nearly allied to the thrush family, has a remarkable and quiet unexplained partiality for pieces of snakeskin. Snakes, as country dwellers are aware, shed their skins once a year, and it is very rare indeed to find an American robin's nest which has not a piece of snakeskin in it.

Equally incomprehensible is the love of the American crow for pieces of bark, of which its nest is always partly composed.

Orioles show a strong appreciation of the works of man as improvements over natural products. Whenever possible, the oriole makes use of bits of worsted and string to build its nest.

Sparrows are among the most careless of nest builders. Anything does. Often the nest is no more than a mere wisp of hay, stolen from the nearest stable and jammed in between the gutter and the wall.

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#### WAYS OF WOOING BIRDS.

WOOING time brings to the front the comical side of bird life, and methods are as varied among our feathered neighbors as among ourselves. The extremes of dignified courtship and disreputable scrimmage were shown by two well-known birds, when the presence of a rival intensified affairs. Two purple finches, suitors for the favor of the same sparrow-like maiden, placed themselves on each side about a foot from her

and offered a musical contest. First one burst into a rapturous song, flying up into the air, feathers fluffed out and snowy breast and rosy shoulders more lovely than ever. The solo finished, he dropped back to his perch and politely waited while his rival poured out his madrigal. This alternate display continued several minutes, and apparently the umpire found it hard to choose, for she evaded decision by taking flight—both suitors following.

Different was the method of two orchard orioles, one in the immature plumage of the second year, the other in the full glory of maturity. This was a wrangle, accompanied by scolding and a vain vituperation from beginning to end. If the theory of selection by fine dress be true, decision should have been easy, but after a whole day's trial the fair one ended it by a truly feminine scorn of theories, eloping with her plainer suitor, leaving the gorgeous elder to console himself with another bride—which he did before the sun went down.  
—*Collier's Weekly*.

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#### LARGE AND SMALL BOOKS.

THE smallest and largest books in the world are owned by the British Museum. The former is a tiny "bijou" almanac, less than an inch square, bound in red morocco, and easily to be carried in the finger of a lady's glove. The largest book is an atlas of the fifteenth century. It is seven feet high. Between its pages a tall man is completely concealed. Its stout binding and enormous clasp make it look as solid as the walls of a room. These two extremes of the printer's art might justifiably stand at the beginning and the end of the bewildering seven miles of shelves filled with books which make up a part of the treasures of the great English library.

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#### BOMBAST.

BOMBAST once signified the cotton that was employed to stuff garments, particularly the enormous trunk hose worn in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

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#### THE TABLE KNIFE.

THE knife, though very old, had not come into common use as a table utensil in the tenth century.

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THE American peanut crop averages about 5,000,000 bushels a year, and 22 pounds of the nuts make a bushel. About \$10,000,000 worth of peanuts yearly are consumed, either in their natural form or in candy. The shucks furnish good food for pigs, and the peanut vine forms a first-class fodder for mules. Vast quantities of peanuts are shipped each year to Great Britain and the Continent from both Africa and Asia.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## STORY OF A PET FLYING SQUIRREL.

THE owner of one of these interesting animals, writing for the *Christian at Work*, tells of his experience of raising a squirrel.

Several years ago I was presented with a young flying squirrel and, as it was too young to remember its woodland home, it soon became a very happy and dainty pet. I had built for its use a large, airy cage, some eighteen inches high, nearly two feet long and about fifteen inches wide, as nearly as I can remember. This cage had boards on ends covered with a strong wire netting that was fine enough to protect the occupant from the attacks of cats or dogs or other outside enemies and yet open enough to admit plenty of fresh air constantly. At first he was fed on milk and he always had water to drink whenever he wanted it. After a few weeks he could eat the meats of nuts and by and by he could get the meats out himself. This he accomplished by boring a hole through the nut with his tiny sharp teeth; but I do not think anybody but a squirrel could have taken the meat from a nut that way. He would amuse himself for an hour or more at a time running over the wires and bars of his cage. There was no wheel in the cage, as he was a little creature at best and we feared he might get injured with it. He had a little blanket suited to his size and when he took a nap he would roll himself up in it, so there was only a soft white ball to be seen. Though every member of the family at some time or other tried to watch the tiny squirrel roll himself in his blanket, no one ever saw the whole process, as he seemed to know when he was watched and would stop his work with a merry twinkle in his bright eyes till the watcher's attention was for a moment arrested and, on glancing back, only a soft white ball was visible. A dainty creature was Mr. Squirrel, seeming to fully appreciate his neat and comfortable home supplied with everything he needed. He was a neat housekeeper, airing his blanket two or three times a day by spreading it out on the cross bars of his cage. By nature I think he preferred the night for exercise; but as I was an invalid shut in from out door life while he lived, he soon learned to watch for my coming, and the sound of my wheelchair was the signal that gave life signs in the little white ball and often he would seem to exert himself for my amusement a long time. After some five or six years of enjoying this pet, there came a morning when he did not come out to meet me and, when at noon he was still quiet, a gentle hand unrolled

the little blanket to find only a dead pet. There were no signs of suffering in the position of the frail little creature that lay as if asleep and it may be he had lived his allotted time, as he must have been five or six years old. I missed my pet a long time, as did all the family, for even a little flying squirrel had helped to brighten many weary hours for a helpless invalid and so the brief life had not been lived in vain. I almost forgot to say a squirrel laps up its drink just as kitty does hers.

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## USES OF THE DESPISED RAT.

THAT the "devil is not so black as he is painted" applies even to rats, perhaps the most universally detested of all rodent vermin. A striking proof of this has been given by the residential rats on board a hospital ship at Southampton giving timely warning of an outbreak of fire by excitedly "scurrying about." A wild interpretation is generally given to the popular saying: "Rats always desert a doomed ship." They invariably do so, if they can with safety, but it is not because of any prescient gifts, although as a matter of fact there are few animals with a larger share of gray matter, or thinking portion, of the brain than the rat—that is, in proportion to the size of the animal—and they show this in many of their habits. When rats find a ship getting waterlogged they will desert it "to a man" at the first port of call; if all right and tight, and food available, they will stick to it with unequalled fidelity.

The capacity of rats for discovering fresh stores of food is astounding, and often leads to those united migratory movements that periodically create alarm and are described as "plagues of rats." These great movements are undoubtedly initiated and personally conducted by old and experienced rats, the alderman of the colony, at once a proof of highly developed intelligence and unselfishness. Rats in large centers of industry, if not present in commercial plague form, do a great deal of good as consumers of garbage that would otherwise become a perilous nuisance. It is also a popular delusion that a rat bite is unusually dangerous from this fact of sewer garbage eating. *Au contraire*, rats cut as clean as a new lancet.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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## WHEN THE SEAL DINES.

THE keeper who was going to feed the seal had reached the edge of the tank and was holding the fish

tantalizingly at arm's length over the water. The seal was all interest and attention. Round and round the tank he darted, flipflapping, sidewheeling, leaping out of the water and performing all sorts of aquatic stunts, all the while keeping up his guttural yelpings. There was no question about his appetite. He was hungry and didn't much care who knew it, and his beady little eyes were all intent on the keeper's every move.

"Why don't yer t'row him a feesh?" demanded a boy spectator, growing impatient at the keeper's leisurely actions.

"All right, my boy; here goes!" And, suiting the action to the word, up into the air went one of the fishes, dropping toward the center of the oval.

The seal at the time was at the extreme end of the tank, considerably beneath the surface, but even there he must have been on the alert, for hardly had the fish left the keeper's hand when swish! a lightninglike somersault, a shadowy streak through the tank, and quicker even than thought the seal's gaping, whiskered jaws and a length of his eely-looking neck were protruding from the water immediately under the tidbit, which disappeared into his willing maw to the accompaniment of an intensely appreciative smack.

It was all so quick and well calculated that the auditors stood amazed.

Without even the suspicion of a miss the performance was repeated as rapidly as the keeper could toss the fish. But the fun, fast and furious while it lasted, is soon over with, and the seal, after he had his fill, immediately lost all interest in his surroundings and waddled out on to his platform and curled up for an afternoon snooze.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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#### MOVING HILLS.

In the eastern portion of the Colorado desert, in southern California, is a chain of hills nearly one hundred miles long which are known as "the walking hills." These elevations, which are two hundred and three hundred feet high, are constantly advancing across the plain.

The desert is about one hundred miles wide at this point and it is for the most part a level plain devoid of vegetation. Across this plain continually blows a strong wind, always in one direction—from the west to the east. Some time in the dim and distant past, at some point far to the westward, the sands which advance before the stiff breeze of the desert began piling up and this great chain of hills had its beginning. Then it began its journey across the desert plain.

The hills are always advancing. The wind which is constantly adding to the height of the hills by bringing new material, also cuts away the sand from the western side and shoots it over the hill where it falls upon the eastern slope, so that as fast as one side

is eaten away the other side is added to and the hills are thus slowly advanced to the eastward.

A little more than twenty-five years ago the Southern Pacific Railway Company built its road along the eastern rim of the desert east of these hills. At that time the range was a long way west of the tracks of the road. Now the hills have advanced to the tracks and are threatening to bury them, and the company will be obligated to change the roadbed, either moving farther to the east or else by swinging around the base of the hills to the south pass to the westward and follow the other side of the hills on up through the desert. In either case a large section of the road will have to be entirely rebuilt as a consequence of the wandering propensities of the "walking hills."

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#### ROOTS THAT DIG THEIR OWN WELLS.

ALFALFA sends its roots to where there is no drouth. An eight-year-old plant, in a stiff "hardpan" subsoil, has been followed for a depth of ten feet without the end of the tap root being found. Many instances have been recorded of the roots penetrating thirty-eight feet and sixty-six feet. A mining tunnel was excavated in Nevada one hundred and twenty-nine feet below an alfalfa field and the roots of the plants were found in the roof of the opening. The searching roots not only obtain food far below the shallow feeding plants, but when the large boring roots decay they leave their own fertilizing ingredients and openings for air and water to penetrate. Alfalfa thrives best in the sandy loams of the creek and river valleys in a warm climate with only a moderate rainfall, but it is grown successfully on the uplands and prairies. It grows in altitudes from eight thousand feet down to sea level, but is seriously affected by cold, wet winters. A plant eighteen years old, with three hundred and thirty-four stems growing from one root, with a height of fifty-two inches above the ground, is the product of a Kansas field.

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#### DISCOVERY OF MAMMOTH TUSKS.

THE largest pair of animal tusks known to exist were recently discovered at Keenwalik, a mining camp three hundred miles northwest of Nome, well within the Arctic circle. They were twelve feet in length. One weighed 168 pounds and the other 172 pounds. Both were in an excellent state of preservation, the ivory being perfectly sound and of fine quality. The tusks have been sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

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ONE of the rarest and most expensive of Chinese goldfishes is the brushtail, a pair of which sells for £200. Probably there is no other living thing of its size and weight that is worth so much money.



# THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.,

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

THE INGLENOOK is a publication devoted to interesting and entertaining literature. It contains nothing of a character to prevent its presence in any home.

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

Our lives are songs; God writes the words,  
And we set them to music at pleasure;  
And the song grows glad or sweet or sad,  
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We write the music, whatever the song,  
Whatever its rhyme or metre;  
And if it is sad, we can make it glad;  
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

—Matthew Arnold.

\* \* \*

## THE SUNNY SIDE.

GOOD nature constitutes a large part of a Christian's moral equipment. It is true that there are good people whose idea of Christianity seems to consist in presenting their angularities of make-up to everybody with whom they come in contact. Their creed is made up of "Don'ts," and "You should" and "You shouldn't" are always in their mouths when they are talking to other people. But it seems to the Nookman that this class of Christians somehow seem to have failed in getting a hold of the true spirit of Christianity.

On the other hand he who goes through life cheerily and helpfully, no matter whether he does it from a motive to which he has schooled himself, or whether it is spontaneous within him, the fact remains that such a person seems to have gotten hold of the practical spirit of Christianity. The Christian ought to be the happiest man in the world. He is a child of a King, only waiting for his inheritance and in the mean time his life should be one of wholesome expectancy, and his object to make it pleasant for those along the way who are beset with difficulties, trials and troubles of their own. The fact is that a man cannot be a Christian and be sour and selfish at the same time. Such a condition is

opposed to every principle of Christianity. Another word for Christianity is helpfulness. That helpfulness may take the serious side of Christ's dying for the world or our giving the best that is in us in the way of unrewarded service.

A good many people think that the church and church life mean something especially objectionable and in opposition to true enjoyment. Men and women get together and spend their time in useless disputes as to the meaning of certain passages of Scripture. They will spend their days and nights in wrangling, writing books and making speeches to prove this or that in their religious life. People give them credit for being learned and all that sort of thing, while there is another person who knows nothing at all about that sort of religious expression, but who has found her work in visiting some person who is poor and sick, or she has given a cup of cold water to the passing traveler or has taken care of a fretful child or a sick mother. And these people, the helpful people, are really the true Christian ambassadors of the Master.

These helpful people, the ones who try to make life smoother and pleasanter for those with whom they are traveling, hardly ever get credit for the good they do. They never stand in the lime light of public opinion and they dread publicity of all kinds. Put in the place where the eye of the public would rest upon them they would shrivel into inconsequential nothingness, but in their chosen field, for which God has best fitted them, they shine as the stars overhead on a clear night. And so the INGLENOOK thinks that the man who loads on his wagon a bag of potatoes for some poor person when on his way to town, or the woman who fills a basket and starts across the hill to see a sick neighbor, are riding or walking with the Master by their side, though all unseen by mortal eyes. Such people would probably deny that they were doing anything worthy of mention, and they certainly think that there was nothing to especially glory about. Yet the whole tenor of Christian religion is toward just such practice.

If I were to go out to search for a Christian, that is one who is like Christ, I would hardly look for him in the interior of a fashionable church. I would not ask permission of the doorkeeper to enter the cathedral in search of the typical follower of Christ. Mark me, I do not say that he or she is not there, but I do say I would not look for them in these places. On the contrary, I would go to the cottage and the abode of the poor, and watch who came from the door where sickness had laid its heavy hand upon people, and I would note who it was that of their scanty store unostentatiously gave to those less fortunately situated. These quiet people whose names never get into the papers, who are never noticed anywhere, would most like-

ly, if our eyes could see, have in their hearts the mark of God's acceptance.

This thing of being helpful to others and thinking kindly of them, and dealing lovingly and charitably with them is the greatest thing in the world. St. Paul says it is greater than faith and greater than hope. One word for it all is love. And it is not love in its theoretical and abstract sense, but love in its ap-  
plicate and concrete expression. The people who have the most of it do not know it, and never stop to think about it, and most of all they have no trumpet and would not know how to blow it if they had one.

When we have all got to the other side, and we see face to face and know others as we are known by the One who knows all, one lesson I am convinced we shall fully learn and thoroughly understand is that the most valuable things in this life are the ones we set the least store by, and which we held the lightest while we were here. Dives, who accumulated a million, will cut a pitiful figure in the land where there is no use for his gold, while Lazarus who died after a lifetime of helpfulness for others shall wonder throughout all eternity why his deeds brought him such a great reward. Yes, it is those whose hands that are hardened by loved toil who shall wear the crown. And God, who is no respecter of appearances, will size us up according as we have given expression to our love for others. It is not what we would like to be, but are not, not what we think we are and which we may not be, but what we have done in the way of good to our fellow travelers that will count for or against us when we stand before him who shall judge the world. If you think this is not good church talk turn to the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew and read his account of the judgment and see whether the whole tenor of it is not summed up in the question: "What did you do."

\* \* \*

#### OUR SELFISHNESS.

SELFISHNESS is a disease that affects the most of us. The difference between us in that respect consists in our having the more or the less of it, and not in having or not having it. It is a very difficult thing to let go our hold on what we have. We all know how hard it is for the child to divide what has come into its possession, how difficult it is to get it to hand over half to others. And when we grow up, and pass from the candy to the dollar stage, the feeling of holding on has not left us. Moreover, it is often the case that we repress the kindly words of praise and commendation. We excuse ourselves on the ground that it is apt to "make people proud," when it is only our grudging proper credit for things we did not ourselves do.

The thing to do, and it is not always easy, is to set aside our self idea, as far as may be right and proper, and let part of what we have go to help others. And it is not always money, either, for while we may part with that, there are other matters that some of us may cling to with persistence. Take the matter of honors and preferment, for illustration. How many are there who would give up their place at the head of the line in order to help upward some struggling fellow mortal? Yet that is just in line with the command to prefer one another in the matter of honors. Yes; the vice of selfishness is a hard one to pull away from, difficult to get out of our system, yet it ought to come out.

\* \* \*

#### THE UNSEEN.

THERE are some queer things in this world, more than are dreamed of, Horatio. Reference is had to the unseen though appreciable quantities that enter into our daily lives. Take for illustration the common matter of our thinking about some persons and their walking in on us. That has happened to all readers. Then, again, the feeling of the presence of some person we do not see, and of whom we have no evidence at all through our senses. How rare it is for us to run into anybody in the dark without our knowing it immediately before the touch. It is doubtful whether a person could hide in a room, some sleeping apartment, without a disturbing degree of uneasiness on the part of the regular occupant. Then there are the thousand and one so-called supernatural occurrences, well attested and well laughed at, but true enough, for all that.

Now what is the reason, or reasons, at the bottom of all this? Nobody actually knows, nor can anybody do more than theorize about it. One guess is as good as another, and probably as correct. It seems to the writer that it is an indisputable witness and proof that materialism is impossible. There are some things that are not to be explained away, and probably never will be. We are something more than mere matter.

\* \* \*

REVERENCE is the chief joy and power of life—reverence for what is pure and bright in your youth, for what is true and tried in the age of others, for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvelous in the power that cannot die.—*Ruskin.*

\* \* \*

WHEN you meet with neglect let it rouse you to exertion instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect, and improve those excellencies which command attention and respect.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

### GENERAL.

Mt. Vesuvius has started an eruption.

There has been an earthquake shock in Utah, but no harm done.

Forty thousand men are on strike at Baku, Russia. Serious rioting is going on.

The Santa Fe limited was wrecked, July 26, at Princeville, Ill., at midnight.

The Jamestown, New York, post office has been robbed of thirty-two thousand stamps.

Residents of Newberg, Mich., are excited over the discovery of a wild man in the woods.

There have been big Wall Street failures affecting interests to the extent of millions of dollars.

The Pennsylvania Express from New York was wrecked and burned at Wilmington, Del., on July 22.

Natural gas has been struck near Effingham, Ill., and there is much excitement in that section over the find.

The autopsy of the Pope disclosed no cancer. It was said at one time that this was what ailed the venerable pontiff.

At Danville, Illinois, on last Sunday night, a bloody race riot raged. Several persons were killed, and a number injured.

Bishop Hogan, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, Catholic, has publicly denounced Sunday excursions, and has forbidden them.

They are breaking up the big farms in the Northwest. There are many reasons for this, but chiefly that they do not pay.

Two boys, seventeen years old, were hanged at Lexington, Kentucky, July 24. They had murdered an old man for his money.

They have been having hot winds out in Kansas, together with high temperature. Much damage has been done the growing crops.

A trolley car accident, at Westboro, Mass., resulted in one death and forty-eight persons injured. The accident was due to negligence.

At Mt. Washington, N. H., July 27, the coldest weather for years was reported. The thermometer dropped to sixteen, and there was a heavy frost.

The Baptists have bought one thousand acres of land on the Hudson river, south of West Point, where they will establish a summer resort.

A cloud of green striped grasshoppers struck El Paso, Texas, July 25, to the extent of clogging the street cars by filling up the switches.

Pope Leo's body was buried at sunset in St. Peter's, Rome. Thousands and thousands of people looked upon him in his coffin before he was finally laid to rest.

Because his hair turned from black to white, as a result of a street car accident, Thos. Curry, of Omaha, is suing the Street Railway Company of that city for \$5,000.

Kansas School Boards are inaugurating a reform in the way of inserting in the contracts that teachers shall not court or get married during their term of service.

From a dispatch dated at Kansas City we learn that the average earnings of the Kansas farm hand, who worked in the harvest field, will just about buy him a ticket home.

Two trains on the Chicago and Great Western Railroad near Vlasady, Ill., crashed into each other Sunday morning, with a result of four being killed and twenty-five or thirty injured.

The United States will not send any official representatives to the Pope's funeral, but if any official of the United States, now abroad, decides to attend, he may do so in his personal capacity.

Two New York city swimmers, Mrs. C. A. Court and Mrs. James Parker, dived from a pier in Michigan and swam to the shore, a distance of two hundred feet, with all their clothes on, excepting their shoes. It was done with a spirit of bravado.

James Conrad, of Pontiac, Ill., was engaged to Mrs. Mary Noyes, and was to have been married to her last Wednesday evening. He changed his mind and married her daughter instead, and was arrested because the girl was but fourteen years old.

Endicott C. Allen, at Monmouth Hospital, New York, has just awaked after a sleep of forty-four days. He was kept alive by the use of milk, and seems none the worse for his protracted nap. Overwork is believed to be the cause of the trouble.

Mrs. Helen Gooding, an English woman, dressed as a man and worked for nearly three years in one of the mines at Wardner, Idaho. She was regarded as a man by everybody until she was injured and taken to the hospital, where her sex was discovered.

The Pope's will gave all his possessions to his successor for the use of the church. The amount of his fortune is to be kept a secret, but it is known to run up into the millions.

The Omaha Packing Company, Chicago, burned down, entailing a loss of \$500,000. Over a million pounds of pork was destroyed. Large quantities of lard burned up. It is believed that the fire started by spontaneous combustion where the lard was stored.

At Hamilton, Ohio, a number of dead blackbirds covered the streets. The electric wires ran through the trees, and the storm blew the limbs across the wires, and it is thought that the birds were electrocuted. There were over 3,250 birds counted dead in the street.

Down in Texas a wave of prohibition is sweeping over the State. One hundred and thirty counties have voted total prohibition, and fifty-nine have voted prohibition in part. There are only fifty-seven counties in which liquor is sold unreservedly, and these are mostly border counties. The Governor is a strong prohibitionist, and if Texas goes dry, as we hope it may, there will be something to rejoice over.

\* \* \*

#### DEAD.

Three people were killed in a wreck, last Sunday, on the Big Four, near Wellington, Ohio.

Mary Williams, fourteen months old, of Chicago Heights, Ill., drank gasoline last week, and died.

On July 24, Miss Nellie Younges saw her favorite poodle dog killed by a passenger train, when she dropped dead. Heart disease was the cause.

Baron Ernest de Busch, a well-known chemist, was killed by an express train in London. His wife was Miss Clara Pauline Joran, of Freeport, Illinois.

John Shea, one of Chicago's most noted policemen, was buried last Sunday evening, in Chicago. He was a man of marked personality and carried out the duties of his office without fear or favor.

The body of J. W. McAnerny was found near McPherson, Kansas, in an old well near his home. His throat was cut and there were other marks of violence. One of his sons was arrested on suspicion.

General Cassius M. Clay, an aged Kentuckian, well-known in public life, died at his home in Whitehall last week. General Clay came in for considerable degree of newspaper comment, for reason of his having married a fifteen-year-old girl, whom he had adopted, and who was subsequently divorced.

#### LABOR.

The boiler makers at St. Paul have struck.

The printers at Spokane, Washington, have struck. The trouble arose from a disagreement as to wages.

A general tie-up of labor is feared in Chicago. There is perhaps hardly a day in that city in which labor and capital do not have their troubles.

And now comes the story of college people who went to work in the harvest fields of Kansas, and who were disappointed. They expected to get \$2.50 per day and their board, but did not find work at all. People who are attracted annually by the harvest stories should remember that huskiness and not education is wanted in the harvest field.

The Waiters' Union and the Hotel Owners' Association in Chicago, signed an agreement, the other day, whereby young women are prohibited from chewing gum. A slight increase of wages was given the young women in consideration of the prohibition. The hotel keepers did not want wads of gum stuck around over the respective buildings, and so forbade the chewing of gum entirely.

\* \* \*

#### PERSONAL.

A Warrensburg, Missouri, editor was fined \$500 the other day for contempt of court. He had criticised a decision of the court.

Chas. Hedges, superintendent of free delivery at Washington, has been dismissed. He was charged with falsifying his accounts.

As a result of a quarrel between Orton Carter and Will Rhine, near Walpole, Ill., Carter struck Rhine over the head with a fence rail, from the result of which he will die.

Isaac Frain, seventy years old, living near Elkhart, Ind., was leading a cow which became frightened and ran away. Mr. Frain got entangled in the rope and sustained injuries from which he died.

Minard L. Haulenbeck, after serving seventeen years for the alleged crime of killing a man named Cook, has recently been pardoned. Cook was found to be alive, and after serving seventeen years for the crime which he did not commit, Haulenbeck has been pardoned.

Having twice attempted to end her life, Mrs. Mary Ettinger, of Birmingham, near Lewistown, Pa., swallowed half a saucerful of carpet tacks. She felt insanity coming upon her and feared that she would kill her children. It is not known whether she will survive.



## THE JELLY FISH.

BY S. N. M'CANN.

WEST of Bulsar, India, about three miles on the coast of the Arabian sea, hundreds of jelly fish are thrown upon the beach during the low tide and swept back into the sea twelve hours later by the high tides. Some perfect specimens may be seen, but the majority have been broken or mangled by the breakers as they lash the shore.

The jelly fish here are all of one pattern, but of various sizes, ranging from a foot to three feet in

the shield, forming a hollow tube. Just below the point of union sixteen little wings about the size of a hand spread out in the water. The tentacles are deeply grooved into sixteen grooves, thus a wing upon every ridge of the groove. About ten inches below the point of union, the tentacles separate again, this time into eight lobes, each lobe resembling a fresh water alligator's tail with many small lobes putting out near the inside of the end.

I can testify that the jelly fish can give a smarting sting when it comes in contact with the body while in bathing if the fish is floating in its natural way. The sting reminds one of the sting of a nettle, the smart-



THE FATES OF THE PARTHENON.—Chicago Art Institute. Greek. One of the Elgin Marbles

diameter. They resemble a huge cake of clear starch-like jelly as you see them piled along the beach.

In shape they are like a spread umbrella filled out to the level of the lower surface with a solid gelatinous mass, and for a handle a gelatine mass about ten inches in diameter and twenty-four inches long suspended from the under side. This mass floats in the sea, the large oval part up and the tentacles down. The disk or oval part is radiate, and sixteen plainly-marked stripes radiate from the center to the circumference. On these muscular lines are four globular lobes about the size of a hen's egg, and four arms of the tentacles, each arm fastened at three points. Thus three points upon the radiates, an arm and then a lobe, three points, an arm and then a lobe, thus around the sixteen radiate lines. A little pressure on the lines and the umbrella part or shield separates into sixteen triangular parts.

The four tentacles unite about six inches below

ing lasting from a half hour to an hour. When thrown upon the beach they seem lifeless, and do not sting.

They are said to be useless except as food for whales and larger fishes. When exposed to the hot rays of the sun for a few days, the whole mass evaporates, leaving only a thin scum upon the sand. Thus we know that the jelly fish is mostly water.

*Anklescar, India.*

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A TRUE and faithful Christian does not make holy living a mere accidental thing, but it is his great concern. As the business of the soldier is to fight, so the business of the Christian is to be like Christ.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

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"NOT to examine your own heart is to remain spiritually ignorant and stupid: but to be always examining it is to pave the way to spiritual despair."

## THE IDEAL SISTER.

BY ALPHA L. MILLER.

My ideal of a model young sister is embodied in real flesh and blood, and that, too, in but an acquaintance. Her characteristics are too plainly noticeable even to *escape* the casual observer.

She is young, handsome and well educated. The first characteristic noticeable to an observer is that calm, confident assurance of manner that is common only to the thorough Christian. Her manner is not obtrusive, but that wholesome regard of one who "loves her neighbor as herself." In trouble or difficulties she is calm and unruffled; her countenance is even more serene.

She is untiring in her church and Sunday-school work, earnest and devoted. She strictly adheres to the order of the Brotherhood, at home or abroad. Her dress is neat and becoming. She is especially interested in the "mission" cause, and is now preparing herself for that work.

She often leads the prayer and social meetings, and prays and talks in public. Her addresses show tact and preparation, are warm and sympathetic, coming from a well-stored brain and warm heart. She is greatly respected by the older members of the congregation where she resides, and her opinion is often solicited in matters of importance. She earnestly responds, giving her opinion in sound and concise words, showing her to be an earnest and conscientious worker for the Master.

Socially she is much sought after, the children love her and seek to be with her quite frequently. She is very welcome in the home of the sick or well. She excels in the culinary art and is a model housekeeper.

She often indulges in the literary art, and the productions of her pen are commendable. She is a fine singer and understands music. She is very careful of her health and takes much outdoor exercise.

She is original and no mistake. She really exists and is known to many NOOK readers. I have but poorly portrayed her excellent qualities.

*Olathe, Kansas.*

\* \* \*

MAJOR ASHBRIDGE, of Philadelphia, has signed an ordinance, prohibiting spitting upon the sidewalks, in public conveyances, public buildings, etc., of the city under penalty of \$1 fine and costs for each offense. The ordinance applies also to theaters, railroad stations, and other indoor places resorted to by the public.

\* \* \*

THE habit of looking on the best side of every event is worth more than a thousand pounds a year.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

## THE IDEAL BROTHER.

BY FLORA HERRING GOOD.

Now, perhaps, more than any other time in the history of the world must a young man be a true gentleman before he can occupy any position of importance. Not that he must be rich, nor does he need a classical education to make him a true gentleman. The ideal young brother does not depend upon his fine clothes, but gentleness and refined manners are far more important.

A young man cannot be a gentleman in the pure sense of the word unless he is a Christian. He may be an ideal man morally, mentally and physically, but if he lacks the Christian graces he is without one of the necessary elements of true greatness.

He must combine refinement, culture and sociability with a high sense of honor toward God and man. The welfare and comfort of his mother and sisters must concern him much.

Kindness to lower animals is a trait ladies admire in gentlemen. Reverence for the aged and love for children are found in my ideal man. He will not neglect religious duties for social pleasures. He will respect all sacred services, regardless of rank or creed. He will be a Christian at all times, no matter what the opinion of others may be. He will live above the opinion of the world and do what God would have us do. He will not speak disrespectful of ladies on any occasion. He will not scorn the laborer.

An ideal young brother will think home the dearest place on earth, and here we who are sisters can learn a lesson. We play an important part in making our homes attractive, not only for our friends but our brothers whose culture, and, may I say, refinement, and character depend largely upon the influence we wield over them.

The kind of young brother I like best is one who is continually looking for nobler and higher things and selects his associates with that aim in view.

If a man has all of these qualities he will be an ideal gentleman, one whom any sister, father and mother would be proud of in the home; one for whom the church would always find something to do; one to whom the country will look for support, for the young men of to-day must rule the affairs of the state to-morrow.

Such a man is worthy the love of any true woman, the union of which would bring happiness to their home, strength to the church, and a mould by which the lives of another generation would be formed for usefulness to home, country and their Creator.

*Bridgewater, Va.*

\* \* \*

WRITE it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year.—*Emerson.*



### MONEY WEARS OUT RAPIDLY.

To the uninitiated it might appear strange that a "beehive" of four hundred printing presses operated twenty-four hours a day cannot meet the demands for new money, but it should be remembered that this unique money manufactory can give attention to this "new business," as it might be called, only after the regular demands upon it have been met. Every working day in the year there arrives at the treasury department in Washington for redemption more than a million dollars' worth of greenbacks, treasury notes, gold and silver certificates, and perhaps half a million dollars' worth of circulating notes of the national banks.

This currency has served its usefulness, and it comes back to Uncle Sam torn and dirty, worn, and perhaps mutilated in order that it may be canceled and officially retired from service. Of course fresh new money must be issued in its place, and to provide this imposes no small task for the money-makers at the capital without regard to the orders for additional currency which is now needed to increase circulation.

Under favorable conditions currency of a face value of fully \$2,000,000 can be printed at the bureau of engraving and printing each day, and under ordinary circumstances a surplus stock of from \$400,000,000 to \$600,000,000 worth of crisp bills is kept constantly on hand in the vaults of the bureau.

The banknotes are printed in sheets of four, and so great is the present strain under which the "plate printers," as they are called, are working, that some of the most expert of these men have taken from 1,200 to 1,500 impressions in a "shift" of eight hours. To fully appreciate what this means it is necessary to recall that all our paper money is printed by the slow process of the hand press, the type of apparatus employed being not so different from the first printing presses of the Italian inventors.

There are many distinct operations in plate printing. The workman successively polishes the printing surface with his hand, applies the ink with a hand roller, wipes away the surplus with a cloth and gives the few quick turns of the wheel which secure the impression. Each printer has a woman assistant, whose duty it is to place the blank sheet of paper on the plate after it has been inked and to remove the paper after the impression has been taken.

\* \* \*

### FORTUNES GO FOR CANDY.

CANDY and confectionery to the amount of \$100,000,000 are sold in the American home market every year and to this total of manufacture New York contributes \$20,000,000, or one-fifth. Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Illinois are the three other states which contribute largely to the total, which is constantly increasing, for three reasons.

There are the lower prices of sugar and sirup, the superior excellence of American manufacture which has made the country independent of foreign imports in this line and the national taste for sugar and for all articles of manufacture into which sugar enters as the chief ingredient.

The whole foreign importation of confectionery to this country, which was formerly a considerable trade, was less than \$75,000 last year, and the home consumption has increased correspondingly.

It is a well-known fact that sugar in the form of candy or sweets is a substitute for alcohol. Most all abstainers from the use of alcohol in any form are candy eaters, as vegetarians almost universally are as well. The man who ceases to drink develops an uncommon fondness for candy.

The candy eater who develops a partiality for wine or spirits, or even beer, which contains much saccharine matter, is seen to diminish his purchases of candy. It is in temperance localities that the largest amount of candy is eaten and the largest patrons of candy stores everywhere are, of course, women—and especially young women and children.

The candy-making interest of the United States, now centering in and about New York, where there are nearly 900 candy-making establishments, shows steady and constant increase and it is a noticeable fact that in localities in which foreign-born residents are numerous there is less candy eaten than in those neighborhoods which are inhabited by those of American nativity.

As candy eaters and water drinkers Americans stand first.

\* \* \*

### BATHING THE STATUE OF FREEDOM.

THE bronze statue on the Capitol dome at Washington has been receiving a bath. With much difficulty a scaffold was erected about the statue. The two workmen who did it were obliged to use the utmost care, for they had only the narrow four-inch ledges to move about on, and they were working at a height of 357 feet.

The statue was found in a remarkably well preserved condition. The seams where the different sections were joined appeared to be as firm as when the statue was built. Within the last ten years lightning has struck this Statue of Freedom more than one hundred times, every considerable storm resulting in the dome receiving a stroke, though no great damage has resulted. In consequence the metal is deeply furrowed, and in some places the metal has been gouged out by the electric power and projects like spikes.

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WATER for laying dust is more effective if salt is added.

## A WILD GARDEN.

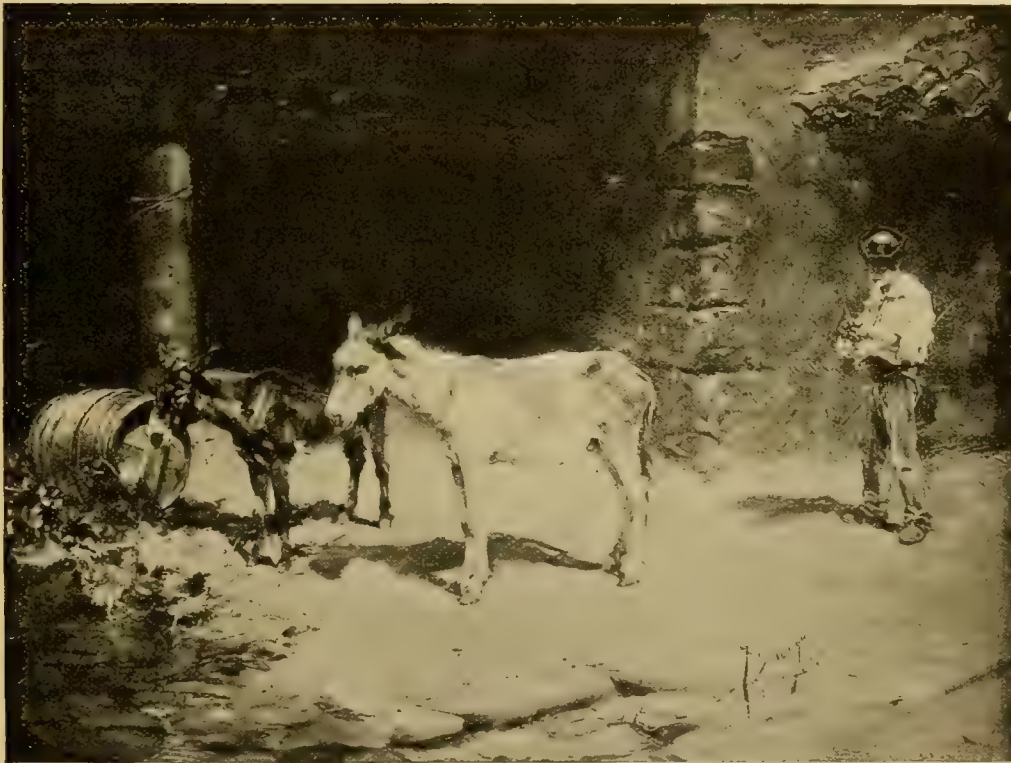
ONE of the interesting things any Nooker can have is a wild garden; that is, he can have it if he lives in the country, and is fortunate enough to have a garden. The roadsides, the fields and the forests, have all their wild flowers, that, if transplanted, will be a continual surprise to all who see them in bloom.

For illustration, suppose a bed as large as an extension table is usually made. Around the edge may be a row of hepaticas, liverwort, in English. These are common, and are rather easy to transplant. Just

NOT more than four hundred of the "cedars of Lebanon" are standing to-day. They do not, though their age is measured in years by thousands, rival in dimensions the cedars of the western world, the largest, so slow is their growth, being but twelve feet in diameter. No tree gives so great an expanse of shade as the cedar, and it never dies except from lightning stroke or the woodman's ax.

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A GOVERNMENT secret service man calls attention to the fact that government dollars, being stamped cold from silver in sheets, have clean-cut lines, while



LAZY SPAIN.—Chicago Art Institute. A Scene in Spain.

back may be a row of pipsisseway, then an artistic arrangement of wintergreen, some ferns, and the taller goldenrod and a couple of wild roses, or whatever may be handiest, and easiest to get. All these are perennials, and once planted will practically take care of themselves.

Now give these natives a little care, cultivate them, and they will repay the kindness a hundredfold. Some of them will double under cultivation, and the bed will be a source of as much or greater pleasure than many of the better known plants. All cultivated plants are wild in their native homes, and the different varieties are only the matter of cultivation and selection. The garden of wild flowers has unlimited chances ahead for its fortunate possessor.

molded coin have not, and are detected at once. For counterfeiters to operate a plant as expensive or as noisy as is necessary to stamp out dollars is impossible.

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IN Germany, whose educational advantages are better than those of any other European country, the number of university students to each 10,000 inhabitants is 7.87, while in the United States it is 12.76. In Great Britain it is but five.

❖ ❖ ❖

I AM not careful for what may be a hundred years hence. He who governed the world before I was born shall take care of it likewise when I am dead. My part is to improve the present moment.—*John Wesley.*



### SOMETHING ABOUT CHEAP STATUETTES.

A GREAT many of the NOOK family have seen the cheap statuettes,—some of them really artistic,—and they may have wondered how they were made and where they came from. Few indeed know how their production is managed.

While it is not difficult to secure good American workmen for carrying out schemes of interior decorations, it is impossible yet to get native born men capable of modeling statuettes and busts such as are sold on the street corners and in many of the art shops. All the workmen employed in factories that produce these are Italians, chiefly from Tuscany. This is equally true of those who follow this trade in Germany and France. The Tuscans appear to have a natural ability for that sort of work that has given them the monopoly of it.

The great majority of these busts and statuettes are copied directly from the originals wherever they happen to be, and then the molds are made from that copy and sent to all parts of the world, the statues being cast in the place where they are to be sold. In the larger shops in New York, however, a certain amount of original work is done in order to keep pace with the popular demand for representations of the hero of the hour. A great many of our most distinguished poets, authors and statesmen whose busts are exposed for sale on the street corners never sat for these portraits. Some workman modeled the head after a photograph and occasionally has produced such good work that it is almost a pity the sculptor's name should remain unknown.

The chief purchasers of these casts from the larger makers are the high schools all over the country. They demand, of course, not only classical subjects and copies of ancient bas-reliefs and architectural details, but also busts of famous men and women from every period of the world's history. Such a wide range of subjects is covered by this demand that seven and eight thousand titles are included in some of the catalogues issued. The factories where these figures are turned out exhibit in their showrooms an assortment and confusion of time, place and nature bewildering to look at.

The process of casting these statuettes is a comparatively simple one when the mold is once completed. The material used, plaster of Paris, is cheap, and a very excellent quality is produced in this country. When the statuette comes out, it is pure white and covered with ridges made by the different sections of the mold. These ridges are carefully removed, and then the cast is placed in an oven heated at about 180 degrees. After it has been baked for a certain length of time it is plunged into a solution of stearic acid and kept there until thoroughly saturated. Then, when it has dried, the yellow color is gained by applying to the surface a

solution of beeswax, turpentine and coloring matter. This color will not wash off, and, of course, any shade can be produced at will.

"The demand for nude statues in the art schools is growing less every year," said one of the largest makers of these casts. "That is because people are realizing more and more that artists must draw from the human figure itself if they wish to understand the human form. We get more orders now for draped figures in the art schools and for busts in the high schools. Until very recently the busts of most of the celebrated Americans which we sell had been made in Italy from photographs sent over from this country, and many mistakes occurred in matters of detail, like the cut of the coats and collars. We are trying to do these now in a more modern and characteristic way and occasionally have been furnished with photographs by their families."

The statuettes which are carried about the streets wrapped in harmonious yellow tissue paper or are displayed on the sidewalks or on the steps of unoccupied houses are made by quite a different set of manufacturers. The larger dealers do not sell to these street peddlers at all. The peddlers have their own little workrooms, which furnish them with their stock at a much lower rate than the regular dealers charge. No originals are made in these ateliers, and most of the molds are gained by taking them from a cast bought from some other firm. The stearic acid bath is left out of the process, and consequently the color of these cheaper works washes off.

The peddlers of these statuettes stand in about the same relation to sculptors and sculpture that the hand organ players do to music and musicians. They reflect fairly accurately the popular taste, and, according to their testimony, it is the Tanagra figurines that in the long run sell the best of all their stock. From time to time there is a market for the bust of some particular man, and those sales are always temporary. Grotesque figures are always in demand and copies of the various models of Venus with which the public are familiar. Rows of Cupids and of monk's heads, winged Victories and busts of Wagner come and go as popular favorites, but the Tanagra figurines have a steady sale that insures their presence in the stock of nearly every street peddler.

\* \* \*

TRUE holiness consists in perfect faith, perfect love, perfect purity and perfect integrity. These are the four foundation stones of ideal Christian character—the four comprehensive and essential elements of a perfect Christian manhood.—*Free Methodist*.

\* \* \*

YOUR "few things" may be very few and very small things, but he expects you to be faithful over them.—*Frances Ridley Havergal*.

## NO STYLE ABOUT JACKSON.

"ALTHOUGH 'Old Hickory' was a blunt man in all matters of business and reached his purposes by the straightest road," said an old newspaper man, "still he was courteous in an eminent degree and had a high respect for the forms of social intercourse. While president of the United States his reception of foreign ministers and eminent citizens was distinguished by courtly etiquette and noble bearing. It is related that on one occasion a foreign minister, just arrived, had a day and an hour appointed by Mr. McLane, then sec-

Without further ceremony the gentleman was ushered into the green room, where the general sat, complacently smoking his corn-cob pipe, and on the instant he commenced a ceremonious harangue in French, of which "Old Hickory" did not understand one word.

"What does the man want, Patrick?" asked the general, without concealing his surprise at what he had witnessed.

"It's French that he's spakin' in, an' with your lave I'll find for the cook to find out what the gentleman wants."



MOUNTED OFFICER.—Chicago Art Institute.

retary of state, to be presented to the president, and, misunderstanding the premier's French and perfectly at fault by the apparent simplicity of republican manners, the minister at the appointed time proceeded to the White House alone and rang the bell.

"Je suis venu voir M. le President," said the plenipotentiary to the Irish servant.

"An' what does that mean?" muttered Pat, and continued, "He says president, though, an' I s'pose he wishes to see the general."

"Oui, oui," said the minister, bowing.

In due time the presiding officer of the kitchen arrived, the mystery was explained, and, to the astonishment of the cook, the servant and the old general, an accredited minister from a foreign government was developed. Fortunately at the instant the secretary came in, a ceremonious introduction took place and all parties were soon at ease.

\* \* \*

To give pleasure to a single heart by a single kind act is better than a thousand headbowings in prayer.—*Saadi.*



### STRONG FOR THEIR SIZE.

EVERYONE in a general way knows of the astonishing muscular power employed by insects and of the real tours de force which they execute either in the pursuit of prey or in defending themselves against their enemies. At the same time one rarely has a precise idea of the strength of these insects because there are few standards of comparison, although nothing is simpler than to make a correct valuation of their strength.

The wing strength of insects is known because of the work of Felix Plateau and De Lucy, who showed that these little creatures could not raise a weight much heavier than themselves, no matter what the surface of their wings. During the course of these experiments a very interesting fact was discovered—namely, that the size of the wing decreases as the weight and size of the animal increases, a fact which explains the slow, heavy flight of the beetle and the swift, light movement of the gnat.

The case is entirely different, however, where the creature moves on a solid surface where its six feet may obtain points of support. In this case we can approximately calculate the force exercised. Take, for example, a fly by the wings, leaving the legs free so that they may seize and raise a match. If a man wished to perform relatively equal labor he would have to raise a beam twenty-four and one-half feet long by fourteen and one-half inches square. The earwig harnessed to a small chariot drags without difficulty eight matches, which for a large percheron horse would mean dragging three hundred and thirty beams as long and thick as himself. The man who leaps the three hundred meters of the Eiffel tower is merely repeating the action of the flea, which can leap two hundred times its own height. Finally the Hercules is obliged to raise eighty large locomotives to equal the relative strength of an oyster, which in closing its valves exercises a force of fifteen kilograms. Thus it is a much more simple thing to calculate the strength of insects than to equal it and our modern athletes have yet a long road to travel before they can compete with animals occupying very humble positions in the living world.



### FAMINE IN TIMBER.

It will be but a few years before durable timber becomes very much dearer than it is at present. Good chestnut and white oak posts are worth now fifteen cents each, and red cedar posts twenty cents apiece, undressed, and are hard to get at that. Ten years from now the supply will be much less. No more profitable use of land can be made than to plant walnut, chestnut, oak, hickory, spruce, ash, maple, poplar, willow, locust and other trees that have a value in the arts for their timber. Plant the rough land to trees. The

eucalypts are now grown in the southwestern portion of our country more extensively than any other exotic forest tree.

These trees are originally from Australia; they are known there under the name of anti-fever trees, as by their rapid growth and large amount of foliage they absorb the poisonous gases of the swamps, making the air pure and the climate healthy. In California, Kansas and Indiana tracts of land several thousand acres in area have been planted with seedlings of the eucalyptus rostrata for fuel, railroad ties and for wind-breaks. On account of their rapid growth they make desirable shade trees for the dwelling and pasture lots. In many parts of the southwest the eucalypts are utilized to advantage to furnish shade in pasture. If set along the fences and along the irrigation ditches they can be made to protect the cattle in the pasture without at any time interfering with farm work. Seedlings may be had from the nurserymen in one hundred lots at five cents each. There are some thirty different varieties, and all of them are said to grow equally well in the middle and southern states. Plant the hillsides in forest trees and farm the low ground.



### WHAT A SKELETON IS.

CHILDREN often have ideas that are correct enough in themselves, but their lack of language with which to express those ideas sometimes causes a laugh. Some days ago two little fellows of seven and eight years heard older people speaking of skeletons. The seven-year-old boy listened intently to the conversation, when the elder boy, with an air of superior knowledge, said abruptly:

"You don't know what a skeleton is, and I do."

"So do I," replied the younger. "I do know. I know for certain. I do!"

"Well, now, what is it?"

"Its bones with the people off!"



MANY strange school customs prevail in China. The girls in that country seldom go to school unless they are the children of very rich people. School work begins before daylight, and after studying their lessons aloud for two hours the pupils recite them. They then go home to breakfast, after which they return and study again till dinner time. In the afternoon they go again to school to prepare lessons for the following day. By this time it is night. This goes on every day of the week, for there is no such thing as the Sunday holiday.



DESIRE joy and thank God for it. Renounce it, if need be, for others' sake. That's joy beyond joy.—*Browning.*

# Aunt Barbara's Page

## STRANGE LANDS.

Where do you come from, Mr. Jay?

"From the land of Play, from the land of Play."

And where can that be, Mr. Jay?

"Far away—far away."

Where do you come from, Mrs. Dove?

"From the land of Love from the land of Love."

And how do you get there, Mrs. Dove?

"Look above—look above."

Where do you come from, Baby Miss?

"From the land of Bliss, from the land of Bliss."

And what is the way there, Baby Miss?

"Mother's kiss—mother's kiss."

—Laurence Alma Tadema.

\* \* \*

## "HONOR BRIGHT."

"YES, mother, I will, honor bright! Did you ever know me to break my promise?"

"No, my son; I never did." And Mrs. Dunning stroked the soft brown curls lovingly, as she looked down into honest eyes that never, in all Harry Dunning's fifteen years, had failed to look straightforwardly back at hers.

"Well, mother, you never will. I'll be home by ten sure. Now I'm off!" And Harry sprang down the steps and was away like an arrow.

His chum, Arthur Mayhew, had invited him to a birthday party; and Arthur's invitations were always accepted by his boy and girl friends, for Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew and grown-up sister, Nell, had to perfection the knack of making a good time for young folks.

No wonder that Harry couldn't believe his own eyes when, in the height of the fun, he looked up and saw the hands of the clock pointing to a quarter of ten! No one looked as though even thinking of going home. But Harry's "honor bright" promise rang in his ears. Nobody guessed the struggle that was going on in the boy's heart, as he mechanically performed his part in the merry game. "Why can't I stay until the rest go? Don't I work hard enough? And I haven't had an evening out for weeks."

"It isn't late," he thought irritably. "Mother's only nervous." Then his cheeks reddened and he straightened up quickly.

"Who had a better right to be nervous?" he thought fiercely, as though fighting an invisible foe. His sweet, invalid mother! And he knew little May was not well. She had been fretful all day. And he had promised! Abruptly he excused himself, bade hasty

goodnights and sped away across the fields, putting on his reefer as he ran. His mother met him at the door.

"May is worse," she whispered huskily. "It's croup. Run for the doctor—quick!"

And Harry ran—ran as he had never dreamed he could. The old doctor, electrified by the boy's breathless energy, harnessed old Jim, with Harry's help, in an incredibly brief time and drove off down the hill at a pace that brought night-capped heads from darkened windows and caused many a conjecture as to who was sick down in the "holler."

The keen-eyed old man looked very serious as he bent over May. But he was a skilled physician; and before long the little girl was breathing easily again.

"But let me tell you," he said impressively, "ten minutes later it wouldn't have been very much use to call me or anyone else."

Harry listened silently; but when they were once more alone, he drew his mother down by his side on the shabby little sofa and told her of the resisted temptation.

"And, O mother," he concluded, "I'm so glad I kept my promise, 'honor bright!' I feel as though I'd just escaped being a murderer."

"I have perfect confidence in my brave, true laddie," said the happy mother, stroking the bonnie head on her shoulder.

\* \* \*

## GOING NOWHERE.

It was Johnny, the seven-year-old, who tired of the "merry-go-round." The previous summer it had fascinated him and he could not ride on it too often. This season a single trip satisfied him and he declined another. "No, thank you, grandfather," he said in his quaintly polite way.

"You see we ride and ride, but we stay under that old tent all the time. I should think when anybody gets to be seven years old, they're too big to care about going and going that doesn't get anywhere."

"Now may the boy hold fast to his wisdom!" commented the grandfather, relating the incident.

\* \* \*

VISITOR—"So your mother took you out in the woodshed to cure you of the habit of taking lumps of sugar out of the bowl?"

Tommy—"Yes, ma'am; and I feel like a ham now."

Visitor—"How is that?"

Tommy—"Sugar cured."



# The Q. & A. Department.

## ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(Concluded from Last Number.)

33. What mistake of thought and action did the medieval monastery Christians make?

They did not believe in going out and helping others, which Christ always commanded, but lived in monasteries, thinking to make themselves better, and inflicted self-punishment.—*Rebecca C. Foutz, Waynesboro, Pa.*

34. Were Matthew and Christ related?

It is hard to determine. Probably not.—*Clara Steffy, Staunton, Va.*

35. Were the first disciples familiar with the theological culture of their age?

No.—*Lewis D. Rose, Rummel, Pa.*

36. What seems to prove that there were inspired Christian writings prior to the present Gospels?

Because Luke in his preface refers to them.—*H. A. Hoffert, Carleton, Nebraska.*

37. What language was universally understood in the early Christian church?

Greek.—*Samuel A. Mohler, Falls City, Nebraska.*

38. Upon what one fact does the truthfulness of the Christian religion hinge?

The resurrection.—*D. J. Wampler, Union City, Indiana.*

THE END.

\* \* \*

Is the present shrinkage in railroad values an indication of a general depression of business later on, and have the labor troubles of the past few months had a bearing upon the financial condition of the country?

Doubtless the shrinkage in values has causes, and in this case the general depression is perhaps due to two causes, over-production, and the trouble between labor and capital. It is not likely that there will be any serious financial depression during the coming year, as the crops have been fairly good, and all prosperity rests on the products of agriculture. Bad crops make bad times for everybody.

\*

Does the factory life of Elgin produce factory people as pictured in books and magazines?

No. For some reason, not very clear, there is absolutely none of the poverty and hopelessness of the mill operative, as usually pictured. It is impossible, in observing the streets of Elgin to tell who is and who is not employed in the factories. The work is well paid, and thousands of people are employed. Nobody could pick them out in a crowd. The class to which you refer is perhaps to be seen in the neighborhood of cotton mills, where child labor is employed.

What can keep flies from bothering cows?

The best way, in the case of a few cows, is to shut them up in a dark barn. Different materials have been used from time to time, to rub on cattle to keep the flies away, but nothing seems to be thoroughly effective. The darkened barn is the proper thing, and the cows will want to get in it.

\*

What is a good and sure remedy for constipation?

Get one ounce of senna at the drug store. Soak it over night in a pint of boiling water. Then take a pound of dried figs, and pour the senna infusion over them. A bowl or dish may be used to hold them. One of those figs eaten on retiring is both "good and sure."

\*

What is a simple remedy for insomnia?

Insomnia, or sleeplessness, may often temporarily be helped by a warm bath just before retiring. Eating a little is often a good thing. Try a glass of warm milk and a cracker just after the bath and before going to bed.

\*

When will the Canadian issue of the Inglenook appear?

The Canadian INGLENOOK is in type now, and is waiting for the illustrations, and when received the issue will be put out. It is believed to be of more than ordinary interest.

\*

Can I learn Spanish out of a book?

Yes, but not so that you can speak it intelligently without someone to give you the correct pronunciation. Spanish is an easy language to learn but the pronunciation is almost impossible without a teacher.

\*

Why does the earth in its daily revolution revolve from the west to the east, instead of from the east to the west?

The INGLENOOK does not know why this is the case. Perhaps it is due to the motion given it when it first became a world.

\*

What does the E Pluribus Unum, found on silver dollars, signify?

It is Latin, and means, one out of many.

\*

Does a railway mail clerk in the classified service require an examination?

Yes.

\*

Has Confederate paper money any value?

No market value.

## The Home



## Department

### IN THE MATTER OF TEA.

A GOOD many people who read the INGLENOOK also like a cup of good tea. Few know, perhaps, that it is adulterated as it is. A gentleman who has had a great deal of experience along these lines tells how tea should be made when it is made right.

"Perhaps one woman in a hundred knows how to make tea as it should be made. Properly prepared it can be chemically demonstrated that tea has no more injurious effect upon the nerves than has cocoa or even water. Cocoa, indeed, unless properly prepared by the manufacturer, contains an amount of cocaine which decidedly impairs digestion if taken for any length of time.

"Tea, to be a pure tonic and wholly harmless, should be made with water which has not only 'come to a boil,' but has boiled hard for at least five minutes. The leaves should then be steeped for about five minutes, by no means more than seven. Previous to that time the tonic property only is developed; after seven minutes the tannin becomes operative and the decoction more and more injurious with the increase of time. You can imagine the state of affairs in restaurants and such places, where the tea is made in the morning to last all day, or even every few hours.

"The English have hit upon the ideal time for drinking tea, at breakfast and between luncheon and dinner. Taken then it is the best sort of tonic."

### CHOCOLATE CAKE.

BY TENNIE BOWMAN.

TAKE five eggs, leaving out the whites of two of them for frosting, two cups of granulated sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, three and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder (sifted three or four times in the flour). Cream the butter and sugar, add milk, yolks of eggs, then flour, and the well-beaten whites of the eggs last. Add two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, flavor with vanilla and mix well. Bake in four layers.

Chocolate Icing. Dissolve four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate in five tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Add one and one-half cups of granulated sugar, boil until it threads. Flavor with vanilla, pour over the beaten whites of two eggs, beat until smooth.

Spread between the layers and on the outside of the cake.

*Jonesboro, Tenn.*

### DRIED APPLE FRUIT CAKE.

THREE cups of dried apples soaked over night. In the morning chop fine and stew or simmer two hours in two cups of molasses. Beat one cup of butter and two cups of sugar to a cream, add one cup of milk with one teaspoon of soda dissolved and two well-beaten whole eggs, three and one-half cups of flour; save one cup of flour to dredge the apples. Add one nutmeg and teaspoon of cinnamon and cloves. Bake slowly one and one-half hours. This will keep; the older the better.

### TO REMOVE A CORK EASILY.

HANG the corkscrew on the door knob and pull down with your own weight on the bottle. If a corkscrew is not available, tie a stout string tightly around the cork and fasten it to the knob and pull down the bottle.

### ANTISEPTIC TOOTHPICKS.

ANTISEPTIC toothpicks, warranted free of germs, are being supplied by the large hotels and restaurants in London. It is proposed shortly to serve sterilized food in chemically cleansed dishes.

### MOLASSES CANDY.

ONE cup molasses, two cups sugar, one tablespoon vinegar, a little butter and vanilla, boil ten minutes, then cool it enough to pull.

### CREAM CANDY.

ONE pound white sugar, one-half teacup vinegar, one tumbler water, vanilla; boil one-half hour, and pull, if you choose.

IF the dry tea is put in the teapot and placed where it will keep hot for fifteen minutes before pouring on the boiling water, the tea will be stronger, also more fragrant. An earthen pot should be used.



## LITERARY.

THE *Era*, Philadelphia, for July, is at hand. It is always a good magazine, rather ahead of the ordinary ten-cent publication, and this issue is a very good one indeed. The illustrations are excellent, and it is hardly possible that there should be better ones in black and white. There are several natural history articles in this number of the *Era* that will interest Nook readers, most of whom live in the country, and who keenly appreciate anything in nature study. The leading article in this month's *Era* is one descriptive of the work being done by Booker Washington. There is also a good picture of the colored man who is doing so much for his people. The price of the magazine is ten cents. Sold everywhere.

\*

*Lippincott's* magazine for August is before us, and has its usual interesting features. The complete story is "The Green Dragon." It has seven other short stories, and in addition to the fiction feature, has some articles of unusual merit, one of which is "Father Kneipp and his Cure." A feature of *Lippincott's* is its "Walnuts and Wine" department, which contains minor articles in lighter vein, but of general interest to all readers. If it so happens that you run to fiction, *Lippincott's* is the magazine to get. Every number contains a complete story, large enough to make a good sized book, and this is one of its features. In general the shorter stories are well written, and if *Lippincott's* is what you want, you can get it for twenty-five cents at any newsstand.

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## PRICES IN THE WIFE MARKET.

IN Europe, says a foreign explorer, it is customary for parents to give dowries to their daughters when they marry, but in uncivilized countries quite a different custom prevails.

In Uganda a man can buy a handsome wife for four bulls, a box of cartridges and six needles, and if he has the luck to go a-wooing when woman happens to be a drug on the market, he can buy a suitable damsel for a pair of shoes.

A Kaffir girl is worth, according to the rank of her family, from four to ten cows.

In Tartary, no father will surrender his daughter unless he gets a goodly quantity of butter in return, and in certain parts of India no girl can marry until her father has been pacified by a present of rice and a few rupees.

Twenty oxen is the regular price for a wife among the Mishimis, but a poor man has more than once succeeded in obtaining a bride on payment of one pig.

At Timor no girl will think of marrying a man not provided with a certain number of elephants' tusks, and at Unyoro any desirable but impecunious suitor

may purchase a wife on credit, but will not be allowed to enjoy her company until he has paid the uttermost farthing.

Among many tribes of Africa and Asia it is customary for a suitor to work as a hired man for his future father-in-law in the same manner as Jacob worked for Laban. A certain value is set on the girl whom he selects as his wife, and when his wages amount to that much he gets her, and not before.

A man who falls in love with a native girl of the Manzoni territory fares better, for all he need pay for her is two deer skins.

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## THE FISHERMAN'S RING.

FOLLOWING the ceremonies of the recognition of the death of the Pope, by the Sacred College, came another ceremony shorter, but no less significant and symbolic. On Leo's finger was the fisherman's ring, which the Camerlengo, with a whispered prayer drew gently off. This ring will be later broken in the presence of the cardinals. It will be reset and presented to the new Pope, when he is elected.

The ring is a very great antiquity. Its stone is of very little value, but it is cut with a scene of St. Peter drawing in his nets. Nobody knows the origin of it, but it was first used about the year 1265. Later it was used for secret documents. Now it is officially one of the symbols of office, and one of the most prized of all the church's possessions. Several times in its history it has been lost, but was always found and returned to its owner.

\*\*\*

## WHAT THEY SAY.

"I DO not want to do without the INGLENOOK, for it is a grand magazine."—*Mrs. Sarah E. Stauffer, Md.*

\*

"I THINK the INGLENOOK should be classified with the best of magazines."—*Mrs. D. C. Roehl, Ohio.*

\*

"I LIKE the INGLENOOK and think it is growing better all the time."—*A. P. Beckner, Idaho.*

\*

"I THINK the INGLENOOK a very useful and interesting paper."—*Mrs. Phares N. Becker, Pa.*

\*

"EVERY young minister and teacher should read the INGLENOOK."—*Frank Collier, Indiana.*

\*

"I RECEIVED the premium and am well pleased with it."—*Frank Snider, Ohio.*

\*

"I ENJOY the NOOK very much."—*W. B. Mikesell, Ohio.*

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

AUGUST 11, 1903.

No. 33.

## AFTER THE WEDDING.

We're married, they say, and you think you have won me;  
Well, take this white veil from my brow and look on me.  
Here's matter to vex you, and matter to grieve you;  
Here's doubt to distrust you, and faith to believe you.  
I'm all as you see—common earth, common dew—  
Be wary and mould me to roses, not rue.

Ah, shake out the filmy thing, fold after fold.  
And see if you have me to keep and to hold;  
Look close on my heart; see the worst of its sinning—  
Is it not yours to-day, for the yesterday's winning?  
The past is not mine—I am too proud to borrow—  
You must grow to new heights if I love you to-morrow.

We're married. I'm plighted to hold up your praises  
As the turf at your feet does its handful of daisies;  
That way lies my honor, my pathway, my pride;  
But mark me—if greener grass grows either side,  
I shall know it; and keeping in body with you,  
Shall walk with my spirit-feet out in the dew.

We're married. Oh, pray that our love do not fail.  
I have wings flattened down and hid under my veil;  
They are subtle as light—you can never undo them;  
And swift in their flight—you can never pursue them;  
And spite of all clasping, and spite of all bands,  
I can slip, like a shadow, a dream, from your hands.

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to take me—  
I am yours, for all time, to be just what you make me;  
To wear my white veil for a sign or a cover,  
As you shall be proven my lord or my lover:  
A cover for peace that is dead or a token  
Of bliss that can never be written or spoken.

—Alice Carey.

\*\*\*

## SOMETHING ABOUT KISSING.

*The third person isn't in it.*

✱

*It is a report at headquarters.*

✱

*If only the garden gate could talk.*

✱

*It is the woman's most effective argument.*

✱

*It is done the same way in all languages.*

*It is a thing best kept out of the newspapers.*

✱

*It is a thing that sometimes calms the storm.*

✱

*A good many people go crazy to get there.*

✱

*Something awful when the old maid's sister hears it.*

✱

*It is nothing at all divided up between two people.*

✱

*The only two-faced action not to be disapproved of.*

✱

*A kiss is an insipid thing unless it is love flavored.*

✱

*It is said to be the sweetest fruit on the tree of love.*

✱

*Usually it is something that is nobody else's business.*

✱

*"If a body kiss a body," \* \* need a body tell?*

✱

*It is something a lover gets for nothing, and which a rich old man buys.*

✱

*It is a telegram from heart to heart in which the sounding system is used.*

✱

*At six months it is her right. At sixteen, doubtful. At twenty-five, a privilege.*

✱

*Laughable, indeed, seeing two old maids, jealous of one another, kissing each other.*

✱

*It is a thing that is no good on earth to one person but is sometimes a whole world to two.*

✱

*As Webster hath it: " (OE. kiss, derived under the influence of the verb from the older form coss, AS. coss. See kiss, v). A salutation with the lips."*



### A MACHINE RESTAURANT.

IN these days of machinery that does everything almost, one need not be surprised when he hears of an automatic restaurant which furnishes food and drink on the nickel slot machine plan. In the *Scientific American*, is a story of how one works.

Now we have the automatic restaurant, a gigantic slot machine or combination of slot machines, from which we can purchase food and drink. The wonder is that this idea is not of American, but of German origin. Automatic restaurants have been a familiar sight in many of the more prominent European cities for the last nine years.

New York's restaurant, in principle, is very much the same as those of the German towns. It is fitted up much more elaborately, however. There are no waiters in the usually accepted sense of that term. The two or three white-aproned men who nonchalantly roam around without apparently much to do are there not to serve meals, but to remove the empty dishes. You must serve yourself. You buy your portion of meat or soup, your glass of beer or wine, or your cup of coffee, and you carry what you have bought to your table. If you are in a hurry you may stand and eat and enjoy what is popularly known as a "perpendicular meal."

In describing the automatic restaurant, it may be well to divide its various appliances into three classes. The first class of machines sell hot foods by means of coins and checks; the second dispenses cold food (salads, desserts) by the use of coins alone, and the third sells liquids (beer, wine, coffee, whiskey, liquors, etc.) by the use of coins alone.

The bill of fare is printed upon a board in which the slots are located. Each slot bears a reference letter. Opposite slot A a small placard is pasted which gives the name of the particular dish to be purchased by dropping a coin in the slot. Similar legends are printed upon the placards pasted opposite slots B, C, D, etc.

After the desired dish has been selected, a coin of the proper denomination is dropped into the corresponding slot. A handle is pulled, which rings a bell in the basement, and signals the attendants. Simultaneously a brass check is delivered. The coin has dropped down a chute, which lies adjacent to an elevator and is held in place at the bottom by a retaining device. By counting the number of coins the attendants know how many dishes of that particular food are wanted. As each dish is served the retaining device is released, so that a coin drops into a receptacle, leaving behind a number of coins corresponding to the number of dishes still to be served. The food, attractively served in neat chinaware, is placed on a silvered metal tray in one of the compartments of the elevator, and a crank is turned in order to raise the elevator to the floor above.

The purchaser sees his dish as it lies in the elevator behind a glass partition; he cannot reach it, however, because it has been lifted somewhat above the discharge opening. Not until he has dropped his brass check into a second slot, bearing a reference letter corresponding to that of the coin slot, and pulled another handle, will the elevator descend sufficiently to enable him to obtain his purchase.

Here, one peculiarity in the slot mechanism of the automatic restaurant should be mentioned. Spurious coins, as well as coins of improper value, fail to operate the mechanism. An honest slot machine is probably as rare as an honest man. The automatic restaurant machines, however, are far more trustworthy than many human beings. Coins of improper value which have been erroneously inserted are returned. The purchaser is not cheated.

Cold foods, such as salads and desserts, are placed upon the elevator of another section and raised to the purchasing floor in full view, protected, of course, by glass partitions. In order to purchase what one desires, it is necessary simply to drop a coin in the slot and to pull a handle. The elevator then descends one step, so that the particular salad or dessert can be withdrawn from the discharge opening just as in the previous case. No checks are here used, since the dishes are cold and the attendants below need not be informed of the particular kind of food desired.

The liquor-dispensing machines have for their most interesting feature a self-measuring valve by means of which an amount of liquor is dispensed which is the exact equivalent in quantity of the value of the money received. It is rather curious to observe that for a five-cent piece a glass of beer—no more and no less—runs out of the faucet. Kummel, Benedectine and other liquors are sold with like mechanical accuracy. The glasses are brimful; not a drop too much trickles out of the cask.

The valve by which coffee is dispensed is of similar construction. The coffee is kept hot by means of a vessel containing water, within which the coffee tank itself is contained.

New York is by no means the first American city to possess an automatic restaurant. Philadelphia anticipated it by some months. The Philadelphia equipment is exactly similar, mechanically, to that of New York. Restaurants on the same principle are soon to be opened in Chicago and the leading American cities.

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AT Redcliffe Gardens, Kensington, there is a line of artists' studios a quarter of a mile in length, all under one roof.

\* \* \*

IN parts of rural England the cook pours hot water over the threshold after the bridal couple have gone, in order to keep it warm for another bride.

## KANSAS FURNISHES NEW SLANG WORD.

It is reported by the Greeley (Kan.) *Republican* that loco weed is unusually abundant on the prairies this year. Loco weed is a plant which sets animals crazy and eventually causes their death if its use is continued. But the peculiar thing about it is the manner in which it upsets the popular idea, that animals have an unerring instinct, which teaches them to avoid all foods which are harmful. When a horse or cow has once tasted loco it will wander over the prairies hunting for more of it and refusing to eat grass or any other food. When an animal has acquired the loco habit it quickly

result was great irregularity in the shape of many of the districts. One in particular was so distorted that the Boston *Sentinel* published a colored map of it, to which a few artistic touches were added for the purpose of giving it resemblance to some monstrous animal. This mythical animal the opposition named "gerrymander," composed of the termination of Elbridge and Gerry and the termination of "salamander." Gerrymandering has since come to be known as the process of so arranging electoral districts as to give a majority of congressmen, or state legislators, as the case may be, to the party having the minority in the total popular vote of the State.



THE GERMANTOWN BRETHREN CHURCH BEFORE REMODELLING.  
THE ORIGINAL CHURCH WAS IN FRONT OF  
THE PRESENT ONE.

becomes emaciated and often it runs amuck like a man made crazy by the use of morphine or whiskey. On the prairie the word "locoed" is applied to men who are intoxicated or who have lost their minds, and it has moved on to the East, where it is doubtful if many know its origin.

♦ ♦ ♦

## "GERRYMANDER" GERRY.

THIS day, 150 years ago, July 17, 1744, Elbridge Gerry, fifth Vice President, was born at Marblehead, Mass. He was also a member of Congress for several terms and was governor when the senate districts of Massachusetts were laid out with the aim of electing to that body a majority of Democrats. The

This is accomplished by combining a community having a large majority in favor of the manipulating party, with another in which that party has a minority a little smaller than its majority in the former; the result of the union is a district in which the party has a small majority. This process has been practiced all over the Union.

♦ ♦ ♦

AFTER all, it is not what is around us, but what is in us; nor what we have, but what we are, that makes us really happy.—*Geikie*.

♦ ♦ ♦

"GOOD temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude."



## PLAY WORK.

THE Washington *Post* tells of the work of some scientific people.

One thing that very few persons know is that United States government officials play what would be to boys entertaining games every day as a part of the serious work of nations.

There is one man—an old and grave and wise and famous professor—who may be seen in his home in Washington standing on chairs and desks, launching little paper birds and funny contrivances through the air and watching them soar and settle with just the same interest and delight with which boys would watch them.

If folks who did not know who he is were to behold him they might well be excused for imagining that the old gentleman was growing childish. But probably there are few persons in the country to-day who know better what they are about than does he, for he is one of the foremost scientists of the Smithsonian institution, and some day it is expected that he will teach the world how to build a flying machine that really will fly.

Often, after he has played good and hard with the little paper toys, he disappears. Then the other scientists know that he is down in a lonely part of the Potomac river experimenting with big flying machines that have been built according to ideas gained by him from his toys. And while this professor is flying his things the chances are that not far away other wise men are playing with little toy gardens. These are patches just big enough for children to weed and hoe.

These garden patches are watered with small graduated watering pots, and with scales little pinches of fertilizer and other plant foods are measured out for each. Big men sit over them and watch them and peer into them and fondle the little leaves, one by one, just as children would do. But every few weeks one of the players sits down at his desk and writes, and soon afterward the government issues a pamphlet that tells farmers all over the world just how they can handle their farms to make them yield more and better crops.

All over the country are other men employed by the government who go out every day with butterfly nets to catch butterflies and grasshoppers and countless other insects. Some go out at night with lanterns and honey pots and sit down in the shelter of shrubbery, waiting till the great, blundering night moths shall be attracted by the keen scent of the honey which they love. Often the moths drink honey until they are drunk, when they can be picked up by the bare hand without needing a net. That is not bad play, either. Yet that kind of play has saved the people of the United States millions of dollars, for the insect

hunters find out so much about the insects that destroy vegetation and fruit and shade trees that we know now just when to look out for their arrival and just how to destroy them before they become big enough to eat growing things.

Last year men in the agricultural department played a most absorbing game that surely would have pleased every boy and girl in the land. They planted seeds of many kinds in tiny pots, one seed in each pot, and then day after day they photographed the pots. Thus they made many hundreds of pictures that, when they were all put together, showed just how the plants grew. And these pictures were put into one of those great kinetoscope machines that throw large moving pictures on screens, so now everybody can see a plant grow from a seed to a mighty shrub. Only, instead of having to watch it for months and years, we can see it within a few minutes, for the machine throws the pictures on the screen just as fast as one may wish. This already has taught farmers and florists many things about plants that never had been suspected before, although so many sharp-eyed persons have watched plants grow for so many centuries.

A few years ago the United States government imported the beautiful and valuable date palm, hoping to make it grow in the sandy and dry parts of Arizona and New Mexico and other spots of the United States, where other domestic palms do not thrive. The date palm did fairly well, but not well enough to please the department of agriculture, so it sent one of its men away out to Africa and across the desert of Sahara to find the oases and see how palms grow there. He found a gorgeous evergreen morning glory twining all over the houses of the Arabs. And then he found the beautiful oases and when he returned it was with many camels, all laden with fine date palms.

And these are growing finely now in our country. That was a real Arabian Nights play trip that has been worth lots and lots of money to this country.

Some charming toys are those that everybody may see in the many weather observing stations of the government. There are busy little windmills, turning like anything, and funny little round disks on arms that dance all the time, and queer spiral glass tubes that move lead pencils over charts.

A weather observatory would be the very place of all that any child would select if it could have its way for a playroom. There are so many funny instruments and scores on scores of queer-colored flags and little gaudy-colored lanterns that one's heart quite fills with the desire to play with them. Yet even while one is looking at them turn and dance, those tempting toys may be telling of a storm that is killing folk and blowing houses down far away. The little flags and lanterns, when hoisted, may seem anything but

toys to the sailor. For some of them spell hurricane, others talk of hail and rain, and others warn all human kind to stay snug in shelter.

There was a learned man in Wood's Hole, in Massachusetts, the other day, who had great fun with starfish in little saucers and bright, flashing glass tanks. Wood's Hole is the place where the government studies fish. This man went out and caught a lot of the beautiful things called starfish, because they look so much like stars. Children who have seen them and played with them and admired them, will find it hard to believe that they are really first cousins to the devilfish, or octopus, as they are.

The man played lots of games with the stars. He put some of them into shallow vessels and found that they had queer habits. For instance, a starfish would try to crawl over the side of the dish, but as soon as he found he would have to lift his arms out of the water to do it he would slide right back. But as he could get just enough water to keep his arms covered, he would crawl away rapidly, quite regardless of the fact that all the rest of his body was sticking out high and dry. The man also got many eggs of the star and put them into tiny trays of salt water and hatched them out. Gloriously beautiful little things they were, purple and crimson and scarlet and yellow, each one as tiny as a pinhead, yet each one a perfect five-pointed star. And as soon as each was hatched it would hustle right to the bottom and fasten on a bit of green weed, where it shone like a flashing gem. Now this was truly pleasant play. But it was profitable, too, for the starfish is a terrible enemy of the oyster and the clam. The starfish used to eat so many oysters and clams that the fishermen of Connecticut alone lost more than \$100,000. The play of the man in Wood's Hole has taught the government new ways of fighting the stars and it is now sending the information to all the fishermen and shellfish planters.

So all the playing means vast sums of money saved or earned in various ways.

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#### THE RAILWAY MAIL.

THE New York *Sun* tells the following of the origin of the railway mail service:

An officer of a great railway system who has worked his way up from the bottom, was rummaging the other day and found a memorandum which is the basis of what follows:

"This mem," he said, "dates back to the genesis of the railway mail. The man who made the first step in this wonderful improvement was, unless I am very much mistaken, the postmaster in St. Joseph, Mo., at the breaking out of the Civil War. He was appointed by Buchanan.

"The Pony Express, which was also started from St. Joseph, suggested to the postmaster a crude arrangement from which was evolved our present railway system. The postmaster found it necessary to arrange his mail so that it could be handled quickly on the arrival and departure of the Pony Express rider.

"He rigged up a lot of pigeon holes in an old dry goods box and put it where he could have the mail at the ends of his fingers. Each pigeon hole was labeled with the name of a post office.

"Soon after this arrangement a similar one was rigged up in the baggage car of a railroad train, and the man in charge distributed his mail for towns along the line by putting it into the pigeon holes in a pine box.

"Crude as it was, it facilitated business. It was the cue for the inventive genius who improved upon it, and of course, his improvements have been improved upon until we have now the best railway mail system in the world.

"All this has been brought about within the recollection of men who are not yet old. From one man who experimented with it the service has grown so that it now requires a force of 25,000 men."

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#### FUEL IN ANCIENT ROME.

THE fuel of the ancient Romans was almost exclusively charcoal. This was burned in open pans, without grate or flue, and gave economical heat for living rooms and baths. Careful experiment has shown that such fires yield no considerable amount of dangerous carbonic oxide. The inconvenience of chimneys was avoided, the heat could be easily regulated, and a pan with a burning surface sufficed to heat a church seating two thousand people.

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#### GOVERNMENT WILL OWN RAILWAYS.

THE British government will buy all the railways in South Africa, the colonies to pay interest on the \$65,000,000 necessary to the purchase.

\* \* \*

A RAZOR is a saw, not a knife, and it works like a saw, not like a knife. Under the microscope its edge is seen to have innumerable and fine saw teeth. When these teeth get clogged with dirt honing and stropping will do no good. Dipping it in hot water dissolves out the debris from between the teeth.

\* \* \*

NEVER be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here; and never fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord.  
—George MacDonald.



## A MALLEABLE GLASS.

A LAMP chimney that will not break on a lamp has at last been made. It results from a newly-discovered process of making malleable glass, something the world has been searching for since the making of glass began hundreds of years before Christ. The Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Greeks, the Romans, and all nations since have striven in vain to make a glass that would mash before it would break. The problem has been solved by an Indiana man. His name is Louis Kauffeld, and he lives in the town of Matthews, Ind. His may be regarded as the greatest achievement of the present age in the art of glass manufacture.

## DREAMLESS SLEEP ONLY IS GOOD.

THE best sleep is the dreamless sleep. It is the most restful. It permits the sleeper to awake feeling the most refreshed. "To dream or not to dream" has been the soliloquy of many a person lying down to sleep, and usually it is with the fervent hope that there may be no dreams. To prevent them take care of the circulation.

Another fundamental principle to be observed is to have the room well ventilated and well aired. There can be no healthful, restful sleep in a close room into which no currents of fresh air find their way. A drawn, weary looking face sometimes is evidence of an



A TYPICAL, OLD-TIME COUNTRY CHURCH, COMMON IN THE EAST.

The secret of making the glass the Indianian refuses to divulge, but he gave ample tests with the finished product to prove its malleability. It seems impossible to break it from the effects of heat. Water was boiled in a lamp chimney made from the glass and another of the chimneys was placed over a fire and permitted to attain such a heat that one side shrunk in as if it were beginning to melt. In neither instance was there any sign of a crack. The glass appears to be clearer than the ordinary product and is more elastic in its molten state. Mr. Kauffeld claims that his glass contains neither lime nor lead, and at present is only manufacturing lamp chimneys, such as are made in an off-hand factory.

inclination to keep the windows tightly closed in the sleeping room.

The center of the nervous system is the back, and therefore it is not advisable to lie with the full weight of the body on the spinal column. One should lie with the whole body relaxed, the legs outstretched, and the trunk of the body slightly on one side. That is the best sleeping position. It is best calculated to produce sound, refreshing sleep.

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WOE to him who betrays the confidence of his friend; for he profanes that which is most closely related to the human heart and is the most sacred proof of friendship.—*Charles Sainte-Foi.*

## WHEN OVERCOME BY HEAT.

THIS is the time of year when people get sunstroke, or overcome by the heat, and a few words of caution may not be out of place to the Nook family. In the first place, sunstroke is something that is not very well understood, and whoever gets a good dose of it, is very likely to be permanently affected in some way that is very unpleasant. Another fact is that sunstroke may come in the night as well as in the daytime, and the sun may not be at all responsible for it. Usually happening in the open air and sunlight, it has received the name of sunstroke, but a better term for it would be heat exhaustion.

Very frequently it happens that a person drops down, apparently dead, in hot weather, and their trouble is mistaken for so-called sunstroke. Now here is a rule by which you can invariably tell whether or not heat exhaustion has taken place. If the patient has a moist skin, or is sweating, it is not heat exhaustion, but something else, and it may be one of many things. In fact, as long as you are sweating, there is no danger whatever of sunstroke.

A hot, dry skin, and more or less insensibility are the symptoms of sunstroke. Now, the life of a patient will depend, very often, upon prompt action. The first thing we recommend the Nook reader to do in the absence of professional treatment, as there is very little time to send for a doctor is to get your party as quickly as possible into a cool place. Loosen up every garment about him, so as to allow free circulation of air, and in the case of a woman, let this be thoroughly and effectually done. Keep the crowd away, and with the most convenient means at hand let some one thoroughly fan the patient continually. Get water as cool as possible, and promptly and effectually bathe the hands and arms of the patient, and have cool water ready when the patient wants to drink. Do not give stimulants. Some do, but the practice has to be condemned. Owing to the heat striking to the body, the blood is thick and turbid. Cool down the temperature of the patient just as quickly as possible. If there are convulsions see that the patient does not injure himself slashing around, and whatever you do, don't lose your head.

Remember this one fact. The patient is overheated, through and through, and the treatment must consist in cooling him off. At some of the hospitals in the city, where these cases occur frequently, they have a tent outside, with a bath tub full of ice-cold water, and they souse the patient in that and cool him off. Keep up the fanning. You will know when you have succeeded by the subject's skin becoming moist. When that happens, you can slow up on the treatment, for the party is almost certain to recover.

Also remember this fact, that whoever has once been

overcome by heat is peculiarly liable to a recurrence of it at about the same time of day. And all such people must keep out of the sun, and not hurry, and at the very first symptoms of the disturbance, stop right there, no matter what is on hand, and go about the recuperative process. This he can do for himself, if he begins in time. Whatever is done, do not continue working and remain in the sun till the blinding sensation comes over you, but stop before that, as soon as your skin is hot and dry, no matter how little you may dread the stroke, so-called.

An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure, for the after-effects of sunstroke are sometimes a life legacy. Troublesome sores may manifest themselves, or the patient may be peculiarly liable to drop over at any time without warning. Summing it all up, let the Nooker keep cool and if the stroke does come, let those about him act with the utmost promptness, and whatever they do, do not get frightened, as it will only complicate matters.

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## "HOWLERS."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Globe* sends some very fair specimens of "Howlers" perpetrated by board school children and collected by a board school-master. On the nature of gases, "An oxygen has eight sides." In natural history, "A cuckoo is a bird which does not lay its own eggs"; "a mosquito is a child of black and white parents," and "a blizzard is the inside of a fowl." In geographical study we get the following: "The equator is a menagerie lion running round the earth and through Africa"; "a meridian is the place where they keep the time" and "the inhabitants of Paris are called Parisites." Among answers we have heard before is that of the child who declares "Izaak Walton was such a good fisherman that he was called the Judicious Hooker."

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## "OLD WINE" THEORY EXPLODED.

THERE is hardly a man who does not believe that old wine is the best wine, yet a short time ago some cases of claret were sold in London at twenty-five dollars a bottle, of the famous "Comet" vintage of 1811, and the wine was found to be utterly worthless. It was simply worn out with age. Wine experts and wealthy connoisseurs had come from great distances to buy the wine at any price, and were edified upon opening it to find it was as flat as soda water. In the same way, not long since, a quantity of hock from the cellars of a country house, of the year preceding Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, fetched twenty dollars per bottle, and was found to have lost everything except its color.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## STORIES OF EAGLES.

SOME years ago Sir Charles Mordaunt witnessed in Scotland a strange battle between an eagle and a stag, which completely dispels any theory that the ornithologist may put forward as to eagles not attacking large animals. The bird singled out from a herd one particular buck which it succeeded in driving from the rest. It struck the animal repeatedly with its powerful wings, knocked it down and finally killed it. Baron Schroeder witnessed a still more remarkable spectacle. An eagle attacked a fawn which was one of a herd in the highlands. The cries of the little one were answered by its dam, which sprang upon the eagle and struck it repeatedly with its forefeet. Fawn, deer and eagle rolled headlong down a declivity, and the bird was dislodged from its hold and the fawn rescued. But Sir Kenneth Mackenzie knows a more thrilling story than either of these, for, according to report, an eagle was rent in two during a battle in his forest of Gairloch. Fixing its talons in the quarters of a roe, the bird was dashed against a tree, to a branch of which it endeavored to hold to stay the flight of its captive. The bird was halved in an instant.

Many traditions are extant as to eagles having carried off and devoured children. In the north of England the legend is perpetuated by the name of many an inn, the sign "The Eagle and the Child" being common. The most recent case, bearing close scrutiny appears to be one which occurred in South Africa. A Boer farmer, living on the veldt just beyond Barberton, whose stock had been harried by eagles, lay in ambush for the aerial robbers and saw one of them descend and carry off the five-year-old child of one of his Kaffir servants. He shot the bird, which, with the child still clutched in its grip, fell into a thorn bush. The bird was dead when picked up, but the babe was little hurt. The eagle measured nine feet from tip to tip of the wings. Other stories are told to a similar end, but appear less credible than this one.

Two eagles will stalk a covert in concert. While one conceals itself the other beats about the bushes with a great screaming, driving out its quarry for the hidden eagle to sweep down and make an end of it. An even more insidious method has been observed, when an eagle, detecting a sheep on the edge of a precipice, flew at it, screaming shrilly, and with forceful beat of wing hurled it into the valley below, where it could devour it at its leisure. There is good reason

for believing, after all, the ancient legend as to the manner in which Æschylus, the Greek poet, met his death. It is said that an eagle dropped a turtle on his bald head. Algerian travelers are familiar with the sight of eagles carrying turtles and tortoises to a height and dropping them upon rocks to break the creatures' shells and render the flesh accessible.

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## BIGGEST GORILLA EVER KILLED.

THERE has just been placed on exhibition in the Umlauff Museum at Hamburg the biggest known specimen of gorilla. It was shot in the Cameroon territory in West Africa. After much difficulty it was removed to Hamburg, stuffed, mounted and placed on exhibition. It measured 6 feet 10¾ inches from the crown of the head to the middle toe, and across, from middle finger to middle finger, 9 feet 3¾ inches. It was largely a matter of chance that the commercial traveler, Herr Paschen, of Schwerin, shot this gigantic gorilla.

When the natives came to the agency at Cameroon with stories of the "big monkey" Herr Paschen did not take much stock in their yarns, but when the native troops started out on a hunt for the gorilla the German traveler took his carbine and went along. After some hours' travel they came to the patch of bush where the gorilla was supposed to be in hiding. The natives surrounded the bush and suddenly the beast's head appeared. Herr Paschen made a path through the bush with his bush knife, and when within range took aim and fired.

It was a lucky shot, for the beast at once fell with the bullet through his head. He fell with a crash and was almost instantly dead. It was not an easy matter to remove the gorilla to the coast and thence to Hamburg, but there it is now, almost lifelike in appearance, so carefully was the mounting and stuffing done. Alongside is the gigantic skeleton. Since the gorilla was placed on exhibition the crowds at the museum have been enormous, and the comments upon its marked resemblance to the human species have been general.

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## SPONGE FISHING IN FLORIDA.

IN sponging two men work together in a skiff. One skulls. The other leans over the side, and buries his head in a wooden bucket with a glass bottom. Through this glass he can see every fish, every bit of

coral or sea feather, and every shell or sponge upon the bottom. His glance sweeps indifferently past shark, ray or pompano, past single fish or fish in schools, past big fish seeking a dinner and little fish seeking to escape making one. It hesitates at every growth upon the bottom, and rests for a moment upon every form of sponge which it encounters. When a sponge of commercial value comes within range of the sponger's vision his free hand reaches behind him for the thirty-foot pole with its sponge hook which lies across the gunwales. The motion of the boat is checked by the sculler, the hook is lowered to the roots of the sponge, which is then torn from the bottom.

Sponges, after being cured, are put up in strings four feet eight inches long, and sold in Key West, like everything else there, at auction. In the fishing community of the Keys the sponge is a sort of social wampum. Choice specimens are given as tokens of regard, or as expressions of gratitude for favors. They are available in payment of compliments or debts, and their value cannot always be measured by their monetary equivalent.—*Country Life*.

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#### SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

THE olive will live longer under water than any other tree.

The secretary-bird of India kills on an average two snakes a day.

An ordinary brick will absorb as much as sixteen ounces of water.

In operation a volcano emits gases, vapors, ashes, boulders and lava.

There are more wrecks in the Baltic sea than in any other place in the world.

Of the 361 different kinds of British birds, only 140 are resident all the year.

The lyrebird of Australia is the biggest songbird in the world. It is nearly as large as the pheasant.

Satisfactory experiments with oil-fuel for fire-engines have been made by the London county council.

The muscles of a bird's wings are twenty times more powerful, proportionately speaking, than those of a man's arm.

Only one existing reptile can sustain itself in the air. This is the flying dragon of the East Indies. It has no real wings, but can glide from tree to tree like a flying squirrel.

The effects of music on animals was recently tried by Herr Baker, a violinist at the German zoological gardens. The puma was most sensitive to the instrument and sometimes became very nervous and excited. Leopards were unconcerned, lions appeared afraid, but

their cubs wanted to dance when the tune became lively, the hyenas were terrified, the monkeys curious and interested. Wolves were the most appreciative and "seemed to beg for an encore."

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#### CHICAGO A DIAMOND FIELD.

It is entirely within the bounds of possibility that that are many fine gems hidden from sight in the path of the glacial drift between Chicago and Milwaukee and the earth is only waiting for some keen observer to bring them out of their seclusion. Thus Professor Alja R. Crook, geological expert of the Northwestern University, would have us believe. In the hope of promoting their discovery he has issued a pamphlet, entitled "The Mineralogy of Chicago," in which he calls special attention to them. He asserts that a pocket, or mother lode, exists in that locality, and gives as a basis for his belief the fact that already seventeen diamonds, ranging in weight to as high as a carat, have been found at different times in this glacial path. He says if a small, round, transparent, glassy mineral of light color is found, it would be well to test its hardness. If it scratches everything available and is three and one half times heavier than its bulk in water it may be considered a diamond.

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#### EARLY BIRDS.

A BIRD-LOVER who has investigated the question as to what hour in the summer the commonest songbirds wake up and sing, states that the greenfinch is the earliest riser, as it pipes as early as half-past one o'clock in the morning. The blackcap begins at half-past two. It is nearly four o'clock and the sun is well above the horizon before the first real songster appears in the person of the blackbird. He is heard half an hour before the thrush and the chirp of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. The house sparrow and the tomtit occupy the last place on the list. The investigation has altogether ruined the lark's reputation for early rising.

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#### A COLLECTION OF EYES.

THE Stockholm Museum possesses an interesting collection of eyes taken from human beings at different ages, which are cut across in such a way as to exhibit plainly the internal and the external eye. It is easy to observe that the eye of a young child is as transparent as water; that of the youth a little less so; in the man of 30 the eye begins to be slightly opaque, and in the man of 50 or 60 it is decidedly opaque, and in the man of 70 or 80 it is dull and lusterless. This gradual development of opacity is due to the increase of fibrous tissue and deposit of waste matter in the eye.



# THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

So live to-day that, when to-morrow comes,  
Thou shalt not cloud the sun with vain regret;  
But let thy hand and heart commit those deeds  
That love for man and faith in God beget.

—Osgood Elliott.

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## OUTSPOKEN PEOPLE.

THERE are some people who pride themselves on being of the class who always tell what is in them, and who speak their mind without being specially asked for it. As a rule these people are not wise or tactful. He who tells all that he happens to think is one who tells many a time more than he knows. If we are given to blabbing right out what we think we will often make mistakes, saying the thing that is not true, and live to regret it afterward. Between the person who is slow and cautious, and the outspoken person, the latter, in most cases, in fact, nearly always, is not as reliable as the slower spoken person.

For some unknown reason, not readily understood, a good many people seem to think that it is something to be proud of to give expression to their thought as it happens to come to them. A direct outcome of this feeling is the start and perpetuation of a vast deal of gossip. Even with those who are most deliberate in their expression, and who think half a dozen times before talking, there are often variations from the exact truth. How much more so, then, may we look for it in the case of those who give utterance to every fleeting thought that passes through their heads. The chances are that most of it were better left unsaid entirely, while the rest might be severely blue-penciled mentally.

One of the temptations to which the outspoken person is peculiarly liable is the saying of something smart to the detriment of a third party who is present. Many a friend has been sacrificed by an uttered jest that were better swallowed by its maker than spoken. Pretty nearly every one of us has some peculiarity of mental or moral make-up which renders him peculiarly susceptible to being touched on the raw, and he who knows this, and yet who speaks out his mind, as he calls it, is very apt to say the thing that will discommode and disconcert the hearer, and thinks that he is saying something smart at the time. Of course the result is that we avoid such a person, just about the same that we would pass around a newly-painted lamp post. But the Smart Aleck never seems to notice it.

It is perhaps asking the outspoken person a little too much, at one time, to remedy his habit of thought, which is apt to be very reckless, and indiscreet, but it is not out of line of what is right, and it is something which he can accomplish, to suggest to him that it is better to mentally review his utterances before he makes them. If he does so, he will save for himself friends that he would otherwise lose, and, to put it plainly and bluntly, make less of a fool of himself, than his natural bent inclines him to.

There is no law to prevent people from doing wild talking, except, perhaps, the law of common sense. And there is no means known to the writer to prevent wild talk. Literally at least half of the trouble of the world, of a minor character, comes from this indiscriminate babbling of outspoken talk, based on the mistaken idea that you might as well say a thing as to think it.

The temptation to criticise and to comment on half knowledge of the subject is something that is indeed most difficult to overcome. Some people never succeed in guarding their speech. They go on letting loose every idle thought that comes to them, making enemies, alienating their friends, and making wounds that never heal. With their evil practice is the well understood thing of its growing on them. They learn only in the fool's school of experience, and do not seem to profit by their lessons. Scarcely out of one scrape their heedlessness has let them into they are in another, and another. These people earn for themselves a reputation for unreliability most unenviable.

The facts are that the world, while being full of evil, is also abounding in good. Think of the best that is in people, and you will soon come to speak as you think, for out of the abundance of what is in the heart comes utterance. A good word, a kindly thing, may seem to pass unnoticed, but is really remembered, while the hard word, the easily uttered detraction, lives and rankles as a spider bite, and is never, if we knew, re-

ally forgotten by him for whom it is intended. As a mere matter of policy, outside of its moral merit, is the well to be remembered fact that molasses does catch more flies than vinegar.

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#### A REASON.

THE NOOK is in receipt of a letter asking the best argument for the truth of the Christian religion. Religion is a thing, when at its best, that is not subject to the rules that govern the logician. It would not be religion if it were all amenable to reason, for then it would have its roots in the earth, and would be entirely of the earth. Still we ought to have a reason of some sort for things we believe, and following is the best that occurs to the writer.

The concurrent testimony as to the truth and the value of the Christian religion for nearly two thousand years, agrees in one thing. It is a good thing, and it is without and beyond the individual. There are some things we know, and we know them because we feel them, but can not go into an intelligent analysis of them. This failure does not mean that they are myths, but that they are without and beyond the realm of pure reason. A very large part of the world, and the most intelligent part of it, at that, has had the same experience with religion, and that is one of the best proofs that there is something in it, and if there is anything whatever in it everything is in it. It is like a note for a sum of money. It is either entirely good or not at all good. The Christian religion has helped man, and that shows its good, and proves that it is all good, for it is all of a kind.

What upsets most men is that the lives of so many professors are out of tune with true religion, but that need have no serious influence on the results. Occasional, or even frequent counterfeits, prove the existence of the genuine.

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#### TRUE PROGRESSION.

THAT we should progress in this world to a higher life, as well as in our material and physical surroundings, goes without saying. When people begin to stand still, moral decay sets in. Growth is a thing that belongs solely to activity. But while it is true that we should progress continually, and strive to better our surroundings in a physical way, yet there is a great mistake widely diffused as to religious progression.

If there is any one thing that is fixed and unalterable it is the ethics of Christ. They have been settled a couple thousands of years ago, and nothing has ever happened the human family to render a modification of them suited to the times, either a necessity or really desirable. There is only one true progression in a

religious life, and that is nearer to Christ and closer to God. Whatever tends to this end is desirable and praiseworthy. Whatever hinders it is to be avoided. There is no more vicious idea abroad than that to adapt religion to the age. And yet so much of it is being done, and it receives so much credit in certain quarters, that the primitive simplicity of the Gospel seems to be in danger of becoming lost. The reader will note that we say it *seems* in danger, for the history of the world has shown conclusively that the hand of God is in all this, and that there are always but a remnant striving to get closer and closer to the teachings of the Lord. All such efforts is true, religious progression, and anything else is a mistake.

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#### HOW MUCH?

DID you ever stop to think that there is a limit to the amount of this world's goods and gear that the individual ought to have? It seems a fact. It is true that the common way is to take all one can get and wish that it was more. But in the ideal world, which is not so much as in sight yet, the limit to a man's accumulation will be the extent of his needs, not his wants.

What business has a man with more than he and his family can work? What right has he to accumulate wealth for the purpose of hoarding? In short, what moral right has anybody, with any useful thing, to a greater extent than what he can use? True it is a purely theoretical, and as society is now constituted, an impossible condition where each man is allowed only what he needs, but if it could be brought about, it would abolish poverty.

It would come to pass then that he who would not hustle for himself would get nothing, for there would be no surplus to take from. The condition would soon weed out the incompetent, and in the end there would be more time for study and recreation. All the same it is not likely to happen.

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THE INGLENOOK acknowledges the receipt of a box of peat from Indiana. A little of it is smoldering at this moment in the office on the bottom of an up-turned pan. Its fragrant smoke is liked by many. Will some Nooker in the peat neighborhood write us an article describing the firing of the peat beds, and their features in general?

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THE NOOK acknowledges the receipt of a box of flowers from Missouri friends. They came through all right.

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THE municipal authorities of St. Petersburg now disinfect silver currency as often as they can. The object is to prevent the spread of contagious diseases.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## GENERAL.

The Cardinals in Rome began balloting for a Pope Aug. 1.

In a test case, the English courts have set aside a Dakota divorce.

A mad dog in Chicago, running wild, bit eleven people the other day.

The Rock River Chautauqua, in Illinois, is having large crowds in attendance.

About eleven thousand Yankee women have been granted patents for machine inventions.

And now we learn that the crops in some parts of the Dakotas have not been as good as they might have been.

Two electric cars collided near Mooresville, Indiana, injuring thirty passengers, two of whom will probably die.

Just west of Brazil, Indiana, a Chicago and Eastern Illinois train jumped the track, killing one and injuring fourteen.

King Edward has dealt a sturdy blow to the drink habit by ruling that his health can be drunk in water as well as in wine.

Out in California they have been having an earthquake, one of the most severe of recent years. Not much damage done.

Recent rains have very much benefited the corn in Kansas, and the prospects now are that the crop will be a fairly good one.

The Methodist parsonage at McPherson, Kansas, was struck by lightning July 31. None of the occupants were seriously injured.

William Timbell, from South Africa, deserted his bride of a few months, after robbing her of \$40,000 in money and jewels. All this in New York City.

As a result of a failure to flag a train near Hartford City, Ind., Aug. 3, a collision between a Pan-handle passenger and freight resulted. About sixteen people were hurt.

Dora Clay Brock, the former wife of the eccentric General Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, has created a sensation by producing a will dated the year before the one last executed. There will be a contest in the courts.

The Old Folks of Chicago are celebrating their Annual Picnic in one of the parks of that city. About 7,000 are in attendance. They are reported as having a jolly time.

From Copenhagen we learn that two Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Gliden, of Lowell, Massachusetts, have started on their automobile to cross the Arctic Circle.

Herman Hauer, an employee of Watson's circus, broke into the ticket wagon of the show and carried off the safe, getting \$250 therefrom. He was arrested afterward.

Out near Lindsborg, Kansas, a cloud-burst flooded the low lands and much damage was done to harvested crops, still in the fields. Twelve miles of the Union Pacific track were washed off the bed.

Near Taylorsville, Indiana, Frank Renner, in digging a well struck water at twelve feet, pumping up a lot of black sand. Many glittering particles were found in it which are claimed to be gold.

In Chicago, the other day, a young woman threw her dog into the lake to see him swim ashore. Noticing that his strength was exhausted, she jumped in and rescued him. The water reached to her chin.

William Stamm and J. Alfred Richards, debating a subject begun in a country store and continued while walking on the Reading railroad track, near Rickenbach station, Pa., were killed by a passing train.

Henry Motz, of Waterloo, Illinois, broke his jaw by being thrown out of a buggy when his horse ran away. His physician warned him not to talk, but nobody could stop him, and he talked himself into lockjaw and died.

Mrs. Jeanette White died at Wichita, Kansas, July 31, at the age of one hundred and thirty-six. Until two weeks ago she was perfectly well, helping with the family work. The only difference between her and a younger person was that she required eighteen hours sleep daily.

The coroner's jury, at Danville, Illinois, investigating the killing of a negro by a mob, came to the conclusion that it was at the hands of unknown persons. This practically precludes the possibility of punishment being meted out to the lynchers.

A mastodon tusk has been found near Dawson, in Alaska. It was fifty-three feet below the surface of the ground, and was twelve feet, eight inches in length, twenty-seven inches in circumference and weighs three hundred pounds. Two teeth were found with it, one of which weighed seven pounds.

Emory L. Davis, a Nooker, writes from Lodi, California, speaking in high terms of the country about Modesto. The editor of the Nook was favorably impressed with the vicinity of Modesto when he was there some months ago. They are talking of a Brethren church at that point.

A wandering cow with a depraved appetite ate a vest containing \$85, belonging to a railroad contractor. The owner of the vest had hung it on a fence. He purchased the cow from the farmer for \$50, sold her to a butcher for \$25, and recovered, in fairly good condition \$75 of his money.

State Dairy and Food Commissioner. Dr. B. H. Warren, of Pennsylvania, charges that "Pure Canned Tomatoes" are being sold, which are nothing but a miscellaneous assortment of vegetables including a few green tomatoes, and red paint, the whole having the appearance of ripe tomatoes.

The tremendous explosion at Lowell, Massachusetts, brought death to about thirty persons, injuring about fifty others more or less seriously. It happened in the United States Cartridge Company, and in a few seconds property to the amount of \$100,000 was destroyed. The whole neighborhood is in ruins.

Louis R. Beckel, at the Northern Insane Hospital, and his wife at their home in Plymouth, Indiana, are two remarkable instances of sympathetic conditions. Beckel is insane as the result of hereditary taint. His wife's mind has failed her, she growing better or worse, as he did, without her knowledge of his condition. Her mental situation is one of entire sympathy, as there is nothing the matter with her personally.

After four days of the cardinals' conclave at Rome, a Pope has been elected. His name is Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, and his selection gives general satisfaction. He is a handsome, scholarly man, sixty-eight years old, and started as a parish priest, given to study and good works. He is one of eight children, two sons and six daughters.

His brother lives in the province of Mantua, being the postman there, and he has a salary of \$80 a year from this source. He also has a little shop, where tobacco and pork are sold. One of the new pope's sisters is a dressmaker, another is married to a peddler, and another married a wineshop keeper. The remaining three are unmarried. Following the custom, his brother, the tobacconist and postman, is likely to be made a count.

Sarto, the new Pope, is not likely to change much the policy and methods of the dead Leo, and as he is in the good graces of the government, that element of dis-

cord will be out of consideration. There has always been more or less clash between the church and the political government, and there will be less of this now on account of Sarto's being acceptable to the authorities of the state. The Pope's official name is Pius X.

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#### LABOR.

About 18,000 men are locked out at Pittsburg, Pa., on account of labor troubles.

Out in Idaho Springs, Colorado, the Sun and Moon mine was wrecked with dynamite. Twenty-two members of the Miner's Union have been arrested for the attempt.

Trouble is looming up in the anthracite coal region again. The miners and the Companies cannot agree upon a satisfactory basis of adjustment, and the whole trouble may be opened up again.

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#### PERSONAL.

Thomas A. Edison, in working with the X-rays, nearly lost his sight.

Edison is working to perfect the automobile. He says they will soon be as cheap as an ordinary horse and buggy.

"Calamity Jane," a noted character, died August 2, near Deadwood, South Dakota. Her real name was Mrs. Jane Burke.

President Roosevelt has sent his check for \$100 to Theodore Roosevelt Signet, of McKeesport, Pa., the twentieth child of the parents.

The last Americans admitted by Pope Leo XIII were three young women of Atlanta, Georgia, Misses Mary Haverty, Zula Malone, and Sophy Thornburg.

Emil Blum, of Elgin, was found dead near this city last Tuesday night. He was thrown into a nervous terror by a storm, and ran away into the woods, where he perished.

A young man running an elevator in Chicago, Walter W. Condon, twenty-three years of age, has fallen heir to an estate left by his grandmother, supposed to amount to several hundred thousand dollars.

Col. George T. Cline, an eccentric Chicago man, died July 7. He was eighty years old, and a wonderfully secretive man. No one thought he died possessed of much property, but his estate is said to be worth \$6,000,000.



### SOME INSIDE LIGHT ON THE DUEL BETWEEN HAMILTON AND BURR.

THE duel between Hamilton and Burr which resulted in Hamilton's death, possesses attractive interest even at this late day, in everything pertaining to the unfortunate affair. Although it happened nearly a hundred years ago anything connected with it is still of interest. The pistols are in the possession of Major Richard Church, of Rochester, formerly of New York City.

They came into his possession by right of descent, for he is the grandson of the man who loaned them not only to Hamilton, but also to Hamilton's son. The grandfather's name was John B. Church, who in his day was the intimate friend of Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau, Adams and other men famous in the early days of this country. He had a romantic career himself and was a close companion of Charles Fox and Pitt in England. Maj. Church has among his store of invaluable autograph letters one from Fox of a most characteristic nature. It tells its recipient when he can expect the remainder of a debt which Fox contracted over the cards.

But to return to the dueling pistols. John B. Church came to Boston in 1775 from England as an underwriter. Soon after the revolution broke out in fury and he espoused the cause of the colonists. At its close Mr. Church went to Paris. There he remained for about a year and a half, going thence to London in 1783. He returned to America in 1797 and took up his residence in a house belonging to John Jay at what was then 42 Broadway, New York city. Just before he left England Mr. Church went into Wogdon's gunshop and purchased a pair of dueling pistols in a wooden case. Wogdon was the foremost gunsmith in London in those days and the pistols were of his best make. The "code" was at a flourishing period of its career then and no gentleman whoset himself up as such could afford to be without his set of dueling pistols.

These pistols are simple in construction. The barrels are smooth bore, octagonal in build, fifty in caliber, with flintlocks and a quick trigger. The stock and forepiece are of one piece of heavy, highly polished black walnut. The grips are checkered, to admit of a firm and unwavering hold. About half an inch back of each muzzle is a little polished brass sight. It was over one of these that Aaron Burr drew his bead on his adversary and dropped him in his tracks.

The pistols were given into the keeping of Hamilton's second, Nathaniel Pendleton. Dr. David Hosack, who attended Hamilton after he fell, says that Pendleton gathered them up and took them with him on the barge on which the dying Hamilton was being conveyed across the Hudson to the Bayard house. He

writes that Hamilton sat up and, glancing at the pistols in the case, said: "Have a care for the pistol. It is cocked and loaded." He fired, it will be remembered, as he fell, his bullet snipping the leaves from a tree over Burr's head, but he was ignorant to the end that his weapon had been discharged. Pendleton returned the pistols to Church the next day. Maj. Church says that the pistols saw service twice afterward in affairs of honor but without drawing blood from either adversary.

Both clergymen who were called to attend Alexander Hamilton on his death-bed published open letters in the New York newspapers, describing the part they played in the death scene. The first minister was the Rev. J. M. Mason. The pith of his letter is found in this paragraph:

"The exchange of melancholy salutations on entering the general's apartment was succeeded by a silence which he broke by saying 'that he had been anxious to see me and have the sacrament administered to him and that this was still his wish.' I replied that it gave me unutterable pain to receive from him any request to which I could not accede; that in the present instance a compliance was incompatible with all my obligations, as it was a principle in all our churches never to administer the Lord's supper privately to any person under any circumstances. He urged me no further."

Mr. Hamilton's father next summoned the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Moore, protestant episcopal bishop of New York. To this request he responded, and, in describing the scene in a letter to the public, he says:

"Upon my entering the room and approaching his bed, with the utmost calmness and composure he said: 'My dear sir, you perceive my unfortunate situation and no doubt have been made acquainted with the circumstances which led to it. It is my desire to receive the communion at your hands. I hope you will not conceive there is any impropriety in my request.' He added: 'It has been for some time past the wish of my heart and it was my intention to take an early opportunity of uniting myself to the church by the reception of that holy ordinance.' I observed to him that he must be very sensible of the delicate and trying situation in which I was then placed; that, however desirous I might be to afford consolation to a fellow mortal in distress, still it was my duty as a minister of the Gospel to hold up the law of God as paramount to all other laws, and that, therefore, under the influence of such sentiments, I must unequivocally condemn the practice which had brought him to his present unhappy condition. He acknowledged the propriety of these sentiments and declared he viewed the late transaction with sorrow and contrition. I then asked him: 'Should it please God to restore you to health, sir, will you never be again engaged in a similar transaction

and will you employ your influence in society to discountenance this barbarous custom?' His answer was: 'That, sir, is my deliberate intention.'

"I proceeded to converse with him on the subject of his receiving the communion, and told him that with respect to the qualifications of those who wished to become partakers of that holy ordinance my inquiries could not be made in language more expressive than that which was used by our church: 'Do you sincerely repent of your sins past? Have you a lively faith in God's mercy through the death of Christ? And are you disposed to live in love and charity with all men?' He lifted up his hands and said: 'With the utmost sincerity of heart I can answer those questions in the affirmative. I have no ill will against Col. Burr. I met him with a fixed resolution to do him harm. I forgive him all that happened.' I then observed to him that the terrors of the divine law were to be announced to the obdurate and impenitent, but that the consolations of the Gospel were to be offered to the humble and contrite heart; that I had no reason to doubt his sincerity and would proceed immediately to gratify his wishes. The communion was then administered, which he received with great devotion, and his heart afterward appeared to be perfectly at rest. I saw him again this (that) morning, when with his last faltering words he expressed a strong confidence in the mercy of God through intercession of the Redeemer. I remained with him until two o'clock this (that) afternoon, when death closed the awful scene. He expired without a struggle and almost without a groan."

When the first shock of Gen. Hamilton's death had somewhat abated, his private desk was opened and a packet of documents addressed to Mr. Pendleton was discovered. It contained his will and a circumstantial statement of his motives and feelings upon the eve of what he evidently believed was fated with dire import for him. The statement is a remarkable document, and has not been in print for many years, although to some readers it may be familiar in substance. In it he says among other things:

"On my expected interview with Col. Burr I think it proper to make some remarks explanatory of my conduct, motives and views. I was certainly desirous of avoiding this interview for the most cogent reasons. I am conscious of no ill-will to Col. Burr, distinct from political opposition, which, I trust, has proceeded from pure and upright motives. I shall hazard much and can possibly gain nothing by the issue of the interview, but it was, as I conceive, impossible for me to avoid it. It is not my design by what I have said to affix any odium on the conduct of Col. Burr in this case. He doubtless has heard of animadversions of mine which bore very hard upon him; and it is probable that, as usual, they were accompanied by some falsehoods. He

may suppose himself under the necessity of acting as he has done; I hope the grounds of his proceedings have been such as ought to satisfy his own conscience. I trust, at the same time, that the world will do me the justice to believe that I have not censured him on light grounds, nor from unworthy inducements. To those who, with me, abhorring the practice of dueling, may think that I ought on no account to have added to the number of bad examples, I answer, that my relative situation, as well in public as private, enforcing all the considerations which constitute what men of the world denominate honor, imposed on me (as I thought) a peculiar necessity not to decline the call."

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#### WHY ONE FOOT IS LARGER THAN THE OTHER.

"THE question of which foot to fit first is an important one to us," said the shoe salesman, as he tugged to get a small pair of Oxfords on a large foot. "It may seem strange to you, but it is rarely that we do not experience some trouble in fitting one foot while the other is easily covered. A popular belief obtains that the left foot of every person is the hardest to fit, and consequently many shoe clerks always try a shoe on that foot first. It is not true, however, according to my observation, that there is any inflexible rule as to which foot to try first. It is true, nevertheless, that in a majority of cases if you succeed in fitting the left foot you will have no trouble with the right. My practice is to try both feet before I pronounce a pair of shoes a perfect fit. Then I am sure of avoiding any mistake growing out of peculiarities of foot formation. No two persons have feet formed exactly alike, and the shoe salesman who thinks so and is governed accordingly will meet with many complaints.

"For some time I pondered over the problem of fitting shoes to feet, and especially as to why the left foot should be considered the standard by which to be governed. The only rational theory I have ever been able to evolve is a very simple one when you come to consider it. Nine out of ten persons you meet are right-handed, as we say. About one person in ten, or perhaps the per cent is even less than that, uses his left hand. If you will observe persons who use the right hand, when they are standing and talking, they invariably rest their weight on their left foot. And vice versa, a left-handed person will rest his or her weight on the right foot. The result is that with right-handed persons the left foot is probably a fraction larger than the right foot, and the shoe clerk must inevitably find this to be a fact sooner or later."

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It would appear from the official income tax returns just issued in England that there are only fifteen millionaires in Great Britain and one in Ireland.



### MAKING OF STONE PIPES.

THERE is a little known village in Ohio known on the map as Mogadore, which manufactures five-sixths of the stone pipes used by the smokers of the United States. It is twenty-five years since the industry began on a small scale, and has increased until it is the largest plant of its kind in America, and gives employment to fifty men, women, boys and girls. The adjoining hills furnish an abundance of a peculiar kind of clay used in the manufacture of the pipe. It is ground in a clay mill until perfectly smooth, and then submitted to a piece of machinery, which shapes the taffy-colored earth in long, sausage-like rolls, which are cut in two-inch-length bars, or wads, and given to the men called "punchers," who, by placing them in a machine, form the shape of the pipe. The dexterity of the workmen in all the departments is wonderful. It is not an unusual thing for a boy to make sixteen thousand pipes in one day.

The mining, grinding, running wads and punching is done by male help, but when the pipes leave the puncher's table there are bits of ragged clay clinging to them, which are trimmed off by girls, who are styled "finishers." The only tools required for their trade are a knife and a grain bag. The latter is fastened across the lap, and after the pipe is trimmed with the knife it is rubbed on the bag until it is smooth. One finisher can smooth as rapidly as a puncher can make them. When the pipes are partially dry they are placed in a sagger, which resembles a straight butter pot with numerous holes punched in it, and then burned in a kiln about forty-eight hours. Shortly before the fires are allowed to go out salt is thrown in the fire to give the pipe its gloss. Kiln burning is a trade of itself, and requires considerable experience to temper the heat to the proper degree. It is the all-important part of the work, as it is in the kiln that the pipe receives its color, gloss, smoothness and hardness.

The stems are a cane, shipped from the southern states, and come in bundles five feet long. The joints are sawed out on circular saws and the length made by little boys, who run great risk of losing fingers. The next machine is also managed by boys, who sharpen the end of the stem.

They are then subjected to an immense wooden cylinder, resembling a land roller, and rolled and whirled constantly, which gives the stem a very respectable polish.

Passing to the next room they are treated to the bending process. Long, regular rows of stems are placed on a grooved block of wood, and on the top of the hollowed part is a hollow iron tube, reaching across the row two yards long. A red hot iron bar is inserted in the hollow, and in a very few mo-

ments the heat will bend the cane the shape of the groove. This completes the manufacture of a stone pipe and stem.

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### CURIOUS PLACES TO DWELL.

MANY thousands of the people of the earth dwell beneath its surface. There are human habitations in caverns where the light of day never penetrates, and the craters of extinct volcanoes furnish shelter to scores. The people of Tupuselel have no need to travel far when they want to take a salt water bath. The town is built on piles, which have been driven into a submerged coral reef situated far out in the Torres straits to the south of New Guinea. Opposite this extraordinary settlement, on the mainland, is another village that is perched high in the air among the gigantic palm trees with which the coast is fringed. The object of both communities in choosing these curious sites for their dwellings is identical. They desire to assure themselves against being surprised by their numerous enemies, and especially they seek safety from the prowling Dyak head hunters.

People afflicted with diseases not infrequently develop strange fads as regards the choice of their abiding places. Not long since, for instance, a number of consumptives agreed together to dwell within the dismal depths of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. In pursuance of this extraordinary project, building materials were actually carried into the cave at considerable trouble and expense, and a tiny subterranean village sprang by degrees into existence. When it was completed it was inhabited by thirteen families.

But, as might have been foreseen, the profound silence and eternal darkness of the place exerted upon the unfortunate inhabitants a deleterious effect which far outweighed any benefit derived from the undoubtedly pure, dry air and equable temperature. Some of the invalids died, others gave up the experiment in disgust, and the houses so strangely and laboriously built are now given over to tramps, outlaws and other similar chance sojourners.

Better luck has attended the little colony of people similarly afflicted, who, a few years back, settled within the landlocked crater bay which constitutes practically the whole interior of the volcanic island of St. Paul, in the Indian ocean. Here they are entirely protected against all wind, no matter from what quarter of the compass it may chance to blow, while hot natural baths at varying temperatures are always available. The very ground, too, is kept at a constantly equable heat by the latent volcanic fires within. And, lastly, food of all kinds is plentiful and varied, and includes such curious and unusual delicacies as sea elephants' fins and tails, crayfish and other succulent "Kerguelen cabbage." No wonder that many

of those who have been cured have preferred settling on the island to returning to their homes.

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#### SOUTHERN WOMEN AT THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

THERE is a common belief that the people of the South are slow-going. It appears, however, that even in the South the women, who have always been pictured to us as languorous and lovely, go in for rushing when they scent a bargain counter. In Richmond a few days ago one of the merchants advertised a bargain sale, and Miss Carrie Luce, the possessor of a yearning to buy a few things that had been marked down to forty-nine cents from fifty cents, was overcome in her struggle with the surging, clawing, eager crowd of dark-eyed houris who in the excitement of the chase for bargains so far forgot their dignified lassitude as to knock Miss Luce down and tramp on her until one of her legs was broken.

Now the injured lady is suing the proprietor of the store for heavy damages. This looks like rank ingratitude. She ought to be truly thankful that she got out alive. Moreover, the collection of damages in a case of this kind might have a tendency to discourage legitimate enterprise, which would be distinctly unfortunate. If Richmond is to be a progressive city her women must be willing to take their broken legs, torn skirts, scratched noses and damaged ribs along with the bargain counters and hope for the best.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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#### FROGS AS POLICEMEN.

HAVE you ever noticed near the side of the pond masses of little eggs about the size of a pea which float on the surface of the water and generally lie on the long grass at the edge of the pond?

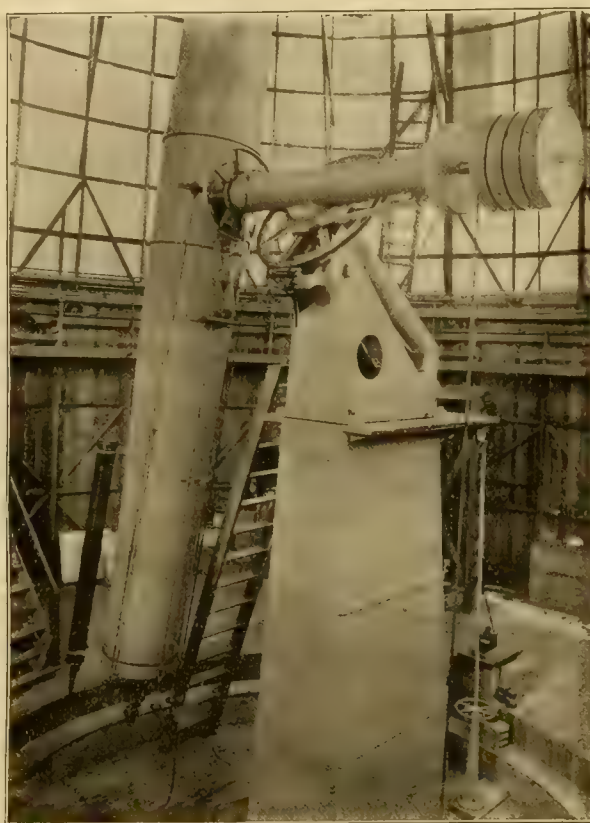
If you ever find these eggs go back to the place in a few days and you will see in their places numbers of funny little creatures, with very big heads and flat, thin tails, which makes them look a little bit like fishes. These black creatures are called tadpoles. They grow very fast, because they grow a great deal. Little legs grow out of the sides of the body; the tail disappears, and the animal is no longer a tadpole, but a little frog, jumping about as you have seen frogs do.

The frog drinks with its mouth, but it also sucks up water through a great many holes in its skin, just as a sponge does if you put it in a bowl of water.

A gentleman once caught a number of frogs, which he kept in a bowl of water. As long as there was plenty of water in the basin they looked fat and well, but if he took them out when the weather was very hot they soon grew thin and ill. These frogs became quite tame, and learned to take their food from their

master's hand. They were very fond of flies and were clever in catching them, so when the fruit for the gentleman's dessert was laid out in the storeroom these frogs were placed around it to act as little policemen to keep the flies from spoiling it, and they did their work very well indeed.

You should watch to see a frog change its skin. It is very curious. Whenever a number of frogs have made up their minds to change their skins, having, of course, new ones underneath, several of them begin at once. Two of its companions hold the one whose coat is to come off, around the middle of its body; then one or two others give little bites and pulls at the



A TELESCOPE; SHOWING HOW IT IS MOUNTED.

skin with first one leg and then another, and at last the whole body is set free and the frog appears with such a clear, white skin that it must feel very proud.

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It is discovered that nearly twenty-five women are serving as rural delivery mail carriers. No women are appointed as mail carriers in the cities, and the Post Office Department is opposed to women doing such work anywhere, it being deemed too severe for them. The appointments in the rural free delivery service would not have been made if it had been known that the candidates were women.



## THE POPE'S FUNERAL.

THE body of Pope Leo was buried in St. Peter's. The stroke of the hammer which resounded through the immense dome of the cathedral announced to the earnest gathering in the nave that Leo XIII had been laid to rest. At sundown the most important and most solemn of all the obsequies took place. The front doors of the basilica were closed and the vast church, except for a row of lights at the shrine of St. Peter, the candles about the bier and those persons who had quietly and with the utmost reverence gathered there, appeared deserted.

About 1,000 persons had received invitations to attend the ceremonies. The cardinals, who met earlier in the vatican, entered the chapel choir, waiting there for the arrival of the procession, Cardinal Oreglia, the camerlengo, holding the keys of command.

Cardinal Rampallo, as archpriest of the basilica, was awaiting outside the gates, in violet robes, surrounded by the chapter of the cathedral, which was led by Monsignore Cepetelli, who conducted the service. Drs. Laponi and Mazzoni directed the work of the removal of the bier, which was executed by eight Sediari, or pope's carriers, attired in their brilliant red costumes. At first they tried to raise the bier, but finding it too heavy, they slowly slid it on a low car with noiseless wheels.

Then, to the strains of the "Miserere," which wailed through the lofty church, and preceded by a glittering cross held aloft, the procession, carrying candles and torches, slowly left the chapel and went up the church, passing the bronze statue and beyond the shrine of St. Peter. Those gathered fell to their knees.

After slow progress around the church, the sad cortege arrived at the chapel choir, the bier being so carried that the dead pope entered head first, according to the ceremonial, the chapel from semiobscurity flashing into the brilliancy of the suddenly turned on electric light.

In the chapel the music changed to notes of joy and triumph and "In Paradise" rang out with telling effect. From the outside the five bells of St. Peter's rang their accustomed salute to the coming night, mingling harmoniously with the music of the choir.

The scene in the chapel was remarkably effective. The bier bearing the body was received by Cardinal Oreglia. It was placed in the center before an altar with a beautiful image of the madonna, before which were burning four immense candles in silver staffs. Around the two sides of the chapel in the choir seats were thirty-six cardinals, all wearing violet robes except Cardinals Gotti and Pierotti, who wore the white mantles of their order; Cardinals Martinelli as an Augustinian and Cardinal Vives y Tuto in Franciscan brown.

The body was sprinkled with holy water, absolution was given and the foot of Leo XIII was kissed for the last time by Major Domo Cagiano, Master of the Chamber Bisletti and Count Camillo Pecci. The major domo then covered the venerable features and hands with a white silk veil bordered with gold. Over this the prefect of ceremonies spread a large red silk veil, which covered the whole person.

Fire was lighted in a brazier and blown by a bellows, the sparks rising almost to the ceiling, while Monsignore Bartolini read for twenty minutes the oratio brevis eulogizing the dead pontiff, and Notary Poponi, aged 84 years, read out the burial record, a service which he performed upon the occasion of the deaths of Pope Gregory XVI and Pope Pius IX.

The monsignores of the basilica, aided by the noble guards, then laid all that was mortal of Leo XIII in a cypress coffin lined with red satin and bearing on the cover an inlaid cross, the entire sacred college and Prince Colonna rising to their feet as a last tribute and sign of respect.

The second coffin was of lead and very heavy. On the cover at the head was a cross, just below which was a skull and crossed bones, while below these were the arms of the late pope, with the triple crown but without the keys, as they signify living victory. At the bottom was a plate bearing an inscription in Latin, giving the dates of birth, elevation to the pontificate and death.

This coffin was sealed personally with the arms of the camerlengo. The major domo of the chapter of the basilica lighted a brazier which was used in soldering the coffin, producing sounds and sights strange to hear and see in a church. These two coffins were inclosed in a third casket of polished walnut without decorations.

When the last supreme moment came the heavy coffins, weighing in all 1,322 pounds, were rolled out of the chapel, preceded by mace bearers and choirs singing as they went and followed by all the cardinals, among whom the bowed figure of Oreglia, the strong upright figures of the Vannutelli brothers, the white hair of Agliardi and the immense, black-browed figure of Svampa were the most conspicuous.

Pulleys were attached to the coffin and soon, to the strains of the "Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel," it was hoisted into the stone sarcophagus above the door, where it will remain until the grateful cardinals created by the late pontiff shall erect a suitable tomb in the basilica of St. John Lateran, which was chosen by the pope himself as his final resting place. Thus was Pope Leo consigned to his long rest.

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PEOPLE talk of "giving up" when they become Christians, as if they were to be losers, but the promise is of added riches.—*Drummond.*

## ALLIGATORS.

A WRITER in the *New York Times* writes entertainingly of the alligator business.

The earliest settlers in the southern States found the alligators, or, as they were then called, the crocodile, exceedingly abundant in almost all streams, especially so in Florida and Louisiana. Evidence of its abundance is attested by the fact that it figures on the coat of arms of the city of New Orleans, although the figure more nearly resembles a crocodile than an alligator. Many marvelous tales are to be found in the early chronicles of the ravages of these monsters. They were said to eat dogs and pigs and considered the negro an especially succulent tidbit, while it was dangerous to go into streams where they were known to exist, and when such a stream had to be crossed hours were wasted in beating it to frighten off the alligators. The researches of scientists, however, have shown that there is very slight foundation for the above tales and it is probable that the greater part of the pigs lost by the planters could have been traced to other enemies, particularly two-footed ones, while runaway slaves would naturally encourage the belief that alligators had dined off them.

At the present time the alligator is becoming exceedingly scarce, having been almost exterminated in nearly all the southern States with the exception of Florida and Louisiana. An idea of the extent to which these animals have been pursued may be gathered from the fact that, according to the most reliable data obtainable, about 3,000,000 were killed in the State of Florida alone between 1880 and 1900. During 1902 over 25,000 were killed.

The greater part of the supply now comes from Florida and owing to excessive hunting the industry is profitable only in the central part of the peninsula, in what is called the Okechobee Lake region. This is an immense region composed principally of many shallow lakes connected by numerous streams. As the whole region is quite low, in wet weather the shores are frequently submerged for miles in all directions. A portion of this area is known as the Everglades. Here the principal hunters are Seminole Indians, who have their homes on hummocks far back in the Everglades and who only come to the settlements when in need of articles which they cannot produce themselves. These Indians have been taught caution by their long and bitter experience with the whites and it is impossible to hire one of them to guide a person to their homes, or to get even the simplest information from them unless they are well acquainted with their questioner. Many of these Indians bear quaint and original names, which have been assumed by themselves or bestowed on them by the whites. A few of the most peculiar of these are: Billy Bowlegs, Jack Buster,

Doctor Jimmy, John Osceola, Coffee Tiger, Cypress Tiger, Billy Conapatchee, Miami Jimmy, Tommie Litten, Jack Tigertail, Doctor Tiger, Billy Harney and Frank Jumper.

Perhaps no reptile is better known to the average American than the alligator, owing to its frequent appearance in museums and in the hands of amateur zoologists, but with all this but little is known of its habits in the wild state.

As the alligator is most active at night, its days are usually spent lying on some low bank or log overhanging the water, where it can enjoy the warmth of the sun and be able to retreat to its native element at the first sign of danger. While on land they are very clumsy, in the water they are exceedingly active, and being strong swimmers are able to catch the larger fish with but slight trouble. For animals like the muskrat and otter, swimming across lagoons, they are always on the watch. On seizing its prey the animal sinks with it to the bottom, and there remains until all struggling has ceased. It is then able with less trouble to tear it to pieces. While thus submerged a peculiar collar at the base of the tongue prevents the water from passing into the lungs, and the alligator may even come to the surface and breathe without letting go its hold on its prey. While the alligator is said to make very effective use of its tail in warfare, the widely disseminated story that it uses its tail to sweep animals off the banks into its jaws appears to have but slight foundation. When captured the animal proves a most disagreeable companion, as it emits a most unpleasant odor of musk, which is almost unbearable.

In the breeding season alligators are very noisy and bellow with thunderlike power. The maternal alligator in April or May seeks a sheltered spot on a bank and there builds a small mound with a hole in the center. The foundation of this mound is of mud and grass and on these she lays some eggs. She then covers the eggs with another stratum of grass and mud, upon which she deposits some more eggs. Thus she proceeds until she has laid from twenty-five to sixty eggs.

The eggs are hatched out by the sun, assisted by the heat which the decomposition of the vegetable material of which the nest is composed generates. As soon as they have "chipped the shell" the baby alligators are led to the water by the mother, who provides them with food, which she disgorges. Papa Alligator has to be carefully watched at this time, for he highly esteems a dinner of young saurians and is not particular whether they are his own or his neighbor's children. When by strategy or downright fighting the mother has got her family safely into their natural element, it is not long before the young scatter, each to begin life on his or her own hook. At this period they form a favorite food for turtles and the larger



fishes. The hunters claim that some of the females lay twice a year.

When fully grown the alligator is about sixteen feet in length. In the adult stage it is greenish-black above, having lost the yellowish color bands that belong to its earlier years. We are completely dependent on the statements of hunters as to its rate of growth. According to them they grow very slowly, attaining the first year a length of about one foot. When two feet in length they are said to be from ten to fifteen years old, while those twelve feet long are supposed to be seventy-five years old or more. Their normal age is estimated at from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years.

Alligator-hunting originally began as sport and it was not until someone tanned the skin and found that it could be put to a commercial use that the animal was considered from a financial standpoint. Carried on, as it must be, at night, owing to the animal sleeping in the daytime, the hunt is very picturesque. In many places the hunters fasten bicycle lamps on their caps, and when the animal is attracted by the light, pick it off by hitting it in the eye with a rifle ball. Torches are quite generally used. Sometimes the animal is called to the surface by the hunter imitating the noise made by a young alligator, which is similar to the grunt of a pig, but much fainter.

In catching them alive they are frequently lassoed while asleep on the bank or on a log. When asleep in their holes in the mud they are occasionally drawn out by means of an iron hook. These holes are easily found, as the animal cuts the grass all around them, while the trail from the water through the long grass is easily followed. Sometimes the grass is set afire and the animals lassoed as they flounder toward the water. After the alligator is caught the hunter in sport sometimes mounts it, using the reptile's fore feet and legs as reins. It is needless to say that it is only by the exercise of considerable skill that the hunter keeps his seat through the struggles of the infuriated reptile, and if care is not used the fun may develop into tragedy for the rash rider.

Alligators three feet and more in length are generally killed and the hide removed. All of the hide, except the ridge of the back, which is every bony, is used. The hide is salted, and is then in condition for sale to the buyers, who are usually storekeepers, who furnish provisions, powder, ball, etc., in exchange. The hides range in value, to the hunter, from twenty cents to one dollar and fifteen cents.

Young alligators are often brought in, and these net the hunters about eight cents apiece. The eggs are also gathered and sell for two and one-half cents each. They are mainly sold to curio dealers, who either hatch them out or blow and sell them as specimens. Most of the small alligators are stuffed and

sold as curios to tourists, who pay fifty cents to two dollars apiece for them, depending upon the size.

The teeth, which are secured by burying the head until they have rotted out, are of fine ivory and valued for carving into ornaments. They are worth to the hunter about two dollars per pound (fifty to seventy-five teeth). The dealers will not buy very many of them, however. At one time the paws were saved and mounted as curios, but it is impossible to do anything with them now.

Both flesh and eggs are eaten by a few persons, but it requires a very hardy stomach to stand the disagreeable musky odor.

It will probably be news to many that Florida has a representative of the crocodile family. This animal was first supposed to be confined to the West Indies and South America, but it has been occasionally captured on the peninsula of Florida. It is easily distinguishable from the alligator by its narrow snout. For many years scientists were skeptical of reports from Florida of the appearance of this animal in that State, but the capture of several fine specimens in recent years has settled all doubts in regard to it.

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WE have here in the office a number of articles signed by initials only. A good many of these would be printed if we knew the names of the writers. If any reader has written an article for the INGLENOOK, and it has not appeared, it may be that it is one of the unsigned ones, and this will account for its non-appearance. It sometimes happens that the writer of an article incorporates business with his letter, and addresses it in general terms to the Publishing House. It is then opened by the Business Manager, and the letter containing his name goes to some other department than the editorial for its business contents, while the nameless article comes to the Editor. To prevent this occurrence, sign every article in full, with the address, on the manuscript itself.

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ANTELOPES are generally supposed to be very shy creatures, yet some of the natives in German Southwest Africa have little difficulty in taming them—and often after a few months they become so docile as to follow their owner like a dog. To the German colonists the fact that these wild animals can be tamed so easily seems of much importance, and some of them do not hesitate to predict that in time antelopes will be among the most useful domestic animals in the colony.

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THE average mortality from typhoid fever is three times as great in American as in European cities. The cities of the United States which suffer most from this disease are Washington, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and Providence, in that order.

# Aunt Barbara's Page

## THE FOOLISH BLOSSOM.

But one sunny morning,  
Thinking it was May,  
"I'll not wear," said Blossom,  
"This old dress to-day."

Mr. Breeze, this hearing,  
Very kindly said,  
"Do be careful, Blossom:  
Winter has not fled."

Blossom would not listen;  
For the sky was bright,  
And she wished to glisten  
In her robe of white.

LITTLE Dorothy had been intently watching her brother, an amateur artist, blocking out a landscape in his sketchbook. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"I know what drawing it."

"Well, Dot, what is it?"

"Drawing is thinking and then marking round the think."—*The Christian Register.*

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SOME time ago little Walter had occasion to differ from his aunt upon some trifling matter.

"I tell you," said auntie playfully, "I know a few things."



THE CHILDREN'S PLAYMATE.

So she let the brown one  
Drop and blow away,  
Leaving her the white one,  
All so fine and gay!

By and by the sunshine  
Faded from her view:  
How poor Blossom shivered  
As it colder grew!

Ah! poor Cherry Blossom!  
She, in foolish pride,  
Changed her wonted clothing,  
Took a cold, and died.

All ye little blossoms,  
Hear me, and take care:  
Go not clad too thinly,  
And of pride beware.

—The Nursery.

"And I know as few things as anybody, I guess," said Master Walter indignantly.—*Junior Christian Endeavor World.*

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A WOMAN who creates and sustains a home, and under whose hands children grow up to be strong and pure men and women, is a creator second only to God.—*Helcn Hunt.*

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Do not forget that even as "to work is to worship," so to be cheery is to worship also; and to be happy is the first step to being pious.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

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"Of all diversions for an anguished and sorrow-laden soul there is none comparable to a bit of honest work."



## The Q. & A. Department.

Can you give us a good recipe for canning corn?

To can corn is one of the most difficult things. It can be done at home, but it is doubtful whether it is worth while, considering the cheapness of the store corn. After the removal of the corn from the cob pack it into clean cans so as to leave no air spaces, then put the cans into a vessel of water, bringing it to a boil, and keep them boiling for five or six hours, then take them out one after another and seal them, so as to prevent the entrance of air, and if the process has been successful the corn will keep, otherwise it will soon spoil. In the canneries the sealed cans are put in an air-tight oven or vessel and subjected to hot steam, under pressure, and sometimes eight hours of steaming is required. So it will be seen that success is hardly practicable at home.

How are the large wheat fields of California and the Northwest cut?

In some places they have a large number of harvesters which are driven one after the other around the field, cutting just as much as the combined width of each round. In the San Fernando Valley, California, they use a combined harvester, drawn by a traction engine which cuts a thirty-six-foot swath, and after this is a complete threshing engine. It is sixty-six feet long, and weighs more than one-hundred tons.

Does the food law forbid the sale of imitations of foods?

No. But the imitation must be so marked. Every man has a right to eat what he pleases, and if he prefers an imitation jelly to the real thing, he is entitled to have it. The pure food law says that the man who wants the real thing shall not be misled by the labels of the manufacturer.

I have read of articles made of skimmed milk.

Yes, ordinary milk curds mixed with certain chemicals and from the result, after the water has been dried out, a solid substance is produced which can be made into anything. Knife handles, umbrella handles, balls, rings, dominos, and all that sort of things may be the manufactured product.

Does the moon have any effect upon the weather?

The Weather Bureau has recently stated that the records of the weather and its changes show absolutely no connection whatever. At the same time, no end of people will testify that there is a decided connection between the two.

Suppose a hole be bored through to the center of the earth and to the other side, and an iron ball dropped into the hole. Where would it stop?

It would finally stop in the center of the earth. If the hole through the earth were a vacuum, the ball would move on forever, forward and back, there being nothing to stop it.

Is it an easy matter to learn to prepare a bird's skin?

Taking this question literally, it is not difficult to skin a bird, once you are shown how. To mount a bird's skin as you should is another and more difficult matter, and is not likely to be learned by an ordinary person without a teacher.

What is a sympathetic strike?

If a lot of painters and paper-hangers are at work in the same house and the painters go out on strike, should the paper hangers, with no grievance, also stop work, this would be called a sympathetic strike.

Are there schools where butter making and dairying are taught?

Yes. There are good ones. It would be advisable for anyone making it a business to take a course at one of these schools.

Can the Inglenook give me a good recipe to stop hair from falling out?

Will some of our Nook readers, who have had experience, please send us the method of preparation of what they used?

Has freezing mineral water in order that the ice might be sold for drinking water purposes ever been practiced?

Not as far as we know, at least we have never heard of it.

Do all mosquitoes live on blood?

No. Not one in a million ever gets the taste of it. Mosquitoes exist in countless myriads where there is not a drop of blood for hundreds of miles.

Do the different kinds of oil or gasoline produce different heats when burned?

No. They are just about the same.

How many students are attending the Chicago University?

Something over four thousand.

## The Home



## Department

### OUR NEW DEPARTMENT.

Hitherto we have had a page of recipes and have had on it the best and most seasonable ones we could get. Now we propose enlarging the women's end of it, by another page, for their special use. The following is our reason: In the first place the Nook is essentially a home magazine, cleanly, pure, and standing for all that is good and homelike. The more homey we can make it the better for every reader.

Now the women readers of the INGLENOOK are among the best people in the world. It is read by all classes, from the king to the peasant, literally so, and as a helper to spreading good things before the world, one of the average NOOK women is worth about three average men, take them as they run. And we are going to give them a chance. Here is our idea.

One woman is a good cook. She knows how to get up a good dinner. She has that nameless, inborn skill, of the cook. Let her send in her favorite recipes. Another woman runs to scrapbooks and now and then she gets a poem that is an inspiration to her. Let her send it to the Nook and delight thousands with it. Some young woman has heard of a remedy for freckles, has tried it and found it all right. Let her send it on for the sisterhood. Little Miss Muffet would like to know about the good form of this or that, and is not sure of it. Let her ask, and somebody will know and tell how it ought to be done.

Then the exchange of seeds, plants and the like, may be carried out. If Goldilocks has the nicest pansies "ever," she can say so, and the woman with the best and finest hollyhocks ever seen, can say what she has and exchange seeds or bulbs. The most beautiful flowers anywhere are wild and common enough somewhere. The Nook goes everywhere, and exchange will, or may, follow the statement. Then there are books, curios, quilt patches, odds and ends, recipes for cosmetics, calls for poems, a name for the baby. And all that sort of thing may come in.

Here are a few don'ts. Don't be long-winded, don't preach, don't scrap or scrag anybody, indirectly or directly, don't write on Saturday and expect to see your communication in the next issue of the INGLENOOK. That issue is on the press while you read. Give it time. Don't put off writing the NOOK, as that is the road to Neverton.

What we have in mind is this. In every real home there is always some place in use as a sort of lumber-room, or a place to put things "that will come in good some day." Often it is a bureau drawer, and when one wants a thing, and it is no other place, it can be generally overhauled out of the bureau drawer. Or, if there is no other place for it to go, into the drawer it goes for future purposes. And say, suppose we call the department the Bureau Drawer! Have you any other good name? Now send on your contribution to the Bureau Drawer, and no mere man is to be let in.

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### LIME AS A PRESERVATIVE.

It may be just the time to remind my friends of the newer scheme of keeping fruits and vegetables in lime. Procure a quantity of air-slaked lime. Put a layer in a box; upon this place a layer of freshly picked, nearly ripe tomatoes; then another layer of lime, and another of tomatoes, and so forth until the box is full. Keep this in a cool place, such as an ordinary cellar, and the tomatoes will keep for a long time in first-class condition. Grapes, pears and possibly other fruits and vegetables may be stored in this manner with some assurance of having them keep all right for months. I hope that many of the farmer readers will try this plan this fall, and be in position to report about the outcome later on in the season.—*T. Greiner in Practical Farmer.*

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### QUINCE HONEY.

BY RUIE C. SCHULDT.

GRATE one large peeled quince, add one pint water and three pints of sugar. Mix all together and boil fifteen minutes.

*Windber, Pa.*

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A NOOKER wants to know how to wash dress linen so that it will not be spotted. Will some one who knows please write the INGLENOOK?

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REFRIGERATOR eggs are as wholesome as fresh eggs for cooking purposes.



## YOUR WINTER PLANTS.

Now is the time for the feminine Nooker to prepare her plants for the coming winter. The ordinary way of handling house plants is all wrong. Most people wait until the autumn is on them, when they decide upon certain plants which they want to carry over in the house. Then they take them up some late autumn day, press the roots into a pot, and it takes them a greater part of the winter to recover from the murderous handling. The first thing that happens is that their leaves turn yellow and fall off, and then they begin to make a sickly growth. If they flower at all, it will be well on towards spring, when the regular plants are coming on.

Now, there is a much better way that all this, and the INGLENOOK proposes to tell how it ought to be done. In the first place, let the party who intends transplanting the flowers, or any plants whatsoever, make a selection of the ones wanted. If this plant is in bud, or flower, at the time, let it be thinned out, if not wholly pinched out. This process is called disbudding, and is necessary for the finest and largest flowers. After disbudding, let the party perform a little plant surgery by taking a butcher knife or bread knife and saw through the earth at the root of the plant the whole length of the knife, in a circular shape, so as to cut the earth into a rude form of the vessel intended to hold the plant. In other words, it is not to be plugged out, but to be cut out in the form of a plug, and let standing just where it is. The result of this is that a large number of fibrous roots will be formed within the ball of earth around the plant. A week or two later when this process has been begun, a second cut may be made following around the old one carefully, and the plant carefully lifted and inserted in its pot, with all the earth attached to it, and well packed in around the edges so as to make a thorough transplanting. The plant, with its pot, should now be "plunged" as it is called, that is to say, it should be set in the earth a little below the surface, where the plant was originally. If the first cutting has been done skillfully and the transplanting carried on with care, it will never know that it has been moved, but will go on growing as usual. It may now be pruned into shape just as may be wanted and buds allowed to develop. When the cold weather comes the plant will be likely to succumb, then the pot may be dug up, washed off and placed in the house, or wherever wanted. It will grow right along without showing signs of having been transplanted and will flower until its flowering season has passed away.

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## THE SHOOTING PARSON.

SOMEHOW the average layman, whether churchgoer or not, finds it difficult to harmonize the pulpit and the

shotgun, to fancy the clerical broadcloth and the huntsman's canvas equally becoming the same pair of shoulders, to see in the bleeding, quivering, dying bird or animal any touch of that divine universal love upon which the whole fabric of Christianity—and largely of other religions—is based.

The shooting parson is an anomaly. We can fancy nothing quite as much of a departure from consistency. But when this "preacher-sportsman" is haled before the magistrate and fined for violating the game laws—as a St. Paul minister of the Gospel has just been, or for killing song birds, as two parsons have been recently, we are prone to conclude that here and there the gentle spirit of the Nazarene has failed to touch the pulpit as well as the pew.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father" noting it. Will our shooting parsons please preach a sermon on this text? How instructive it would be to listen to such a sermon from that New York minister who was caught with forty dead robins in his game bag and was fined \$5 for each bird?

The preacher who kills for sport ought to be impossible. How can he hope to lead others in the ways of gentleness, love and humaneness when his own hands are stained with the life blood of some of God's most beautiful creatures and man's most cheering friends?

The gulf between the pulpit and the shotgun should be as wide and as deep as that across which Dives looked on Lazarus.

## COMMENT.

The above is an editorial from the Chicago Evening Post, of August 3. That's the talk! That's preaching! The Post editor might have gone a good deal further and condemned all needless cruelty to animals. The INGLENOOK has been preaching it for years. Well might the expiring animal say to the preacher, "I'd rather be the groundhog that I am than the white-cravatted preacher of a gospel of peace and love you claim to be and use my knowledge the way you do to mangle me to death, leaving my family to perish of hunger and thirst."

\* \* \*

THE *Criterion* for August is at hand. It has its usual grist of good things, among which is an article, The Russo-American Conquest of Manchuria. There is the usual number of well-written articles and the magazine is well illustrated and of great interest. Costs ten cents at any news stand.

## Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—A good girl for house work. A sister preferred. Good wages. Permanent.—James E. Louis, Roanoke, Louisiana.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

AUGUST 18, 1903.

No. 34.

## OUR CANADIAN ISSUE.

*Some word of explanation seems to be in place at the very outset of this issue of the Inglenook. The Inglenook is a weekly illustrated magazine published at Elgin, Illinois, U. S. A. One of the features of its management is the production of an occasional, special issue devoted to the exploitation of some little known section of the country. This issue represents conditions in certain portions of the Dominion of Canada. It will fall into the hands of thousands of people who have never heard of the Inglenook magazine and to them we make this explanation. It is not in any sense a trade journal or an advertising sheet of any kind. It is a literary publication, pure and simple, wholesome and cleanly, and we believe that people, who read these lines in the stray copy that may have fallen into their hands, would be benefited by being regular readers of the magazine.*

*If any such persons would like to see what it is in its ordinary issues we will take pleasure in sending sample copies if they are requested. And further, we will be glad to enroll all on our list as regular subscribers and readers. The almost universal rule has been once a friend of the Inglenook always a friend.*

*The regular readers of the Inglenook may rest assured that what is put forth in this issue is either literally correct or as it appeared to the Editor who has prepared this number in person. Read it carefully. You cannot fail to be helped by it.*

\* \* \*

## CANADA IN GENERAL.

A GREAT many people, when Canada is in their minds, think of a section of country as recorded on the maps of their school geographies, consisting of a few provinces in the eastern portion of the country, bounded on the south by the St. Lawrence river, and on the north and west by a broad expanse of white nothingness streaked here and there with a mark that is to be regarded as a river, rising nowhere in particular, and flowing northward in the same nameless style, into a platter marked off as The Hudson Bay. It was a good way of disposing of a country about which little was then known, and of which, to this day, there is much to learn, even by those nearest to it. A good

deal of it is practically an unexplored world, given over to the trapper and what was and now is the Hudson Bay Company.

What is known as Canada now is not at all the Canada of the boyhood of the grayhaired reader. It was not till 1867 that the present geographical and political Canada came into existence. Prior to that time there was a Canada that was about 400 miles wide, by about 1,400 miles long, while the great unexplored balance of the continent was little more than a name. But in 1867 there was an Imperial Act, known as the British North America Act, that provided for a union of the whole north country into one confederation, to be known as the Dominion of Canada. Thus there are two histories to be borne in mind in the consideration of the country, one of the early French and English settlements, running for several centuries prior to the union of all of Canada, and the later history of the Dominion, as it now stands, and which is in its entirety a larger country than the United States. It is of the latter that we write, and of only a part of it at that. It cannot be expected that in the space at the command of the INGLENOOK anything like a complete resumé of the situation can be given, or even a considerable part of it.

What we have in mind is this. For a year or two back there has been quite a considerable agitation among our readers concerning Canada, and it has been held up as a good place for the homeseeker, and thousands and hundreds of thousands of people have moved in, and other thousands are going. Now what are the real facts about the country? What is there to it that leads people to go into the country? Is it a better place than others for the homeseeking public? Why should it be considered at all? These questions led to the issue of this number of the INGLENOOK, and they will be answered by a description of the country.

In general terms, let it be remembered at the very start, that the Dominion of Canada is larger in area than the United States, and that the largest unsettled available section of agricultural land in the world is found there. That should be reason enough why we desire a better knowledge of the country. What we found is of intense interest to all.



## OUR CANADA IN PARTICULAR.

NATURALLY we could not write up the whole of the country, so we confined our observations to the newer agricultural sections now being exploited by the people having charge of the emigration interests. This includes Manitoba, and the country north and west of that section. It is almost impossible to understand the country without a recent map showing the railroads, the rivers and mountains. The territory we write about includes thousands of square miles of as diversified and valuable land as may be found anywhere on the habitable globe.

If you will look on the map and see where the city of Winnipeg is located, and then trace your way along the Canadian Pacific Railway westward to Calgary, (Kal-garee) accent on the Cal, and from there north to Edmonton, and beyond through the unsettled portions of country, you will have an idea of what portions are represented in this number of the magazine.

The territory is so large, and its possibilities so little known in detail, that it is a continual surprise to the man who has lived all his life in the country without his knowing what there is to it in the way of its possibilities. In fact about as good an illustration of the situation as can be given is a comparison of the country north of the Canadian Pacific Railroad with the United States as it stood fifty years ago, viewed from the Western Pennsylvania line.

Our people then knew that there was a west, that it was a great big place, and that there was a far-away and in general good country known as Iowa, and that in what is now Kansas and Nebraska was the "Great American Desert," and beyond, over the terrible plains, was the mythical land of gold along the Pacific coast. Then the railroads annihilated distance, and the hardy pioneers tramped or sailed in their prairie schooners over the plains, and settling as they went, the myth of a desert is now a garden or a great farm. Now what the country west of the Missouri river was fifty years ago to the average Ohio man, this Canadian country is now to the whole world. And while it is going on everywhere, yet the most of it is in the section we write about,—the part immediately north of the middle north of the United States.

Probably not one person in a hundred, even of those qualified to judge of such matters, have any correct idea of the conditions that prevail in this vast north-land. They will tell you that it is a frozen country inhabited by a few fur-clad Esquimaux, and that it is valuable for its pelts and icebergs. They shudder at its cold, and pity the people who live there, and wonder why it is that anybody should think of voluntarily going there to live.

On the other hand the people who are living there are doing as well, or better, than the Americans lower down and farther away from the Arctic Circle.

One of the things the world has yet to learn is that north and south really have very little to do with climate. Altitude, the nearness to mountains, and the distance from the sea, have more than all else to do with determining climate.

Take North Dakota, and with the comparatively well-known conditions that obtain there in mind, they will be more or less duplicated as one goes north and to a certain extent west. Once far enough west, let the traveler go north, along the base of the mountain range that skirts the western part of the Dominion, and he will find things changing gradually, and for the better. The anomaly of finding a somewhat earlier season as he goes north, and a milder climate, comparatively speaking, will greet him. There is a reason for it, of course, and it is explained by remembering that he has gone up, in altitude, as he has traveled west, and the mountain range has lowered to the north so the warmer Pacific ocean breeze fills the country and the climate is somewhat modified. This is the explanation offered, and whether it is the correct one or not, it remains that in the western, or Peace river section, as it is called, the agricultural conditions are so modified as to make the country decidedly more desirable compared with the section immediately south.

The Edmonton neighborhood, in Alberta, seemed to the writer to combine somewhat more of the favorable condition sought for by the homeseeker than some other sections. At least that neighborhood is filling up with the greatest rapidity. Those who would see a boom in full blast should go to Alberta and take their stand at Edmonton. They can watch it going on all about them, and as far as the writer can see, when the matter subsides to a normal condition and a steady, healthy growth, Edmonton will be a considerable city, and its neighborhood, for some hundreds of miles, a vast, cultivated garden spot.

\* \* \*

THAT region of Canada which we have under consideration is one of the healthiest in the world. The country is open, the atmosphere is cool and dry, and there is an abundance of bright sunshine. In the winter, in this part of our territory, the snow never falls to more than a few inches in depth and is dry and powdery. Winter in western Assiniboia and southern Alberta is a season of bright, cloudless days and sleighing is only an occasional pastime. Heavy snows have at times covered the prairie more than a foot in depth, but this is exceptional.

\* \* \*

THE red flag of England is an unusual sight to the newcomer. It means protection to the land over which it flies.

\* \* \*

FOR a good first-class, busy city in Canada Winnipeg fills the requirements.

## NEW TOWNS.

ONE of the sights of the new and the coming Canada are the new towns that have sprung up over night. They are object lessons in the making of a country. Imagine a boundless green prairie, grass grown and lake set. The railroad creeps along over miles and miles of either level or undulating levels, and then the whistle shrieks for the next station. What one sees when the train stops, may be a new town, new in every sense of the word. The general look of the whole thing, the color scheme, so to speak, is that of a new shingle. There were some towns we passed that had not had time to get painted. They stood in

time what he knows now in relation to boom times, and wishes that he had the same chance over again, here it is in Canada in full bloom. The Nook has no advice to offer.

\* \* \*

WESTERN Canada, is made up of the Province of Manitoba, and the Districts of Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Keewatin and Athabasca. These have an area of 750,000 square miles. The Northwest Territories and the Islands of the Arctic Ocean and Hudson Bay have an additional area of 1,750,800 square miles.

\* \* \*

THE Canadian Pacific Railroad, in closing its fiscal



TALLICHEWEN, A MANITOBA COUNTRY HOUSE.

glaring yellow, the store, the hotel, the bank, and the post office, and the houses on the edge, building or built and being moved into. And everything was humming along with the boom.

We, of the United States, recognize the general outcome of all this. Twenty years after this it will have reached its level. There'll be a town, that is, there will be the houses and the residents, but the boom will be history. Then there are other places where the present village will be replaced by a city, and the outlying fields of to-day will be covered with stately buildings. It all depends, and if we knew on what it depended some of us might be the better off for it. But all booming is gambling with the unexpected and unlooked-for. The man who last owns the "city" lots is the one who gets left. All the sights and scenes of the United States boom business are being enacted here, and all the similar results will ensue. If there is any reader who regrets that he did not know in

year to the end of June, found itself in possession of receipts \$4,500,000 in excess of those of the year preceding. Over a million of acres more of land were sold in the fiscal year ending 1903 than that of the year 1902. A large proportion of the land sold lies between Battleford and Edmonton. This is the section of country the INGLENOOK found to be so desirable.

\* \* \*

THE distance through Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific is three thousand miles in round numbers, and Winnipeg, the metropolis of Western Canada, is about half way.

\* \* \*

QUEBEC and Ontario lie to the East of Canada, and these two provinces comprise about 450,000 square miles.

\* \* \*

THE raspberry will do well in nearly all parts of Western Canada.



## AN INTERESTING TRIP.

ONE of the most interesting trips one can make is to take the Canadian Pacific train at Winnipeg and go as far as Calgary. Winnipeg is a great center in Manitoba. Calgary is another center a long ways to the west. In between is a vast level and at this season of the year forms a perfect picture. Those who have traveled from Kansas City, or Omaha, to Denver, will understand what is meant when we say that this country is almost a duplicate of the United States territory named. There are fewer towns, that is, they are farther apart. About midway in the trip one passes a great sea of land that is marvelously beautiful to look upon.

However, there is one thing about this Canadian country, not characteristic of Kansas and Nebraska. Look out of the window to the right and you will see a lake. It may be only an acre or so in extent, or it may be miles long and a mile across. No sooner is this out of sight than another lake is noticed on the left side, and so it goes for hundreds of miles—lakes to the right and lakes to the left. If at any point we were to get off the train and travel northward the chances are that from every hilltop there could be seen lakes, placid and shimmering in the distance. Some of these lakes are of sufficient extent to maneuver a fleet of vessels. Others, the smaller ones, are weed-grown and covered with cattails. In every one of them the passing trains either set the ducks flying or scurrying off with their broods. It is no uncommon sight, as the train flits by one of these inland lakes, to note the old mother duck with her half-grown brood paddling through the water. Occasionally a pair will rise and make for the next lake a few miles away, racing with the train. Sometimes they keep even with it and oftener they are left behind. Wings may beat the air, but no flesh and blood can compete with steam.

These lakes are a paradise for the duck families, for here they raise their broods unmolested, and, considering that every little lake has its numerous families, taking them in their entirety, all over the vast system of lakes of this northern country, there must be an enormous number of web feet paddling in the water.

On inquiry we learned that the water of most of these lakes is so alkaline in character as not to admit of the presence of fish, but in some of the lakes plenty of fish are found, and it goes without saying that when such is the case in the proper season, it is a fisherman's paradise as well as that of the hunter.

It may seem strange to read that the pelican is not an infrequent part of the bird show in these Canadian lakes. We are apt to regard the pelican as a far southern bird but it may be found in lakes north and south of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The scenery on either side of the road in crossing

the plains is one of monotonous beauty. During our trip the green grass was spread in every direction. In most places it was a vivid green, the grass being the same variety of that grown farther south—the gramma grass,—of good length and vast extent. Talking to a cattleman in the car he said that the range extended to about six hundred miles north of the railroad, and in all this distance there were few, if, indeed, there were any herds whatever cropping the luxuriant growth. One reason for this is that the resident people do not have the stock, and that it is a relatively new country, wide open for the man who knows cattle and sheep and their requirements. Of grass and water there are practically no limits. And probably one reason why the country is not occupied is because it constitutes a poor winter range. At one or two places we saw enormous herds of cattle, one of which contained many thousand head of stock, all looking well



A COUNTRY ROAD.

and evidently representing a fortune for their owners. What the conditions are, that do not make this northern country an ideal stock section, the Nookman is not able to say, as it has all the qualities of the open prairie of Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado, with the added fact that there are plenty of lakes and streams, but no stock to speak of.

In a short time these green fields will turn brown under the hot sun of summer, and countless thousands of tons of naturally cured hay will be spread over these thousands of square miles, not in any sense available for the use of man or beast. It is a well-known fact among stock men that this sun-cured grass is better for stock than the early green, and many a steer in the United States from his calfhood to the Kansas City shambles has never known any other food than this dried hay and green grass of the prairie.

This Canadian country has this season been especially blest with rainfall, and the result has been an unusual growth of the finest and most nutritious grass in the world. Millions and millions of dollars are lost to Canadian stock men by their not having cattle and sheep to feed upon it.

Without doubt the terror of the long, hard, cruel winter that settles down upon these plains has contributed more than anything else to continuing their present virgin condition. The future may develop these plains in such a way that the herds that once roamed through southern and western States may be repeated here. The INGLENOOK does not prophesy in this regard, for none may know what the plains have in store of good or bad until it is tried. But for a picture of living green from Winnipeg to Calgary the world has not its equal to-day.

\* \* \*

#### CANADA WEATHER.

IN a country that stretches from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific and from the northern boundary of the United States to the Arctic Ocean, naturally there will be a great many varieties of climate. This matter of cold weather is something that has occurred at the outset to the people who would otherwise think favorably of the country. It may be a surprise to a great many Nookers, and probably to a great many Canadians, that Toronto is five hundred and fifty miles farther south than London, and that Montreal is four hundred and eighteen and Halifax four hundred and seventy-eight miles farther south. A large portion of Ontario is as far south as Southern France and northern Spain and Italy. And Southern Ontario is farther south than Rome. There are parts of the Northwest Territory, seventy miles in width, including districts in Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Alberta, which are farther south than any portion of England. None of the wheat fields of Manitoba and the Northwest Territory lie as far north as Scotland, and it is a practical certainty that some of the best wheat fields in the world will be found, before a great while, to lie under the shelter of the Rocky Mountains hundreds of miles north of the present field of agricultural operation.

The Chinook wind is responsible for the phenomenal changes in Alberta. Nobody knows quite what this Chinook wind is, other than that it is a warm and dry wind. It is perhaps nothing but the air lying over the Pacific Ocean, being of uniform temperature, owing to the equitable temperature of the water, and when it blows over the land it carries with it this peculiar and characteristic temperature. Thus, in Alberta, while the winter months are in some cases exceedingly cold, scarcely a month goes by without several breaks when the temperature goes up to forty, or even fifty, degrees above. Thus on January 23, 1902, the temperature was fifty-eight at Calgary and on January 22, fifty-two at Edmonton, referring now to last year.

It is true that the temperature also falls to as much as fifty or more degrees below zero, but this is only for

a short time, and it by no means indicates the degree of cold corresponding to what that means in the United States.

Then, again, there is perhaps more sunshine in Canada than in any other part of the known world. And this is one reason why the crops do so well. It is evident where the sun begins to shine at four o'clock in the morning and keeps it up until nine o'clock at night there is a longer growing season each day than there would be where the morning and night comes as it does with us, and the effect on the vegetation is marked. There may be a field covered with a foot of water in the neighborhood of southern Alberta, and the warm chinook wind will come along and lick it up like magic in two days, and in another day or two the ground will be fit for plowing. This is something that never happens in the United States and is hard to understand.

It must not be understood from what is said here that it does not get cold in Canada, for it does get cold. The winters are long and often hard, but there is this feature about the winter months. Once the winter season starts in, there are no slop and slush, and weather let-up to the extent of rendering life unpleasant and existence miserable. It remains winter until winter starts to grow into spring. After this there is absolute assurance that once the spring is on it is there to stay. With proper clothing and home surroundings there is no trouble whatever in keeping warm in winter and cool in summer.

It is said that the long autumn months of Canada are the most beautiful and that there is nothing like them the world over. If any of the many readers of the INGLENOOK have a trip in view to Canada let them go this fall and see for themselves, when it is at its best, and ask the people who have lived there for twenty years whether they find the winters as cold and hard as they would seem. From what could be gathered it appears that the people enjoy themselves as much in the winter months as they do in the summer.

\* \* \*

REMEMBER this one thing. If you want to see the whole of Western Canada, arrange so that you strike Winnipeg and then travel westward to Calgary and then north. Winnipeg is a very good city and is destined to become something like Minneapolis or St. Paul.

\* \* \*

THE stations along the C. P. Railway are in dwelling house style. The agent lives upstairs as a rule. This is a necessity because many of the stations are mere stock shipping places where the agent has it all to himself.

\* \* \*

DRESSED hogs around Edmonton and Winnipeg run six and a fraction cents per pound.



## ALBERTA.

ALBERTA is one of the several divisions of North-west Territory. It has an area of 106,100 square miles and is very unlike the eastern section of the territory under consideration. Practically Alberta is one of the best provinces in the Dominion of Canada.

On the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, going westward from Winnipeg and Moose Jaw one comes to Calgary. Here he changes cars for Edmonton. The INGLENOOK recommends this trip to the visitor for homeseeking purposes. From Winnipeg all the way to the westward there are no large towns, or what would be considered a large town in the United States. Calgary itself is only a medium-sized town of 5,000 inhabitants, and it is the turning-off point for the Edmonton neighborhood.

Calgary town is a very pretty little place. Its streets are laid out in squares. The houses around the edges are of the cottage order of architecture. They are painted, surrounded by lawns and all of them have the appearance of thrift and prosperity.

Calgary is an English town, that is, there are many English people there. From it may be seen the eternal snow-clad hills further west. The people are disposed to feel kindly toward newcomers and to treat them well.

On the road up to Edmonton, which is one hundred and ninety-six miles to the north, one will see a section of Canada that represents the improvement of the country under the recent tremendous stride forward that it is making. Immediately about Calgary the country is rolling and presents every aspect of a stock region. As the train passes northward, stopping at the stations on the way, a wonderful change is shown in the configuration of the country. The broken surface gives place to a more level condition and the little bushes of the Calgary neighborhood pass into trees getting larger and larger as one goes northward. The gramma grass of the Calgary surroundings is replaced by taller and ranker grasses. The towns are new and every one of them shows by the new buildings already erected and still unpainted, and the preparations for the erection of others, that the whole country is booming. There are wide-open prairies and at frequent intervals dense forests, mainly of poplar. The farther north one goes the larger the timber gets and in several places we saw where sawmills were in operation, showing that the timber was large enough for sawing, though it would not amount to much as lumber is regarded in the States.

By the time one gets to Edmonton, a town of not far from five thousand people, he has arrived at the jumping-off place so far as the railroad is concerned, and yet there is nothing whatever about the city, as we will call it, to indicate to one that he is out of the United States. The architecture is the same. There

are the plank boardwalks of all western towns, the forest trees, the telegraphs, telephones, electric lights, stores and homes almost identical with any northern town in the United States. In fact if any Nook reader were to be instantly whisked to Edmonton without knowing where he was he would not know that he was out of the United States at all.

Now, Edmonton is practically two hundred miles north of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and yet it is one of the most interesting cities in all Canada. The vast country that lies back of it, all the way to the Arctic Circle, is tributary to Edmonton. At one time it was a Hudson Bay trading post and there is a Hudson Bay store there now. And if you imagine a town reached by a railroad and having a back-door trade extending for two thousand miles to the North you will have Edmonton. It is at the top of a high hill, at the bottom of which is Saskatchewan River. Across the narrow valley is another high hill on the top of which, exactly opposite, is Strathcona town.

When you leave Calgary you will change cars at Strathcona for Edmonton. The fare is fifteen cents and the road winds down the hillside, across the river, to the base of the hill right under Edmonton.

In this valley vegetation is rank. The trees are not large, but they are so close together, and are so enlivened by wild flowers when the writer was there, the last of June, that he could not help noting the similarity between it and the tropics. The closely-matted vegetation, brightly flowering, rich soil and the heavy growth, all the result of the recent rains, strongly reminded the writer of some of the vegetation and surroundings in the state of Vera Cruz, Mexico. It may sound out of the ordinary but it is nevertheless a fact.

The river is a wide and rapid one, navigable for small steamboats. Its sands contain gold, though not in paying quantities, and the hills around Edmonton are full of coal. Thus we have a condition, almost without parallel, of a town of nearly five thousand inhabitants in a well-wooded country, with coal worth only three or four dollars a ton at the terminus of a railroad, with two thousand miles of country tributary to it from the north. In the course of the next four or five years there will be another railroad from the East to the West, parallel with the Canadian Pacific, and striking Edmonton. Then the road from Calgary to Edmonton will be extended northward and while Edmonton will cease to be a terminal it will become a center. And the Nookman predicts that in the future Edmonton will be a great city. While it is on a trans-continental railroad, while it has one of the richest agricultural countries in the world to the north of it, with the river at its base and coal in its hills, there is no reason on earth why Edmonton may not become a really great city in the near future. For from twen-

ty-five to fifty miles on all sides of Edmonton public land is already taken. To the north is what is known as the Peace river section and from this point, Edmonton, through to the Peace river country, there is a continual stream of daily immigration, and while for many miles all available homesteads have been taken, yet there is plenty of equally good land for sale cheap, and if any Nooker wants to see a new country in the process of empire building, let him go to Edmonton and strike northward, either on foot or with a team. For just as the country around Omaha, Nebraska, was forty or fifty years ago, so now is the land north, east and west of Edmonton.

The land available for agriculture is said to extend

with dark and gets up at daylight. Like a good many other things, this will not bear analysis, but it is a fact, and that's the main thing.

Here in Edmonton, Alberta, the great luminary, and remember that luminary is a great word, so forgets himself that it is light enough to read the Nook at 10 o'clock P. M., and if one goes to bed then he can take up the magazine again at about 3:30 A. M. and finish the article. Far be it from the Nookman to go into an argument with the sun, but this thing of going to bed in daylight and getting up in six hours in full light again is not at first what it seems it might be, not what it is cracked up to be. One's apt to feel buncloed in some way, he hardly knows how.



ON THE POPE FARM AT REGINA.

at least five hundred miles north of Edmonton, and it is a tremendous country wide open for the homeseeker. This section represents the largest available body of agricultural land open to settlement to civilized people in the wide world. The INGLENOOK does not advise its readers to go to Canada nor does it advise them to stay away, but if you do go do not fail to see Edmonton and the Peace river neighborhood. There lie countless fortunes and doubtless many failures. As in every other part of the known world everything will depend upon the man, but the conditions for success are all there.

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THE sun in upper Canada has a few tricks of his own about this time, that mark him as being disreputable, to put it mildly. There can be no question as to the sun's being the greatest wonder known, but in places like Elgin, the home of the Nook, it goes down

In winter, did you ask? Well, they say they turn on the electric lights about 4 P. M. and blow out the candle at about 8:30 or 9 A. M. So it's as long as it is broad the year around.

What a place it would be in summer for the hired man who has bargained to work from sun-up to sun-down! And what a snap in winter!

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IMPORTED gooseberries, the English varieties, make splendid bushes, but few berries, and the mildew gets in its work. The native gooseberries are all right.

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IT is not unusual to grow from one hundred to one hundred and fourteen weighed bushels of oats in the Edmonton section.

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CANADA is a wonderful potato country. Potatoes are large, many in a hill and of an excellent quality.



### INDIAN HEAD.

THIS is a Canadian town in the east of the section we are describing, and may be taken as typical of its kind. It is a day's or night's ride westward from Winnipeg, and is in the center of a wheat country, or if not the center, is surrounded on all sides by fertile, wheat-producing fields.

The general aspect of the country is level. The town is right on the railroad and is new and full of push. It more nearly resembles the single-streeted, scattered-out population of a Kansas or Nebraska town than any we have yet seen. The country is open. The sun shines and the wind blows. The streets are full of people and the dusty litter of the road flies about on the wind in true United States fashion.

There is the usual assortment of stores on either side of the board-walked street, and all the conditions and characteristics of the wheat country town are in sight. All about are fertile fields, mainly more or less flat, but with rolling hills in sight, with now and then a pond or lake with its wild ducks swimming gracefully in it.

The strong point of the country, and what gives it prominence and value is its wheat-producing capacity with a minimum amount of trouble. It is not the poor or the lazy man's country, for he who does not hustle gets left, but it is a country where wheat in large acreage and heavy yield can be produced with as little hard work and trouble as anywhere.

Of course the occasional enormous yields to the acre are misleading to the extent of being a common yarn, but there is no doubt that the country is a great wheat-producing place. Right against the town is the Indian Head Experiment Farm, where one can get a better idea of what will grow in the country than at any other place the writer knows. There is a group of Brethren located at Indian Head, that is to say, they are about thirty or forty miles away from the town and the writer did not get to see them. There is also another group on the line between Portal and Moose Jaw.

The towering wheat elevators along the railroad at Indian Head are the best evidence in the world of what the country produces. And stacked around over the prairie are what one takes to be small buildings made of unpainted lumber, resembling, with their curved roofs, stubbed-off box freight cars, set flat on the ground. These huge boxes are used to hold wheat and not infrequently there is a family living in one. And on all sides are the everlasting, omnipresent signs of a wheat country. And the people who are raising it, judging from their looks and their actions, seem to be prospering.

It is well worth while to stop off at Indian Head to see the Experimental Farm. Mr. Angus MacKay, the superintendent of the farm, knows all about the INGLE-

NOOK and will give you a great many intelligent pointers about the country he knows so well. In fact a trip from Winnipeg ought to include a stop-off at Regina and one at Indian Head to see the Experimental Farm. After that one may proceed westward without very much variety to enliven the scenery.

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### THE INDIAN HEAD EXPERIMENTAL FARM.

CANADA has a lot of experimental farms, similar to those of the United States and conducted along similar lines. One of them is at Indian Head. We had the pleasure of visiting it. It is within ten minutes' walk of the town and is worth while.

It consists of 680 acres of prairie and is under the management of Angus MacKay, who, as might be expected, is a typical Scotchman, well informed and who understands his business in all its details. The farm of a little more than a square mile is managed with reference to the testing of methods and varieties fitted to the section. There are good buildings on the place, which are well cared for and the whole affair is an excellent object lesson in relation to the possibilities of the section. If the farmers for many miles around would only go to school by visiting this experimental farm, what they would learn would compensate them ten times over. Unfortunately too many of them are indifferent and instead of allowing the government to experiment for them, they too often learn at their own cost.

Remembering that no forcing or conditions impossible to the individual are practiced at the farm, we can best get at general results by quoting from Mr. MacKay's 1902 report. Seventy-one varieties of spring wheat were sown April 19, at the rate of one and one-half bushels to the acre. The variety known as goose ripened Aug. 26 and yielded fifty-one bushels and forty pounds to the acre. The lowest yield was twenty-five bushels and forty pounds. The soil was a well-prepared fallowed clay loam.

Fall wheat sown August 7 was completely killed in winter.

Of oats sixty-five varieties were tested and gold-finder led the list with a yield of eighty-nine bushels and seventeen pounds. The lowest yield was forty-two bushels and twelve pounds.

Thirty varieties of six-rowed barley were sown, with Claude heading the lot with a yield of sixty-six bushels and thirty-two pounds to the acre.

Twenty-two varieties of two-rowed barley were sown and Sidney, with fifty-nine bushels and four pounds to the acre, led the list.

Fifty-seven varieties of pease were grown with Alma leading the crop, growing fifty-seven bushels and twenty pounds per acre.

Thirty-seven varieties of Indian corn showed none ripening, but some varieties well "in the milk."

Spring rye yielded twenty-three bushels and forty pounds per acre.

Sunflowers were a failure.

Twenty-nine varieties of turnips were sown with Good Luck leading at 578 bushels per acre.

Mangels yielded five hundred and ten bushels per acre.

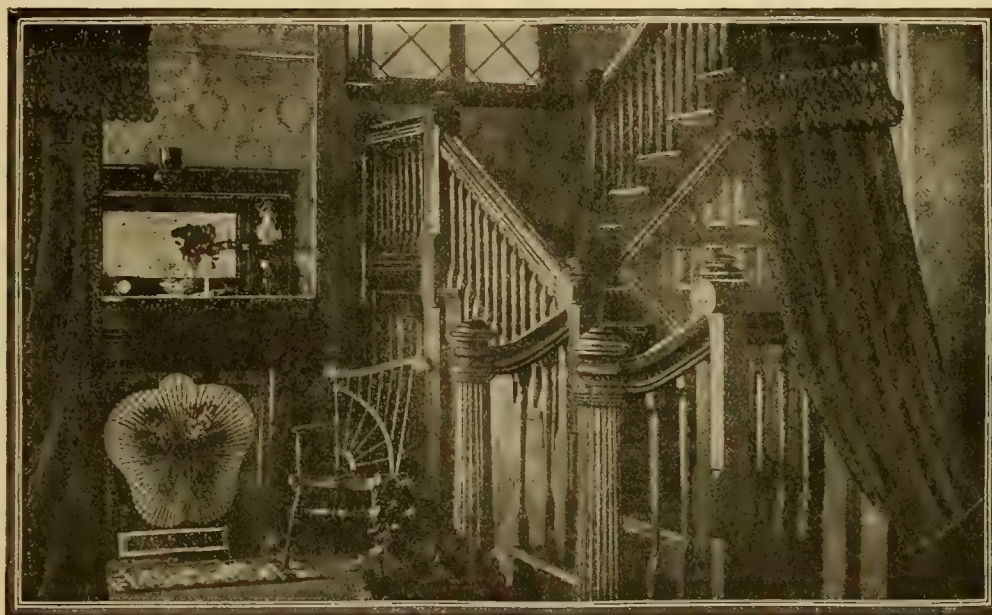
Carrots produced five hundred and eighty-eight bushels to the acre.

Sugar beets gave eleven tons, 1,400 pounds to the acre.

## THE BRETHREN IN CANADA.

BY DAVID HOLLINGER.

IN the month of August of last year R. R. Stoner, with a company from different States, drove across the prairies of eastern Assiniboia to find an inviting field for a colony of brethren and others that desired to live in such a settlement. After seeing the country south and southeast of Indian Head we returned well satisfied with the outlook. In September a party of twenty-five (mostly from Greenville, Ohio), went to the experiment farm at Indian Head, and also spent three days out on the prairies. Some of these have



THE INTERIOR OF A LOG SHACK SHOWING THE POSSIBILITIES OF GOOD TASTE.

Eighty-nine varieties of potatoes were tested with Country Gentleman leading with a trifle over three hundred bushels per acre.

Asparagus did well, the same with green beans and rhubarb. Celery was good. Cauliflower averaged in the largest kinds six pounds in weight.

Cabbage averaged from five to thirteen pounds per head.

Pop-corn, cucumbers and citrons, no good.

Onions gave 221 bushels to the acre when transplanted.

Tomatoes did fairly well if protected.

Plums, practically no good.

Apples, outside a few crabs, nothing.

White and red currants and raspberries did well.

The above is but a brief of Mr. MacKay's report. If you would like a report address: Mr. Angus MacKay, Indian Head, Canada.

taken homesteads and are now living there; others have bought land and are improving it. All are pleased with the movement and are enjoying the society of their own class of people. At present one elder, three ministers, and several deacons, with a number of other members are living there. They have regular Sunday-school and preaching services as well as a social meeting. A Brethren church is now being built, and an organization will be effected in the near future. The best of water is being obtained near the church and at other places at a depth of from 16 to 35 feet. Other settlements are forming besides the one referred to and they will also soon have churches and schools, and a railroad is soon to be built.

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ON a Winnipeg street car you will put your nickel in the slot of a miniature savings bank the conductor holds before you. All the money he gets to handle is in making change.



# THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

THE INGLENOOK is a publication devoted to interesting and entertaining literature. It contains nothing of a character to prevent its presence in any home.

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Brethren Publishing House,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 South State St., ELGIN, ILL.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

## THE GARDENS OF EDMONTON.

EDMONTON is a city reached by leaving Calgary, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, taking a branch road and going one hundred and ninety-six miles north. One peculiarity about the city of Edmonton is that it is the jumping-off place. Leaving the far northwest Klondike country out of the question, when you are at Edmonton you are as far north as you can get in the Dominion of Canada on a railroad. It is hundreds of miles north of the United States border and is really a beautiful little town, described elsewhere in the magazine. What we want to call the Nooker's attention to now is the gardening business of that section.

One would naturally suppose that when you go a thousand or more miles, straight north, you would get into a country where nothing will grow. Nobody is blamed for having this idea in his head, for it seems reasonable that when you get up into the far north you leave behind the vegetable products of the south.

This is only true in a modified sense. Of course you find no oranges or lemons growing out in the open, but the extent of things that will grow there is something to be surprised at.

Walking through Edmonton one evening the writer stopped a gentleman on the street and asked where he could find a good garden, stating briefly the object in view. He replied by saying that Mr. Harrison Taylor, the postmaster of the city, had about as good a garden as any one in town, and he gave directions where Mr. Taylor could be found. A ten-minutes' walk brought us to Mr. Taylor's residence. We found his home, surrounded by every mark of culture and re-

finement, and in response to our inquiry the gentleman himself appeared. He is a typical middle-aged man, kindly and courteous, having the misfortune of being a paralytic in both arms. A paralysis of the body does not necessarily imply paralysis of the heart and mind, and in a few words we told Mr. Taylor what we came for, and instantly he grasped the situation and said that the best way to ascertain the facts in the case was to see the garden itself, which immediately surrounded the house.

So we went out and saw it. Here a bed of sturdy asters gave promise of future bloom. There a large bed of pansies with upturned faces greeted the Elgin Nookman. Rows of berries—raspberries, blackberries, and similar small fruits—promised large crops. Currants were about ripe and in the regular garden beds were every vegetable that grows in the gardens of the Elgin neighborhood, with one exception, the tomato. The potatoes, cabbages and other vegetables were just as far advanced as those I had left behind me in Illinois. Cabbages do remarkably well, while cauliflower never fails to make its head of snow-white, creamy curd. The tomato will ripen its fruit if protected from the later frosts. All the other garden vegetables were growing there and peas and beans and all that sort of thing were to be seen galore. In short the postmaster's garden was just as good as any Elgin garden, and some of the people of Elgin pride themselves upon their garden spots.

On one side of the garden was an apple tree about as high as a man's head, and on it was a little apple about as big as an acorn, which the postmaster was watching with a jealous eye, hoping that it might develop into something.

Taking it all round and all over the garden was a beauty, and the writer could not refrain from thinking that if this was the outcome of a man with paralyzed arms, what might it not have been for the husky man with nothing the matter with him?

The answer to the above question does not exist. The people of Edmonton are experiencing a boom just now, and they are so busy preying on each other and the landseekers that they have not time to attend to gardens. Once the city settles down to a normal or ordinary state, nobody need send away for vegetables if he has "get-up" enough about him to plant and grow a garden for himself.

♦ ♦ ♦

## AT A HUDSON BAY POST.

ONE of the most interesting things to be seen in the northwest part of the Dominion is the trading done at the Hudson's Bay Post. The Eskimo brings in his pile of furs. Beaver skins are the unit of barter, the Indian's currency. The post trader holds up

one, two or three fingers to show that the skins before him are equivalent to one, two or three prime beavers. If the Indian accepts the proposition he passes over the furs and gets his flannel, tea, or tobacco, to the amount indicated. South of the Arctic Circle they have a sort of coin, consisting of the lead lining of tea-chests melted down and stamped with the Company's arms and with figures indicating so much value in beaver. The native passes over his furs and gets his lead money, with which he proceeds to buy what he wants.

There is a great deal of human nature found among these wild people of the frozen North, for they enjoy bargain hunting and beating the storekeeper just as well as their civilized friends do.

It is on Christmas or New Year's Day that they have their big times. Then the Indians and natives, for a week's journey in every direction, come to the fort to enjoy a big dinner. There is a great deal of jangling of bells on the dog trains and a perfect babel of barks and curses as the huskies (the dogs) celebrate their arrival by tangling up in a free fight. The dogs are unharnessed and the trappers carry their tightly roped furs into the big dining room to be assorted the next day. Here is an Indian dressed from head to foot in white caribou with the horns left on as a decoy. His squaw is toggled out with a medley of brass bracelets and finger-rings and priceless furs. If there happens to be an unmarried young woman in the crowd a red shawl, red scarf or generally loud, swearing colors, characterize her dress.

It must not be understood that the officers of the fort sit down with their friends to dinner. On the contrary they dine alone in solitary glory, while the native visitors fill up in a way that is said to be simply wonderful to see. The wildest hilarity reigns during the feast and for once in the year the Indian retires full to satiety.

The white habitues of the Post do not have as hard a time as we might imagine. There is a library of well-selected books at each post and the officers gather about in the long evenings reading and discussing their books. Outside of the absence from civilization and its changing forms, life at a Hudson Bay Post, even within the Arctic Circle, is by no means the living death that it appears. In fact men and even women spend their lives there with entire satisfaction. Having sought the places at first of their own volition, they grew into them and have about as good a time with their dusky friends as we have with our forms of so-called civilization.

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#### WHERE TO GO.

It would be manifestly unfair to many sections of Canada to single out any one part of the country and advise the INGLENOOK readers to settle there. In

fact the country is so large that it is impossible to give but the general conditions as they obtain in different localities. Near Winnipeg is a great wheat-growing country, and so on westward along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway until one reaches the great plains where there is not sufficient rainfall to justify agriculture. And then, by a strange freak of climate the farther one goes north along the eastern slope of the mountains, up towards Edmonton and hundreds of miles farther, excellent land, producing extraordinarily large crops, is to be found everywhere.

Taken in its entirety Canada will likely produce those crops and allied industries such as characterize the States of Kansas and Nebraska.

What strikes the traveler is the enormous range of open, lake-dotted prairie, in its season covered with the greenest of green succulent grasses, of which there are thousands and hundreds of thousands of acres simply going to waste.

It appears that this is not a good winter range for cattle, and so is practically unoccupied. There is no doubt whatever that when the country gets settled up, and stock growers make reasonable provisions for the winter, it will be a good place for the cattleman. If you look on the map and see where the Canadian Pacific Railroad runs, remember that the grass is good for about six hundred miles north of this line, and that the country is all practically unoccupied. It will strike the reader who is familiar with such things as being a wonderful stock country.

The one thing that impresses the traveler as being unaccountable is the tremendous amount of unoccupied land all over the western part of the country. The Canada people must have been sleepy indeed to have put off the settlement of this section until the present. Whatever the conditions may be that led to this the writer does not know, but the facts are now that the country is filling up just as rapidly as possible, and the time is not far distant when it will be settled just as compactly as the western part of the United States. And those who want in on the ground floor, so to speak, cannot make their selection too soon. At the same time the INGLENOOK does not recommend any man to invest without a personal inspection of what he is getting. Like all new countries it is liable to be overrated and underestimated. The actual facts can be brought out by a visit, and the Nook misses its guess badly if the final verdict of the visitor is not to the effect that it is a wonderful country.

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THE Edmonton people took a short cut from the railway station to the town, and going from the hotel to the station is a good deal like falling down stairs. They will have better roads, even if longer, when Edmonton is a great city.



### THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

THE story of Canada would be deficient without some account of the Hudson's Bay Company. It reads like a novel and is one of the most interesting chapters of history the world affords. Very few people have an idea of what it is like, and as it will appear in evidence all over Canada, it will be well for us to say something about it.

In 1607 Henry Hudson set sail from London for the North coast of Greenland to discover the North-west passage. He failed to find it, but he found the bay which bears his name. And, in 1670, King Charles II. gave a few of his friends, less than twenty in all, a royal charter for the purpose of trading in what he called Rupert's Land. This Rupert's Land means that territory which is drained by streams that run into Hudson Bay. The king did not know what he was giving away, nor did the parties who got the charter know what they were getting. It was stated in the royal charter that his reasons were his "special grace, certain knowledge and mere motion." Grace and mere motion may have entered largely into it but of certain knowledge he had none.

The object of the company was that of fur trading with the natives. Ships left the old country bearing with them representatives of the company, and at given points trading posts were established which were stocked with supplies such as the Indians wanted, and men were put in charge who traded what the Indians wanted in the way of powder, shot, sugar, tea, blankets, and the like, for the costly furs of the region. Once or twice a year a ship would come along and take the furs away, re-stock the supplies and go to England with their furs, where the annual sales brought buyers from all parts of the world.

These trading posts are spread all over the entire Dominion of Canada, and the method of conducting them is something as follows:

Young men of special ability were chosen and sent to these posts, where they remained as apprentices for from three to five years, learning the language of the Indian, getting into his habits of thought and action and so fitting themselves for taking charge of posts by themselves. The apprentice was allowed a salary of a hundred dollars a year, while he was learning, and when it was thought that he was fit to have charge of a fort, or post, he was put in charge of one of the less important, where he was supreme in authority. The factors, as they are called, were judge, and jury, and executioner, all in one, and there was absolutely no appeal from their decision. They represented the law, and the law was administered with invariable impartiality.

These trading posts stretch from Labrador coast to Alaska and from the forty-ninth parallel to the Arctic Ocean. A business has been built up the like of which

the world has never seen. It is still in operation and is one of the most profitable financial ventures in the whole wide world.

It must occur to the reader that a corporation having a trading post a thousand miles inland, surrounded by a lot of natives who wanted civilized commodities for their furs, and who knew nothing of the commercial value of their products, must have had a fine field for their business exploitation.

The names of some of these more distant and dreary posts seem to have been especially intended to keep up the spirits of the resident officials. Thus we have "Providence," "Reliance," "Resolution," "Good Hope," and "Confidence." Every Sunday the Company's flag floats over the office of the factor at the posts, and it is thus that the weeks are marked off. The flag is a "Union Jack" with the initials "H. B. C." in white letters on the lower right hand corner.

The forts are trading posts consisting of a lot of log structures covered with boards, whitewashed and made just as comfortable as possible for the occupants.

To give the Nook reader an idea of the business done at one of these stations let us take Fort Chimo and Fort George. These are amongst the most northerly and permanent dwellings of white men on the American Continent. At Fort Chimo the station is supported by the yield of furs from the district and by the capture of the white whale. They also get the skin of the reindeer, also many of the finer furs of all the fur-bearing animals that frequent the Arctic regions.

No more lonely life could be imagined than that of a factor and his surroundings in these distant wilds. Some of them are living yet, and the Nookman had the pleasure of talking with some of the people who spent their early lives in the service of the company. Some of them married Esquimau wives and raised families. Some of them grew rich, others remained poor, just as men do in all walks of life.

The idea of the general public regarding the Hudson's Bay Company of the present is perhaps largely in error. If anybody imagines a Hudson's Bay Store kept in a log house, and consisting of a few barrels of sugar, a couple of boxes of tea, and some antiquated guns, he will get that idea taken out of him when he comes to see some of the stores themselves.

Our first introduction to a Hudson's Bay store was at Calgary, Alberta. It occupies a massive stone building in the heart of the city and has plate glass windows and is a department store pure and simple, as good as anything there is in Chicago, and affording just as wide a range of selection. There is another larger store at Winnipeg which we visited. It is ample and comprehensive in its goods, which are of the very highest grade, and widely varied in assortment. The main difference between a Hudson Bay Store and another is

that the Hudson Bay establishment keeps a much larger and better stock. It has the cream of the trade, sells for cash, but has no monopoly. It does not buy its goods cheaper than others and has to hustle for its trade the same as the others. But, having a large assortment, and not selling at exorbitant prices, it has the best trade.

It should not be imagined the Hudson Bay store is a plate glass affair up in the Arctic regions. But as the company have had the run of the thing for over two hundred years it will be seen that where a trading post was established it is altogether likely that a town would, in the nature of things, spring up around it, and then, as the town or city developed, the rough and comfortable log trading place gave way to a department store. The headquarters of the mercantile business in Canada is at Winnipeg and it has extensive branches at Battleford, Biscotasing, Calgary, Deloraine, Dinorwic, Edmonton, Fort William, Glenora, Kamloops, Lethbridge, Lower Fort Garry, Macleod, Mattawa, Missanabie, Nelson, Nipigon, Pincher Creek, Portage la Prairie, Port Simpson, Prince Albert, Qu'Appelle, Quesnel, Rat Portage, Vancouver, Vernon, Victoria, Whitewood, White River, Winnipegosis, Yorkton.

The company also owns a fleet of steamboats and steamers, plying between England and Hudson Bay. The company is mainly owned in England, but is represented in Canada by its commissioner, Mr. C. C. Chipman, whose headquarters are at Winnipeg and who controls the entire business of this vast company in Canada. Mr. Chipman is a typical Anglo-Canadian, most courteous and obliging, yet with a grasp and executive ability such as goes to make railroad presidents and governors of provinces.

At the expiration of the two hundred years of the charter the Hudson's Bay Company transferred its landed interests, for it owned not only the trading right but the whole earth additionally, to the Canadian Government, for a consideration running into the millions. The company retained as its own a large slice of property adjacent to each fort, as well as two sections of land in each township transferred. As a good many of these forts are in the cities, now the land adjacent to them is being cut up into city lots, while the sales of the two sections of agricultural land in the townships, together with the product of the trading post, amount, in their entirety, to the revenues of the kingdom. The Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company stated to the Nookman that there seemed to be no diminution in the receipt of furs at the trading posts, and that the end of the company was by no means in sight, and it stands to-day one of the world's most substantial organizations. And be it said to the credit of the Hudson's Bay Company, which means to the credit of its management, that everybody speaks

well of its usefulness to the community and the integrity of its business methods.

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#### CANADIAN POLITICS.

THE INGLENOOK has nothing to do with politics, but is naturally interested in governmental conditions, and while in Canada we inquired about the political parties. It seems there are two—the Conservatives and the Liberals. No amount of questioning enabled us to get at the true inwardness of these two parties. As near as we can make out, the Conservatives are in favor of protecting home industries and standing by the manufacturers and their interests in the country. The Liberal party, which is growing rapidly, holds to the wider field of getting where they can get best and cheapest, altogether independent of established institutions.

This thought occurred to the Nookman in looking over the situation. In the eastern part of Canada is an old and conservative population, likely to stay conservative in all respects. When the mighty Northwest is occupied by teeming millions, a thing that is sure to happen, with interest diverse from those of the east, what, then, will be the political outcome? It is difficult to say, but it is practically certain that the center of power, numerically, will shift largely to the westward and very much alter political conditions as they now exist. Already the western portion of the country is complaining that the east does not give it a fair chance and once this is made a national issue, some political changes will likely overtake the country. It seems certain that the balance of power will soon be in the West, while the manufacturers and money power will be centered in the East. It is an interesting question for the student of political science and the answer to it cannot be readily forecast.

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WE had the pleasure of meeting Mr. R. R. Stoner, one of the Canadian Nook advertisers at Indian Head. Mr. Stoner is reliable and will doubtless be pleased to answer questions relating to the country.

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THE Brethren near Indian Head are from thirty to forty miles overland from the station. We saw none of them but would have been pleased to have met them.

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THE red mounted policemen, recall the early histories with their reference to the redcoats of the British soldiers.

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THERE are five coal mines near Edmonton and coal is cheap and good.



## THE WORST SCARE OF ALL.

A GREAT many very good people in the United States would like to go to Canada and live there, but they are scared out of it by the dread fear of having to renounce their allegiance to Uncle Samuel and take upon themselves loyalty to King Edward. Now what are the facts in the case?

In the first place you can go to Canada, buy all the real estate you can pay for, and live as long as the good Lord will allow you, and be as happy as you permit yourself to be and be a good and loyal American citizen all the time. You are not required to take the oath of allegiance and will be respected all the same according to your moral deserts. However if



A MENNONITE HOME AT ROSTHERN, WESTERN CANADA.

you go there and homestead a quarter section, and at the end of the three years ask for a patent, you will have to swear to stand by King Edward before you get it. And it does not seem unreasonable.

Now we all know that this country is the greatest and the best on earth, Declaration of Independence, Fourth of July, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, etc., horray, boys! But once on the other side of the line, and getting acquainted with the people and hearing them discuss the situation, one is apt to modify his opinion. They even do some things better than we do them. If any reader thinks the average Canadian is deathly sick to get into the American Union he is mistaken. He admires it, and feels kindly toward us, but he is also loyal to his traditions. He has as much freedom and liberty as we have, minus the remote chance of being president some day, and he is entirely satisfied with his form of government.

In the first place the Canadian does not pay a cent to the crown. Outside of the moral effect of territory, the inspiration of acreage and numbers, and the breadbasket possibilities in case of war or famine, England is just as well off without Canada as with it.

It is very like a rich man's owning a farm which he allows some of his relations to work for all they can get out of it. If there is any imperious "bossing the job," it is done with a velvet hand, and the Canadian doesn't know he is being handled.

The relation to the home government is about as follows: England appoints a Governor General, representing the crown, and Canada pays him. The Federal Government is located at Ottawa. The legislative body of the Federal government is made up similar to our own, in the way of upper and lower houses of Congress and legislature. They call the lower Parliament and the upper Senate. The Senators are appointed for life and the lower house is elected. Each province has a legislative assembly the members of which are elected. Of course there is no recurring presidential election, and thereby the sea of mud every four years is escaped. There is the fixedness of security about it we know nothing about. In case of foreign trouble Canada has England back of her, and that's a good deal. However gratifying it might be to a lot of saloon politicians to have an upheaval every four years and a new deal of officers, the people themselves are assured of the stability of their government and they are satisfied.

Another thing is in the fact that English law in force is made to be obeyed and whoever runs afoul of it is pretty certain to get the worst of it. There is an entire freedom of the press, which can say and do anything short of blackguardism and yellow journalism toward the crown or its representatives. Go into vile lampooning and cartooning of authority and you break right into jail, which is exactly as it ought to be, and exactly as it is not but ought to be in this country.

One may paint a picture of Mark Hanna leading President Roosevelt shown as a bandy-legged bulldog and be thought smart, or at least nothing is ever done to him. But don't try it over the line with King Edward, not unless you are seeking a quiet place for protracted meditation. The Nook repeats its commendation of the punishment of those who set authority at naught.

It is not at all likely that any American who will behave himself will find occasion to regret his residence in Canada as far as the government is concerned.

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REGINA is the market town for a large and prospering wheat-growing district. There are many fine stores and private buildings. The legislative buildings of the Northwest Territory are at Regina, and it is the official headquarters of the celebrated Northwest Mounted Police.

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CALGARY is as pretty a place as you want to see.

**DON'T DO IT.**

Do not go to Canada as a settler without enough money to carry you through a possible year of failure. One of the mistakes that many people make consists in thinking that because they can homestead one hundred and sixty acres free, little or no money is required to make the start. Of course a start *can* be made on practically nothing, but it is not advised. However, the head of a family, or its equivalent, who finds himself in possession of not less than five hundred dollars, and who will act with discretion in the premises, may get through with a tight squeeze. A thousand dollars is still better and so on in proportion.

What we advise is that nobody take advantage of the three-year homestead law without sufficient capital to comply with the law in the premises. In the United States he makes final proof of his compliance with the law by the aid of friendly witnesses. In the Dominion of Canada an inspector comes and looks the work over and his say is authoritative and final.

Do not come to Canada expecting to find the Government land next to the railroad. In the best parts one will have to go from twenty-five to fifty miles back from the road in order to find vacant public land. All things considered it is perhaps better to buy the land outright from the Railway Co. or private holders but whatever you do, do not go to Canada as a homesteader without money or without friends. It may turn out all right, but the chances are against you and many a man who has undertaken it along this line has returned with only words of discredit for the country.

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**CROP FAILURES.**

If anybody tells you that there is a spot on the earth where the crops do not occasionally fail he either does not know what he is talking about or he has attempted to deceive you. There is no place where the sun and rain, seedtime and harvest, always catch step in the making of crops. Occasionally these essentials are out of tune and the result is partial or total failure. The Nookman asked the Superintendent of the Experiment Farm at Indian Head what per cent of failures characterized the country. His answer was, after studying about it a moment, that about two out of ten years were years of only partial crops, and this per cent, if it holds good throughout the Dominion, and there is no reason why it should not, is not more to the discredit of the country than happens in our own land.

Several reasons obtain why a crop may be a failure. One is not enough rain. The other, too much rain. If there is not sufficient precipitation in the month of June to cause the wheat crop to grow it will be a practical failure, and if added to the regular precipitation of June there are protracted July rains, failure

is again assured for the reason that the wheat, under the impetus given it by the rainfall, goes on growing and is caught by the early frosts. But where the June rainfall is about right and the July precipitation is not overdone the crop is marvelous in extent and wonderful in quality as well as quantity. But, as said before, there are times, about two years in ten, when there is a mis-catch, or a mishap of some kind and more or less of failure attaches to the farmer's efforts.

It is thought necessary to say this here because people will tell you, especially in a new country, that there never has been a failure of crop, all of which may be true, as there has not been time for failures to materialize. In those sections already settled the relative hits and misses have been as given. And what obtains in the older sections is already likely to be true



IN THE BEGINNING.

of the newer portions of the country. And the very possibility of this failure is what should make every newcomer cautious about going to the country without being able to tide over every possible mishap.

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**THE TIME TO VISIT CANADA.**

THE NOOK recommends that the visitor go to see Canada in the early autumn. It is said that the autumn months are delightful, and that then is the best time to see the country. In the autumn the wheat is in sight, and the use of the elevator is made manifest. The lakes, and they are legion, are swarming with ducks, and some of them are full of fish. If the visitor is fond of the sport afforded by rod and gun, there is probably no place on earth where he will have a better chance.

The Nookman would suggest the following as a good trip: Strike the country at Portal, from there to Moose Jaw, Calgary, Edmonton, and then with a wagon and outfit on to the Peace river neighborhood. One can buy absolutely everything needed for the trip at the jumping-off place, Edmonton, and after that he is in the hands of his guides, if he takes one, or he can start out himself, following the river at Edmonton, and he can not well get lost. It is perfectly safe, and would make a trip to be remembered. Take an overcoat and remember that winter begins in November.



### THE MOUNTED POLICE.

THE visitor from the United States will notice in the several towns he may pass through an occasional soldier, clean-cut and well groomed, wearing a flaming red coat. He is one of the mounted police, about eight hundred of whom constitute the Northwest Mounted Police Force.

Canada is such a large country that there is a great deal of it lying out of doors, beyond the jurisdiction of the civil authorities in the organized portions. The policemen, and the authorities generally, can take care of the bad men in the cities and towns, but away out in the country, from a hundred to a thousand miles back, the policeman is the government man. They are divided off in small groups with headquarters at divers and sundry places, all over the unsettled portions of the Northwest, all the way up to the Klondyke, and if there is any law-breaking, the evil-doers are looked after by these red-coated people.

They are a clean, well-kept lot and everybody speaks well of them, both as to high morality and effective action. If there is any sort of a row going on back in the interior, away from the established authority, the mounted police are notified at the nearest station and several of them go out and settle matters. Their red coats make them visible as far as they can be seen and they bear but the slightest numerical proportion to the crowds they control. It would not work in the United States to any extent whatever. In Canada the keynote of their success in keeping the peace lies in the idea of endless authority and ability to control back of them. At some town gatherings where there will be a public demonstration, like a fair, or a big meeting, two of these mounted police will keep matters straight. And, as said before, it seems to be the moral effect of the visible representation of the entire government. In the United States a pair of policemen would stand no chance at all in controlling a mob, but it seems different in Canada, where the law means more than it does in our country. It is not that the laws are so very different from our own, but an English law is always loaded and within easy reach.

The mounted police and the peaceable people seem to get along in the very best possible way and the only terror they inspire is in the heart of the bad man who makes trouble.

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### A HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

THE NOOK knows of no better place to camp with a view of hunting or fishing than in northern Canada. If one does not care for either hunting or for much fishing, but simply wants to get close to nature for a season, then northern Canada, just the same.

In the first place a camping party ought to be well organized. There is nothing more unpleasant in such a party than that it be composed of people who are complaining and scragging in their relations with each other. So, then, be sure that the persons composing the party are congenial.

The next thing is to know clearly where you want to go. Canada is a country bigger than the United States, and offers all sorts of conditions, but the Nook will risk it in saying that almost any part of the country, north of the settlements will do. But you want to know where. The matter of clothing should receive attention, and the individual should be sure that he has enough clothes, and that they be warm. It is easy to take off clothes as desired, but impossible to put on that which you do not have with you. The evenings and nights are cool in the far north, and an overcoat in July will be appreciated, no matter how incongruous it may seem at the starting point.

Then there is the matter of a guide, or guides, and also a cook, if the party are so helpless that they can not cook for themselves. At each point of setting out these are available, and will cost the party, say two dollars a day. That is, each guide will want a wage of about two dollars, which the party will divide among themselves as they may agree.

Tents, blankets and the like, can all be bought at the point of out-setting, and if the party goes to a lake site they will want a boat, which can be either hired, or bought and afterward sold. Then the matter of provisions is easily settled at the point where civilization is left behind. Guns, fishing tackle, and all that sort of thing, will need arranging for. It will be well to address the Canadian Pacific Railway, Winnipeg, Manitoba, stating your wants, and asking for a little pamphlet entitled "Hints About Camping in Canada," which the company will send you free, and it is a very complete thing in the way of the wants of the camper.

As to the time, each party will suit itself, and all to be remembered is that about November first the ground begins to get white in the far north and it is just as well to be in reach of the tourist cars, heading for the land of the free and the home of the brave.

\* \* \*

It will be noticed that we say nothing in this Canadian issue about the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. These are old, settled places with a society and civilization of their own. The French have a strong hold there, and many of the places are of great historic interest and an account of them would be most interesting. However, space compels us to write of the new country in the Northwest, which is now rising like a giant from its sleep and is destined in the future to play a most important part.

### THE GALICIAN.

EVER see a Galician? He and his wife and family come from somewhere near Russia and move from the old world to the new for the same reason your parents and mine did,—to better their lot. But let us hope our forebears cut a better looking figure when they landed.

The Galician seems to look like this: He has a coat that by no possibility ever fits. It is dirt colored because it is colored by dirt. His lower garments cover a pair of boots that also never fit. His wife, and he always has one, is dressed in the same colored and same reason dress. She wears boots too, boots that may have been the old man's earlier. She has earrings, a figured handkerchief for a head dress, and she also wears a baby, invariably.

There are from one to a dozen or more children and they all wear boots and the same color and kind of dress. Piled around them is their luggage. It looks like a bundle the Nook woman collects in secrecy, ties a cord about it, and heaves behind the barn after dark.

These Galicians are fair, blue eyed, and scrubbed up, and down too, are not bad to look at. The man will go homestead hunting while the old woman and the children tent it somewhere, and all of the girls go out to work. When rigged out like white people, they pick up quickly and make good servants. When they land at their destination, they don't look inviting but they are workers all, and in three years they will have a farm, which is more than some of us who read have, and the way they drop their rags, dirt, and odd dress is remarkable.

One thing the residents say about them is that they always pay cash, which is good, but is perhaps caused by the fact that at home they never had a cent's credit.

\* \* \*

### HOW WILL I BE TREATED?

STRANGE how a near country is so little understood. Lots of people will wonder about their reception by the Canadians, should they wish to settle among them. The answer is that you will be welcomed. If our friends across the border can stand the Galician and the Doukabor, they ought to be mighty glad to see a live, clean American. Outside of their form of government, which is more of a sentiment than a hard fact, one might as well be in the United States. The people are about the same, in the northwestern part of Canada, as they are anywhere in any English-speaking country.

\* \* \*

AT Moose Jaw, which is a central point on the Canadian Pacific Railway, we made the rounds of the stores to see what they had for sale. They had every-

thing we have in Elgin, and of the tropical fruits you could buy anything, and the prices were nothing out of the ordinary, with the exception of apples. One of the storekeepers had an orange box full of green apples, about as big as walnuts, or eggs. They came from California and had that vivid green cholera morbus look that goes with some green apples, but there was nothing sickly about the price. They were selling for twenty cents a pound and were going off rapidly. They were the kind of apples that the Pennsylvania man sets the children gathering up for the cow or the hog. But up there in the north "apples is apples," and if you do not know it in the start you will find it out when you come to buy them.

\* \* \*



ON THE PRAIRIE TRAIL.

At all the points along the line of the railroad there will be found good hotels very much like the average railroad town hotel in the United States, where the charges are not unlike those at home and the food is in no sense different in character or preparation other than that the guest will get tea a great deal oftener than when at home. The native Canadian seems to take to tea, while it is almost the universal drink of the Indian population.

\* \* \*

PEOPLE who contemplate settling in Northwest Territory should arrange, if possible, to locate together. It is not that the Galician is an objectionable neighbor, or likely to be of trouble, but it would be much better if friends were close to one another, where they can render assistance in time of need.



### HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

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ANY unappropriated or unreserved section of Dominion Lands excepting 8, 11, 26, 29, may be homesteaded upon by any person, sole head of a family, or any male over 18 to the extent of one quarter-section of 160 acres.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district (see list of land offices) or on application to The Minister of Interior or Dominion Land agent, authority can be had for some one to make the entry for him. \$10 fee.

Six months' residence and cultivation in each year for three years, or as to residence, living with parents on land in vicinity or on land owned by himself will satisfy.

Application for patent should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Ottawa.

Information will be given at any Dominion Lands Office as to the lands open for entry free of expense.

The following are exempt from duty: Settlers' effects, viz: Wearing apparel, household furniture, books, implements and tools of trade, occupation or employment, guns, musical instruments, domestic sewing machines, typewriters, live stock, bicycles, carts and other vehicles and agricultural implements in use by the settler for at least six months before his removal to Canada. Not to include machinery, or articles imported for use in manufacturing establishments or for sale, provided that any dutiable article entered as settler's effects may not be so entered unless brought with settler on his first arrival, and shall not be sold or otherwise disposed of without payment of duty, until after twelve months' actual use in Canada; provided also that live stock when imported into Man., or the N. W. T., by intending settlers, shall be free until otherwise ordered by the Governor-in-Council.

It is not necessary that live stock admitted to free entry in Man. and N. W. T. be in use by the settler before his removal to Canada. A settler may bring in free of duty, under the regulations, not exceeding 16 horses or cattle (in all) or one for each ten acres up to 160 acres; or not exceeding 160 sheep or swine (in all) or one for each acre up to 160 acres. Duty on excess cattle, sheep and horses, 20 per cent ad. val., 1½ cent per lb. on live hogs. A settler taking up 320 acres may, after paying duty, obtain refund of the duty on same number of horses, cattle, sheep or swine as are admitted free for 160 acres.

Settlers' cattle, when accompanied by certificates of health, to be admitted without detention, when not so accompanied they must be inspected.

Swine may be admitted for breeding purposes, subject to a quarantine of fifteen days.

Swine admitted on a settler's certificate that Swine Plague or Hog Cholera has not existed in the district whence they came for six months preceding.

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### THE RICHEST CANADIAN.

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THE most remarkable living example of great wealth won in old age is that of Lord Strathcona, who is by far the richest man in Canada. He is now eighty years of age, and was nearly sixty when his great opportunity came to him. A native of North Scotland, born plain Donald A. Smith, he came to Canada while still in his teens, as a clerk in the service of the Hudson Bay Company; and, until 1867, most of his life was spent in the wilds of Labrador. He was gradually advanced, until he reached the highest post in the company's service, but he was verging on old age when he finally emerged from the crowded ranks of comparatively poor men. It was 1875 that opportunity knocked at his door, and was recognized with the eye of genius. One of his closest friends was James J. Hill, who was doing a freighting business between St. Paul and Winnipeg. The two men compared notes and agreed that much money was to be made from the Manitoba Railway, which extended from St. Paul over Minnesota and the Dakotas. It was built by Amsterdam capitalists, but the panic of 1873 forced the company into bankruptcy, and its bonds were a drug in the markets of the world.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Hill saw that, with the return of prosperity, which they believed to be at hand, the road would become a profitable property. They had not the money to buy it, but Mr. Smith had a cousin, who, having settled in Canada in his youth, had rapidly climbed to a name and was at that moment president of the Bank of Montreal. This friend, George Stephen, when consulted, entered into the plan with enthusiasm. He supplied the money to buy the road, and, by the rise of its stock to par, Smith, Hill and Stephen were all made multi-millionaires. Since then, Lord Strathcona, to call Mr. Smith by the title which Queen Victoria bestowed upon him in 1887, has steadily added to his wealth. He took a prominent part in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is a controlling factor in its affairs, and in those of the Bank of Montreal. He is also said to hold a majority of the shares of stock of the Hudson Bay Company. This company has stores in all of the towns and cities of Western Canada, and has the cream of the retail trade, while further north it has a virtual monopoly of the fur business, yet, had Lord Strathcona died in middle age, he would have left his family little save an honored name.

## CANADIAN MONEY.

IF anybody puts off a Canadian coin on an unsuspecting fellow citizen of this great and glorious republic of ours the victim feels aggrieved when he discovers that he has the widow instead of the eagle in his pocket. A Canadian quarter is worth twenty cents in most parts of the United States and a Canadian bank bill is worth a trifle over face value as a curiosity. But nobody would think of trying to buy anything with it. True, along the United States border, and in some of the towns and cities readily reached from the line, Canadian money goes, but not any distance in the interior.

Now on the Canadian side it's different. There American money goes at its face value, and they are as glad to get it as we are loath to part with it. In making change at a hotel or a store one can lay down a five dollar bill, American, and request American money in change and generally get it, or he may get both kinds in change. It will really make no difference, for both kinds go equally well in the Dominion. It seems a little narrow minded on the Yankee's part that he discriminates against King Edward in money matters on this side. You can pay your subscription to the INGLENOOK with a Canadian dollar bill, and we will feel just as happy.

If there are any pennies in circulation we did not see one of them. That's a new country, with money flying around for you! Wait till they are finally and compactly settled and pennies will be used all right enough. Bang goes the fi' pence is the least you can do now.

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## HOW TO GET TO CANADA.

OF course there are ways and ways but the one way we are sure of is via Chicago, the Illinois Central, the "Soo" line, to Portal, and from there to Moose Jaw, and after that the Canadian Pacific Ry., either east or west. The Canadian Pacific railroad, or the C. P. as it is called locally, is a great and a well-managed road. Practically it runs from ocean to ocean, and has a number of side branches. It should be remembered that in this account of Canada the whole country is not considered. Only that section bounded by Winnipeg on the east, and Calgary on the west, and northward, is taken into account. This is done, not because that is all of Canada, but because the country it represents is the one that is being advertised and settled mostly by Americans.

The C. P. road is well managed, and considering that it has an exclusive monopoly it does the right thing by its people, whereas an American line with the snap of the monopoly, would, in all probability, not be satisfied with the wool, but would want the pelt with it.

The through trains are models of convenience and comfort, and they are well patronized. Nookers who remember Kansas City and Omaha in their palmy days when the emigrants' baggage was stacked up to the eaves, almost, and the floors were covered with luggage and children, all bound westward, have a picture of Winnipeg and Calgary at present.

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## CANADA'S PROSPERITY.

A DISPATCH from Ottawa, Ontario, dated July 4, says concerning the crops of Canada:

The official bulletin now being issued, together with the reports received by railway companies, indicate that the largest crop ever harvested in western Canada will be gathered this year. No more satisfactory reports have ever been received than those now coming in, and it is stated that the crop conditions in the West are as nearly perfect as possible.

It may readily be understood that a record harvest this season will be of incalculable benefit in many ways to the whole of Canada. Manitoba and the Northwest territories are receiving so vast an army of newcomers that the amount of land at present under cultivation is 20 per cent greater than last year. In the province of Manitoba alone 3,757,173 acres are under crop, being an increase over last year of nearly 1,000,000 acres.

The spring bulletin of the Manitoba Department of Agriculture, just issued, makes it clear that, with a continuance of good weather Manitoba will be in a position to announce next fall the greatest crop in the history of that province. The same conditions prevail throughout the territories also, the crop reports of the Canadian Pacific railway, made up from telegraphic news from all parts of the West, showing that the prospect there for a record crop was never better. It is conservatively estimated that upward of 90,000,000 bushels of wheat will be the amount of the present year's yield in Manitoba and the territories, and, with no untoward happenings, this estimate may be exceeded by 10,000,000 bushels more when the returns of the harvest are all in.

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MR. R. R. STONER, at Indian Head, with offices at Minneapolis, Minnesota, is a good Inglenooker and knows the country thoroughly well. Doubtless Mr. Stoner would be pleased to answer any questions in relation to the country and the INGLENOOK takes pleasure in noting him to be reliable.

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FROM Edmonton, northward, is a great wagon road ninety miles long. Starting at the end of this wagon road one strikes the navigable waters of the great Mackenzie basin, which flows north for two thousand miles to the Arctic Ocean.



### THE WEATHER.

CANADA has the reputation of being a very cold country. It is cold in winter, but it is not as bad as it appears, and it is not as cold a country as the Canadians themselves make it. The writer is penciling these lines at Indian Head, about July 1, and he has his coat off as a matter of comfort. It is just about the same as at Elgin where the magazine is made.

But deep down in the inside of the writer is the picture of ice palaces, toboggan slides, snow and sleighs and the accompaniments of blue cold weather. All this is the outcome of the Canadian's own pictures. If he sees fit to parade an iceberg as a characteristic of his country he need not complain if he leaves an impression as cold as ice.

Now what the winters are the writer does not personally know. But he does know that the summer weather is delightful. Some of it could not be improved on, and it is said that the late autumn months are beautiful beyond comparison. Now why does not the Canadian picture the best instead of the worst of his country's weather? A group of people picnicking in the woods is as pleasant a sight as a group togged out in woolens and furs shivering in a big sleigh. If the other side, the delightful autumn side, were brought forth oftener, it would have a better outcome.

Now what are the facts? Well, it is said that in this Indian Head country it begins to harden into winter about the first week of November. The cold weather then stays without let-up till the last of March or the first of April. The ground freezes from four to six feet in depth and stays frozen till the spring breaks, when all goes away at once and there is no horror of slop and slush. When spring comes in, winter goes out, and with the snow's going come the flowers and the green grass and there are no misfits, no going away of the winter for a day or so only to come back with some frills it forgot originally. Once gone it stays gone. Then summer comes again.

\* \* \*

### WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE?

THE question arises as to the manner of people who go to make up Canada. The answer must be qualified. In the older towns there are a good many English, speaking now of western Canada, and they are not to be mistaken. Then there are the Scotch, and after that a sprinkle of all other peoples. The American is around in numbers. In many of the towns, or out in the country, you would never know you were out of the United States as far as all surroundings are concerned, in general terms, unless you struck a rank Englishman, and then ten to one you would know it.

The foreigner is in evidence just now, and he is a

picture, that's what he and his family are, in case he is a Galician or the like. It's a wonderful mix-up in the portions now being settled up. The question as to how strangers are received is answered by saying that in every instance, as far as our knowledge extends, and as far as our inquiry went, the newcomer is accorded a hearty welcome, and he will be treated as well as he deserves by all right-thinking people. The clan-nishness of some of the older countries is conspicuously absent, and the country is so large that there is room for everybody, and it will be a long time till the newcomers crystallize into anything like society in its narrow sense. If any other answer to the question is desired it may be summed up in the statement that all



WHERE WE GO TO SCHOOL.

Canadian homeseekers will be treated by all others just as they deserve, and that a new family's status will be largely fixed by themselves, and in no way will they be looked down upon or in any way hampered in their progress.

\* \* \*

### OCH YIR NAMES!

WHAT'S in a name? Sometimes there is a good deal more than one can get hold of at the first mouthful, and then some of them have a queer look. How would you like to live at Spuzzum, for instance? Or would you prefer Spatum? Or you can wait at Illecillewaet, after you have been at Shuswap. If you prefer a strenuous life there's Whoopup, or Neme-gosenda. Or possibly Kamloops is preferable. Now in the States,—but let us not go into comparative detail.

\* \* \*

THE average salary paid to teachers in the rural districts is about \$373 a year, the highest in the cities being \$1,800. Reference is had to the Manitoba territory.

## A GOOD WAY.

A VERY good way to visit Canada is by the organization of a party of people large enough to have the exclusive use of a tourist car, and then when aboard this car, in which are facilities for cooking, etc., proceeding with the regular trains, stopping wherever caprice or business may indicate. The tourist cars are just as good for this purpose as the regular standard cars of the Pullman Company, with the added convenience of a stove whereby a party might be fed comfortably the entire trip en route.

When the individual goes he will do well to take a tourist car, or standard, if he prefers, and eat in the dining cars that are attached. These dining cars are just about the same as they are in the United States, usually serving the breakfasts and dinners a la carte, where you order what you want, pay accordingly, and in the evening serving a regular dinner as good as any on the diners in the United States. The a la carte business is good enough in its way, but you are not likely to have more than you can eat on what seems to be an ordinary order.

\* \* \*

## APPLES.

THE big red or yellow apple of your boyhood days! Well, it doesn't grow in Western Canada. That's all there is to it. That's the end of it and no further talk about it.

There is a variety or two of Russian crabapple that will grow and mature. They are about the size of a walnut and are very good,—for crabs. The Russian crab apples are an extensive lot, and some of them are of good size and flavor. But the Canada crab is small, and, as said above, good enough of its kind. At the Central Experiment Station they are hybridizing varieties, and hope to get something that will stand the winter and be worth while. It is not yet had, or at least the experiment people know nothing about it.

Doubtless in time apples adapted to the country will be found and generally planted.

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## THE 'PRICE OF LAND.

THE Dominion of Canada is as big as all out doors. There are sections where the land is as high as anywhere in the United States, and there are places where there never will be anybody, places where people cannot live. But the average wild land, the land that the railroad is selling, is worth from five to seven dollars an acre. To the actual settler ten years' time is given to make payment.

If one homesteads, three years are required to perfect the title, and if improved farms are bought, it is all a matter of bargain and sale, between the parties

themselves. This difference should be remembered,—in case of homesteading the oath of allegiance is necessary for the patent to issue. If the land is bought no oath or resident citizenship is needed, and no political rights accrue. Lots of Americans homestead, and lots buy. But wherever the place, and whatever the price, no man should buy without knowing just what he is getting, and to do this he should see the country, either for himself, or through someone he can trust absolutely.

\* \* \*

## THE SCHOOLS.

THE public school system of the Territory is a good one. Its management is in the hands of one of the ministers of the Government, assisted by an Educational Council of five members, who are appointed for the purpose. A school district cannot exceed five miles in length or width and must have, at least, twelve children between the ages of five and sixteen. Every teacher must have a certificate showing his standing, and in addition must be able to show normal training. The schools are thoroughly inspected about twice a year, the inspectors being appointed by the Government on account of their fitness. A good many American teachers are to be found in Canada, and the Nookman had the pleasure of meeting several of them. The schools in the larger towns and cities are just about the same as in the United States.

\* \* \*

EACH quarter section of land in Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan, consisting of one hundred and sixty acres, owned or occupied, is taxed to the extent of two dollars or two and one-half dollars per annum. The only other tax levied is for schools. The total tax on a quarter section seldom exceeds eight or ten dollars per year.

\* \* \*

INDIAN HEAD is regarded by the people in Canada as being the leading wheat town in the territory. The country round about this place is particularly adapted to the growing of this cereal. If you want to grow wheat you cannot go wrong at Indian Head.

\* \* \*

AT Moose Jaw, right along the railroad, where the travelers can see, are beautiful gardens maintained by the railroad people and they show well what can be done in the way of gardening.

\* \* \*

A PECULIARITY of Northern Alberta around Edmonton is that the black soil is deeper on the top of the hills than it is in the hollows.

\* \* \*

THERE are several colonies of our Brethren in Canada, but they are a long ways from the railway station.



## A GOOD SUMMER PLACE.

It occurred to the Nookman, while at what appears on the map as Fort Edmonton, that when people get to know more about Canada in the summer time, there will be more summer visitors. While there are a few days of intense heat, yet it is nearly always so cool, both day and night, as to make it an exceptionally pleasant place for those who would escape the swelter where they may live.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has built a number of hotels at various points along the line, and these are admirably adapted for their purpose. But what the Nook is talking about is represented by a big, airy, open boarding house, or hotel, on the edge of a lake of cool water, where the guests will require blankets to keep warm at night. There are thousands of just such lakes but no hotels that we saw or heard of. Properly advertised, such a place would soon be on a fair way for financial success.

\* \* \*

## THE SIZE OF IT.

FIGURES, after they get above a certain number, convey but very little idea of what they mean. When we say that Canada's area comprises 3,653,000 square miles, it practically means nothing but a big place, but when we say that one-twelfth of the land surface of the globe is what it means, one gets a better idea of the size of the country. Taking Manitoba, it has an area about the same as that of England, Scotland and Ireland put together. Saskatchewan is almost as large as England, Scotland and Ireland, and is twice as large as England and Wales. Alberta has an area of 106,100 square miles, and is more than twice as large as the State of Pennsylvania. When one gets out of the reach of the settlements the only way to describe the country is to say that it is all out doors, and be done with it.

\* \* \*

ONE of the most confusing things to be noticed in Canada is the way they manage their time. The time tables of the railroads run from one o'clock to twenty-four o'clock, and you go out on the 18:30 train or come in on the 17:50 train. What the reasons are the Nookman did not learn. They may be good enough to justify the departure from the old way. All the same it is confusing to the stranger.

\* \* \*

YOU can homestead government land in Canada but the government is not selling any, and it is an instance of extraordinarily good business foresight. Once each alternate section is gone in homesteads the adjacent square of the checker board will be doubled, or more than doubled in value.

WHAT the Canadian Northwest wants is the help of one or two bright men who know all about irrigation. It gave the Nookman pain all over to see the way water went to waste. They have irrigation ditches in places but not one in a hundred that they might have.

\* \* \*

THOUGH a good many of the NOOK family, settled in Canada, are at present remote from railroads, yet the prospects are that they will have communication of their own by the building of new roads before a great length of time.

\* \* \*

THE bulk of the rams purchased by the sheepmen of Canada are thoroughbred Shropshires and Oxford Downs. There are also some Leicestershire Cotswolds and Southdowns. Canada would be a splendid place for the pure bred sheepman.

\* \* \*

THE people in Eastern Canada will be very likely to think that the INGLENOOK showing is partial and incomplete, and nothing is truer than this, for it is not intended to show up more than the Northwest Territory.

\* \* \*

THE Galician and his family are not exactly speaking a bouquet at the present writing, but give them time and they will be seen coming to town in a carriage, the same as has happened in our own country.

\* \* \*

THE older settled portions of Canada would make an especially interesting INGLENOOK, and who knows but some time in the future we may make a descent upon the French end of it.

\* \* \*

JUDGING from the extent of the potato crop now in sight it will be a good time for the Irish next winter. If the Canada man has nothing else in his garden he has potatoes.

\* \* \*

THE Chinaman has wandered all over western Canada and here and there the colored man has found a home, but the latter is not common.

\* \* \*

THE price of most things in Canada is about the same as in the States. And some things they import from us are higher priced.

\* \* \*

CHEESE factories do not seem to have prospered in the Territory. Dairy farmers prefer to use their milk for raising calves.

\* \* \*

"I REALLY cawnt tell you when the train comes in. Better awsk the clark at the booking office."

## SOMETHING MORE ABOUT THE CLIMATE.

It is a very difficult thing for the United States reader to understand some of the conditions that prevail in the Northwest part of Canada. For illustration one may see the water a foot deep on half of his farm in places in the morning, and by evening all this has been licked up by the wind and not a drop of it is left. Another day or two and one may plow right where the lake has been. This goes to show that the atmosphere is not moisture laden, or saturated with water, or it would not take up the pond. Those who have been in the vicinity of the great lakes that never freeze over know what unpleasant weather is sometimes found in their vicinity. The air becomes damp and if added thereto is a wind from over the lake there will be an extraordinarily bad spell of weather.

In the Northwest there are lakes but they are frozen over the winter time and the dry air does not affect one as the thermometer would indicate.

When the spring is on and the ground is thawed out not more than four or five inches, plowing begins, and one may hear the plow scrape over the frozen soil. And when the seeding is once done and growth is started its growth is phenomenal. Each day is longer than the one which preceded it, and everything simply races in its growth. It can only be likened to the growth of plants in a conservatory. And then when the autumn comes in the mountain neighborhoods the weather is simply perfect and doubtless many and many a day seems as though it had escaped from paradise. If the air of this Northwestern country were full of moisture nobody could well live there, but its dryness makes it one of the pleasantest places imaginable for a large part of the year. It is not wholly unpleasant during the long winter. Like all other parts of this world it has its good qualities and its bad ones. One must not expect too much any where.

\* \* \*

THE system of land survey adopted in Canada is just the same as that of the United States. The land is divided into townships six miles square. Each township contains thirty-six sections of one square mile each, and these are divided into quarter sections of one hundred and sixty acres. Out of each section the government offers for homesteading, sections 2, 4, 6, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36. The railroad offers for sale sections 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 31, 33, 35. Sections 11 and 29 are reserved by the government for school purposes. Hudson's Bay Company offers for sale sections 8 and 26.

\* \* \*

THE Canada man does not say "Good Evening" to you when you pass. He says, "Good Night." Funny!

## FINALLY.

SUMMING it all up what do we advise? What sort of a place is it anyhow? These questions are sure to be asked, and they deserve an answer. Leaving the eastern part of the country out of the question as one not under consideration in this issue of the INGLENOOK, we would strongly advise a visit to the middle and western part of the Dominion. It is not like going to a foreign country. It is rather a visit to a little known section of our own land, and that is what it really is. The English language is spoken, and the customs of the middle and western part of the country are very like those of our own home. In fact there is nothing at all to indicate that one has crossed the border. Meeting an occasional Englishman simply adds flavor to the speech of the country. In money, food, manners, methods of thought and action, one is



A YOUNG BUSINESS WOMAN.

as fully at home as he is in any other section of country where the English language is spoken.

The bugaboo of a monarchical form of government speedily disappears when one is on the ground. The king is simply the personal representative of the form of government of the mother country that has prevailed for a thousand years. It is more of a name than a fact in the Dominion, and though the loyal American will with reason always hurrah for Old Glory, yet it will soon come to the visitor or the settler to say, "God save the King," with as good a grace as he says God save Teddy Roosevelt, and for the same reason,—God save all of us.

It seems to the Nookman that in the vast domain of the middle and western part of the Dominion the same conditions now exist that existed in the United States a hundred years ago. It is not meant that the people of western Canada are a hundred years behind us, but that the country is about in the same state of development as ours was a century ago. That it has not developed sooner is due to the several causes, among which are that only of recent years have the railroads made the country possible, and then it was not clearly known that nearly all of the cereals



and vegetables would grow in the profusion that characterizes them where they have been tried. Then the climatic scare, and the pictures of the fur-clad Esquimaux, have been in the minds of those who thought about Canada, all of which is as a good deal of moonshine when it has been tried practically. A clear, quiet, calm, cold day with the thermometer at thirty below is not half so bad as a horror of freezing slop and slush with a damp, penetrating wind, at twenty above. In our own country, in the northern part, one never knows what to expect. It may be storming, wet, cold and "nasty" to-day, to-morrow frozen up, and the day after a fright of mud. In the spring winter goes away, and often comes back with some forgotten added frills. All this is different in Canada. Winter settles down for a stay, and it stays winter till it goes out without demonstration. They say there are no blizzards in the sections described, and that there are no bad winds. Winter is, therefore, to be described as clear and cold.

We advise the party who would see Canada to start in at the eastern end of it and cross the country on the Canadian Pacific Railway. In fact, the western part of the journey cannot be made over any other road. This trip would involve no greater expense than to cross the continent on one of our own roads, and there would be much of interest to him who tours.

The scenery in the mountains is magnificent and one will have a better idea of the immensity of Canada after he has made the trip than before. A very good way to do in order to make comparisons is to go across by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Pacific coast, and return over one of our own transcontinental lines, or reverse this process, which amounts to about the same thing. The writer has been many times across the continent by our own roads and the thing that strikes him the most, in making the comparison between the two countries, is the newness and the unsettledness of the Canadian section.

I do not know how it may strike others, but to me there appears to be the making of a mighty nation North of the United States. North and West of Winnipeg is a domain in which any one of the States of the Union might be hidden away. The most of this section can be tilled and it does not require prophetic vision to see vast fields of golden grain that springs up over night and grows through the long, long days of sunshine, making enough to feed the world. All this is not a dream by any means. Men go to-day as far as they can on the railroad, and with horse and wagon penetrate hundreds of miles toward the Arctic Circle. Each year widens out the reach of settlement, and the time is rapidly coming when the smoke from the settler's cabin will be seen in sight of the frozen lands of the North, and his children will be found in the schoolhouse by the stream, which only the remote

traveler and the wild native now know. In fact it might be said that it is a new world just being explored in its remotest parts, and being rapidly filled up by those who are homemaking from all lands.

\* \* \*

#### SOMETHING ABOUT OURSELVES.

THIS is the INGLENOOK magazine, and this issue is only one of the special outputs it makes during the year. What it is like in its regular issues a good many people do not know. So we want to talk a little about it to you, in case you are not a regular reader.

It is owned by the Brethren church, and is printed at Elgin, Ill., U. S. A., and don't forget the fact that it is a weekly. Each number is illustrated. Now if you are not a reader of the magazine, you ought to be. We want you, but we want you to be a willing subscriber. So, if it is the case that you are a rank stranger to it, and would like to see a regular issue, simply make the request, and we will see that you get a current copy.

The price of the magazine is one dollar for an entire year. But as this issue will reach a good many people who are not regular readers, and as it has been our experience that once a reader nearly always a reader, we have thought out the following way to get acquainted. It is that if you send us twenty-five cents we will send you the magazine the rest of this year. Send us a dollar and we will send you the magazine the rest of this year and all of next year. The best thing you can do is to send us your subscription to-day. We'll do all the rest.

There are several things we take a pride in while making the magazine. One of them is that there is never an unclean line, nor does a doubtful word get in if we see it in time. Another feature is that it is never dull, sleepy, or in a rut. And still another is that there is always something new, something you didn't know before. Yes, we know what you are thinking about. You take more papers now than you have time to read. All the same you may not have the INGLENOOK, and as there is but one NOOK, you're losing a good deal if you are not one of us. Now send on that quarter. Address, THE INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill., U. S. A.

\* \* \*

THEY do not know much about practical irrigation in western Canada or they would be using more water.

\* \* \*

THE jolly mosquito gets in his work for about two months. He makes up in activity what he lacks in time.

\* \* \*

FOREST fires have wrought incalculable damage in Canada. They are trying to put a stop to them.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

AUGUST 25, 1903.

No. 35.

## THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

Morning, evening, noon and night,  
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,  
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he labored, long and well;  
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,  
He stopped and sang, "Praise God."

Then back again his curls he threw,  
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done.  
I doubt not thou art heard, my son

"As well as if thy voice to-day  
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter day, the Pope at Rome  
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I  
Might praise him, that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,  
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures away,  
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night  
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,  
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,  
Lived there, and played the craftsman well.

And morning, evening, noon and night,  
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew:  
The man put off the stripling's hue;

The man matured and fell away  
Into the season of decay;

And ever o'er the trade he bent,  
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him, all one  
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said: "A praise is in mine ear;  
There is no doubt in it, no fear:

"So sing old worlds, and so  
New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways:  
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell  
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,  
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by  
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,  
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career  
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,  
Till on his life the sickness weighed;

And in his cell, when death drew near,  
An angel in a dream brought cheer;

And rising from the sickness drear,  
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the east with praise he turned,  
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,  
And set thee here; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel sphere,  
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped—  
Creation's chorus stopped!

"Go back and praise again  
The early way, while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,  
Take up creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ:  
Resume the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home;  
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died;  
They sought God side by side.

—Robert Browning.

\* \* \*

"THE sunrise is the song of the day; the sunset  
its lullaby. Even so youth rhymes all things to song  
and old age chants the requiems."

\* \* \*

OUT of suffering have emerged the strongest souls;  
the most massive characters are seamed with scars.—  
*Rev. E. H. Chapin.*



## HAVE SOME HONEY.

EVERYBODY knows what honey is, and most people like to eat it. A great many Nook readers have a few colonies of bees in which they take much interest, and possibly find some little profit. Around Elgin, in the stores, one may notice bottles of honey offered for sale, bearing the imprint of J. E. Thompson, Carpentersville, Ill., managing the Melpura apiary.

The other day we took the trolley, in the center of Elgin, and rode six miles to the pleasant little village in which Mr. Thompson lives, and who is a professional bee man. We went over in the interest of the Nook, to see whether or not we could find an interesting story for the magazine. We found Mr. Thompson and his wife in the midst of the town, both of them at work among their bees. They have one hundred and fifty colonies, using the Langstroth hives, and they keep Italian bees.

Some years ago Mr. Thompson started with one swarm, out of a bee tree, which cost him one dollar. He kept on increasing his colonies until now he makes a living out of it, and how he does it cannot fail to be of interest to many readers. He finds Italian bees more gentle, but black bees make a better looking comb. When they sting him he finds the coldest water available the best remedy. He also says that it is possible for a man to be stung so frequently that the poison fails to make the usual impression.

Mr. Thompson bottles most of his honey and sells it to the stores in the adjacent towns and cities. He usually sells to retailers but can and will sell to wholesalers. Last year honey was from twelve to fifteen cents for extracted honey. Comb honey was from eighteen to twenty cents. There is more honey in the extracted honey than in the comb product. The half pound bottles seem to sell the best. A quart of the extracted honey usually weighs three pounds, but it varies some. All his honey is sweet clover, white clover, and basswood honey. Mr. Thompson says that bees mix their drinks, but the surplus of any one plant will determine the character of the whole. In this way, if there is more white clover than sweet clover honey in the comb it will be practically white clover. It cannot be materially adulterated, as bees will not use artificial food if their food is available. The selling of unripe honey often causes a fermented article to reach the consumer to the detriment of the apiarist.

The best honey that is made anywhere is peach blossom honey, which of course, is found only in the vicinity of a peach-growing country. Bees do not puncture fruit, but they will settle around broken fruit and sip its juices. A good many bees are kept in Chicago, more than one would imagine, and around the commission houses where fruit comes in, one will frequently find many honey bees. The commission men imagine

that the bees are shipped with fruit, and often talk about it, but the actual facts are that they are town bees kept either in the back yards or on the roof of the tall buildings.

One of the things the bee man has to contend with is the presence of near-by orchards, the owners of which spray their trees. Bees frequenting an orchard, recently sprayed, near blossom time, are pretty sure to die. The greatest enemy, however, to bees is foul brood.

The amount of honey made in Mr. Thompson's apiary may interest the Nook people who keep bees. He says that the amount of honey from a colony ranges all the way from fifty pounds to six hundred pounds, with a probable average of one hundred and fifty pounds, and that when the product falls below fifty pounds it is not profitable. One hundred and fifty pounds is a good showing for a colony in a good season. There is much fluctuation in the price of honey and the bee wax is always in demand, at a price in the neighborhood of thirty cents per pound.

With a view of helping the INGLENOOK family, some of whom may be looking out for a profitable investment, we inquired whether or not it is possible for a family to make a living by keeping bees. The answer was qualified by the statement that the surroundings would have to be taken into consideration, and that if the parties who undertook it lived in a good neighborhood, that is, in a section where there are plenty of honey-making flowers, and if those who undertook the business had a love for it, a living would surely be made, but Mr. Thompson said that it would require their entire time and attention, and that it would take about three hundred hives, from which, if properly handled, there is an income of not less than \$1,000 a year. The proper thing for anybody to do, who wishes to go into the business, is to first read all there is available on the subject, and then begin in a moderate way and learn as he goes along. There is not much trouble in finding a market for good honey and if a love for the business is had, and ample pasturage for the bees, there is no reason why one should not succeed, as there will always be a sale for all the honey that can be made. We ought not to close this article without calling attention to the neatness and cleanliness that characterized Mr. Thompson's apiary, and he and his amiable and intelligent better-half made our visit a pleasant one to be long remembered.

\* \* \*

AMERICAN tourists annually spend abroad an average of \$75,000,000 and foreign tourists leave about \$20,000,000 here.

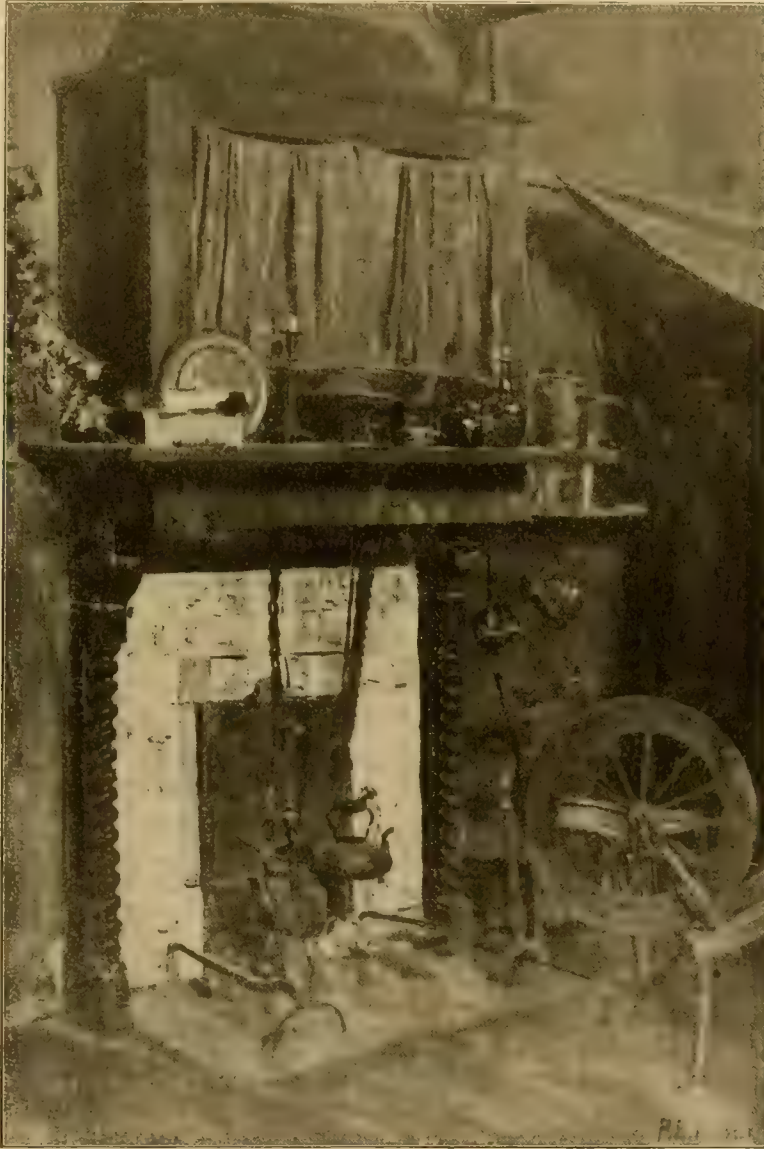
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A PAINSTAKING person estimates that the average head of hair worn by a woman, if the hairs were placed end to end, would measure 50 miles in length.

## LESSON IN MANNERS.

THE first lesson in American manners learned by the male immigrant is usually imparted at the gates of Ellis Island. Having passed inspection, proved his fitness to become an American citizen and received his discharge from guardianship, he marshals his family

Suddenly the head of the family is rudely accosted in an unknown tongue by one of the officers of the island. There is nothing unintelligible in the manner in which the said officer relieves the mother and grandmother of their burdens and the immigrant, to his amazement, finds himself finishing his journey to the



A SCENE ARRANGED IN THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE SCHOOL,  
INTENDED FOR COPYING BY STUDENTS LEARN-  
ING TO DRAW.

and starts for the boat landing. He leads the group himself, conducting the youngest walking member of the family, and carrying a bag or small parcel in his hand. Behind him trot the children, all laden, then the wife, bending beneath a huge bundle of household goods or even a heavy trunk. Last of all staggers the grandmother, literally bent double under the load she carries.

boat carrying the heaviest of the load on his own unaccustomed shoulders, while the oldest boys shoulder the rest. This is an everyday occurrence at Ellis island.

\* \* \*

LET grace and goodness be the principal loadstone of thy affections. For love which hath ends will have an end, whereas that which is founded on true virtue will always continue.—*Dryden*.



## QUEEN GRAFTING.

BY WM. MOHLER.

DURING the summer of eighteen hundred and seventy-six, assisted by Rufus Touchton, an experienced bee-keeper, I had charge of an apiary a few miles east of Santa Paula, California, near the Sespe river. We had three hundred and twenty hives of bees, of all grades, from pure Italians to the common black bees. Among them were five Italian colonies, the queens of which were daughters of queens, that were brought from Italy.

The owner of the bees wanted us to Italianize the whole apiary. Italian bees are gentle to handle, and better workers than the black bees. This would not have been a serious matter if he could have bought the queens for us. This he could not do, so he expected us to do the work with the five queens in our possession. How to do this was a hard problem for us to solve.

We learned in books about bees that in every colony there is but one perfect female, the queen, or mother bee, and at certain seasons several hundred drone or male bees, and the remainder of the colony are neuter or workers. The worker bee is really an undeveloped female, being reared in a small cell and fed different food from that fed to young queens. It develops into a worker bee instead of a queen. Every egg that grows into a worker bee would have grown into a queen if it had been placed in a queen cell and fed the proper food.

To live, every hive must have its queen. When a queen dies, or goes out in a swarm, the worker bees start immediately to rear a new queen. This they do by enlarging a worker cell into a queen cell, and by feeding the larva in it with a specially prepared food, called by the bee-keepers, "royal jelly." The larva is the little worm that hatches from the egg laid by the queen. The bees usually raise from six to ten young queens. When these hatch there is a royal battle in that hive. A queen will not tolerate a rival in the same hive. They will fight until there is but one queen left. When a young queen is about five days old she flies from the hive and mates with a drone, then she never leaves the hive again except with a swarm. Although she may live to be three years old she never mates again.

When a bee-keeper wishes to raise Italian queens he removes the queen from an Italian colony, then the bees start to rear ten queens. Nine of them will not be needed by that colony. When they reach the right age the bee-keeper carefully removes the nine cells not needed, and places them in hives in which he had previously removed the queens. If all goes right, in a few days he will have nine colonies with Italian queens. This method of Italianizing we were expected

to use, but to us it appeared entirely too slow for the time in which we had to do the work, besides we ran too great a risk of losing our Italian queens, for, to get a colony to start young queens, it is necessary to remove its queen. To keep the queen at work she must be introduced into another colony that had its queen removed. This cannot always be successfully done.

In studying over the matter, the thought suggested itself to me that if bees made queens from eggs laid in worker cells, why not replace young larvæ taken from newly-made queen cells with larvæ taken from worker cells? To test the suggestion we destroyed the queen in a hive of black bees, and by the next day they had started eight queen cells. We carefully removed the larvæ from these cells and replaced them with the larvæ taken from the worker cells in our Italian hives. We were successful beyond our expectations. Out of the eight cells operated upon, we succeeded in raising seven fine queens. Our queen raising problem was solved. The five Italian bees would furnish more eggs than we could use, and by destroying a few queens we would get all the queen cells that we needed. We found that when a queen was destroyed, that with the queen cells, formed with larvæ in them, the bees started a number of queen cells that had nothing in them. Larvæ placed in these empty cells were as well cared for as those in the cells from which we had removed larvæ. By putting these empty cells to use we succeeded in raising as many as thirty queens in one hive. We went to work with our "queen grafting" as it is now very appropriately called, and in less than four weeks time we had a new queen in every one of our colonies of bees. Queen grafting is now largely used by queen raisers. Bee comb with brood in it at the proper age is now sent through the mails for this purpose. We possibly were the first to make practical use of queen grafting. We, at least, had not learned of such a thing before our experiment.

In Italianizing our bees we took advantage of another peculiarity of bees. A drone is always as pure-blooded as its queen mother. That is, if a pure Italian queen mates with a black drone, the workers will be hybrid, or mixed bees, but the drones will all be pure Italians. Why this is so I cannot tell. Having but five Italian colonies and more than three hundred that were not Italians, our first set of young queens were almost certain to mate with impure drones. The life of a drone is very short. We waited until the black drones were all dead, then we replaced all of our queens with new ones that were almost certain to mate with pure Italian drones.

*Falls City, Nebr.*

\* \* \*

THERE is a quicksilver mine in Peru in which are streets, squares and a chapel.

## SOMETHING ABOUT WASPS.

THERE are very few boys and girls who do not regard the wasp as their natural enemy, and it is the last insect that they would ever think of being trained into friendly ways, yet *vespa*, the paper making wasp, is angry only when an honest wasp ought to be so.

It is only natural that she will not endure having her nest torn down about her ears and her grubs and eggs killed before her very eyes. She falls into a fine rage when boys, other folks or animals whom she fears come too near her paper palace, and, like a brave soldier, fights against all odds in the defense of her home and never runs away.

Hornets and yellow jackets belong to the genus *vespa*, the sociable wasp—too sociable we think sometimes when we are forced to bear the sting of their advances. They build nests of paper enclosed by thick walls, and are of the most interesting members of the insect world.

If you want to learn a few things concerning their habits prepare a cage consisting of a cardboard box without a cover, the top and sides being covered with a wire netting. In the sides should be good-sized slits, both for ventilation and a help to observation. They require little attention and are both instructive and amusing. A daily dewy leaf to drink from and a lump of moist sugar furnish a feast for the most exacting wasp.

To catch them an insect net is necessary. Seek out such flowers as appear to be their favorites and then snare them. Having brought home a nice little company of half a dozen or so, you will soon discover many remarkable things about them that heretofore you did not know.

You will find, first, that the hornet has a white face and white body marks, while the yellowjackets are black, marked with bright yellow, and are smaller than hornets. Their sting is weaker, and some of them are no larger than flies. Both of these wasps have two compound eyes, out of which they see, and a group of purely ornamental ones. These are worn in the center of the forehead and are sensitive to light. It is said these ornamental eyes are inherited by the wasp from her remote ancestor, the worm.

The antennae, or feelers, are the most interesting features of the wasp's graceful body. They serve as ears, nose, and tongue and are highly decorative as well.

In addition to these are tiny hairs that aid the wasp greatly in the sense of touch. If the antennae were removed the wasp could not work or find food. Without anything even resembling a nose the wasp has a keen sense of smell. If you wish to be convinced of this bury a piece of meat near its nest and it will seek it out directly.

When two wasps meet the antennae are used as a means of communication. Watch them closely and you will find that though they seem to be saying much to each other they are not telling any secrets as to where they have discovered any food, nor do they invite their friends to join them in insect hunts, always going on these excursions alone. They are, however, hospitable after a fashion, for the latest comer in the nest is asked to share the drop of honey that the host or hostess carries in the body, and which can be brought up from the stomach at will. Strange wasps are received more coldly, but there is not a duel immediately as in the case of stranger bees meeting.

Wasps are intelligent, showing to a marked degree evidences of memory. At the entrance to a nest was placed a bit of red paper. Upon the return of the inhabitant the greatest commotion reigned, but soon they grew used to it and used the gayly colored portal with the indifference of old residents. One day the red paper was removed and a blue one substituted. Every wasp upon discovering the change buzzed about in great agitation and would not enter the strange doorway. When the red paper was put back they tumbled over each other to get into quarters which had resumed their familiar aspect.

\* \* \*

## PIANO EYE IS SWIFT.

A PIANIST in these days has to cultivate the eye so as to see 1,500 signs in one minute, the fingers to make 2,000 movements, and the brain to understand all these signs as well as direct all these movements. In playing Weber's "Moto Perpetuo" a pianist has to read 4,541 notes in less than four minutes, or about nineteen per second, but the eye can only receive about ten consecutive impressions per second, so that in quick music it seems that a player does not see every note singly but in groups, probably a bar or more at one view. In the second set of Chopin's "Etude in E minor" it is necessary to read as many as 3,950 signs in two and a half minutes, or about twenty-six notes per second.

\* \* \*

THE great armies of pleasure seekers are now scattered far and wide in the forest, on the sea shore, and wherever alleged rest and quiet may be found. It is rather more the change from accustomed surroundings than any inherent merit of places.

\* \* \*

MAN has hardly yet accustomed himself to living in a house. He does it as a matter of convenience, but when he can get away to the woods, he contemplates it with thrills of pleasure, most likely the outcome of the repressed nature of his forebears, who lived there.



### ODD WEDDING CUSTOMS.

EVERYBODY knows the superstition about sleeping on wedding cake. To make the charm doubly certain, in England bits of the cake are passed thrice, some say nine times, through the ring. But if you have ever slept on wedding cake and then dreamed of snakes you will have little respect for the wedding cake superstition.

The barbaric bridegroom secured his mate by one of two methods—capture or chase. Wooing was a form of girl stealing. According to the former method the groom started on the warpath with some chosen companions. This may be the origin of "the best man," who knows? The best man and ushers had to go in full uniform and armor, for in those strenuous times the gentleman and lady you picked out for your father-in-law and mother-in-law either succeeded in putting you out of the way the first time you called or you made away with the daughter, took to the woods or the plains, as the case might be, with spears boomerangs, jagged flints and arrows for the wedding presents showering after the retreating bridal party. Some say that the jocosse slipper now used is a survival of the missiles hurled by the angry parents.

A curious bit of superstition was that the bridesmaids in undressing the bride must throw away or lose all pins. Bad luck to the bride if a single one was left about her! And just as bad luck to the bridesmaids if they kept one of them. Their chances of matrimony would be long delayed.

In oriental India a curious custom is met with, which perhaps explains our habit of giving presents to the bridesmaids. The Kurgu girls pretend to resist the removal of the bride. When they get near enough to the young man they pelt him with balls of boiled rice, then coyly retreat, followed, of course, by the men. At the door of the bride's house they make a final stand, only suffering the men to enter when they have paid toll in the form of presents to themselves.

\* \* \*

### WERE SYMBOLS OF POWER.

THE custom of wearing rings is one of the most ancient in existence—so old, in fact, that all attempts to trace its origin are lost in the obscurity of antiquity; but the primary intention of this practice in the early ages of the world appears to have been as an emblem of authority and government and this was symbolically communicated by delivering a ring to the person on whom they were intended to be conferred. In conformity to this ancient usage the Christian church employed the ring in the ceremony of marriage (which was first adopted by the Greek church) as a symbol of the authority which the husband gave to his wife over his household and of the earthly goods with which he thus endowed her.

Under the Roman consuls rings were at first manufactured of iron and worn only by soldiers and that upon the third finger of the left hand, hence denominated the ring finger. Increasing wealth soon superseded an ornament of this inferior metal by introducing rings of more costly materials and those made of gold were afterward so very general that it is related that, after the celebrated battle of Cannae, Hannibal sent a bushel of them to the senators at Carthage, of which he had despoiled the slain and prisoners. Under the emperors the common soldiers and even freedmen wore gold rings, although they were originally prohibited unless personally given by the emperor. The petitions soliciting this privilege became, however, so numerous that Justinian was tired of their importunity and ultimately permitted all who thought proper to bestow them. Rings have long taken a conspicuous part as love tokens. Of all the sorts of rings which have frequently been dispatched as messengers of love, that kind of double-hooped one (half of which was often worn by the lover, the other half by his "soul's delight"), called the gemmow, or grimal, ring, stands preeminent. Upward of twenty instances might be quoted from Shakespeare mentioning the use of this kind of ring.

\* \* \*

### POETRY AND HOGS.

SPEAKING of cattle recalls the story of the sentimental man and his practical wife. She looks like a dream, but she is right up to the mark in business. One day, just as the frost was on the pumpkins, he came in. "Darling," he began, "I have just been thinking this is a most memorable day in our lives. Both yours and mine. Do you know what it recalls?"

"No," she declared; she didn't think she did.

"What! Not remember this particular date?" he asked in horror and reproach. "Oh, surely you must."

She said again that she didn't, though to oblige him she would if she could, and he bowed his head and looked sorrowfully out of the window at the swaying trees loaded with red leaves.

"Don't say it," he exclaimed. "Don't tell me you have no recollection of the serious import of this day. Remember, it was just this time in bygone days we made the date memorable. Think! See how I am impressed by the recollection; surely you recall it."

A dawning light spread over her face. "I believe I do," she cried joyously. "Yes, it was just this time we killed hogs last fall."

He gave a hollow groan and left the room of his too practical wife. It was their wedding anniversary.

\* \* \*

AN automobile is like a bad habit. It creeps on one stealthily, and is all the more dangerous for it.

## THE CHEROKEE IS THE INDIAN EXCELLENT.

THE Cherokees excel all other Indians in literature, agricultural and mechanical pursuits and to verify this fact it is only necessary for one to travel through the Indian Territory and visit that portion occupied by the five tribes.

The Cherokee nation lies north of the Creek and Choctaw nations, with Arkansas and Missouri on the east, Kansas on the south and the Osage nations on the west, between the 35th and 37th degrees of latitude, being thus situated in the latitude where the sum-

## SLEEPING CARS ON TROLLEY ROADS.

THE Indiana trolley roads are to have sleeping cars. The first interurban electric sleeping cars in the world will soon be run over the Indianapolis and Eastern and the Richmond Interurban companies' lines, which now connect at Dublin, Ind. The first service is to be operated between Indianapolis and Columbus, Ohio, a distance of two hundred miles.

♦ ♦ ♦

SCATTER you flowers among your friends. Don't let them seed before the needs of the coming year.



VIEW OF THE LIBRARY OF THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

mer heat never approaches the torrid zone, while the winters, on the average, are temperate.

The climate is calculated to develop not only healthy, but vigorous, active types of woman and manhood, and that such is the case one can readily see from the physical appearance of the inhabitants and especially those who have lived there a majority of their years.

They are a people having a great love, not only for their own sections of the country, but for the United States at large, and are intensely patriotic. They have a high appreciation of the advantages of education and expend large sums of money for the support and maintenance of their schools. The majority of them are devout Christians, belonging to the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Catholic churches.

Cut them, arrange them in bouquets, and give them away. They will do more good in this way that to "waste their sweetness on the desert air."

♦ ♦ ♦

As we must spend time in cultivating our earthly friendships if we are to have their blessings, so we must spend time in cultivating the companionship of Christ.—*Henry Drummond*.

♦ ♦ ♦

Persistent insomnia, unwonted irritability, and dread of grappling with business problems are danger signals of general nervous breakdown.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE last shall be first, but the shoemaker's last is always his last.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## FLORISTS' EARTH.

CONCERNING florists' earth the INGLENOOK is in receipt of a letter of inquiry in regard to the florists' earth mentioned some time ago. Just about now is the time to start a pile of florists' earth. For the benefit of all concerned we repeat briefly the method of preparation. The ingredients are equal parts of common sod, sharp sand, and well-rotted manure from the cow stable. Lay out a mound of it six or eight feet square at the bottom. A layer of sod, then a layer of sand, and then one of manure, and so on up till the pile is four or five feet high. The layer of sod, sand and manure may be three or four inches thick. It is important that the pile should be compact, and must be allowed to remain out all winter, to be subjected to freezing and thawing. If your wash water containing soap suds is thrown on the pile from time to time it will do no harm. Next spring when it is all thawed out the mass should be cut down with a spade and sifted into storegoods boxes, or empty barrels. It should be about the consistency of coarse brown sugar after the sifting process, and the longer it is kept the better it will get. After keeping under cover or in the dark one year's making will last for a long time, and any surplus can be used the same as phosphate is used in the drill, only the earth may be more extensively applied.

Those who have used only common earth in growing plants have no idea how house plants will grow in this preparation.

\* \* \*

## ABOUT DRAGONS.

DRAGONS were important animals in ancient and mediæval natural history. Until comparatively recent time no scientist, ever thought of questioning the existence of this most formidable of beasts. The annals of Winchester for 1177 gravely state that "in this year dragons were seen of many in England." Gesner, professor of natural history at Zurich, gives a detailed description of the dragon, while Aldrovandus, in his "History of Serpents and Dragons," published in 1640, devotes fifty pages to the monster. A good specimen of a dragon would seem to have been a beast about the size of a sheep, incased in a coat of scales which shone like silver. Its back was serrated like a saw. It possessed a long tail, a pair of batlike wings, four heavily clawed feet, a wolvine head, the jaws of which were armed with very formidable teeth. The

tongue was barbed, and fire and fury issued from the monster's mouth and the head bore a crest. Dragons were the most wicked and vindictive of creatures. They seem always to have been in a towering rage and spent the greater portion of their time in rushing up and down the earth, destroying everything that came in their path. The origin of dragons was a disputed point among mediæval naturalists. Some maintained that these animals were generated by the heat of India, others were of the opinion that the volcanoes of Ethiopia used to belch forth the monsters. One scientist, John Leo by name, declared the dragon to be a hybrid, a cross between an eagle and a wolf.

\* \* \*

## A REMARKABLE WORM.

THE agricultural department at Washington has sent an expert to the Pacific coast to investigate the habits and general appetite of a new worm, which has made its appearance in the Walla Walla valley.

It is probably the most remarkable worm that was ever turned out from the laboratory of nature. It is the friend of the farmer. It is the only worm that has ever been known to prefer noxious weeds to the sweet cereals grown by the Washington husbandman. No professor of wormitude hereabouts has ever seen the like.

The worm is coming down the fertile inland valleys in a crawling army a hundred miles long and several miles wide. Everywhere its approach is heralded with acclaim by the farmers. There is talk among legislators of imposing a fine for its destruction. It is also possible that "wormeries" may be started for its propagation.

In appearance it is a small drab colored object with a striated back and an incredible appetite for weeds. It eats kirtle-burr as a Mexican burro eats thistles. Smartweed is pie for it; even fennel and ragweed do not seem to tax the capacity of its stomach.

Wheat fields over which it has passed are weeded out as thoroughly as a farmer could do it. Cornfields remain untouched, while the vegetation between the stalks is cut down and eaten.

The worm travels six to eight feet per minute. In many places they number 100 to the square yard. On the farms near the coast they are spinning webs with the apparent intention of turning into a new moth or butterfly. Millions are being drowned in the irrigation ditches, which become almost choked with bodies when the onward march reaches them.

It is claimed by persons connected with the State Agricultural Bureau that the worm is the product of moths which were accidentally brought over from China in the importations of Chinese vegetation by travelers from this State.

Wherever the wonderful worm may hold forth in its original state, it is certainly proving a blessing to the Washington farmers.

\* \* \*

#### FISH WITH ELASTIC SKIN.

A FEW days ago a number of specimens of the puffers were taken to the aquarium. The puffers are caught in the neighborhood of this city. They are so named because of the elasticity of their skin and the facility with which they can inflate themselves by doubling their size. When in this condition they resemble in some respects a ball. The nose and brilliant light green eyes protrude from one part and on the other side a tail projects. Apparently a sense of danger close at hand is the signal for puffing up and the success of the effort does not appear to be governed by confinement to the water. Air seems to serve equally well, as was demonstrated by Mr. Spencer, the superintendent of the aquarium, the other day. He lifted one from the tank and instantly its pumping apparatus began to work. A very short space of time—a second or thereabouts—was required to give the fish rotundity.

Its skin is beautifully mottled and when lying on a gravel bottom it might easily be mistaken by another fish swimming above for part of the bed itself. Although it is not known positively why the puffer has this power to enlarge itself it is thought by some that this is a means of protection. The fish is not large, being only six or eight inches long. Everyone knows how hard it would be to swallow a ball six or eight inches in diameter, and that the number of species of fish which could do this successfully is not large. The puffer has the power, apparently, to make itself as uncomfortable as a fishbone—while in the process of being swallowed. A story is told about two New York fishermen who pulled in a netful of puffers, a species of fish they had never seen or heard of before. They dumped the fish into the bottom of the boat and were surprised to find in the space of a second that by some miracle the boat was full to overflowing with fish.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

\* \* \*

#### ANIMALS' EYES.

THE eyes of an animal can only work together when they can be brought to bear upon an object at the same time; so that, as a rule, the eyes of a fish must work more or less independently. This is sometimes also the case when the eyes can co-operate, as any one who

watches a plaice or other flat-fish in an aquarium will soon discover.

This is true, too, of the curious bulging optics of a cheleon, which roll round, swivelwise, in a somewhat aimless manner. When they do converge, it is bad for the insect upon which they fix themselves.

Many animals possess more than three eyes, which do not act together. A leech, for example, has ten eyes on the top of its head, which do not work in concert, and a kind of marine worm has two eyes on the head and a row down each side of the body. Some lizards have an extra eye on the top of the head, which does not act with the other two. A bee or wasp has two large compound eyes, which possibly help each other, and are used for near vision, and also three little simple eyes on the top of the head, which are employed for seeing things a long way off.

\* \* \*

#### HOW PEAS CLIMB.

If the slightly curved, extended tendril of a young leaf of pea or vetch be watched carefully it will be found that it is slowly but incessantly moving round and round in a circle. If the tendril comes into contact with a twig it bends toward it and eventually takes several turns around it. Even a slight temporary irritation is sufficient to cause a bending toward any side. Finally the tendril becomes woody and strong and forms a secure anchor cable for the plant. Not only does the young tendril rotate, the whole leaf on which it is borne is in continual motion, so that it is almost sure to strike against some near-by twig or stem.

\* \* \*

#### SURFACE COLORS OF LAKES.

SOME lakes are distinctly blue; others present various shades of green, so that in some cases they are hardly distinguishable from their level, grass-covered banks; a few are almost black. The lake of Geneva is azure hued; the lake of Constance and the lake of Lucerne are green; the color of the Mediterranean has been called indigo. The lake of Brienz is greenish yellow, and its neighbor, Lake Thun, is blue.

\* \* \*

PELICAN islands, in Indian river, on the coast of Florida, has been acquired by the department of agriculture as a government reservation. The step was taken to prevent the entire extinction of the brown pelicans which breed there.

\* \* \*

THE aggregate horse-power now being developed at Niagara Falls approaches the tremendous figure of 500,000.

\* \* \*

THE strongest children are those born of parents between 25 and 40 years of age.



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A Weekly Magazine

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The hardest, dullest life, if bared to light,

Would show strange dramas; and would have to own  
Its roots, perhaps, lay deep, far out of sight.

In hopes and memories known to it alone.

—A Farewell.

\* \* \*

## UNRIGHTED WRONGS.

ONE of the saddest things that we can have added to our burden of life is the sense of unrighted and impossible to right wrongs we have inflicted upon others who have passed through the gates of death beyond our reach. Yet each life has just such specters that accompany it on its journey. They are never brought out, never much talked about, yet in our quieter moments they come upon us from their lairs, and like Banquo's ghost, will not down.

It is altogether likely that all readers remember just such a matter in their own lives. They have said the thing that were better unsaid, done what was better left undone, and thought evil when there was no ground for it. In short there are people we have wronged, and then, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, and the happenings of life, the injured passed beyond our reach and we carry with us the burden of thought, and the memory of things that are wrong and which can never be made right.

These things do not come so forcibly upon those who are young, and who have all of life before them without the experience that years bring, as they do to the older ones who have seen the workings of human life and have considered more of its dangers. This feeling of regret is voiced by the oft-expressed wish that we might have it all to do over again, when we

would avoid the mistakes of the past and make life easier, smoother and pleasanter for those with whom we were associated. But while we are living, and in daily contact with those around us, these thoughts seldom come and we go along through life, forgetting the fact that the time will come when we will be separated, and that which we have done wrong to our fellow-man, will then have reached a stage where by no human process can matters be righted.

Possibly no person has ever looked into the face of a dead friend or acquaintance without the thought that had he to do it all over again he would have made life happier for him who has passed. He would have spoken in kindlier tones and done the good deed oftener than he did. And now that the hands are folded, the ears dulled in death, and the heart unresponsive, there can be no undoing the past. Those of us who are left must chew the cud of sorrow in our hearts that we have been so thoughtless and heedless of the amenities of life. When the little child lies in the darkened front room, carved in the Carrara of death, the discordant word, the thoughtless blow, and all that marred its brief existence here, will never be made right by after kindness, and, indeed, can never be forgotten.

And in the case of older people who are gone before, when we look upon their shrouded forms happy are we if we remember no unkind thought, no harsh word spoken and no ill deed done to him who has passed into the shadows out of which he shall not again come. But there is probably no person who has ever lived, and who has stood beside the confined dead, who has not had within himself the feeling that he has wronged him in some way, that he might have said or done things differently and that if he had it all to do over again, remembering the ending, he would have blotted no pages as he did in the past. But it is all unavailing, useless, and we are helpless. All that remains to do is to carry with us the feeling of what might have been and which was not.

If it all ended here it would be sad enough. Earth would be a soulless wailing place, and a grave for blasted hopes and dread fears. But in the very nature of things it does not stop with death. Those who have gone over and have passed from mortal knowledge into undying life go from a world of gloom and half shadow to a land of perpetual brightness where sorrow and death are unknown. And strange indeed, out of this shadow land into which all of our friends pass and to which we are hastening in all the ages past and gone, there are but a few recorded instances where a whisper has come from the outlying silence to listening ears in bodies that throb and live. It is this silence that makes necessary a future life. Things

have been but half done here which need another world for their completion, and it would not be justice or right to the eternal verities that finis should be written on our incomplete condition here and that our unrighted wrongs should never stand a chance of being satisfactorily settled.

Yes, there must be some fairer land than this. Some second chance where we who have played the devil's games down in the dust shall be given the opportunity of our better selves and their aspirations being rendered actualities. True, our sins, though they be as scarlet, may be taken upon Him who died for us all but it seems as though we ought to have a chance of saying for ourselves to those who have gone that in our mutual weakness we said and did the things we are sorry for. And in the very nature of things, the ultimate triumph of life, all this will likely come to pass, and somehow, somewhere, in the near distance of the glimmering future that is shown to us at times like a rift in the clouds, eternal right and truth will triumph, and all things will be made right and right will triumph over wrong and all things will come back to him and the evil of this life shall be as though it never existed.

The present moral of it all is in so relating ourselves to those that we pass on our way that, when they shall have gone on their long journey, we have harbored no ill-feeling, no bad thoughts and have the memory of no evil we have wrought against them. And we ought to so live that when we ourselves join the innumerable throng that we lie down, as has been written, as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and abandons himself to pleasant dreams, and thinking only of summer and blossom time.

\* \* \*

ALIKE.

IN the news columns of the Nook was a story of a man at an insane Asylum, and his wife at home, with nothing the matter with her, yet whose mind is unbalanced and who grows better or worse as her husband does, without her knowing anything about his condition. This is strange, but how common it is for two old people who have been married happily for a long time, to come to look and to act alike.

The probable cause of this is in the fact, that their lines of thought and of action are similar, their joys and their sorrows are the same, and in all material and mental respects their lives are in the same groove. So it comes, in the end, that they not only look alike, but are similarly influenced, even if they are out of sight of each other. It is the reaching out beyond the body of this thing we call mind, affecting others as one tuning fork affects another.

## JUST A THOUGHT OR TWO.

*Grit's the thing.*

\*

*Never watch the clock.*

\*

*Small vices make big leaks.*

\*

*Every dog has his points, especially our own.*

\*

*Don't think that being sour is being religious.*

\*

*We are never too old to unlearn a lot of things.*

\*

*We envy the one who is loved by little children.*

\*

*The good of a library consists in the use made of it.*

\*

*Don't think your mission in life to be always giving advice.*

\*

*The best investment is in making other people happy.*

\*

*Did you ever see the "no breakfast" people at dinner? My!*

\*

*To repeat an evil story is almost as bad as to originate it.*

\*

*How the success of some other people makes us turn green!*

\*

*Don't be afraid of being laughed at when trying to do a good thing.*

\*

*It is all right to jump at conclusions if we are sure they are there.*

\*

*Whoever does injustice, in the end suffers more than his victim.*

\*

*Beware of starting a fight. After it's begun,—that's another matter.*

\*

*Wanted, the address of the plain girl who praises the handsome one.*

\*

*A boy who never had a grandmother misses some pleasant recollections.*

\*

*After you have tried all the patented breakfast foods, then comes the funeral.*

\*

*If the Nook's all right, why not be a missionary and tell your neighbor so?*

\*

*People who give away things they want to get rid of sometimes feel proud of their charity.*



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## GENERAL.

A severe hailstorm passed over Moose Jaw, Canada, badly injuring the crops.

Congress will meet in October. The matter of Cuban reciprocity will be taken up.

The State Horticulturist of Michigan says that the peach crop of that country is short.

The farmers in New York are losing much of their harvest on account of insufficient help.

A train in a Paris tunnel caught fire one day last week and over one hundred people were burned alive.

About twenty-one persons were injured in a wreck on the "Katy" near Schell City, Mo. The rails spread.

Down in the island of Jamaica they have had a hurricane that swept the country, leaving a wholesale track of devastation.

The per capita consumption of sugar in the United States is seventy-two pounds, in England it is ninety-one and six-tenths pounds.

The milk dealers in Chicago are getting it from the magistrates, right and left, for selling their products below the legal standard.

From Sioux City, Iowa, we learn that a terrific hailstorm passed through the northwest part of the State doing a great deal of damage.

The dead Pope Leo's apartments were officially opened, and several millions of francs in money, jewels and relics, were found therein.

The Cleveland-New York flyer on the Erie R. R. was wrecked at Cleveland, Aug. 16th, a number of persons injured but nobody killed.

At Anderson, Indiana, a passenger and freight train of the Big Four Railroad crashed together at a crossing. A few persons were injured.

About seventy thousand people were present at the coronation of Pope Pius, at Rome. The proceedings were characterized by unusual splendor.

Otto Lockhart, secretary of the Free Methodist church at Cowden, Ill., wanted to marry Miss Daisy Hunter, who refused him on the grounds that she wanted to be a missionary in Africa. He then went home and shot himself to death.

Vesuvius is causing constant alarm in the surrounding regions as its eruptions are very heavy. The whole district around the volcano is shaken.

The Indians out in the Kickapoo Reservation were having a dance last week and excitement was at fever height among the six hundred participants.

The Kansas corn crop will be something enormous this year. There will be more corn than was expected. In consequence our Kansas friends are jubilant.

The Limited New York Express of the Pennsylvania R. R. ran into an open switch at Van Wert, Ohio, smashing the train, killing one man and hurting fifteen others.

In a rear end collision between two trolley cars on the Independence and Kansas City line, two persons were fatally injured, four seriously hurt, and others injured.

Willard S. Allen, treasurer of the New England Methodist Preachers' Aid Society, got away with nearly \$125,000 of their money. He is still at large, at this writing.

Over at Belvidere, Ill., a woman lost a diamond wedding ring eight years ago. Last week it was received through the mails. Probably the thief was conscience stricken.

They are having a liquor prohibition here in Elgin, or, rather the enforcement of liquor laws now on the statute. The saloons last Sunday were closed tight for the first time in months.

The price of wheat has advanced slightly in the last week or so. The chances are that the price will be a shade higher all over the country. There has not been the enormous crop figured upon.

A strange woman shot herself at the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago, and will die. It is said that she was influenced to the rash act by having had trouble while slumming with a man not her husband.

A Rock Island train went through the bridge across Hendricks Creek, near Alma, Kan., on Aug. 13th. A cloudburst had weakened the bridge. The fireman was killed and the engineer seriously injured.

Prof. Jabez Burkes, Pottsville, Pa., in the spirit of fun started a crazy society, which was enormously successful. The notoriety it attained turned his head and he is now in the county jail, himself crazy.

In Kansas City, at the National Bank of Commerce, they have what they call a "stocking room," being a place where women can retire to get at their deposited money. The plan works well, it is said.

Two passenger trains on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road met in a head end collision, Aug. 17th, between Round Lake and Long Lake, Ill. Three were fatally injured and thirty-four hurt.

Reginald Vanderbilt, returning from a European wedding trip with forty trunks, paid over to the custom authorities, the sum of \$8,000 duties. The importation was mainly clothing, together with \$10,000 jewelry.

Maude Esty, 25 years old, of St. Paul, died at the summer home of her parents at Mahtomedi last week from hemorrhage of the stomach induced by constant vomiting after eating toadstools believing they were mushrooms.

Miss Maude Brown, a young woman of Washington, Indiana, eighteen years of age, has been appointed rural mail carrier, and is now at work. She is said to be the first of her sex to receive such an appointment in the State.

Ten children, ranging in age between eight and thirteen went from Punxsutawney, Pa., to Pittsburg, to be treated for hydrophobia. Since the first of October of last year seventy-six persons have been treated at the Mercy Hospital in Pittsburg.

United States Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, married a Miss Yeatman, of Kennett township, in eastern Pennsylvania, last week and the ceremony was according to the Quaker methods. The papers say the bride's dress was crepe de chine, trimmed with old point lace.

From St. Paul comes the word that an attempt has been made to colonize southern negroes in the northwest. Twenty-five passed through that city recently, en route for Washington where they will take up land. The movement originated in the desire to settle the race problem.

The firemen of an excursion boat quit work in the middle of the lake, Aug. 13th, throwing the passengers into a panic. There were 500 excursionists on board when the engines stopped, and the cause of the whole trouble was that the firemen did not get mashed potatoes to eat. When the boat landed they were arrested.

Gilbert Crigg, age 30, supposed to be insane, appeared upon the principal street of Winfield, Kansas, on the night of Aug. 13th, and blazed into a crowd with a double-barreled shotgun. He killed four persons and fatally injured three. Twenty others were shot of whom six will die. He himself was then shot and killed by a policeman.

John Alexander Dowie, the Chicago Zion leader, is now a full-fledged American citizen. It may not be generally known that Dr. Dowie was a subject of Great Britain previous to this act. He was a native of Edinburg, Scotland. He is fifty-six years old, and in becoming an American citizen, renounces his allegiance to King Edward and becomes one of us, politically.

\* \* \*

#### LABOR.

Laundry Workers have had a convention at Toledo, Ohio.

Miners to the number of 2,700 are on strike in the Cripple Creek, Colo., region.

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#### PERSONAL.

President Roosevelt has expressed himself as emphatically opposed to lynching.

On August 11 Pope Pius X fainted while celebrating mass. The excitement of the past week or two was too much for him.

An eighteen-year-old Japanese girl will attend the Northwestern University near Chicago this fall. Her name is Yoko Hojio.

Mrs. Edgar H. Frantz was killed in her sleep by her husband in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Frantz, her husband, was twenty-one years old, and jealous.

Chas. J. Glidden, has cabled the Postmaster General at Washington, D. C., that on his automobile tour in Europe he has crossed the Arctic Circle with his machine.

At Vernon, Illinois, Uncle Frank Binion celebrated his one hundred and third birthday, recently. He comes of long-lived ancestors, and is enjoying good health at the present time.

Henry Wilken, of Kentucky, 25 years of age, took laughing gas at a dentist's in order to facilitate the extraction of a tooth, and shortly afterward developed mania. He has been adjudged insane by the court.

Wm. H. Webster, 28 years old, single, shot himself at Grand Rapids, Mich., while driving a United States Express wagon. The horse went on several squares, turning the corners all right, before it was discovered that the driver was dead.

James Cunard, near Clinton, Ind., was hauling wheat to a thresher when a spark from his pipe ignited the load. In his efforts to save the horses they ran away upsetting the burning load on them and horses and man were burned to death. The man leaves a wife and three children.



**WELL PAID BÙT DANGEROUS.**

THE *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* tells the following about a little known business:

One of the most important but least heard of employes of the big coal mines is a man who works only about one hour a day and yet receives larger pay in proportion to the time he works than anyone connected with the mines, not excepting the president of the company.

The shot firer is always a thorough and practical miner, who has risen from driving the mules all along up the scale to foreman, and who is a past grand master of all the intricacies of getting out black diamonds.

After the day's work is done and the miners have rounded up their shifts and placed their blasts in their rooms all ready for the next day's work and every other person has come out of the mine, then the shot firer descends, and, going from chamber to chamber, inspects the shots the miners have prepared, and if he finds them all satisfactory and in good order he lights the fuses and fires the shots that unloosen the coal for the next day's work. If, however, he finds any shot carelessly placed or not properly tamped, or anything irregular, instead of firing the shot he marks a cross with a piece of chalk over the door of the room, and that miner has no work the next day other than to correct the mistake and get another shot ready. The work does not take long, but it is a swift job while it lasts and the firer wastes no time.

The business is regarded as being dangerous and hence the big pay, yet it is seldom, in this section at least, that a shot-firer is hurt. A typical firer is Joe Wilburn, a young man with a steady blue eye and a careful hand, who for two years past has fired the shots in the Bolen-Darnell mine at Old Town, I. T. Mr. Wilburn has mined all his life and knows the mine from beginning to end. He speaks of his dangerous employment in a most matter-of-fact way, evidently not regarding it as being extra hazardous or unusual. However, he says that he does not intend to always follow that line of business, as the excitement of the work is wearing on a man and he soon quits it for other work in the mine. For this reason good shot-firers are always in demand and can always secure a steady job; that is, it is steady as long as they make it so, for a windy shot or a premature explosion may at any time put an untimely and sudden end to his career.

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**OLD TIES.**

WHAT becomes of all the old neckties? Many thousands of them are discarded by the wearers as soon as they begin to show the effects of wear. Men living in hotels give these half-worn articles to bell-

boys or elevator attendants and perhaps think they wear them or take them home to fathers and brothers or send them to aunts in the country who are making crazy quilts. They know where there is an old man and his wife who buy old neckties at a price that gives the hotel boys far more pocket money than they need to spend. The old folks clean and renovate the ties and sell them in some store for new. The old ties are ripped apart, steamed, scrubbed and put together again. When they are pressed or altered in shape they look like new.

An English "square" of fairly good material will sell for half a dollar. The old man and woman will make a neat four-in-hand and two made-up bows out of it. The four-in-hand she sells for fifty or even seventy-five cents. The bows will net twenty-five cents each. Not a bad profit.

This fact was found out from a bellboy who was called before the manager one day to explain how it was that he had thirty-five dollars in his "telescope" trunk when he had been in the hotel only three months, was a waif when employed and had paid out more than half he had in wages for his uniform. There had been a theft in the hotel and his room was searched. One of the porters was sent to verify his necktie story and found it all right.

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**THE PAPACY AND TOBACCO.**

It is well known that Leo XIII was an inveterate snuff-taker, and that he suffered keenly when the doctors regarded it as their duty to deprive him for a short period of his snuff-box. The times have changed since Urban VIII and Innocent X vigorously proscribed tobacco, the former pope going so far as to threaten to excommunicate anyone who might take a pinch of snuff within the precincts of the Vatican. The brief issued by Innocent X, on the first of February, 1650, against the use of tobacco was abrogated on the sixteenth of January, 1725, by Benedict XIII, for very good and sufficient reasons. For, like Leo XIII, Benedict XIII took snuff in large quantities, and he could not give his sanction to an act which was violated daily by his own example. From that time until the present day the popes have remained silent on the subject of tobacco, but their personal habits seem to favor the use of the fragrant Virginia weed. In addition to the snuff-taking popes, it is well known that Pius IX used to smoke in his private study and in the more secluded parts of the Vatican gardens.

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**RUSSIAN RIVERS CONNECTED.**

ALL the navigable rivers of Russia are connected by canals.

## TREASURES OF THE VATICAN.

PROBABLY no one living aside from the papal treasurer has any conception of the value of the treasures in the vatican. It is estimated that there is there more gold than has ever come out of the Klondike mines, besides a fabulous collection of diamonds and other precious stones. It would be difficult to estimate precisely the total weight of gold in the vatican, but it is safe to say that there are at least thirty tons of it, worth

pleasure. To a large proportion of these treasures his personal right is indisputable, for to him were presented at various times and more particularly on the occasion of his jubilee in 1888, enough gifts of pure gold to ransom a kingdom. The treasures inherited by the present pope also embraced archiepiscopal and pontifical croziers and pectoral crosses of gold, studded with gems; various altar ornaments—used in the exposition of the blessed sacrament—that shine like sunlight,—and the vestments for



THE JUBILEE, CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE, A PAINTING OF THE DUTCH SCHOOL, BY VAN OSTADE.

in the neighborhood of \$20,000,000 at the present market price of the unwrought metal.

Of this huge amount of gold there is probably not a single pound of the metal that remains in its virgin state. Nearly every ounce of it has passed through the hands of skilled artisans, who have worked it into countless forms, thus adding perhaps a third or a quarter more to its value.

The vatican treasures may be practically considered as the personal estate of the pope. He inherited many of them when he was elected to the holy see. He is required to give an account of his stewardship at his

the celebration of the mass, each and every article heavy with the gold employed in its fabrication or decoration.

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THE old saying about the first wind that blows over the oats field being a cool one is being verified here at Elgin. Like many another proverbial utterance there is more or less truth in it.

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ITALY and Spain have fewer houses in proportion to their population than any country in the world; the Argentine republic and Uruguay have the most.



## SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR DICTIONARY.

Most people, probably the ninety and nine, have not the faintest idea how a dictionary is made. Imagine a shop where they buy and sell words—a floor of quiet offices, full of desks and pigeonholes and silent men, bowed over their silent work. For over fifty years now they have been working on this same line of goods.

Starting with a snug country word business, by constant watchfulness and foresight and application to business they have grown and grown, until to-day they export and import more good, marketable English words than any firm in this country, if not in the world. They are entirely satisfied with their trade, they deal in good, clean, staple goods, always in demand; and they boast that in all of the hundreds of thousands they have handled they have never lost one single piece of any value. For them the soldier fights, the sailor swears, and the novelist invents, and the little lady with black stockings chirps on the vaudeville stage.

Everything they say comes up here and is stored away in the warehouse on this silent floor—tucked into small receiving vaults along the walls. There is one bunch in particular, a kind of ordinary-looking lot of second-hand words, tucked away in some old green pasteboard boxes, plain and unassuming in the extreme. Their cost was just a third of a million dollars. Yet every month in the year and every day in the month new stock keeps coming in here—clippings and writings on little slips of paper, the raw material of the business. And every decade or so they go out in a new Webster's dictionary.

There is a general idea that all the words in the language are dumped in between the covers of a dictionary, and any time you want one you can go and fish it out. This is far from true. Nothing appears there but the salable word of commerce. Hundreds of thousands, counting scientific terms, never appear at all; there is no demand for them. A man doesn't want his house and office all cluttered up by a lot of words he is never going to use. So they don't bind them up. Yet they have got about all that are of any possible good to you.

A good, honest, chaste, useful, salable, English word is a hard thing to find nowadays. They have found 25,000 in the past ten years, to be sure, but they threw away 50,000 others doing it. Everything comes up into the silent workshop—from a grunt to one of the new seven-syllable scientific monstrosities, sewed together out of the remnants of Latin and Greek. All these are fingered over by the best word fanciers of the country, and two-thirds of them are thrown away. Nevertheless, the concern is continually at work for more. Day after day the hunters hunt, and their sorters pick and choose, and their curers cure, and their

binders bind up into books the little dried words of trade.

The question is, how do they contrive to catch these light and airy and frivolous things, and gather them together into books? You can answer this in a way from the recent supplement. There are some pretty well established sources of words. First, the very old words and the very new; the obsolete and the slang. Then there are the new technical terms made by the advance in science and mechanics. And then the terms for new objects or customs in foreign lands, made over from the speech of the country where they are found.

Of the first two there is not so very much to say. The diggers in Anglo-Saxon, more numerous than ever before, occasionally excavate some old fossil; and occasionally some slang gets itself made and is received and christened into the English language. "Jolly" and "jamboree" and "nerve" and "gall" are all there, and a hundred others—many of them old words—come wandering down the backyards of the English speech from the time the earth was still damp from the flood. Then a few entirely new words drift in from the street. As for the scientific words, there are more of them, to be sure, hundreds of thousands in individual sciences; organic chemistry, an expert says, has some 600,000.

But then, what's the use? These scientists have been trying to conceal their nefarious work, but with the spread of enlightenment it is becoming known. They take a small innocent household Greek word meaning "toad," for a root, and then they hitch on to the end the Greek for "hind leg," with a numeral or two to qualify it. And when they get through they have a great, roomy, tremendous Greek bastard word, a fine, scholarly looking, signifying nothing but "a little spotted toad, with three short hind legs." The English dictionary can't stand still and have this sort of stuff dumped into it. So they put in general class names and leave the rest for the specialists.

As for mechanical and trade terms, of course, more of these, proportionately, come into use, and have to be set down. Every advance in practical science has them, and every new article in trade. Such words as "kodak" and "celluloid," originated first as names of trade articles, are now parts of common speech, and appear in the dictionary. Odd complications have arisen from this. The name is, of course, a valuable asset to the maker of the article. But when this appears in the dictionary as a common noun, other dealers immediately use it, and when they are sued point triumphantly to the dictionary in defense. This has been done already several times. Then the plaintiff rushes madly up to the dictionary publishers for revenge. From all the experience in this line to date this has done them no good. The dictionary makers do not create the English language; they record it.

In the last decade there have been great additions to the language from foreign tongues. We have mixed up with a great many people in the past ten years; the great, noble, stocky English-speaking race holding before it the high purpose of benevolently macerating inhabitants into pulp, has seen many new things and had a number of odd and novel sensations, and we have taken the names, together with everything else we could lay our hands on.

All these things are gathered in a more or less systematic way. There are correspondents all over the country and the world, and there are the newspapers and the novelists. The correspondents, many of them, those sweet and lovable souls who are anxious to pick flaws in every printed thing, many of them people really interested in the language, send in suggestions voluntarily as to additions and changes. The newspapers and the novelists all over the world are the reporters for the big machine, the newspapers for new expressions and slang; the novelists for dialect and new foreign words.

Years are spent in the struggle with etymology and definitions; months are spent in copy revision; the proofs are read more than fifty times before they are finally cast into the plates of brass which endure. Even then mistakes are sometimes found in the book. And yet some people feel real set up when they find a mistake in a daily newspaper. The work on Webster's has only just closed, and the new unabridged Webster's, the latest triumph in dictionaries, is the result.

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#### CURIOUS TRAITS OF ESKIMOS.

TRAVELERS who brave the hardships and dangers of journeys to the cold, cheerless region which lies around Behring strait have many curious tales to tell of the people whose lives are spent there and of the habits and manners of living of these Eskimos. One of the things which interests travelers, whether scientific men or treasure hunters, is the remarkable ingenuity shown by these people in fashioning with the rudest and apparently most clumsy tools imaginable the numerous implements, toys and ornaments with which their huts are decorated and the work of the men and women carried on. Curious and grotesque carvings on articles of the most ordinary every-day use are common. And the finish given to most of these is truly wonderful, when the tools of the workmen and the conditions under which the work is done are considered. Living in a land where the sun is hidden for half the year, where famine and pestilence are of frequent occurrence and the bitter cold a foe to be fought against, it is noted as remarkable that this untutored people, cut off from all civilization, should have developed such skill in

adapting ornamental design to useful articles, crude though their ideas of artistic things may be.

In the country of long, dark and cold winters the lamps, which give light and heat to the houses, are important parts of the furniture. Yet, curiously enough, these seem to have had less ingenuity devoted to their fashioning and adornment than many other articles of less importance in the house furnishing. These lamps are usually made from clay, fashioned into rude oblong, half round or nearly square saucer-like dishes, in which the melted oil from the whale blubber, seal or other animal is poured. In this a wick of twisted fiber is stuck, fire touched to it; there is the illumination or the heating plant, as the case may be. Some of these lamps are made from soapstone, which is easily whittled into the desired shape. Sometimes a harder stone is found nearly enough in the shape to require but little trouble or work to make it serve the purpose.

The larger lamps, intended for heating purposes, are sometimes a foot wide and several inches longer than that. These are usually set on a framework stand a few inches high. Many curiously carved toy lamps made from ivory have been found among these people, but these were evidently only intended for playthings and not for actual use. To furnish their kitchens the Eskimos make a great variety of spoons, ladles and dippers from spruce wood, bone and ivory. Many of these have the bolts and handles ornamented with rude paintings of heads of animals and human beings, as well as representations of grotesque imaginary creatures. This ornamentation is done with a kind of red and black paint, which is so durable that after years of use, in hot water and greasy compounds, no defacement is shown. One kind of spoon, which is used for taking the marrow from bones, is a long, narrow implement that is usually made of ivory and on which a great deal of pains is taken in finishing and ornamenting it. This seems entirely appropriate when it is remembered that it is intended to handle one of the choicest morsels the Eskimo epicure gets a chance to eat.

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To Truth's house there is a single door, which is experience. He teaches best who feels the heart of all men in his breast, and knows their strength or weakness through his own.—*Bayard Taylor*.

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FIVE thousand dollars has been paid for the drinking glass used by the late Empress of Austria while taking the waters at Langen-Schwalbach, near Wiesbaden.

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THE envious by their envy confess their inferiority; the appreciative by their appreciation display their equality; the forgiving by their forgiveness show forth their superiority.



## THE STEERAGE.

A GREAT many landsmen know in a general sort of way that the passengers on an ocean steamer down in the steerage do not have the same good time that they might have in the first or second cabin. A passenger on one of these vessels tells the following story of how he got along:

If you want to know how it feels to be treated like an animal, come over from Europe as an emigrant on one of the big liners. The writer recently had the pleasure of a steerage passage from Liverpool to New York in the capacity of an emigrant. The object of the trip was to ascertain just how the outcasts of humanity are treated by the great steamship companies. The crime of poverty certainly is severely punished. The paltry sum of \$20 makes a difference in rank, status and treatment that might compare favorably to the difference between a street arab and the grand lama of the Transbaikal.

In the first place it might be mentioned that steamship companies make more money out of emigrants than any other class of passengers. Emigrants occupy less cubic space, they get poorer food, they require no attention, and they pay well in proportion for what they get.

For instance, the steamship *Lucania* of the Cunard line has accommodations for nine hundred steerage passengers. At \$30 each this means \$27,000 per trip. Not an inconsiderable trifle.

A steerage passenger pays \$30 for his passage. This is five dollars a day. It is a fairly safe proposition to state that the food of each steerage passenger does not cost the company much more than thirty cents per day—ten cents for each meal. The bill of fare reads much longer than it is. Indeed if you add salt and pepper and knives and forks and spoons to bread and butter and vegetables and potatoes, etc., it would make a really good showing, especially if printed in well spaced type. Even allowing a large percentage for the cost of running the vessel and a large percentage for profit, there is still in five dollars a day a sufficiently large margin to warrant a steerage passenger in demanding some consideration and decent treatment at the hands of the people who take his money. As a fact, the average passenger in this department is made to feel as if the company is doing him a personal favor in carrying him across the Atlantic.

From the moment you put your foot on the deck until you land in America you must regard yourself as one of the outcasts of the human race. Two medical officers stand at the entrance to the gangway and as you walk on board one seizes your wrist and the other rudely tips up your hat and looks at your forehead. Of course steps must be taken to safeguard the health of the public, but there is no reason or

necessity for treating third class passengers—just because they haven't got \$20—as if they were cattle.

Though there were only 450 steerage passengers on the *Lucania* at the time I mention and accommodations existed for nine hundred, we emigrants were kept crowded together in the smallest possible space. Many of the rooms which would have relieved the congestion and made everybody on board more comfortable, were kept tightly locked throughout the entire voyage, and we were huddled together like so many pigs in pens. The utmost confusion prevailed on board as to assignments for bunks. I wandered about from one end of the ship to the other looking for a place to sleep. Finally I was put in a room about twelve by eighteen feet in which there were twenty-three other men. The bunks consisted of narrow railed-off spaces and each passenger was given a piece of mattress warranted to soften the bones, and a blanket that had an odor which suggested a glue factory.

The manner of going to bed was simplicity itself. Preparations for retirement consisted merely in taking off one's shoes. You were then dressed for the night. There were no electric fans in the room, and as the room was in the bowels of the ocean leviathan, below the water line, the access of fresh air was practically nil. The first two or three nights out a canvas ventilator had been let down through the aft hatch, and we did manage to get a breath of air. It seems, however, that there were provisions in the hold which required fresh air, also, and the ventilation was taken away from the emigrants to be given to the stores of salt horse.

There seemed to be an absolute lack of system so far as steerage passengers were concerned. In order to obtain a bunk you wandered about with your baggage asking every one you met where to go.

One official would direct you to a place amidship, and as soon as you got comfortably settled—or as comfortably as it was possible to get settled—another official would come along, order you out of the place and keep you standing on the deck without any place at all for a few hours, until finally driven to desperation you wandered around some more and managed to locate for perhaps the fifth time. If you were not molested within half an hour or so, the chances were that the bunk would be yours during the voyage. In order to secure one of these much desired sleeping shelves—the alleged mattress of which was as hard as nails—you had to stand by your bunk until you had established your claim.

Getting meals on board is about as well systematized as the arrangements for getting sleeping accommodations. From the time the bell rings for a meal until the meal is finished, it is a sort of go-as-you-please race for victuals. If you do not rush into the dining room, which belongs to your compartment—and is about one-fourth the size of what it ought to be—you have to

"line up" along the side of the wall and wait until an opportunity presents itself for a place on the long benches which run down the sides of the very narrow table. The seating capacity of these tables is very good for one-armed men.

Though the food itself is good and plentiful, the manner of its service might be greatly improved upon. At breakfast you are supposed to have coffee. This coffee tastes like a cross between peanut shells and chewing tobacco, and it is sweetened with molasses instead of sugar. The coffee comes to the table in a great tin watering pot, and it is ladeled into bowls which are very thick and have no handles. You must not look too close at these bowls, otherwise you might discover that they are not as clean as they might be; but this is a small detail.

There were two classes of passengers in the steerage; the better class consisted of Irish, English, Scotch and one or two Americans. Belonging to this class were also a few Swedes who were very clean and respectable. But there was another class of highly undesirable people—Russian Jews, Polaks, Italians and the riff-raff of Europe. These people were unclean in their person and they kept the deck space allotted to the steerage passengers in a filthy condition. Their peculiar ideas of cooking and eating did not permit them to eat their meals in the steerage dining room—a very fortunate thing for the rest of the passengers—but they made up for it by having these meals on deck.

Quite a number of steerage passengers did not seem to care for the food which was given them on board for the manner in which it was served. These passengers however, had no difficulty in getting food of a better class from the first class table. By paying fifty cents you could get half of a chicken or any other delicacy that you like from the first class table. This underground work is done by approaching the proper stewards at the right time. Most of the first class stewards are amenable to treatment. By paying the stewards from \$2.50 to \$5 on the way over, one can live comfortably and have first class food.

It is when you arrive at the dock in New York that you feel the full benefit of American citizenship. It seems a strange thing that the mere possession of a ticket calling for a second class passage should allow anyone to come into the United States without questions or money.

Emigrants in future would be wiser if they took out their passage second class. They would then have the *entree*.

Altogether the possession of a few dollars makes almost the difference between the treatment which a human being would receive and that which is meted out to an animal.

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SEE our special offer in the advertising pages.

## MODERN ARTIFICIAL JEWELS.

SOMETHING of unusual interest to dealers and the public alike is the success which has been achieved in the manufacture of rubies. While the diamond is the commonly accepted synonym for value in a precious stone, the ruby which meets the proper requirements is much more valuable. When possessing the real pigeon blood color evenly distributed and without flaw the ruby is worth from three to ten times as much as the diamond.

This stone, therefore, is the favorite gem for imitation. And it is in making rubies that the greatest skill has been shown. Electricity has done much for this art. A Frenchman—his identity is a secret to the world, and as yet he is known only by his works—has learned to melt up small rubies, or fragments of rubies, and fuse them into one stone. The product is not an imitation. It has all the chemical and physical properties of the real thing. It is as hard, has the same specific gravity, and is genuinely beautiful in color.

But, say the jewelers, it is not genuine. Such a stone is known to the trade as a reconstructed ruby. None but the most expert can distinguish it from the real one. The connoisseur will admit that he distinguishes it by the absence of flaws rather than by the presence of defects. A reconstructed ruby is apt to be too perfect.

The reconstructed ruby appeared on the market about eighteen months ago. All came from one source, a wealthy dealer in Paris.

The emerald is another stone which is cleverly imitated. A perfect emerald is very rare. It is characteristic of the emerald to be flawed, and all good imitations contain artificial flaws. A flawless emerald is immediately an object of suspicion. The only ones in existence have been obtained by cutting away the greater part of some large and beautiful stone, leaving only the small part free from defect. This is a very extravagant method, since it is the color by which the emerald is judged. The few flawless emeralds in existence are held at fabulous prices. The color must be a deep rich green.

Some of the cleverest work is done in imitating pearls. The beauty of a pearl is in its sheen, and its face value depends on sheen, size, and color. The good artificial pearl now has all these characteristics to a degree almost equal to the one made in the shell of the oyster. Even the nacre, which is the fluid of the oyster which deposits the calcareous layers of the pearl, has been reproduced chemically, and the pearls are put into a revolving cylinder and kept rolling in the nacre until they take on the real coating.

Formerly the artificial pearls were blown, but with all the care possible this process left a small nub which marked the pearls as artificial. So now they are dropped in a tower, like shot.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

As every well-kept household doth have in it a Bureau Drawer in which y<sup>e</sup> good wife doth keep that which is too good to throw away, and which is a place where y<sup>e</sup> whole family do search for what they want, from y<sup>e</sup> old man to y<sup>e</sup> infant, so hath y<sup>e</sup> Nookman set aside these two pages of y<sup>e</sup> Nook for thoughts of one kind and another and y<sup>e</sup> whole Nook family are invited to keep their thoughts in this Drawer. That is to say, it is for y<sup>e</sup> women folk, only. Y<sup>e</sup> man can ask his wife, gin he wants to get anything out of y<sup>e</sup> Drawer.

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### WHAT THEIR HANDS FOUND TO DO.

My Dear Louise:—

Don't think of letting anything prevent you from coming to me to-morrow afternoon about three o'clock. There's something I want to discuss with you, and you must not disappoint

Your friend,

Margaret.

HALF a dozen notes similar to the above were dispatched to as many of Margaret Bowman's friends one morning, and the appointed hour brought not a single disappointment. No one had a hint of other company, but instead of the expected *tete-a-tete*, there was an informal and enthusiastic little meeting to consider Margaret's plan, which was duly laid before the group.

All was done in a woman's way, without a parliamentary rule or a scrap of red tape, with the result that on the following day there was a general ransacking of bureau drawers, an overhauling of old clothes that had seen their best days, but were too good to throw away, and the fruits thereof were a surprise to seven women.

Old "Aunt Sarah" was engaged for a day's washing, and the next meeting was devoted to ripping and pressing old clothes, out of some of which a suit was speedily evolved for Aunt Sarah's young hopeful,—Theophilus Orlando—which paid the washing bill.

Margaret had a genius for cutting and fitting, as well as for "making something out of nothing." Louise's talent blossomed forth in converting the left-over scraps into quilts and "comforts," while sister Priscilla knew how to make serviceable rugs, and cousin Martha proved her faith in old-fashioned rag-carpet. Miss Nora was the champion button-hole worker, and so on around, work was divided according to the several aptnesses:

When the "waste materials" contributed were exhausted, accounts were balanced, and it was found that by spending a half-day each week in systematic work, a large number of poor children had been helped to comfortable clothing, a good stock of quilts and comfort materials were on hand, and the resolution started out with, to let every person help do some kind of work for somebody in return for the help, was easily adhered to. This resolution, carried out, prevented the fostering of the spirit of beggary among the needy, and there was never any trouble in finding worthy people who really needed help.

At the end of a few months of earnest, systematic and harmonious work, these seven women decided against keeping so good a thing among themselves, so a canvass of their well-to-do acquaintances was made, which brought liberal contributions of working materials, and swelled the ranks of the workers considerably. Regular organization was accomplished, a society name adopted and the usual red-tape introduced. The wave of good will and helpfulness had already attained too great momentum to be affected adversely, and the good work goes on, with vast possibilities open for future development.

*Elgin, Ill.*

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"Two ladies accompanied by their gentleman friends will be at our place sometime during the coming month. They will arrive after dinner, and take the evening train to the city where they live. I want to serve a good supper for them. What suggestions has the Nook to offer?"

ANSWER.—Referring this matter to a lady friend, she suggests the following bill of fare: Buttered bread, pressed chicken, potato salad, pickles, peaches and cream, cake, and iced tea. This can all be prepared the day before and involve no difficulty. By buttered bread is meant bread cut in thin slices, spread with butter well worked into the bread, and two pieces laid together on the buttered sides. Practically it is a sandwich made with butter. For pressed chicken, take, the day before, two young chickens, one being hardly enough, and boil them thoroughly until they are ready to fall to pieces, then take them out, take off the skin and divest the bones of all their meat, cut or chop this up rather fine, season it highly, especially with pepper, salt to taste, and return it to the pot in which it is about a quart of gravy. Allow it to come to a boil when, if at all accessible, we advise about half a package of gelatine, the unflavored kind, to be added to

the contents of the pot. Just as soon as this dissolves it should be thoroughly stirred, then emptied into a bowl or dish large enough to contain it. Make it the day before and let it set and become hard. Keep it in a cool place, or it will melt down from the sides. When wanted turn it out of the bowl on a plate, and before putting on the table, with a very sharp knife cut it into thin pieces suitable for serving. Take a piece out before it is put on the table so as to render the cut pieces readily accessible. With clean linen, bright silver, the dishes garnished, and a few flowers on the table the lay-out will be fit for a king.

\* \* \*

THE Bureau Drawer finds this question for it:

What is the right thing to be done with old love letters? Should they be destroyed? There are good reasons on both sides. Will some member of the sisterhood say what is the right thing to do, supposing now the woman is going to be married?

ANSWER.—One of the sisters here in Elgin, to whom this was submitted, said that the thing to do would be to tear these love letters into little bits and make a cushion of them. The idea is an excellent one. Are there other thoughts along this line?

\* \* \*

Why does a young baby smile in his sleep before he knows enough to smile when awake?—Grace Scroggs, Missouri.

Martha Andes, of Elgin, says that the baby's smile is automatic and does not mean anything. A young baby will twist up its face into a cry or a laugh just the same as it throws its arms around or wiggles its toes, and with just as little reason. In order to smile intelligently requires some thought which the baby does not have. Its laughing in earlier life is simply the same as a playing kitten.

\* \* \*

### RALSTON HEALTH COFFEE.

BY AMANDA WITMORE.

TAKE good wheat and wash it and dry it, then brown it to a golden brown. To every quart of wheat add two teaspoonfuls of butter and two tablespoonfuls of molasses and let it brown until those ingredients are absorbed and until the molasses browns or scorches. Do not let the wheat burn. It will burn much easier after the butter and molasses are added.

To every cup, take a tablespoonful of this prepared wheat, and boil it from twenty minutes to half an hour. The grains will burst open, and you will get all the nutriment, and it makes a better drink whole than to grind it. Serve while hot, with plenty of cream or rich milk and sugar, if desired.

The grains may be boiled again, adding a little new

wheat. You now have a healthful coffee. It makes a good drink for invalids, for old people, and for children. It is the only coffee that children ought to drink. It is said to be more nourishing than beef-steak.

*McPherson, Kansas.*

\* \* \*

### CUCUMBER SWEET PICKLES.

SISTER ELLA V. HUTCHISON, of Gatewood, W. Va., wants the NOOK family to know how she makes cucumber sweet pickles. She takes large cucumbers and lets them soak in strong brine a week, then takes them out and slices them in pieces an inch thick and soaks the salt out. She boils them one-half hour in weak alum water, then one-half hour in ginger tea. Then she makes a syrup of one quart of vinegar to one pint of water, and three pounds of sugar to four pounds of cucumbers, puts them in and boils them till done, takes them out, and boils the syrup till thick enough. She seasons with spices.

\* \* \*

I WANT the NOOK readers to know that oranges are at their best in February and March, referring now to the navels, and that the Valencias, the other of the two principal varieties, are best in June and July, but they are all best when left to fully ripen on the trees and eaten immediately after picking.—*Grace Gnagey, Glendora, California.*

\* \* \*

THE shut-ins, the people who by reason of ill health or environment cannot get out into the great world, are cordially invited to make use of the Bureau Drawer for the information of others, and also for their own purposes.

\* \* \*

A MEMBER of the NOOK family says, "To remove freckles dip the finger in water, then in powdered saltpeter, and touch each spot. Repeat every night for a week.

\* \* \*

ELSIE SANGER, of West Virginia, would like to have someone tell her in the Drawer how to wash goods in salt water to keep the colors from fading.

\* \* \*

DARK blue and black seem the best for stout figures; warmer tints, like browns and tans, make the figures look larger, and so are better for thin people.

\* \* \*

GUEST.—"Have you any fire escapes about this hotel?"

Landlord—(An ex-minister).—"We have. There is a Bible in each room."



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## THE MIX-UP.

THE following youthful Nookers succeeded in unraveling the badly mixed up crow story that occurred in the INGLENOOK not long ago:

Perry Culley, .....Prairie City, Iowa.  
 Ira H. Fox, .....Grand Junction, Colorado.  
 Dortha Foote, .....South Bend, Indiana.  
 Dee Heisel, .....Morland, Kansas.  
 Grace Heisel, .....Morland, Kansas.  
 Leona Beitel, .....Franklin, Nebraska.  
 Lottie Forney, .....Phoenix, Arizona.  
 Stella Brower, .....Ollie, Iowa.  
 Frances Hollinger, .....Abbottstown, Pa.  
 Andrew J. Alley, .....Bridgewater, Va.  
 Maude Cripe and Ruth Lancaster, .....  
 .....Holmesville, Nebr.  
 Carl Osborn, .....Soldier, Kansas.  
 Charles Q. and Frank Meyers, .....Robinson, Pa.  
 Laura White, .....Jonesboro, Tenn.  
 Nellie Ruth, .....Leeseburg, Ill.  
 Mabel Heckman, .....Cerrogordo, Ill.  
 Hannah Gauby, .....No address.  
 Fern Ball, .....Silver Lake, Ind.  
 Vivienne Harris, .....Mulberry Grove, Ill.  
 Leslie J. Yoder, .....Bellefontaine, Ohio.  
 Velma E. Younker, .....Creston, Ohio.  
 Katie Main, .....Winnebago, Ill.  
 Lulu M. Beckner, .....Argos, Indiana.  
 Doshia Culler, .....New Paris, Indiana.

\* \* \*

## A TRUE STORY.

A FRIEND of mine once had a dog named Mig. He was a very large Newfoundland dog, with long shaggy hair, and was a very intelligent dog.

My friend bought him of a marketman.

While Mig was at the store nights, the policemen always rattled the door to see if it was locked; and they soon found that it bothered the dog very much, and so they rattled the door when it was unnecessary. Very soon Mig knew the step of every policeman that came there, and could tell when one was coming.

One night one of the horses was cast in the stall of a stable which was connected with the store. Mig let them pull the horse out of the stall; but when the policemen were ready to go, Mig stood in front of the door, and would not let them go, and he stood guard over them until his master came in the morning and called him away.

There was a man who was a great friend of Mig's, and often came into the store to see him, who afterward became a policeman; and when he had on his uniform, Mig disliked him as a policeman, but when he was in his plain clothes, Mig liked him again.

The most wonderful thing about Mig was his intelligence in stopping runaway horses and saving lives. If a horse had on a bridle, he would stop him by catching hold of it; or, if he had no bridle on, Mig would catch him by the nose; or, if the reins were over the dasher, he would jump into the carriage, catch hold of the reins, and stop him.

One time a horse started to run away, and Mig saw him; and when the horse turned the corner, Mig threw the horse down and held him there until his master came. He would not let any one touch the horse.

A number of times his master had seen him jump into the carriage and hold the reins to stop the horse or catch the reins when they were dragging on the ground.

There are only a few incidents of the twenty-eight horses he stopped during his lifetime. He also saved many lives. Mig lived to be twelve years of age, and left many grateful friends.—*Alice E. Harding, in Christian Register.*

\* \* \*

## WHAT MAY BE EATEN WITH THE FINGERS.

THERE are a number of things, says the Boston *Cooking School Magazine*, that the most fastidious and well-behaved persons now eat at the dinner table without the aid of either knife, fork or spoon. The following are a few examples:

Olives, to which a fork should never be applied.

Asparagus, whether hot or cold, when served whole, as it should be.

Lettuce, which should be dipped in the dressing or a little salt.

Celery, which may properly be placed on the tablecloth beside the plate.

Strawberries, when served with the stems on, as they usually are.

Bread, toast, tarts, small cakes, etc.

Fruits of all kinds, except preserves and melons, which are eaten with a spoon.

Cheese, which is almost invariably eaten with the fingers by the most particular.

Either the leg or other small pieces of a bird. Ladies at most of the fashionable luncheons pick small pieces of chicken without using knife or fork.

Chipped potatoes are generally eaten with the fingers by epicures. There must be no particle of fat adhering to the chipped potatoes, and they must be crisp.

# The Q. & A. Department.

What is the difference between the words avenue and boulevard?

Avenue is a French word and means a street leading from some place to some place, while a boulevard, as stated elsewhere in the Nook, is simply a broad street. It would be correct to say, "Go down the avenue from the house to the boulevard," meaning that you were to pass down the street from the house to the road, which was of the boulevard character.

Is the original Declaration of Independence in existence?

No. The original draft was not signed by everybody concerned, and the document was ordered engrossed on parchment which was done and was signed August 2, except by Thornton, of N. H., who signed it in November. It is this engrossed document that is on file in Washington, and not the original.

Why is natural gas always cold when it comes from a well?

Natural gas in the earth is subjected to an enormous pressure and when this is released it expands, takes up the heat from the surrounding air and makes it cold, the same as liquid air does in expanding into the natural form.

Early in April many flies were noticed here in north-western Ohio. Did they come from breeding, or was it a case of their coming out from their hiding places?

It is difficult to answer these questions, but the chances are that they were bred if they were so numerous. Very few flies escape the winter, though a few do pull through under favorable circumstances.

Who is Booker T. Washington of whom so much is written?

Booker T. Washington is a negro who has been doing much good for his race. He is eminent as an organizer, and as a teacher. He has done, and is now doing a great deal of good for his people.

Can meat intended for bacon be salted too much, or is it like water that it will take only so much?

Dry salted bacon will take only "so much." Placed in brine it will equal the strength of the brine if left long enough.

What is the difference between a boulevard and a street?

A boulevard is a French word which applies to a broad street planted with trees.

Is it a scientific fact that the earth is growing colder and the water getting less at the present time?

Yes, in the course of time the world will be a dried out mud-ball, but millions of years will elapse before then.

I am a minister and would like to know enough Greek to trace the meaning of words into the original. Can I learn it at home?

Yes, you can, but it will require close application, without which it will not be worth your while.

Do clouds move fast or slow?

The highest clouds travel about seventy-five to one hundred miles an hour, while the normal speed of the lowest clouds is about twenty-three miles an hour.

Would taking music lessons from some good school of music by mail be a success?

It is the opinion of the INGLENOOK that it would be of no use.

What is the longest length of human life on record?

One hundred and sixty-nine years is believed to be the longest, and this by Henry Jenkins, of England.

What is the average of human life?

Thirty-three years. Only about one person in one hundred lives to be sixty-five years old.

Is the north pole always in the same place?

No. It is perpetually moving within the limits of a circle about sixty feet in diameter.

What is the difference between the equatorial and the polar diameters of the earth?

About twenty-seven miles.

What is the greatest height ever reached by man?

About seven miles. An aeronaut was carried that far in a balloon.

What is the largest reptile?

The salt water crocodile measuring thirty feet in length.

Does the St. Louis Exposition print a guide book or catalogue?

Not as yet, that we know of.

What is the largest bird?

The ostrich.



## LITERARY.

THE *Review of Reviews* is unequalled among monthly periodicals in the freshness and range of the topics which it "covers" every thirty days. In the August number, for instance, we have a most interesting character sketch of the late Pope from the pen of that stalwart English Protestant, Mr. W. T. Stead, while the art of the eccentric James McNeill Whistler, who died suddenly on July 17, is represented by reproductions of several of his most characteristic works, with a biographical sketch by Mr. Ernest Knaufft; Mr. Wolf von Schierbrand writes on the results of the recent German elections, with especial reference to the gains of the Socialists, and Mr. Othon Guerlac contributes a character sketch of the French Socialist leader, M. Jaurès; the great wheat harvest in Kansas, which ended late in July, is described in an illustrated article by Mr. Philip Eastman; "The Present Status of the American Labor Movement,"—a subject much before the public in the last few weeks,—is carefully analyzed by Mr. John R. Commons, while the untoward conditions that confront the English worker are described by Mr. Frank Fayant; the post-office scandal, the lynching craze, and the "peonage" exposures in the South are reviewed by the editor in "The Progress of the World;" the new "general staff" of the army, which will begin its work on August 15, is discussed in the department of "Leading Articles of the Month;" and in the same number the very latest electric power plant installations from the Hudson River to southern California and Mount Rainier are described in a series of illustrated articles which bring out the possibilities of American water-power development in a most interesting and striking way.

\* \* \*

## A FINANCIAL BLOW.

THE importance of a letter or two is amusingly illustrated in a story, from the *New York Times*, of Prof. E. Ray Kankester and an elderly woman from the country, who called upon him in his office in the natural history department of the British Museum, London.

She carried a parcel which she handled with the most exaggerated care. She was in a state of great excitement and exclaimed:

"I've got two of 'em!"

"Two of what?" inquired the professor.

"Two 'auks' eggs," replied the woman. "I'm told they're worth a thousand pounds apiece."

The professor, much interested, looked at the eggs. "These are not auks' eggs," he said.

"They are 'awks' eggs," said his visitor. "My son Joe found 'em."

A light dawned on the naturalist. "The kind of eggs which are so valuable," he remarked, gently, "are the eggs of an extinct bird called the atik—a-u-k."

"Oh, hawk!" said the woman. "I'll pay out that 'Enry 'Obhouse, as told me it was 'awks' eggs you wanted." And she went away.

\* \* \*

## WHAT THE NOOKMAN WOULD LIKE.

DER Nookman hut schoon fiel ga'saena oon waar ah schoon on fiel bletz gawest in seinera zeit, ovver foon eanah olmenonner is yousht aehns dad ar es besht gleicha daet. For de wohret zsu sawgah, ar winsht for dart zsu sei yousht now. Vos is des, froagst doo? Well denk amohl on en oldy haehmet im busch. (Net im schteddle) arigets in Pennsylvany. Der blotz is das mer de barigah ga'saena kon oon en clearer schtraum wosser is ah net wide ob. Of course de gross road scheir is dort, onn's fet fieh im schwum. Es gans house is we dahame, oons besht fon ollem sin de leit wo dort dahame sin, foom grossdahty nooner zsum roadbackicha bubily das oof em budda schpieldt. Won ah amohl dort, winch ich for der nochmittawg zsu meir selvert hovva. Ich wet qof de fettersht boarch sitza gons alaenich. Es waer mer even olwon eb ebber zsu mier schwaetza daet, ich wet yousht esliebst gans alaenich dort sitza oon roogah. Dernah won de goot house mommy kumma daet oon sawgah, "Howard es nochtessah is fertig," daet ich gleicha mit nouse in de kich gae, oon mier daeta mit enonner oom en goot galawdena bowera dish sitza oon essa, oon in der barygah Pennsylvany deitch mitt enonner schwaetza.

De satisfaction doß so en esperience gevva daet, is net zsu finna, narriyets schooncht im gonsa lond.

\* \* \*

"THE performance of small duties, yes, even of the smallest, will do more to give temporary repose, will act more as healthful anodynes than the greatest joys that can come to us from any other quarter."

\* \* \*

"THE art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please and is within the reach of the humblest."

## Want Advertisements.

GIRL or woman wanted to work in Old People's Home, Mt. Morris, Ill. Apply or correspond with superintendent.—*L. D. Miller, Box 386, Mt. Morris, Illinois.*

\*

WANTED—By a young brother, a position as stenographer.—*W. C. Hinsdale, Spartanburg, S. C.*

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1903.

No. 36.

## HAMISH'S PRAYER.

BY JANET STORY.

*"Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall sure'y follow me,  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be."*

"Amen!" said the shepherd, an' shut the Buik.  
"May we a' in oor turn win hame:"  
An' he look'd on the circle aroun' the fire  
Wi' a fu' heart—"Praised be his name!"  
Wee Hamish, his youngest, a thoughtfu' bairn,  
Though sturdy an' blithe, like the lave,  
Wi' a farawa' look in his bonnie blue e'en  
Had listened, intent, an' grave.  
An' syne, wi' his airms roon' the coolie's neck,  
His ain on the shaggy head,  
He lookit up in his feyther's face,  
An' in won'ering tone he said—  
"Are there doggies in heaven? Will Donal' gang?"  
Then silence fell for a space;  
An' the shepherd sighed, an' a tear and a smile  
Were seen on the mither's face.  
An' the coolie look'd up on hearin' its name.  
Look'd up wi' a wistful e'e,  
As gin it wad trust to its maister's hert,  
An' lifted ae paw on his knee—  
"Whar a' 'ill win that are brave an' kin'  
An' obedient an' faithfu' an' true,"  
Said the bairn; "an, feyther, it's that i' the Buik,  
They'll surely tak' Donal' too."  
"Ay, ay, my wee mannie, the Lord kens best,  
Nane daur limit po'er ava;  
Nae service for love is withoot its reward.  
He made Donal' as weel's us a'."  
That nicht, when Hamish was prayin' his prayers,  
He paused or he cam' to the en',  
An' opened his e'en and said, "Bide for a wee,  
Afore that I say, 'Amen!'"  
An' mither, ye'er no' to hearken the noo;"  
And he whispered a bit by himsel',  
An' did the like after at a' his prayers,  
An' what it meant mither could tell;  
For that nicht, as she hushed him to sleep on her breast,  
To the tune o' a croonin' sang,  
He tell't her his secret low in her ear—  
"I was askin' for Donal' to gang."

As Sunday at gloamin' wee Hamish lay,  
Wi' his pictur' buik, on the fluir;  
An' as he gaed owre it, a strange bricht thocht  
Flew into his min'—frae where?  
An, he cried oot wi' glee, "Oh, Donal', ye're gaun!  
Ye're gaun! I ken it's sae,  
For whar there's a Shepherd, an' sheep, an' lambs,  
There's bude to be doggies tae!"  
An' so that nicht, frae the mither's knee,  
This message in heaven was heard,  
"Oh Lord, I'm happy that Donal's tae gang,  
I kent ye wad sen' me word.  
"He's a bonnie bit beast, an' kens a' aboot sheep,  
He's awfu' gentle wi' lambs,  
An' ye ev'n could lippen the weans till his care  
That play wi' the golden palms!"  
Wee Hamish grew up to hae honor and wealth;  
He was ane o' the world's great men;  
But aye he wad say o' his childish days,  
"I was nearer to heaven then."  
An' when he look'd back wi' a wistfu' sigh  
To that laddie wi' yellow hair,  
That played wi' the dog on the steep hillside,  
There arose from his heart this prayer:  
"O, Lord, gin I lose my childlike trust,  
Grant I may be forgiven;  
An' mak' me doon to a bairn again,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

\* \* \*

## JUST A THOUGHT OR TWO.

*A smile is the bud of the laugh.*

\*

*A walk is not necessarily a tramp.*

\*

*Nobody wants his cornfield crowed over.*

\*

*The man who whistles is usually a good workman.*

\*

*Can you tell the temper of a woman by her weighs?*

\*

*Procrastination is the banana peel of good intentions.*

\*

*Pick up a new love before the old one throws you over.*



## AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION.

MR. P. T. McGRATH, writing from Newfoundland, tells about some people in the far north.

Probably the last white man to hear of the death of Pope Leo will be the Rev. James Peck, an Anglican missionary, laboring among the Eskimos in Cumberland sound, an inlet on the vast, unexplored area north of Hudson bay. He did not learn of the death of Queen Victoria for eighteen months after its occurrence, when a storm-tossed whaler entered the region and imparted to him the news in July, 1902. This devoted cleric has established himself in that far-off country in order to bring the pagan Eskimos the blessings of the Christian faith, but the extremes to which men will go in the pursuit of wealth are illustrated by the fact that there are two whaling stations in the same region, the principals of which, a German and a Scotchman, have been thirty and twenty-seven years there, respectively, without once leaving.

Cumberland sound is 250 miles north of Hudson strait and is one of the most desolate, cheerless regions in the world. Two whaling stations are established there, at Kekkerton and Blacklead, and the fishing is done by the Eskimos. These, through intercourse with the civilized men and the use of civilized weapons, have quite lost their native art of killing the leviathans with the primitive harpoons of bone and flint which their ancestors hurled with stout arms from sealskin kayaks, tiring out the great creatures by inflated skin buoys attached to ropes of walrus hide.

Instead, the Eskimos of to-day pursue the hunt after the civilized fashion—in stout wooden boats, with steel harpoons and lines of hemp—and the industry pays chiefly because such labor is so cheap, being paid for in goods and necessities of life. As has been the experience with aboriginal races elsewhere, the Eskimo can no longer return to his primitive conditions of existence. He would certainly starve if he did and therefore he must rely upon the white man, to whom he becomes a dependent—a slave, indeed, in all but the name.

At Kekkerton the factor is a Mr. Mulch, a Scotchman, who for twenty-seven years has remained wedded to this solitary existence. The Blacklead station is controlled by Mr. Sheridan, a German, who has seen thirty years there. Both have amassed considerable wealth, but evince no inclination to return to the outer world, with all the marvels of science and art which have marked the advancement of the last generation. Every two years a whaling steamer from Scotland visits them, bringing supplies for them and their Eskimo followers and removing the stocks of whale oil, whale bone, hides, ivory and other articles of trade accumulated in the meantime.

With these self-exiled settlers money has no meaning. Everything is done by barter; every service paid for with a fragment of iron or a pound of biscuit. The profits of the venture go to the credit of their accounts in Aberdeen, where the products are marketed, and possibly, when beyond their labor, these two recluses may make their way back to civilization to mourn the lost advantages they are now too old to enjoy.

They live in frame houses, the only ones besides the clergyman's in that northern land. They fare on canned foods, eked out with venison from the musk-ox of the interior, or steak from the whales captured, a by no means unappetizing dish. But they are not averse to the raw seal, bear and walrus which the Eskimos affect, for no man can maintain his strength more than a season or two in that latitude without consuming large quantities of raw, fat meat.

They must go clad in skins the greater part of the year because of the intense frost and their life is one of much hazard and frequent thrilling adventures. Desperate are the chances they sometimes have to take in the pursuit of a whale or walrus and their excursions over the icy plains in winter are occasionally attended with risks from which it appears marvelous that they should emerge.

There are four other white men in the region, deserters from whaling vessels, but these have settled down among the natives and married women of the tribe, adopting Eskimo customs entirely, living in skin tents in summer and snow houses in winter, subsisting on raw meat, blubber and rancid oils and virtually reverting to a condition of savagery. One of these men named Durval has been there fifteen years and last spring his father died, leaving him a legacy of \$4,000, which sum he has had a whaling skipper collect through a power of attorney, and will receive in gold this summer, though what he will do with the money in his arctic home, passes all conjecture.

The missionary, Mr. Peck, has his station between the two whaling posts, and is gradually civilizing the 300 Eskimos who comprise the population. The children are being taught English and can speak English, but the status of existence is very low. The natives are a jolly, happy, inoffensive lot, but are slowly dying out from the withering contact with civilization and the spread of diseases pertaining thereto. As they become infirm they are practically pensioned by the whaling factors, and as their requirements are but small it is not a serious matter to insure them against want and distress in this world.

It is remarkable what a fascination the frozen and remote north has for those who come into contact with it. The factors of the Hudson Bay company have all spent ten to thirty years in the wilds, and prefer to remain there longer rather than to dwell among cities

afterward. It is the same way with explorers. Never a man ventures within the polar zone but is consumed with a desire to return there, though the desire to achieve scientific conquests in the icy wastes relieves them from the charge of the more sordid considerations which apply to those whose lengthy sojourns in the northlands are dictated by an effort to amass some of the world's goods.

❖ ❖ ❖

#### DIDN'T SEE THE JOKE.

"It isn't safe to be funny these days unless one labels one's jokes," said a woman who went abroad re-

attention to the thing so you won't make the same mistake again. It isn't terra cotta, it's terra firma."

❖ ❖ ❖

#### HIGHEST MURDER RATE.

THE United States has the highest murder rate of any country in the world.

❖ ❖ ❖

THERE are nine books and one psalm mentioned in the Bible that are now lost to the world. They are the book of Jashar, mentioned in Joshua 10:13 and 2 Samuel 1:18. The book of Iddo, the seer, to which reference is made twice in 2 Chronicles—in 9:29, and



UP IN THE HUDSON'S BAY COUNTRY.

cently. "You know, I've always rather fancied myself as a wit, and on the steamer coming home I really let myself out. Everybody was a bit seasick, and I—Well, even I had times when I thought I'd rather own an automobile than any kind of a yacht. One day we all forgathered on deck and talked about what we'd gone through—you know how people do on shipboard. I was talking in my cleverest vein with an English family.

"I'm like a famous lady,' I chortled gayly. 'I'll be extremely glad to set my foot on terra cotta again.'

"That evening the mother of the English family took me aside.

"My dear,' she said, 'I'm so much older than you that I am sure I may make so bold as to tell you something, and I want you to take it in the spirit in which it is meant. You said this morning you'd be glad to set foot on terra cotta again. I thought I'd just call your

7:15. The prophecies of Ahijah. See 2 Chronicles 10:29. The book of Jehu 10. See Chronicles 20:34. The prophecy of Enoch. See Jude 14. The book of the wars of the Lord. See Numbers 21:14. The psalm mentioned in several places but not found in the Bible is the 151st.

❖ ❖ ❖

"THE great high-road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit will invariably be the most successful. Success treads on the heels of every right effort."

❖ ❖ ❖

THE annual vacation is one of the most efficient weapons against breakdown for those who live in the intense modern life. A well-known New York physician used to say that he could do a year's work in eleven months, but not in twelve.



## FROM INGLENOOK HOMESTEAD.

BY JENNIE STEPHENS.

FAR away among the rivers of Klickitat Valley, which was once the home of the red man, lies our homestead which Uncle Sam donates to all who comply with the laws of the United States. To reach the claim we boarded a steamer at Portland, Oregon, from which a steamer leaves daily up the Columbia river as far as the Dalles. The steamer touches all points along the river bank to take passengers on and off, including freight, which is very extensive at all seasons of the year.

Up the river we glide as we sight the Cascade Locks. We are almost thrown off our feet in passing through the rapids, as we approach the Cascade Locks, which are the most complete structure of masonry in the world. All along the river, on both sides, are the salmon fish-wheels that are continually in motion and during a revolution of twelve hours many large fish are caught therein which are sold to the canneries of the Upper Columbia. Above the Locks no wheels are seen, for the fish cannot pass beyond the falls by the Locks. Our landing is called at six P. M. at White Salmon, Washington, after ten hours' voyage up the Columbia. Our guide meets us, and tells us that the hotel where we can be accommodated for the night is one mile up the steep grade. We consent to ride in the stage coach and the horses begin their mountain climb. When the top of the mountain is reached, we can look down on the fertile gardens on the bottom lands below us, one thousand feet. Looking across the river to the Oregon side lies Hood river by the Union Pacific Railroad and we see trains passing which appear to our view as toy cars, two miles away. The scenery is a grand view to the traveler and old Mount Hood raising its lofty, snow-topped peak in the background adds to the grandeur of the picture. On and on we travel. As we near our journey's end we catch a glimpse of Inglenook Homestead, two miles away, nestled among the gigantic rivers of Klickitat where we made our abode and christened it the Homestead Inglenook of Klickitat. Here is Camas Lake, or Prairie, ten miles in length and four miles wide, covered with grass, furnishing hay for the many hundred cattle fed during the winter, as all settlers have large herds of cattle. Mt. Adams stands as sentinel thirty miles away, clad in its perpetual mantle of snow, overlooking the lesser mountains that lie all around its base. There is an ice cave one can enter and enjoy the freezing atmosphere of winter. The ice is never affected by the heat of the sun, which that day stood at ninety-six degrees in the shade. Another delightful place for the tourist is Fruit Lake, teeming with

speckled mountain trout which afford delight to all who come hither for a summer vacation.

Fluda, years ago, was the camping ground of the Indians. Many to-day are living on their own land outside of the reservations, making their own living in various ways, selling fruit, picking hops, and the like. More enterprising ones raise stock and even go to church sometimes.

*Centralia, Wash.*

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## LEARNING TO LIVE IN THE TROPICS.

PEOPLE here learn to live for hot weather conditions, and it is surprising how much can be learned. Americans at home, with their all-prevailing rapid transit, solve the question by rushing out after office hours to mountain or seaside. Such sources of relief here are unknown. The efforts of the foreign population have long been directed to the study of how to be happy though warm, and they have profited by many native models.

The houses occupied by Americans open up like the deck of a steamboat; everything in the wall space slides in grooves, both above and below the window level. There is no glass in the Philippines, except perhaps in the few most modern American places; even there it is unfortunate. What corresponds to our window sash is made of translucent shells, each about two inches square, and constructed in great frames perhaps six feet by four; these are slid back and forth in grooves; the wooden shutters of the same size, of which there are fewer, work the same way. In the rainy season the windows have to be closed only on one or at most two sides of the house, and then the light and air come in from other directions. This arrangement would be hard on the rooms which happened to be on the exposed side, were the interior architecture like that of our zone. But it is not; interior partitions are so planned that every room opens into another. The amount of arranging of slides and shutters, to meet the sun of different hours of the day, is hardly less than the adjustment of the scene shifter.

The double wall, if it may be so named, is another interesting device; everybody lives on the second story, and that is built out over the sidewalks, to their full width, to give shade to the passer below. This space between the main wall of the house and outer second-story frame produces a piazza-like space about four feet wide all around the structure. When the sun is beating on the wall both inner and outer shutters and partitions are closed, giving the occupants of the house the benefit of a double-window effect. On the cool side of the house these partitions are correspondingly opened up, and people sit in the space over the sidewalk, where, from its peculiar alley-like construction, a

current of air will start if such a thing is possible. All these devices are of the city houses of the better class, occupied by the few high-class natives and by foreign residents, Americans, the English, the Germans, and the Spaniards.—*Manila Correspondent Boston Herald.*

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#### ABOUT SILKWORMS.

THE eggs of the silk worm are deposited by a moth known as the *bombyx mori*, which lays about 350 of them. When first deposited the eggs are of a beautiful bright hue, but they soon change color, becoming dull and dark. The moth never deposits the eggs in a heap—that is to say, the eggs are never laid one on the top of the other. What her purpose is in spreading them out is not known—that is a habit of which there is no intelligent explanation. The moth lives two or three days to deposit the eggs and then dies. Its brief life is spent within a radius of six inches; it does not move about, neither does it eat or drink, having no mouth. The eggs hatch out the following spring. One hundred of these eggs will weigh a grain and at maturity the same number will weigh 9,500 grains.

When the eggs hatch out, the little worms are fed on young mulberry leaves. They continue to feed and grow rapidly for a few days, when they refuse food and for two days remain in a torpid state, after which they cast their skins, which do not seem to grow as rapidly as the rest of their bodies. Then they continue to feed and grow, when the same thing again occurs; in all they cast their skins four times and go through five ages. They have about thirty-one days of eating and nine days of fasting. At this time a brief era of unrest sets in, during which they wander about, moving their heads, which is preparatory to the final act of their strange and wonderful career. Having found a suitable place, they commence throwing from their spinneret the airy filament which they have been storing up since they began feeding. The filament first appears as a soft, gummy substance, but soon hardens. Around the body the filament is wound, the worm making of the silk a tomb for itself. To this purpose the remainder of its life is steadily and unfalteringly devoted. It makes sixty-five motions of its head every minute, or a total of 300,000 to spin its cocoon. During this time (a minute) the filament flows from four to six inches from the spinneret. Its labor done, the legs drop off and a metamorphosis takes place. In the cocoon, however, is the pupa, or chrysalis, which afterward becomes the moth. Apparently there is no means of its escape from the cocoon. However, there is a way out.

In ten to fifteen days the moth is developed and it ejects against the end of the cocoon a secretion which

softens the gum, and, pushing some of the threads aside and breaking others, the moth issues to play its part in the process already described. So it goes on indefinitely. This is all that is known or can be known of the silkworm. It eats and works. The laws that govern its being are arbitrary and inflexible and from these laws it seems to have no desire to escape. Where conditions are favorable it goes right on about its business, carrying out the design of its Creator and finally yielding up its brief life in obedience to a mandate as irrevocable as our own fate. By what so-called instinct it is governed, cannot be said. The purpose of the worm undoubtedly is to provide a home for the chrysalis and to do this it sacrifices its own life. The perpetuation of its species seems to be its only aim and in carrying out this purpose it plays into the hands of man.

A singular thing about the spinning process is that the thread is never tangled; row after row of it is completed, the worm never beginning a new one until the old one is finished.

The cocoons which are to be used for manufacturing silk are placed in hot water to stifle the pupa or chrysalis, so that the moth will not be developed and cut its way through the cocoon, for should it do this the thread could not be unwound into one long filament.

Ten to twelve pounds of leaves consumed by the worms produce one pound of cocoons; three and three-quarter pounds of cocoon yield one pound (sixteen ounces) of raw silk, and one pound of sixteen ounces of raw silk, when the gum is taken out, produces twelve ounces of pure silk. This amount when dyed will make twenty yards of a heavy grosgrain silk. Eighteen thousand pounds of raw silk, or the product of about 75,000,000 worms, are used weekly by Belding Brothers & Co., an American firm manufacturing silks. Over \$150,000,000 is expended yearly in the United States for silk. In colored silks 35,000 shades or tints can be dyed.

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#### SEA'S BOTTOM IS FALLING.

SCIENTISTS tell us that, counting from the sea level, the lowest body of water on the globe is the Caspian sea. For centuries its surface has been gradually settling down until now it is eighty-five feet lower than that of its near neighbor, the Black sea, which also lies far below the level of the oceans. The common conclusion all along has been that the Caspian was simply losing its waters by evaporation, but recent investigation shows that this is not the case. Soundings made and compared with records of soundings made over one hundred years ago reveal the astounding fact that there is even a greater depth of water now than then. This leaves but one hypothesis that would seem at all tenable—that the bottom of the sea is actually sinking.



## CALAMITY JANE.

"CALAMITY JANE," once the pride of the gold mines, and the best-known female scout in the world, is dead at her home near this place. She passed through Indian wars, the red border days, the rush for gold to the Black hills, and just about every other adventure which could be found on the plains thirty years ago, and she lived to die peacefully at her home, and not, as she often expressed a wish, to "die with her boots on."

What her real name was and from whence she came will never be known. She suddenly appeared on the Nebraska plains, young and pretty, dressed in men's clothing, and carrying all the arms which a first-class plainsman carried. And she could use her firearms as well as any man of the lot, too. Casting in her lot with Wild Bill, California Jack, Buffalo Bill, Deadwood Dick, and other well-known border characters, Calamity Jane soon became equally as well known as her companions, and stood her share of the hardships without a whimper.

During the Indian wars on the frontier Calamity Jane acted as United States scout, and was as daring and reckless as any scout in the army. At riding she was the equal of a "broncho buster," and no service connected with scouting was too dangerous for her to undertake.

But it was after she reached the Black hills that she became famous throughout the country. When the hills were first opened for settlement, in 1876, Jane came in with the rush. She was at the christening of Deadwood, and was a member of the first "Judge Lynch court" which sat in the hills. In those years the Indians were plentiful and hostile, the trails were infested with "road agents," and the "bad" men were on every hand.

Fighting was the order of the day. Every other house was a saloon, gambling den, and dance hall; and it required men of nerve to live in Deadwood. But Calamity lived there in those days, and took her share of it all, always giving back a little better than was given her in any difference which arose. Gold was plentiful in those days of placer mining, and Calamity Jane staked out her claim and mined just like the men did. And all the time she carried her two revolvers in her belt.

Then came the fever—a fearful scourge so far from civilization, doctors, and medicine. Calamity Jane quickly changed her suit of buckskin to woman's apparel, went into the improvised hospital camp, and nursed the sick as tenderly as any other woman could have done. And after it was over she returned to her buckskins, her guns, and her gold claim.

Jane's name of "Calamity" was given her by a thoughtless soldier back in 1873 or 1874. Half a

dozen Sioux warriors had attempted to ambush the girl as she was scouting. She killed five of the redskins before they could escape, and when the report reached the fort a soldier remarked: "Gee, those Injuns must have thought a calamity had overtaken them," and "Calamity Jane" it was from that day.

Calamity scouted for General George Custer for many months, and it was only accidental that she was not with the ill-fated expedition to the Big Horn country when Custer and his men were massacred. Immediately afterward she gave up scouting and went to the new gold fields in the Black hills.

She and "Wild Bill," said to be the best shot and nerviest man on the prairies, were great cronies for many years. Wild Bill is the man who, when attacked by a band of twelve outlaws down in Kansas, killed eleven of them and desperately wounded the remaining one, himself receiving a dozen wounds. Again, when as marshal of a border town he attempted to arrest seventeen United States soldiers, who resisted and began shooting at him, he killed seven of the soldiers and wounded several others. But he was assassinated while playing cards in Deadwood, and is buried on the mountain side. Although that occurred many years ago, Calamity Jane, as she lay dying, asked her friends to bury her by the side of Wild Bill—and they did so.

For several years Calamity drove a "bull team," freighting between the Missouri river and Deadwood, and during this time had many brushes with Indians. Her ready use of firearms and steady nerve saved her life more than once during those years and old-timers still tell tales of her clashes with the red men. The trip across the treeless prairies required from thirty to forty days each way; there were no roads to speak of; fresh meat for the train was secured by killing buffalo, antelope, and other game, and a constant guard was kept against Indians. In addition to having complete charge of the train, Calamity always undertook to furnish meat for the drivers, and her men never suffered from lack of food. And she always acted as scout as well. Her train was never surprised by the Sioux, although it was attacked a number of times.

Among her other accomplishments, Calamity Jane could handle the "ribbons" in a manner to put to shame the finest driver among the swell society of the world. At times she drove the Deadwood coach through the mountain defiles and her ability to handle the wild stage horses was never questioned.

It was while driving the stage that Calamity Jane had her famous clash with the outlaw band of Lame Johnny, the most notorious road agent who ever infested the Black hills, and when the stage drove onward with its treasure box unmolested and all passengers safe, four of Lame Johnny's men lay dead by

the roadside. Her coach was never afterward troubled by road agents.

But gradually the country became civilized. Wild Bill was assassinated; California Jack went to the Southwest; Buffalo Bill went to "ranching;" Deadwood Dick went into business; other old cronies went "out West," and Calamity Jane took off her buckskin suit, donned woman's clothing, married John Burke, and settled down to the humdrum life of a rancher's wife.

But in her last illness her mind wandered back to the days when she was the "pride of the gold camp," when astride her good horse, pistols in belt, and rifle and lasso ready for use, with her broad sombrero placed jauntily on the side of her head, she rode the plains and mountains, the equal of any man on earth in her line, ready to fight outlaw or redskin. And in that atmosphere she died.

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#### TALKING WITH FLAGS.

THE signal corps plays a very important part in modern warfare—so important that army and navy officers say they could not possibly do without it, in spite of the fact that great campaigns were carried on and great battles were fought before it was ever dreamed of.

There are several systems of signaling in use by the army and navy, the simplest of which is that commonly called "wigwagging," a term that was invented for it. Nearly everyone knows, perhaps, that the signaling is done by means of small flags, but a brief description of how the flags are handled to convey a message may not be without interest.

The system is an adaptation of the Morse dot and dash telegraph alphabet, the different movements of a flag taking the place of the dots and dashes. By the Morse alphabet the letter a is represented by a dot and a dash, the b by a dash and three dots, and the letter c by two dots, a space and a dot. The other letters are represented in a similar way.

In the army system waving the flag to the right means a dot; to the left a dash, and dropping it directly in front of the operator means a space. If, therefore the operator waves the flag once to the right and once to the left he makes the letter a; if he waves it once to the left and three times to the right he makes the letter b, and if he waves it twice to the right, once down in front and then once again to the right he makes the letter c.

This reads like slow work, but it is anything but slow, for the operators are so skilled and quick in the use of the flag that they can give and receive the letters almost as fast as a telegraph operator can give and receive the clicks of his instrument.

The use of a strong field glass enables the receiv-

ing operator to read the signals at a great distance. When it is necessary to signal at night a torch is substituted for the flag.

Wigwagging in the navy is done on the same general principle, but the numerals 1, 2, 3 are used instead of dots and dashes. The letter a by this system is made by the numerals 2, 2; the letter b by 2, 2, 1, 2; the letter c by 1, 2, 1; the letter d by 2, 2, 2, and so on.

Waving the flag to the right means 1, to the left means 2, and down the front means 3. Two waves to the left, therefore, make the letter a; two waves to the left, one to the right and one again to the left make the letter b; one wave to the right, one to the left and one again to the right make c; three waves to the left make d, and so on.

The navy also uses a flashlight and the steam whistle in combination with the numerals. A short flash or a short blast of the whistle means 1; two short flashes or two short blasts mean 2, and a long flash or a long blast means 3.

Provision is thus made for signaling by day, whether the air be clear or foggy.

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#### HOW THEY MAKE A LIVING.

EVERY year there are added ways by means of which women dependent upon their own resources may earn a comfortable subsistence. One woman in Philadelphia folds circulars and addresses wrappers in the daytime in an office and furnishes a night force in the same building with bottled milk. She buys a dozen bottles at a time and makes a cent and a half on each.

Another woman works half a day in an office building; takes out the children of a sick woman in the afternoon when the weather permits; watches the children of another family that goes to the theater every Saturday night, and accompanies the same children to Sunday school the next day.

Another darns the socks of all the bachelors in the block, and takes a sick woman's dog out every day for a constitutional.

Another makes two trips to the country every week to buy fresh eggs and butter for several families in one block.

Another goes every Sunday afternoon to pump wind for an organ in a private residence.

Another makes a good income by ascertaining from several steamship companies the residences of people who are going abroad and then going to the places, where she assists in packing trunks.

Another has a job of curling the hair of a number of children in the neighborhood where she lives, and there is another who hones razors for a number of young men who are their own barbers.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## ORIGINAL NATURE STUDY.

THERE is no place like the farm for original Nature Study. It is a great pity that there are not more people to make a systematic study of their friends in fur and feather about them. Most of the present knowledge of these smaller folk is the result of irregular observation, good enough as far as it goes, but not scientific because not exact. There is a right way of doing these things, and let us have a lesson on the subject.

In the first place let us consider the immensity of the field. If the best naturalist who ever lived, had started in at the beginning of the Christian era, and had all the books now printed, and all the appliances, and had kept it up continually, down to the present, he would not have scratched the surface of the facts. Counting all animate things, there are millions and millions of species, and it is not likely that the world, in the next million of years, will be able to get at the little histories of the hosts of swimming, flying, creeping and burrowing things.

A good way to do is to take one particular department at a time, and to run down some individual specimen from the very beginning to the very end of its life. Nobody will get far, because of the extent of the field to be explored, but there is this consolation: Once the inner life secret of some one subject is mastered, it means a knowledge of the same thing the world over. The so-called lower orders are not like people, who change with their skies. Take the case of a clover blossom, common red clover. It is widely diffused, but if you know one plant in the home field, you know all of them, for they are nearly alike, so near that it will be of no use to differentiate. So, instead of scattering our effort, the thing to do is to center on some one thing and go to the bottom of that as far as may be.

Now here is a good place to begin, and with what? That depends very largely on the taste of the individual. But let this one thing be remembered. It is impossible to get it all, impossible to ever see it all, and so thoroughly impossible that if all the collected natural history specimens were housed together a lifetime would be too short to understand by looking at them what they were. So, remembering that the universal is the impossible, let some particular field be chosen, and that worked over so completely that when through with it you are authority on that par-

ticular subject. It is not so difficult, after all, and it is so intensely interesting as to become most absorbing.

Suppose that we start with birds, and out of the great number take but one of them. Let us select the common bluejay. He is to be found over a wide range and is full of interest. How many Nookers can give, off hand, the measurements of the bluejay, from tip to tip? Here are some of the things to notice about the gentleman in blue. First it would be well to study the bird at as close range as he will allow, and he is not a bird to sit moping around. Two things every bird lover ought to have, one is a good field glass, and the other a good camera. With these two accessories there are two new worlds opened up.

Now, if you take to birds, you ought to have a good bird book, and it is neither expensive nor hard to get, and it will be a mighty help. Now when does Mr. Jay arrive in your neighborhood, or is he a year-around tenant? Where does he like best to live, and how does he get on with his neighbors? How do the others of the bird family get on with him? Is he a thief or is he perfectly honest? Is there any marked difference between him and his wife in the matter of looks? What sort of nest does he build, and what are his eggs like? What does he live on, and what are his food preferences? What does he eat in winter, and how does he manage it? Note his habit of flight, his way of settling on the lower limbs of a tree and circling upward around the limbs. Has he a song aside from his strident squawk, part shriek? And so on, and so on! In this line of investigation, a note book will be invaluable, and adding a new bit of information will soon become like putting money in the bank. Suppose you try it. ❖ ❖ ❖

## THE FROG.

A WRITER in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, discussing frogs, says as follows:

At the leading hotels a frog order on the menu costs one dollar. At the restaurants one may eat frog legs at thirty to sixty cents. As stated, just now some of the leading hotels do not serve frogs, owing to the impossibility of getting fresh ones. Fastidious persons sometimes object to the frozen frog, which lacks the perfect flavor of the fresh-killed meat.

It may be stated with assurance of fact that there never was a time anywhere when the frog market was glutted. The best season for frogs is in the spring. Chefs say that the meat has a better flavor at that time,

though the frog does not share with the oyster the common prejudice against the months without "R." A frog is fairly good at any time—if you can catch him. In the winter he is difficult to get, as he usually burrows deep in the mud.

The breeding season is early in the spring, when the female lays her eggs for the hatching of the curious tadpoles. As the tadpole develops, his tail is eliminated, the adult frog having no tail whatever. Frogs will not eat cut bait, such as raw meat, but they are veritable gourmands for crawfish, minnows, worms and some flying insects.

The frog is a peculiar creature. In many ways he differs much from man and all "beasts," and from lizards, birds, snakes, tortoises and fishes in his physical make-up, though in the general structural composition of his body he is curiously like the human.

For instance, a frog has arms and legs. Scientists usually refer to a frog's fore legs as arms. The arm is divided into the upper arm, the forearm and the hand. The hind leg has a thigh, a lower leg, an elongated ankle and a foot.

On the hand are four fingers, or digits, corresponding to the four fingers of the human hand. There is also a rudiment of the thumb, but it is hidden under the skin. The fingers are not webbed.

The foot has five visible toes. A sixth, extremely small, is hidden beneath the skin. The toes are united by a membranous substance and are said to be webbed. This enables the frog to swim well.

The frog has fine-pointed teeth arranged in a single row on its upper jaw. There are no teeth on the lower jaw. There are two small patches of teeth on the forepart of the roof of the mouth. The lower jaw works up and down, and the upper jaw is not independently movable. In this respect the frog resembles man. The frog's tongue is forked, but its free end extends backward into the mouth, thus reversing the human pattern.

The entire body of the frog is covered by a smooth, moist skin, which lies very loosely, so that it can be pinched up in folds. The body is covered with muscles, which comprise the dainty white meat so palatable for man. The frog's skeleton bears a considerable resemblance to that of man. There are vertebrae, but no ribs.

The hind legs, of course, are much elongated, and in them reside the functions which give the creature its remarkable jumping power. Who has not read and laughed over Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," which was loaded with shot that a rival frog champion owner poured down its throat and therefore lost the leaping contest? In frogs, as in men, the muscular tissue exhibits the phenomenon of contractility, as scientists phrase it. By this is meant the power of decreasing in one dimension while it in-

creases in another. The muscles of the frog, attached to his bones, which act as levers, possess this power of contractility in an eminent degree, which accounts for the creature's leaping abilities.

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#### TAME BABY MOOSE.

THIS is a letter which a boy reader of *The Chicago Chronicle* received a few weeks ago from his uncle, who was on a hunting expedition in Canada. It shows how tame a wild animal can be before it is frightened by a human being.

"My Dear Alden: I am sending you a picture of a baby moose, which I took last week in the woods. I was paddling along in my canoe, when, on passing a small island, I heard this little moose crying for his mother. I went there, saw him among the trees, and thought I would take a picture of him.

"While I was trying to get it on the plate in the camera he happened to see me, and as I was the first person he had ever seen, of course thought I was some other kind of animal who was probably away from his mother, which I was, a great many more miles than the moose, so he came up to me and started to make friends.

"I patted him and soon found that he was quite content to stay with me. However, when I had taken his photograph I wanted to return to my camp, as I had not been there for two days, having slept out in a small tent in the woods each night.

"The baby moose would not leave me, and followed me like a dog right down to the canoe. In fact, when he got to the edge of the lake he fell in and I had to pick him out and put him on dry land again. I then saw that he would try to follow me wherever I went, so, having some condensed milk in the canoe, I found a piece of birch bark and put some of the milk on it and walked back to where I had first discovered him.

"When we got there I took the piece of bark with the milk on and poked it under his nose, and he immediately began to lick it off, so I put the bark on the ground and he lay down and commenced to eat it, and he seemed very happy when I left him.

"I guess his mother came back pretty soon afterward, and wondered where he got the condensed milk. The picture, you will see makes him look very shaky on his long legs, but he was only a few days old, and by next fall he will be able to run much faster than your white horse, old Snowball. I saw several other moose while I was away, and killed two bears, one very big one. When he stood on his hind legs his head was higher than the mast of your big boat, the Seabright, that stands on the mantel-piece at home. Your affectionate

"UNCLE CHARLIE."



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## TWO VERDICTS.

What shall be said of me when all is done,  
And I lie quiet in my dusty bed?

Of my long flight with Fate, alas! unwon,

What shall be said?

"Tears for the fallen; silence for the dead;

And be not righteous overmuch, my son!"

So the world's wisdom. But an angel read

This from on high: He failed; and one by one

Delivered up the gates beleaguered.

Yea. But he struggled. He need never shun

What shall be said."

—Life.

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## WHEN TO QUIT.

THE time when one should pull out of active affairs, and take a rest, is a subject that has been more or less discussed for ages. The usual reply is that when a man has made sufficient money to justify his withdrawal from business, leaving him in such a shape that he need not worry about an income, he should stop. But this is subject to considerable modification.

Take Russell Sage, the New York financier, at the age of eighty-seven. He still applies himself to business, and although he has more than he could possibly spend, he finds pleasure in adding to his hoard. Although possessed of more millions than he probably knows about, yet he finds his greatest satisfaction in the click of gold, and additions to an already over-swollen bank account. It would be folly to say to Russell Sage that he ought to get out of business and enjoy himself in some other way. Mr. Sage's enjoyment consists in the very fact that the public, as a general thing, would advise him to get

rid of. How often have the older readers of the NOOK noticed that when a man in active business affairs retires, death soon overtakes him. The explanation is an easy one. The whole life of the man, and all his trend of thought and action have been in a certain channel. He thinks that, lives it, and his whole life is made up of the activities connected with his business. Take it away from him, and he loses interest in things, worries, and dies quicker than he would had he remained in harness.

So that advice for people to get out of business and take a rest in their declining years must be modified remembering the fact that just about as often as not it means death to him who stops.

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## WHAT DIFFERENCE THEN?

A HUNDRED years from now all who read these lines will have ceased to live. In all human probability every one of us will have passed from mortal sight and knowledge. What difference will it make then how we harried or were ourselves annoyed by others? Who will be alive to know about it? Who will care of those who do live? If we go into an old graveyard where the remnants of those who lived are laid away as so many old clothes, what do we care about the petty differences and quarrels of those who have passed? As it is with them, so it will be with us. No body will care.

Now the uselessness of retribution, the wastefulness of unforgiveness, and the utter inutility of the grudge should have for us the lesson of wasting no energy on them, of not regarding them as worth while in the short time at our command. True, those around us make their breaks, and show their weaknesses, and so do we. It is only a question of how, and when, for all of us are alike in human weakness, differing only in degree.

If this common weakness affects us all, and assuredly it does, it is the mark of a superior mind that we think no less of the vase containing the soul because of a slight flaw. Are we not all "seconds?" Are any of us perfect? Then, if so be that we are alike only that we break the perfect tune at different places let us be charitable, for a week after we are at rest forever, not a soul will care anything at all about our differences, and all that it does for us is to carry over unforgiveness that works ruin in this and in other worlds of which we know or think.

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## THE SPIRIT OF MURDER.

ONE of the things the writer delighted in when he was younger and in his heathen days, was to take a gun and hie to the fields and woods and there commit murder among the furred and feathered people

field and forest. Just when, where and how, his conversion followed he can not tell, but it is emphatic and complete.

Let us think of it a moment! Here are a man, a shotgun, and the so-called lower order of creation. The man has a college education, the shotgun cost a hundred dollars, and the sun is shining on the morning on which he starts afield.

Down in the meadow is a family of quail. They are harming nobody, but in one little flock are running hither and thither, taking a grain of corn here and there, with many a weed seed, and enjoying life in the clear autumn morning. Hist! There comes a lumbering giant. The glint of the sun is on the barrel of his gun. They know what it means. Instead of running to meet him they hide in mortal terror. Nearer and nearer he comes. They become crazed with fear, whi-r-r, bang, bang! and down come two of them, one with a broken wing, and one shot through the neck. The dog races down the one with the broken wing, mouths it and breaks a few more bones, and the man picks up the one mortally wounded. Its eyes, bright in death, look on him with terror, but he wrings its neck, and puts it and its mate in the bag. The scattered covey pipe to each other, gather again, and are again harried to their death.

When the man goes home, puts away his gun, he can take up his Bible and turn to the passage, "Blessed are the merciful, etc." Meanwhile everything that flies or runs free in the open dreads to see him coming, for there are murder, crippling and maiming in his wake.

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#### HONESTY.

As a rule nobody likes to be called dishonest. We revere the truth, and all commend it. Yet how many are there of us who continually, and under all circumstances, always act and speak what is in us? Most of us are continually on the alert with little deceptions of one kind and another, remote enough from the actual facts. Yet this is not being untruthful.

What is to be regarded as truth is in the crucial test, where one has to speak, cannot avoid it, and who, when that time comes, will speak nothing but the truth, no matter what happens. These instances are rather rare in life, but when they do come the thing for the speaker to say and to do is to let out the facts just as they are. He who does this can be said to be honest. Nothing can be farther from frankness and truthfulness than to be continually blurting out what we think and how we feel about things unnecessary to tell at the time and to the person. Being honest is telling the truth when there is something in it that would induce a dishonest person to lie about it.

#### OUR EDUCATIONAL NUMBER.

IN a few weeks we expect to put out a special issue, devoted to the educational matters of the church. This has often been needed and has been put off because we lacked a publication in which it could consistently appear. The scope of the Educational INGLENOOK will be to describe all of our schools, and the managers of them will make the description.

And then there will be a good deal of historical value, reminiscences of school life, and various suggestions. Now we ask everybody that reads this, who has a message for the paper along the line of education in the church, to contribute a short article, setting forth what his thoughts are and whatever suggestions there are to offer in the way of helping and improving it. It is not meant by this that you are to let out a wild shout over the progress we have made, nor is it intended that you make adverse conclusions of the whole business. What we want is a number of live articles on living topics, as they were in the past, as they are now, and as they may be in the future. There will be enough in this Educational number of the INGLENOOK to set people thinking, and that is the mission of the magazine. Send us your articles. Short's 'the word!

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#### YOUR NAME.

THIS one thing remember. When you write your name, do it legibly that there will be no mistake about it. A good many people so write their names that there is no end of trouble in making them out. It is a very common thing to pass a letter around the office asking what the signature stands for. Unlike writing in the body of a letter, there is no context to help out an understanding of what is meant, and often there is a disastrous guess.

There is not much hope for the older ones, who will go on writing their names with a continued twist that may mean anything, but the younger Nookers might, with advantage, learn to write their names so plainly that whoever can read writing at all can make no mistake about it. Suppose you try it with the vertical system. No plainer style of writing was ever devised.

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OUR praises are the stairway up which our spirits mount in their contemplation of the divine perfection. They are symbols, poor and weak, which reveal to us more clearly and make us feel more deeply the perfect goodness of God.—C. C. Everett.

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As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your Christian faith, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.—Beecher.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## GENERAL.

The Bubonic plague has broken out at Baglo, Mexico.

Two people died in Chicago last week of hydrophobia.

King Edward VIII praises Salisbury, late a premier.

Six people in Chicago are seriously ill from eating mushrooms.

The weather at Elgin has been unusually warm during the past week.

From the beginning of the Boer war 448,435 English troops were engaged.

They are trying to reestablish the use of the rod in the New York City schools.

More than fifty persons have been poisoned by ice cream at Colorado Springs, Colorado.

The ministerial meeting of Northern Illinois is in session as we go to press with this issue.

China is forming a new army. Its officers are being trained in Japan and called home for service.

The passenger steamer Massena was destroyed by lightning at Ogdenburg, N. Y., Aug. 20th. The crew escaped.

A good many of the cafe employees at Chicago are tired of the Union and the end of the waiters' strike is not far off.

The tax assessors of Oyster Bay township, where President Roosevelt lives, show a charge against him of \$40,000 valuation.

Mrs. Mary Lincoln, of New York City, died Aug. 19, aged 114. She was colored and the mother of twenty-two children.

The waiters and cooks in the Chicago restaurants are having a strike in many places, and a large number of the eating houses are shut up.

A Northwestern passenger train left the track and rolled down the bank at Fond du Lac. One man was killed and thirty persons were injured.

Aug. 22nd an Elks' train was wrecked in Washington State, near Chehalis while en route for Olympia. Two were killed and thirty-four injured.

Grover Cleveland endorses the new school of journalism. The INGLENOOK predicts its failure. There are some things a man cannot learn in a school.

At Marysville and Vleitz, Kansas, they had a cloudburst and fifty houses were submerged, and the inhabitants were forced to secure shelter in the trees.

Grace Stein, nineteen years old, attempted to commit suicide on the streets of Chicago by swallowing carbolic acid. It was all because of her love for Chas. Billings.

Over eight thousand school children in Chicago will be excluded from the schools in September because of the failure to complete eight of the fourteen buildings under construction.

They are having quite a time in Chicago with the milk dealers. Just the other day fifty-three of them were fined for selling impure and watered milk, all of which serves them right.

"The Water Mill," a painting shown in the Nook recently, has been presented to the Chicago Art Institute. It is worth \$25,000, and is by Hobbema, one of the famous old masters.

The Anarchists are attempting to start a paper at Barre, Vermont, and the officials are taking immediate steps to have the publication either kept within bounds or to be stopped entirely.

Every railroad train in the United States is practically put under government protection by an order issued by the Postmaster General, requiring baggage-men to receive and deliver newspaper mail.

At Americus, Georgia, the coons had been raiding cornfields, destroying acres of corn, when three colored farmers started out after the coons. They caught one hundred and ten coons and one wild cat.

Mrs. Sarah Jackson died at the city hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 18th. She was afflicted with the rare disease, elephantiasis. Last January she weighed 299 pounds and at the time of her death she weighed 586.

Pedro Alvarado died at Parral, Mexico, last week, worth about eighty-five millions of dollars. Six years ago he was a laborer, in a mine, earning thirty cents a day. He won his fortune through the discovery of a mine.

Lou Dillon, a trotting mare, broke the world's record at Readville, Mass., last Monday. The official time was declared to be two minutes, although several expert timekeepers declare that it was made under two minutes.

The first yacht race between the American defender, Reliance and Sir Thomas Lipton's third challenger, Shamrock III, was won by the American vessel, Reliance. The Reliance must win two more races out of five to hold the cup which was won by the Americans fifty-two years ago.

Out at Attica, Iowa, William Laird shot his sixteen-year-old son because he would not get up in the morning. The father then killed himself.

Mrs. J. W. Moore, of San Rafael, Cal., died of a broken heart because her husband had received a life sentence to the penitentiary.

The Jews of Chicago in convention declined the offer of the British government to establish a colony in South Africa. They want Palestine or nothing.

The Standard Oil Company and the Illinois Steel Company, of Chicago, are blamed for killing the fish along the lake to the extent of making fishing unprofitable.

A Denver man who had several of his vertebrae taken out in a surgical operation is able to walk. He was paralyzed from the waist down and spent months on the flat of his back.

The military and naval forces of the United States are having a mimic game of war off the coast of Maine. The idea is to familiarize both the army and the navy with the possibilities of attack and defense in case of a foreign war.

Wm. Pettiford, Trenton, N. J., colored, is the father of twenty-seven children, the last of which has been named after Alice Roosevelt. He is fifty-one years old. Twenty of his children are living and there are four pairs of twins.

Miss Linet Whittaker, an actress, plunged into a swimming tank in Milwaukee, Wis., where Miss Erma Reel, an elocutionist, was drowning. Miss Whittaker was attired in a handsome gown when she plunged into the water to save her friend.

The seventeen year old daughter of John Ponte, a Burlington Railroad conductor, died of what the physicians pronounced dysentery. The autopsy showed that she had swallowed whole peas, and that they had sprouted and were growing in her stomach.

Two boys, aged about sixteen, climbed an electric tower, about eight o'clock at night, at Saginaw, Mich. While at the top, one of them touched a wire and was instantly a mass of flames. The other attempting to rescue his companion, was also burned and both of them were instantly killed.

Swami Trigunatita has come from Calcutta to teach the Vedantist faith. At 18 he met Sri Ramkrishna, the great sage, and under him for two years he learned spiritual practices. Then he became a sannyasin (a monk), and thereafter for many years practiced asceticism. He will lecture under the auspices of the Vedantist society of San Francisco, which was organized three or four years ago by Swami Vivekan.

The President of the London Chamber of Commerce, Lord Brassey, says that the United States will soon be the greatest naval power on earth.

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#### PERSONAL.

Dell Franks was killed by electricity in the presence of his wife at Omaha. He had been married only six weeks.

W. K. Moore, of Nora, Ill., accompanied by his wife and Ezra Lutz and his wife, of Lena, Ill., visited the Nook office this week.

The baby boy recently born to Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland was christened Aug. 25th. Francis Grover Cleveland is the name.

Lillie Spitznadle, totally blind since she was three years old, has been made to see slightly by a combination of radium and X-rays.

Levi Minnich, of Ohio, closely identified with the Brethren's Sunday schools, and an Inglenooker, visited the office on a return trip from Canada.

Mrs. Margaret Isabel Rice, an evangelist and her three-month-old baby, were locked up the other night at Asbury Park, N. J. She has been preaching on the board-walk.

Steven B. Roath, an eccentric Chicago man, has given a million of dollars to a chosen set of relatives, as he puts it, "Just to see how they will use the money."

Lord Salisbury, former Premier of England, is dead from a complication of ailments. He has been a statesman for fifty years and was one of England's great men.

Geo. Schmitz, a merchant of Pleasant Prairie, Wis., was taken from his bed and given a coat of tar by indignant citizens. The trouble at the bottom of it is not stated.

Geo. W. McClinlick, of McPherson, Kans., editor of the *Kansas American*, died at his home Aug. 22nd, as a result of an overdose of blackberry brandy and laudanum which he had taken for dysentery.

Ruth Bryan, daughter of Inglenooker W. J. Bryan, is going to Chicago to be assistant to Mrs. Jane Addams in the work carried on by the Hull House. She is nineteen years old and is said to have exceptional ability.

Sister Mary Louise, of St. Agnes Convent, Omaha, Nebr., eloped with S. Johnson, a young carpenter and mechanic who had been employed on the convent grounds. Sister Mary's name before taking the vow was Shea and her home was at O'Connor, Nebr.



## HOW JIMMIE WENT A-FISHING.

JIMMIE lived along a stream in Western Pennsylvania, and he knew that there were plenty of bass in it, big ones too, but with all his fishing he never succeeded in catching one. Bass didn't bite, he said, and that ended it so far as catching them was concerned. But one summer a couple of men came out from the city to catch fish, and Jimmie, being only eleven years old, was hired by them to catch minnows in the run, while they caught fish in the creek, and from them he learned how to do it. They would catch great strings of them.

Now Jimmie was a bright boy, and he kept his eyes open and he had an idea, several of them, in fact. If these people from the city could catch big bass out of the creek, why could he not do the same thing? He confided his intention to that end to the family at the breakfast table, after the city people had gone, and they laughed at him. Now Jimmie was a boy that wasn't discouraged readily, so he kept his counsel, and that afternoon he went to the run and caught twenty or thirty minnows, from two to three inches long, and put them in an old tin-bucket full of water. That afternoon he astounded his parents by the request to be called at four o'clock in the morning. As that was about the time his father usually got up, the matter was easily brought about, that is to say that it was easy for his father to call Jimmie, but it wasn't so easy for Jimmie to heed, however, he remembered what he wanted to do, and he did get up.

In reply to questionings he said he was going to catch bass, and that if he wasn't back in time for his breakfast they were to go ahead without him, all of which astonished his parents still more. However, as there was not much danger of his drowning, or getting into trouble, they said nothing. So Jimmie took his fishing rod and line, together with a hook that he had begged of one of the city men, and he betook himself to the old dam down by the ruined mill. We will pass over all the things he noticed in the early morning, the pheasant wallowing in the dust of the road, the early squirrel, the dewdrops, and the rosy dawn in the eastern sky. It was chilly, too, when he got to the edge of the old dam. Here he unwrapped his line and hooked a three inch minnow through the lower jaw, and adjusted the cork about six feet from the minnow. Then he threw the fish into the deepest water, and it hardly struck the seething, boiling waves, until his cork went out of sight like lead. Now Jimmie learned from the city men that when the bass takes a fish he seizes it whatever way is handiest, swims five or six feet away from where he captured it, turns it around in his mouth and bolts it headforemost. He also learned to wait until prob-

ably eight or ten seconds had elapsed from the disappearance of the cork before he struck.

He gave the line a twitch and it was clear that there was something at the other end. Jimmie knew nothing of reels and scientific fishing, so he proceeded to haul out the catch. It came out hard and heavy and the line cut the water with a sizz, and a broad-backed bass jumped out of the water, describing a semicircle and shook his head to shake out the hook which had passed through his lower jaw. Jimmie's hair stood on end and all the primitive instincts of a wild man became uppermost in him, but he hauled away bravely and the big fish came out sidewise, the rod bending almost double. It was a whopper of about three pounds in weight, and when it lay gasping on the stones beside him he hardly knew what to do with himself, but he unhooked it and laid a big stone on top of it to keep it from flopping, and sat down and studied it.

Then he tried it again. This time, when he struck, after the disappearance of the cork, he brought up a bare hook, and left his minnow in the mouth of a bass. He had struck too soon, and his fish escaped. Not to protract our story, Jimmie found that about half past seven they ceased biting and as he felt sleepy he gathered up his catch, which weighed altogether over sixteen pounds, and he went home with them dangling on the twig on which he had strung them. He thought they weighed about a hundred pounds before he got to the house, and when he arrived, his parents could hardly believe their eyes. Not one of the neighbors had been able to do anything like this, and it was all the outcome of Jimmie's watching a couple of scientific fishermen. He said he would lie down on the lounge and rest a little, and in a minute he was sound asleep, and his mother cleaned a two-pound bass, and fried it nicely, and when he awoke a little later he sat down to a breakfast fit for a king. And something more followed. Jimmie who had sense enough to catch on to a way to fish for bass, had the further sense not to parade his knowledge before everybody, and have a lot of people fishing the creek out and capturing all of them. It may have seemed selfish, but after all it was as wise as it seemed selfish, but it leaked out, and now when Jimmie wants to catch fish he has learned more of their habits, and still gathers them in when he feels like it, in other places.

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THE first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France, in 1559.

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The cost of coal burned by an ocean steamer on a trip will average \$13,000.

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THE first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

## EXPENSIVE DOORS.

A GREAT many palatial homes are put up from year to year. They have elegant bronze or wrought iron doors, costing \$10,000 apiece, while hundreds of others have doors that cost from \$1,000 to \$5,000. At the Vanderbilt mansion at Newport the doors cost \$50,000. Almost all of the fancy doors used in New York are manufactured there, and some of the master founders find employment in making them. The

time, and only workmen of the highest degree of skill can execute the bronze. In the case of a bronze door, it is altogether different from the wrought iron ones. The bronze is all cast in one piece. Bronze work is more refined than wrought iron, and the result is a richer effect. After it is once cast, it has to be gone over with a file and various other tools, to bring it down to a uniform degree of finish. If there is a piece to be laid on, it is brazed on, as it cannot be welded. Wrought iron is always painted black, but



A HUDSON'S BAY POST IN WINTER.

owners of apartment houses consider that doors worth \$2,000 each, add at least \$5,000 to the value of the property.

The tendency of the last ten years has been to get away from the use of wooden doors, and to use metal ones instead, and some of them are most artistic. It might occur to the average Nooker that these metal doors would be very heavy, and so they are, but they are hung upon ball-bearing hinges and move very readily.

To make a wrought iron door of the better order, takes about two or three months. The very nature of the job precludes many being employed at it at a

bronze can be made to take on a number of colors. While bronze costs more in the first place it needs little attention after it is once finished, while a wrought iron door must be painted from year to year or it will rust. Doubtless it will occur to a great many Nookers that it is a sad waste of money to spend \$10,000 for a front door, but then the people who have the money may take another view of it.

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"THE joy that is not increased by sharing it with another is not yet the purest; the sorrow that is diminished by recounting it to another is not yet the truest."



## DUTIES OF THE POPE.

Of all the monarchs of the world none exercise such a despotic sway as the pope—a gentle despotism, it is true, but a despotism nevertheless. It is not temporal, but spiritual, and hence the rule of the occupant of the chair of St. Peter is more absolute than that of any sovereign who owes his throne to so-called divine right, election, force, or blood.

As a matter of fact, the temporal power of the pope is nothing more or less than a memory and a hope. He does not, at the present time, have the disposal, as was once the case, of the affairs of kingdoms; he has a certain political power, but it is not by the exertion of a direct influence; he governs no territory, as before the seating of King Victor Emmanuel I on the throne of united Italy, although his influence is widespread and extends throughout the earth.

The pope has his representatives in every country of the world, and he at all times has a perfect knowledge of what is going on everywhere. It is rightfully argued from this that the head of the holy see is one of the busiest of men, and such indeed he is. The late Leo XIII was known as the peacemaker, and his good offices were called into being more than once during his long pontifical reign. Had it not been for his wise counsel and words of wisdom it is not improbable more than one nation would have been set by the ears and bloodshed might have resulted.

The head of the Catholic church has little or no time he can call his own. Nearly every waking hour has its duty. When other sovereigns go visiting he remains within the precincts of the vatican; his pleasures are few, and might be called labors by those whose aims are not so high; from his early rising until his retirement at a late hour his moments are filled with work. The capacity for work of many of the popes has been the marvel of the world, and in the case of the late pontiff it was the general belief that something far superior to physical strength had served to keep him up and doing.

Many of the occupants of the papal throne have been rich men, but so far as Pope Leo was concerned he died the possessor of little or no personal fortune. However, it can easily be understood that the exercise of a spiritual power extending over the whole Catholic world necessitates considerable expenditure. Man being made up of both mind and body, material means must be used for spiritual effects, and therefore the pope must have a budget. When the pope was in reality a temporal prince, the estimates of the papal states, in addition to his own revenues, provided for a civil list of 600,000 Roman crowns, or about \$800,000. Under the act of guarantee this civil list has been replaced by a perpetual and inalienable "rente" representing a capital of about \$16,000,000, but this act

has never been and cannot be recognized by the holy see. Such recognition would imply acquiescence in the confiscation of the pope's temporal power, and to this the papacy can never consent. Nevertheless, the pope requires a sum aggregating \$1,440,000 a year for the administration of the church, which expenditure is apportioned as follows:

Cardinals and diplomatic representatives,.....	\$100,000
Maintenance of the vatican, together with its dependencies, .....	500,000
Papal charities and subsidies to Catholic schools in Rome, .....	300,000
Presents and grants in aid, .....	300,000
Various expenses, .....	200,000

The pay of the little pontifical army, of course, comes under the head of maintenance of the vatican. The sum is comparatively small, the pontifical army now consisting of only three corps of guards—the Noble guard, the Swiss guard, and the Palatine guard, the latter a body of gendarmes. The vatican income is derived from St. Peter's patrimony and St. Peter's pence. The former consists of the regular revenue derived from investments of capital, a small amount of house property, the granting of patents of pontifical nobility, and from registration and other fees charged on dispensations, especially matrimonial. These receipts amount to about \$200,000 in all.

The "pence" are the voluntary contributions of the entire world. A few years ago they totaled \$2,000,000, but income from this source has since fallen off. The offerings to Pope Leo in 1886, on his priestly jubilee, and his episcopal jubilee in 1893, amounted to about \$8,000,000, however.

At the death of Pope Pius IX there was a reserve fund of about \$6,000,000, but bad investments caused a loss of some \$4,000,000. This capital is invested abroad with the Rothschilds.

The pope uses Peter's pence as he sees fit. The treasurer or finance minister, goes to the pope, who simply produces the required amount from his desk.

Four persons comprise the pope's immediate family, his private secretary, his confessor, his medical attendant, and his valet. The other members of the pontifical family, in order of rank, are: The cardinal palatins, four in number; the prelate palatins, four; nine ecclesiastical participants secret camerieri; sacristan of the apostolic palaces; secretary to the college of ceremonials; prelates of his holiness' household, numbering six; secret participants armed camerieri staff and senior officers of the noble guard; supernumerary ecclesiastical secret camerieri; armed secret camerieri; honorary camerieri (in violet); honorary camerieri (extra urbem); honorary armed camerieri; supernumerary camerieri; senior officers of the Swiss and Palatine guards; familiars destined for the religious service, and other familiars.

In addition to the ordinary daily routine, there are numerous special questions to which the pope must direct his attention; numerous state papers to be written; special audiences to be held; matters to be solved which come up quickly and without being foreshadowed; there must be time for study, reflection, and reading; reports from all over the world to be considered; orders must be sent out; charges given to special representatives; delicate questions relating to a thousand and one things considered; and in addition to those his holiness is often called upon to arbitrate between governments in matters of the gravest importance.

Altogether it may be said that the head of the Roman Catholic church is, perhaps, the busiest man in all the world. Trivial matters are not to be neglected, either, and these receive the same care and attention as are bestowed upon mightier matters of state affecting the world at large.

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#### THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S ROOM.

THE vice-president's room, just across the inside corridor from the Senate chamber, is one of the most interesting in the capitol. In one corner is a bust of Lafayette S. Foster of Cincinnati, who was president pro tempore of the Senate during the Johnson impeachment trial, and who would have succeeded to the presidency had not Johnson escaped, by the narrow margin that he did, impeachment and the loss of his high station. Alas, such is fame in public life—how many to-day remember Senator Foster? The portrait of Washington in this room—painted by Peale in 1825 (Peale had known Washington and painted this portrait from memory)—was exhibited in Europe in 1833 and then purchased by a member of the staff of Gen. Wilson Peale, a son of the famous artist. It was in his room that vice-president Henry Wilson died during Grant's administration. The mirror over the clock was the occasion of three days' debate in the Senate, because some members thought Vice-President John Adams had been grossly extravagant in paying \$40 for the mirror to "gratify his personal vanity." The mirror surmounts a \$1000 clock, whose beautiful chimes sound the quarter hours and which displays also the signs of the zodiac. This clock has not once been stopped in the whole half century that it has ticked away, while the vice-presidents came and went. Directly opposite is another mirror, costing \$500, in which the \$40 extravagance of John Adams is continuously reflected. Surmounting the portrait of Washington is a flag made of the first silk woven on American soil—during the early days of the mulberry craze—and presented to the government by ladies of Philadelphia.—*National Magazine*.

#### MAKING A BARREL HAMMOCK.

REMOVE the top and bottom hoops and nails from a firm, clean barrel. Then, before taking off the remaining hoops, draw a pencil line around both ends of the barrel, being careful to have the marking three inches from and parallel to the edges. This is for a guide when making the two holes in each end of the staves.

Bore the holes with a five-eighth inch auger or red-hot poker, using the pencil line as a center. Leave an equal margin on each side of the staves and at the same time enough space in the center to preclude all danger of breakage.

Fasten the staves together by threading the rope through the hole from the outside of the first stave, then across the inside of the stave down through the other hole. Continue threading until one side is finished, then in like manner thread the other side. Knock off the remaining hoops. Tie the two ends of the rope together and fasten the loops of rope at both ends. These should be of sufficient length to conveniently swing the hammock.

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#### THE FIRST TIME.

HERE'S something for all of us to remember. Knowing how easy it is to do a thing in the wrong way, and to keep it up till it becomes a habit, is it not worth while to be very particular about how we do a thing for the first few times? There is such a thing as not knowing how to do things in the wrong way. This condition is brought about by never having done a thing in the wrong way, there never having been a wrong first time.

If, when we are face to face with a new duty, we would give it ample thought as to the best way of going about it, and then carefully do it in the correct way, it would soon be a habit with us, and we would do the right thing at the right time automatically. It would then be doing right all the time without giving the matter a thought.

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#### WATER IS DRYING UP.

AN old theory is that the earth is slowly drying through the chemical combination of the water with the crust. A French geographer, M. Martet, has been investigating numerous caverns and drying valleys and has convinced himself that a more rapid absorption is taking place and that our water supply is being swallowed up at an appreciable rate by the fissures and cavities of rocks and soil. He urges a more thorough study, with a view of lessening absorption if possible.



## THE VATICAN.

THE vatican, for many centuries the official residence of the popes, with its palaces, galleries, terraces, chapels, and gardens, occupies a large tract of ground situated in the borgo, or suburb, on the right bank of the Tiber and in the northwestern part of Rome. The numerous buildings included in the enormous pile were not built at one time and in accordance with a harmoniously developed plan, but originated at various periods, were built in various styles, and were gradually merged and joined together until they became what is now called the vatican. As there was no uniform plan underlying the architecture of the complex of buildings, they are not impressive as a whole by their architectural grandeur. But there are many portions which, taken by themselves, are of great beauty and deserve admiration as grand and glorious monuments of architectural art.

The early history of the vatican, which represents all that is left of the temporal power of the popes and forms an independently governed island in the kingdom of Italy, is quite uncertain. According to tradition the first palace upon the site of the present vatican was built some time during the reign of Constantine, but nothing definite is known of that structure. Historical records mention the existence of a vatican palace in the sixth century.

In the twelfth century the vatican was scarcely more than a fortress. Several popes of that period are said to have added to the buildings already existing at the time, laid out gardens, and beautified the grounds.

The entrance to the vatican palace is through the bronze gates at the end of a wide and lofty gallery or colonnade leading to the right as one faces St. Peter's church. The gate is at the end nearest the church. The gallery leads to the *scala regia*, a wide and imposing flight of stone stairs designed by Bernini and built under Urban VIII. The regal stairway leads to the *sala regia*, originally intended for the reception of ambassadors from the emperor or from kings. The magnificent hall is 36 yards long, 16 yards wide, and 24 yards high. It is decorated with stucco by several masters and contains large frescoes, covering the walls, representing scenes in the lives of the popes, by Vasari, Giuseppe Porta, and Zuccherò. Folding doors lead from the *sala regia* to the Sistine chapel, and opposite is the entrance to the *sala ducale*, originally intended for the reception of dukes and princes. In the *sala ducale* the ceremony of the washing of the feet took place. The decorations of the *sala ducale* were designed by Bernini and the landscapes on the walls were painted by Paul Brill. The hall opens at its further end into the first tier of loggie, the west branch of which is said to have been designed by Raphael.

Another door leads from the *sala ducale* to the *sala dei paramenti*, where the cardinals assembled and were robed for great functions. Next to this is the *sala del pappagallo*, where the popes are dressed for ceremonies in St. Peter's.

The Paolina chapel is the parish church of the vatican, of which the pope's sacristan, who is also a bishop, is the parish priest. It was built for Paul III by Sangallo, and has always been used for the ceremonies of Holy Week. The walls of the chapel are covered with frescoes by Michael Angelo, which, however, have been much blackened by the smoke from the hundreds of candles.

The Sistine chapel, formerly called the *Capella Magna*, was built under Pope Sixtus IV from designs by Baccio Pintelli. It is quadrangular, with a vaulted ceiling, one hundred and forty-seven feet in length by fifty feet wide. A beautiful marble screen, attributed to Mino da Fiesole and Giovanni Dalmata, divides the chapel into two parts. The chapel is lighted by twelve narrow windows high in the walls. Underneath the windows are the famous frescoes, which include works of famous masters, like Perugino, Botticelli, Piero di Cosimo, Signorelli, Ghirlandajo, Cosimo Roselli, and others. The great wall opposite the doors and above the altar is completely covered by Michael Angelo's fresco of the "Last Judgment." The ceiling is also the work of Michael Angelo. He completed the work in four years, and was paid about \$3,000 for it, scarcely more than he had paid for the material used in the work. The ceiling is divided into fields, which contain nine scenes from Genesis, twelve panels with the sitting figures of the prophets and the sibyls, and fourteen others with the figures of the progenitors of David. Between the windows of the chapel are full length figures of the martyr popes, twenty-eight in number, by Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, and Fra Diamante.

The palace, built by Nicholas V, also contains the Borgian apartments, the windows of which on one side overlook the Belvedere, on the other the little court of the Pappagallo. The apartments include the hall of the pontifice which contains a bust of Leo XIII; the hall of the mysteries, decorated with magnificent biblical frescoes; the hall of the *Vita dei Santi*, decorated with saints and mythological subjects; the hall of the liberal arts decorated with figures representing the liberal arts; the roof of the Credo in the Torre Borgia; the *Salì delle Sibille*, with frescoes of twelve sibyls and twelve prophets.

From the first flight of the *scala regia* a second flight leads to the upper floor of the vatican palace. A few rooms of modern origin and decoration precede a series of rooms; the Stanze of Raphaël containing frescoes, representing the triumph of the church in a series of scenes. The rooms comprise the Stanze

cell Incendio, Stanza della Signatura, Stanze of Heliodorus, the large hall of Constantine, and the hall of the Chiaroscuro. From that hall doors lead to the loggie on the one and to the chapel of St. Lorenzo on the other side. The loggie of Raphael surround the court of Damasus on three sides. Only the middle tier was decorated by Raphael, while the other two were decorated by Giovanni da Udine, Roncalli, and other masters. A staircase leads from that loggia to the upper tier of loggie, which connect by an ante-

many of the halls of the vatican and which used to be visited from the Belvedere, has now practically ceased to exist. The most interesting collections have been transferred to the Borgia apartments, while the rest is stored in an attic above the gallery in inscriptions.

Right behind St. Peter's, on the rising ground of the Via della Zecca, is the old papal mint, which is now under the control of and worked by the Italian government. It contains a small collection of coins in a room on the upper floor. Bullion worth \$2,000,000,



SCENES IN THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY COUNTRY.

room with the Pinacoteca, which contains a small collection of about fifty paintings by various great masters, including Raphael's "Transfiguration," the artist's last work.

The vatican collection of antiquities, now one of the richest in existence, was begun by Julius II in the beginning of the sixteenth century and was placed in the Villa Belvedere. The vatican library, founded by Nicholas V, and now comprising over 250,000 printed volumes, occupies the Sala Sintina, built by Sixtus V. It is reached through the court of Damasus and contains many fine frescoes on its walls and various valuable gifts to popes by European rulers.

The old vatican armory, which has been located in

destined for medals to commemorate the vatican council, was found in the mint, and was confiscated by the Italians in 1870.

The pope's gardens cover many acres of ground of the old Mons Vaticanus. They are bounded by the old Leontine wall, two towers of which still stand on the high ground. Portions of the grounds are laid out in flower beds, while others are planted with fruit trees and vines, in which Leo XIII used to take great interest. There is also a large aviary for white peacocks, golden pheasants, and other birds. On the grounds are also two summer houses, in one of which Leo XIII used to spend the hot months of the summer.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

### THE SONG OF SIXTEEN.

I am so young, and the sun is shining  
That has shone on millions of girls before—  
They had their day of joy, or of pining.  
Then went afar to some unknown shore.

But I—I am young—and life's glad summer  
Is still for me, with its days unborn;  
And earth has welcome for each newcomer,  
However it mock at the hopes outworn.

Poor souls, that lived and died and are done with—  
You who were gay, in this merry world—  
Do you ever recall the pleasure begun with,  
Before the banner of youth was furled?

Let me make the most of the joys that woo me:  
Now is my season to laugh and to sing.  
Not yet shall age and its chill undo me;  
Not yet shall winter its cold blasts bring.

The birds are blithe because it is morning;  
Blithely they sing as the sun climbs high.  
Like them I will laugh at time and his warning;  
I am sixteen, and my sun's in the sky.

—Smart Set.

\* \* \*

### WHAT NOT TO NAME THE BABY.

BY NANNIE J. ROOP.

Is the baby a girl? Then what are you thinking of naming it? Not Ena, Ina, Ona, or Ola, Otto, or Oda, for that sort of thing is out of date, but twenty-five years ago fine healthy babies were minimized by just such names. Now there is another fad, that of giving the little girl the father's given name, Jamsine, Johnnie, or Charline, etc., don't do it! It is not pretty, and names don't cost anything, and the child, when it is older and the name sounds masculine, will be trying to change it.

Don't give it a name that will not harmonize with the name it already has, for instance, if your name is Plains, don't call the baby Jane, or if your name is Thompson, don't call the baby Fanny Alice, for the initials will spell "fat," for the schoolmates to make fun of, or if Davidson, Mary Ursula will make "mud." These are little things, but it won't cost you anything to avoid such combinations. Don't name it Nancy Catherine and then say that it must of necessity be Nannie while little, for when it is sixty years old it will still be Nannie, Nancy Catherine having no existence except in the family record.

Don't hunt a name in the papers, or novels, while

the Bible contains a long list of beautiful and noble names beginning with Eve, and ending with Grace.

Warrensburg, Mo.

\* \* \*

### HERE'S FROM NAMPA, IDAHO.

BY LOIS G. NEEDLES.

WE used to read the advertisements in the *Noon* about Idaho fruit, and thought it was simply an exaggeration to draw immigrants, but in the last two weeks I have found out that they were all right. No exaggeration to it!

We went out to pick cherries the other day, and actually the trees were so loaded with fruit that we *sat flat on the ground* and picked all our cherries.

But that wasn't what I intended writing you about in this letter. Just now the excitement is about apples. They are just beginning to bring them in, and such apples you never will see anywhere else.

The first of this year's apples I saw, was a bunch brought in from a ranch a few miles out of Nampa. The limb was sixteen inches long, and had forty apples on it. Not runty apples either; for you never see that kind here. Now this is an actual fact, for I saw it with my own eyes and counted the apples. And they weren't just stuck on, but grew there naturally.

This seems to be a good year for apples. Little three-year-old trees are just loaded. The fruit seems to be stuck on at every possible place, barely leaving room for the leaves between. An easterner can't realize it until he sees the trees themselves.

A ranchman just now brought me a sample of his peaches and also a limb eighteen inches long with eighteen large, ripe peaches averaging two and one-half inches in diameter.

\* \* \*

### THE POPE'S FAMILY.

DEAR NOOKERS:

I wait to contribute my story to the Bureau Drawer. I want to tell something about the woman's side of the newly-elected Pope, Pius X. Although he occupies the most eminent position in the world, greater than any other earthly potentate, yet he has a purely human side just the same as the rest of us, and it is interesting to know something about his family. Of course, being a priest, he has no immediate personal family. His mother is dead, and when she was living

occupied a small peasant's house with her son, the present Pope. The brother of the Pope, Angelo, is a postman of the district and gets eighty dollars a year. He also keeps a little store where he sells tobacco and work. This brother Angelo has two daughters. They are said to be very good looking. Besides the Pope's two brothers he has six sisters. One of them makes dresses, the other is married to a peddler, and the husband of the third is a wineshop keeper, and three of them are unmarried.

Of course, now since the eminent one of the family has come to his exalted position, every one of these brothers and sisters will be the recipient of such honors as may be imagined but not described. To have married a sister of the Pope himself means wonders in the country in which he lives.

MATTIE ANDES.

\*\*\*  
**SALTED ALMONDS.**

SHELL and blanch by covering for a few moments with boiling water. Strain off, cover with cold water, and remove the skin by rubbing between the thumb and forefinger. Dry in the sun or oven, then pour olive oil or melted butter over them, allowing two tablespoonfuls of oil to each pint of the nuts. Let them stand an hour or two, sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of salt and bake in a moderate oven until a delicate brown, shaking frequently. It usually requires from fifteen to twenty minutes. These nuts may also be browned in the oven without any oil or butter, simply sprinkling with salt. Peanuts may be prepared in the same way.

\*\*\*  
**APPLE CAKE.**

FOR the layers make a good sponge cake by beating the whites and yolks of three eggs separately, then adding to the yolks three-quarters of a cupful each of sugar and of flour and finally whipping in the beaten whites. For the filling for one ordinary-sized cake grate one large tart apple, after peeling. Add to it the white of one egg, one cupful of granulated sugar and a few drops of lemon juice. Whip all together with an egg beater until white and foamy, then spread between the layers and on top of the cake.

\*\*\*  
**BUTTERMILK MUFFINS.**

THESE muffins made without egg and so simple in their preparation, prove to be very good. To one quart of thick sour milk or buttermilk, add one pint of water, and stir into it enough wheat flour to make a smooth thin batter. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a little hot water and stir it into the batter with a little salt. Bake in buttered muffin rings, filled half full.

**SPRING VEGETABLE SOUP.**

SHRED a large head of lettuce and chop fine one bunch of parsley, brown a large slice of onion in a tablespoonful of oil or butter; put this into a saucepan with half a pint of peas; cover with water and cook until tender; season with salt and pepper. Scald two pints of milk, add half a cupful of vegetable stock and the beaten yolks of two eggs; bring to a boil, then add lettuce and parsley; cook five minutes and serve with croutons.

\*\*\*  
**ENGLISH WALNUT SANDWICHES.**

ROLL one-half cupful of English walnuts with a rolling pin until quite fine; mix with two tablespoonfuls of cream seasoned with a half-saltspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Spread thin slices of bread and butter with the mixture. Lay a crisp leaf of lettuce on top of the nut mixture before putting on the top piece of buttered bread.

\*\*\*  
**GINGER ICE.**

SIX ounces of best preserved ginger, two thirds of a pint of lemon-juice, one and one-third pints of clarified sugar, the rind of three lemons, grated. Pound four ounces of the ginger in a mortar. Cut the remainder into very fine slices. Add the clarified sugar, into which the lemon-juice has been stirred, together with the grated peel. Strain and freeze.

\*\*\*  
NOOKERS have often been puzzled just how to begin and close a letter to an entire stranger. The conventional, dear sir, does not seem exactly right, but it means nothing, and may be used at all times with any stranger. Yours truly, may close the communication, and the letter not be out of the ordinary in any way.

\*\*\*  
HERE'S something! Never write a letter when you are in a bad humor. People have often made fools of themselves by sending a letter written in a passion only to have it worry them at length a long time later.

\*\*\*  
USE the best stationery that your money can buy. An excellent quality of paper and envelopes costs little more than a cheap kind, and is an evidence of good taste. It is not meant to endorse the bizarre colored stationery, which is simply a passing fad. A good quality of white, fine linen writing paper is cheap and in good form.

\*\*\*  
IF your ink shows signs of weakening in color, discard it, and replace it with a jet black. Homemade inks are never as satisfactory as the article that is for sale at all stores. Writing fluid is not as satisfactory to the occasional correspondent as inks. Writing fluids are apt to corrode the pen, and inks do not.



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## IN THE BOOK OUR MOTHER READ.

We search the world for truth; we cull  
The good, the pure, the beautiful.  
From graven stone and written scroll,  
From all the flower-fields of the soul:  
And, weary seekers of the best,  
We come back laden from our quest,  
To find that all the sages said  
Is in the Book our mother read.

—Whittier.

## AT BEDTIME JUNCTION.

"CHANGE cars for Dreamland!"

Boy roused up a little. He moved his hand and it touched the arm of the low rocker. He felt for his picture-book. It was gone. He thought it had dropped on the floor; still he did not open his eyes.

"Passengers for Dreamland, change cars."

Boy knew the voice; he wanted to answer; he tried to lift his head, but it was so heavy he could not move it. His lips parted, and, after a while, he said, "Wha-t?"

"This is the place where we change cars," said the voice. "It is Bedtime Junction. We reach here at seven fifty-nine. The gentleman called Mr. Charles Albert has taken the Dreamland car. I came back after you, and we must go at once."

Boy felt himself lifted by strong arms. The next he knew he was laid in a soft bed, and a soft hand was drawing a white sheet over him, while a soft voice said: "This is the Dreamland car. You do not change again till morning. I will let you know. I look after the passengers. I am the conductor."

Boy's eyes opened wide. "You're mamma!" he said.

Mamma kissed Boy's plump pink cheeks. His eyes closed again, and the Dreamland car moved on, carrying Boy, with a through ticket in his nightcap.

## HIS TROUBLE.

HE was between four and five years old. He was a chubby, good-natured, and healthy boy, and he had his troubles. He was creeping down the board walk toward home, blubbing as he came, and getting slower and slower as he neared home. Also his wailing increased in intensity.

As he stopped in front of the house he broke out in a wild cry that brought out the whole household. Ex-

planations were pumped out of him slowly. He had been sent to the grocery down the street with a nickel and an order for half a pound of gingersnaps. He transacted the business correctly and started back with the paper bag. Tempted, he nibbled at one, then ate it, and then another, and when he was a square away the last one was under his bib. Then the remorse and the crying. There's human nature for you!

## WHAT THE SPIDER SAID.

"I WAS spinning a web in the rose vine," said the spider, "and the little girl was sewing patchwork on the doorstep. Her thread knotted, her needle broke and her eyes were full of tears. 'I can't do it,' she said; 'I can't! I can't!'"

"Then her mother came and bade her look at me. Now, every time I spun a nice, silky thread and tried to fasten it from one branch to another the wind blew and tore it away.

"This happened many times; but at last I made one that did not break and fastened it close and spun other threads to join it. Then the mother smiled.

"What a patient spider!" she said.

"The little girl smiled too, and took up her work. And when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine and a square of beautiful patchwork on the step."

## CREAM TO BURN.

Two little girls were engaged in an animated discussion as to the merits of their respective homes.

"Well, anyway," said one little maiden in a triumphant tone, "you may have more bedrooms than we have, but we have more cream than you do. We have enough for our cereal every single morning."

"Pooh!" said the other, "that's nothing. We own a Jersey cow, and we get a whole cowful of cream twice every day."—*August Lippincott's.*

## THE KIND OF CHURCH IT WAS.

A YOUNG man and a young woman who were visiting a town in Michigan passed an engine-house which had a tower, making it look a little like a church. "Wonder what church that is," she inquired. To which he replied, after reading the sign, "Deluge, No. 3." "I guess it must be the Third Baptist."

## The Q. & A. Department.

Will some member of the sisterhood tell how to make a good cold cream?

If any feminine Nook reader will take a teacupful of melted sheep's tallow, half a cup of almond oil, which can be had at the drug store, and ought not to cost more than twenty cents, and a few drops of some perfume, it makes but little difference what, so the taste of the user is suited, these mixed will constitute as good a cold cream as you can buy anywhere. The tallow is melted, the oil thoroughly heated, the almond oil and perfume are to be put into the tallow and the whole mess-stirred with an egg-beater until it is cold. The result will be about a dollar's worth of the finest cold cream obtainable, and this may be used without fear of its containing any harmful ingredients.

✧

Are there ever any converts from Christianity to Judaism?

Yes, but they are comparatively rare. In talking with an intelligent Jew about this, he said that the practice was to persuade the Christian not to do it. He is told that his religion, the Christian, is an easy one, while that of Judaism is a hard one, and not easily complied with. Nevertheless it occasionally happens that a Christian turns Jew.

✧

How should a wedding invitation be got out?

The proper thing to do is to have a plate engraved according to some good form, and the invitations printed therefrom. This printing cannot be done at an ordinary printing office, and the work must be done where the plate is engraved. The same is true of visiting cards. While the engraver always returns the plate, it is useless except when used on a press especially adapted to the work.

✧

Will some sister tell me how to make rice jelly?

Take a teacup full of rice and boil it in a pint of water until the rice is thoroughly cooked, then pour the water off the rice and set it away where it will cool. On getting cold it will be a white jelly, very nutritious, and very good, if properly combined with other articles of food. The boiled rice may be used in any way desired.

✧

Where is the greatest rainfall?

It is thought to be at Greytown, Nicaragua, where there is a mean annual rainfall of two hundred and sixty inches.

I am afflicted with bashfulness, and while I know that it is foolish on my part, I would like to have the Nook give me some rule whereby I can overcome it.

Afflicted is the right word. The very best thing you can do is to tell your troubles to some really good and sensible woman, older than yourself, and have her take you in hand, and be governed by her instructions as to what to say and do. Any woman will be pleased with the reference of the matter to herself, and will help you in many ways. Go out into society as much as you can, and don't be afraid of people.

✧

Please settle this dispute for us. Is whitewash ever canned and sold?

Lime is sold in cans, and out of this whitewash is made. The actual whitewash has not been marketed, in cans, as far the Nook knows, though there are people who sell it. They are the professionals who keep it on hand, in bulk, for their work, and who will sell small quantities. Buying it ready made is common in the cities where no muss about the house is desired.

✧

Do Jews and Christians intermarry, and what is the result, usually?

Yes, they do sometimes intermarry, but it is discouraged in every way by the Jews, and ought to be by Christians. The result is mainly disastrous because of the radical racial differences, that will crop out in many ways.

✧

What does an architect get for the plans of a house?

The rule is five per cent of the cost, and it will vary greatly. Within reason the employment of an architect is a good thing.

✧

I have heard that a diamond cannot be broken with a hammer. Is it true?

A very light blow will break it into flinders. Don't think of trying it on a real stone.

✧

Who ever uses the complex recipes found in the daily papers?

Nobody that the writer ever knew. They seem put in the paper to fill it up.

✧

How thick is the atmosphere?

It is thought to extend about five hundred miles upward, though there is nothing sure about it.

✧

Who was Confucius?

A great Chinese teacher and philosopher, 551 B. C.



## LITERARY.

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON'S new romantic novel, called "The Blade That Won," is published complete in the September number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is replete with adventure and alive with tenderness. The assistance given a gentle maid in defending important papers introduces the hero to his love and the reader to them both without tiresome prelude. The tale is told with refreshing simplicity and directness and offers no temptation to take a nap between chapters.

Among contributors of short stories appears the name Mary Moss, whose novels, "Fruit Out of Season" and "Julian Meldohla," proved so popular. Her story is called "Miss Atherton's Wanderjahr" and treats on an unconventional incident in the life of a conventional New York society girl. It ends as such things do sometimes.

\* \* \*

## TRAIN SIGNALS.

ONE whistle signifies "down brakes."

Two whistles signify "off brakes."

Three whistles signify "back up."

Continued whistles signify "danger."

Rapid short whistles "a cattle alarm."

A sweeping parting of the hands on a level with the eye signifies "go ahead."

Downward motion of the hands with extended arms signifies "stop."

Beckoning motion of one hand, signifies "back."

Red flag waved up the track signifies "danger."

Red flag stuck up by the roadside signifies "danger ahead."

Red flag carried on a locomotive signifies "an engine following."

Red flag hoisted at a station is a signal to "stop."

Lanterns at night raised and lowered vertically is a signal to "start."

Lanterns swung at right angles across the track means "stop."

Lanterns swung in a circle signifies "back the train."

\* \* \*

## ODD ITEMS.

THERE are 2,754 languages.

America was discovered in 1492.

A square mile contains 640 acres.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

Telescopes were invented in 1590.

A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.

A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.

A barrel of pork weighs 256 pounds.

A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

A span is ten and seven eighths inches.

A hand (horse measure) is four inches.

Watches were first constructed in 1476.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.

The average human life is thirty-one years.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

Modern needles first came into use in 1545.

Space has a temperature of 200 degrees below zero.  
Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

\* \* \*

## A SHORTHAND LETTER.

A SMALL boy known to New York *Sun* was introduced by his teacher to the ditto mark.

Its labor-saving possibilities appealed to him and he soon found occasion to turn his knowledge to account. While away on a short visit he wrote to his father. The letter ran:

Dear Father:

I hope you are well.

" " mother is "

" " sister " "

" " Dick " "

" " grandmother is well.

" wish you were here.

" " mother was "

" " sister " "

" " Dick " "

" " grandmother was here.

" " you would send me some money.

Your affectionate son, Tom.

\* \* \*

## GROWTH OF THE BEARD.

ACCORDING to a Dublin scientist who has spent considerable time in making the necessary calculations, a man's beard grows on an average about three millimeters a week. At this rate it would increase in length about sixteen centimeters every year, and thus at the age of eighty-four a man who had never shaved would be equipped with a beard about twenty-seven feet in length.

\* \* \*

THE latest cure for internal cancer reported in England is a tablespoonful of molasses four or five times a day.

## Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—A brother, married or single, who would like to live in the coast country of Texas. A good opportunity to right party. Good church and school privileges. Address, *P. W. Peck, Marvel, Texas.*

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1903.

No. 37.

## GOOD COUNTRY TO LIVE IN.

The German emperor and I  
Within the self-same year were born,  
Beneath the self-same sky,  
Upon the self-same morn;  
A kaiser he, of high estate,  
And I the usual chance of fate.

His father was a prince; and mine—  
Why, just a farmer, that is all.  
Stars still are stars, although some shine.  
And some roll hid in midnight's pall;  
But argue, cavil all you can.  
My sire was just as good a man.

The German emperor and I  
Eat, drink and sleep the self-same way;  
For bread is bread, and pie is pie,  
And kings can eat but thrice a day.  
And sleep will only come to those  
Whose mouths and stomachs are not foes.

I rise at six and go to work,  
And he at five and does the same.  
We both have cares we cannot shirk;  
Mine are for loved ones; his for fame.  
He may live best, I cannot tell;  
I'm sure I wish the kaiser well.

I have a wife, and so has he;  
And yet, if pictures do not err,  
As far as human sight can see,  
Mine is by long odds twice as fair.  
Say, would I trade those eyes, dark brown?  
Not for an empress and her crown.

And so the emperor and I  
On this one point could ne'er agree;  
Moreover, we will never try.  
His frau suits him and mine suits me,  
And though his sons one day may rule,  
Mine stands A I in public school.

So let the kaiser have his sway,  
Bid kings and nations tumble down.  
I have my freedom and my say,  
And fear no ruler and his crown;  
For I, unknown to fame or war,  
Live where each man is emperor.

—Boston Globe.

## JUST A THOUGHT OR TWO.

*All is well that ends our way.*

✱

*Some people grow smaller every day.*

✱

*Making love is a game that sometimes results in a tie.*

✱

*The theater people believe in giving every man a show.*

✱

*The alarm clock is intended for the rising generation only.*

✱

*The seeds your Congressman sends you are intended to raise votes.*

✱

*The life governed by head and heart is sure to do something worth while.*

✱

*No matter how stupid a man may be, he is not prevented from giving advice.*

✱

*Stop crying over your spilt milk. Hustle around and get some more milk tickets.*

✱

*A good way to double the population is to grow more cucumbers and little apples.*

✱

*To be shortsighted as to the faults of others is an evidence of charity and diplomacy.*

✱

*What does it profit a man if he has the earth, so to speak, and doesn't read the Nook?*

✱

*If other people had as few faults as we have, what a good place this old world would be.*

✱

*An old proverb says, that you should be near the track when the train of opportunity passes. The Nook thinks you better be at the station when it stops.*



## A SUMMER IN GRAND VALLEY.

BY MRS. S. Z. SHARP.

COMING to Grand Valley in midsummer, from an extended visit in the East, I expected to find a striking contrast between this semi-arid region and the countries where moisture abounds. However I was not a little surprised to be greeted with a light shower, accompanied by thunder and lightning, as we drove from the station and four miles to the pleasant country place that was to be our home. Looking around eagerly to see what a dry country was like, I saw some pleasant homes with grassy lawns, green alfalfa fields, and most of all, orchards filled with trees of various kinds bending under their loads of fruit.

Water was rippling in the ditches by the roadside, which in many places were bordered with the fragrant sweet clover with its beautiful white blossoms, the great bee pasture of this valley, and tall shade trees. All these gave the same impression of the beauty of summer that I had enjoyed elsewhere. Farther on I had my first view of the desert with its peculiar vegetation, and the solemn silence brooding over it, while in the distance the background of mountains, with the wonderful, everchanging forms and colorings thrown upon them by sunshine and shadow, appealed to the imagination and threw a halo of romance over the scene. One somehow feels that they are peopled by the shades of the Red Man who once held sway and found pleasant camping grounds in the sheltered canyons beside the Grand river.

The sun shines every day, yet there is no continuous heat. Light clouds are always floating over the valley or along the mountain tops. Even when it rains the sun shines, for summer rains are always local, and heavy thunderstorms, common east of the mountains, are very rare here. Storms are of frequent occurrence in the mountains and bring cool breezes to the valley, in fact it is always cool in the shade out of doors.

One would naturally expect more dust in a country that must be irrigated than where there is much rainfall. Much depends upon the nature of the soil. Frequent light rains, during the present summer, have kept us comparatively free from the annoyance of dust.

The light, dry air and the coolness of the atmosphere are perhaps the most noticeable features of this climate, and have the most marked effect upon the newcomer from a lower altitude and moister atmosphere. The effect upon a healthy person is a buoyancy of spirit and increased physical energy, while the invalid usually acquires tone and vigor and is often, especially in pulmonary affections, restored to comparative health.

The great quantity and variety of fruit grown here,

in connection with other products, makes the summer a busy season for men and women, boys and girls. Labor is in demand and many women and girls find profitable employment in gathering and packing fruit. This is nice work, and all seem to like it. Great care is required in assorting and packing, and the training in carefulness and skill acquired by those engaged in the work is itself of great value. The summer program is not complete without including a trip to the mountains, or, at least, a day or two off to some mountain stream with a fishing party. When there is a lull in the fruit harvest a number of families join and all who can be spared, old and young, are off for a week or more to the higher altitude of the Mesas, where, toil and care behind, they hunt for game and fish for trout in the numerous small lakes, or in quiet contemplation drink in inspiration from the heights and all return to the valley refreshed by the change.

*Fruita, Colorado.*

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**"WANTED."**

PROBABLY every reader has read the advertisements of "Wanted" in the columns of the city papers. A great many have written the advertisers, to be nearly always disappointed. It is doubtful whether anything worth while is to be had in that way. The world is full of people who want places and when there is anything worth having, about the last thing the party who has the place to offer does, is to give the matter publicity. He would soon be overrun. Very frequently people of little morality advertise in the papers in such a way as to lead the innocent to invest their money in a petty business, if it is not an open trap. In order to show the character of some of these advertisements, the INGLENOOK took a newspaper containing some of the most promising of them and addressed a letter to each one, requesting them to state what they had. The body of the advertisement and the replies that came to our letters are appended. Our object is to show that the usual want advertisement is a snare and even is not worth looking after, and you will save your money and your patience by accepting what we have done for you here and not try to get a place through the advertisements of the city papers.

The first one we took up was an advertisement for agents for a large corporation, for the purpose of organizing and selling a part of its stock. The advertisement said that anyone would receive at least ten dollars a day in addition to large cash prizes. The answer shows that you are wanted to sell nursery stock at \$3.00 per share, the company getting half and you the other half. In truth it is simply a nursery advertisement.

The next advertisement offered to pay from \$2,000 to \$5,000 a year and furnish the plans and the capital, and guaranteed success. This showed up as a fire extinguisher and they agreed to furnish everything including the samples, etc., for \$15. In other words, instead of your getting a \$5,000 position you sent them \$15 to start with.

The next advertisement stated that from \$12 to \$20 weekly could easily be made knitting seamless hosiery. The idea of the advertisement was that you work for them and they pay you a salary. The actual facts are that you pay \$30 for one of the knitting machines, and then take your chances.

The next advertisement guaranteed \$20 a week, free samples and exclusive territory, etc. This turned out to be a washing machine and the sample was only \$6.

The next offer in the paper was for a \$5,000-a-year manager. This turned out to be a Mercantile Agency in which you drummed up business for them and then you took half and the company the other half.

The next stated plainly that they wanted agents to sell nursery stock and they paid a salary. This salary turned out to be a commission of 30 per cent, and no commission is advanced until the orders amounted to \$25.

The next stated plainly that you were wanted to sell a polish. This involved your sending in money for samples.

The next was a direct appeal to the unemployed who want positions. The answer showed that the party was required to pay the sum of \$5.00 as subscription to a paper that is said to contain advertised opportunities, for a year, or until the position was accepted. In addition to this the party agrees to give 5 per cent of the first year's salary. That means \$5.00 to start with and take your chances for the future.

The next was an advertisement for stenographers and typewriters in the government service. Salary \$900 and \$1,200 in the very start. This proved to be a Correspondence School in ambush.

The next offer was for a man to solicit and distribute merchandise samples, and advertising. This was a package and delivery business with a charge of one dollar cash and the other in work. It was a little vague, but the dollar was a sure thing.

The next had a vacancy as manager with a golden salary. This vacancy turned out to be a chance to sell jewelry for them which you bought from them and paid well for it.

It will be seen from the above that instead of getting a position, practically all of them called for a remittance of money to begin with, and evidently all you will get out of any of them you will work for on a commission basis, and in very many cases it is extremely doubtful whether or not the advertiser ever expects to hear from you again after you have made

your first remittance. As stated above, our object is to show the average Inklenooker in search of something to do that about the poorest place in the world to hunt for it is among the advertisements in the press, setting forth their desires for managers, salaried agents, etc.

These advertisements were selected with reference to their brilliant offers, and that the answers were printed and the only original writing on them was simply the name of the party to whom the stuff was sent. Most of them are traps for the unwary.

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#### DOG FOOLED HIS MISTRESS.

THIS dog learned a thing or two very quickly. A family in Tiffin, Ohio, had moved from the old home, but rented the house, furnished throughout, the new tenant being an elderly lady. For some reason the family dog was "let" with the furniture. Now the new occupant of the house liked to sit in a particularly comfortable chair in the parlor, but as the dog was also as fond of the chair she frequently found him in possession. Being rather afraid of the dog she did not dare to drive him out, and therefore used to go to the window and call: "Cats." The dog would then rush to the window and the lady would calmly take possession of the chair. One day the dog entered the room and found the lady in possession. He trotted to the window and barked excitedly. The lady got up to see what was the matter, and the dog instantly seated himself in the chair.

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COROT, the painter, used to give needy artists pictures which he had painted, telling them that if they knew how to bargain they might get for them twelve francs each at a dealer's. One of these paintings was sold lately for twelve thousand francs and another for forty-six thousand francs.

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THE only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing Christ's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreadful duty before the chill comes on.—*Rutherford.*

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I HOLD not with the pessimist that all things are ill, nor with the optimist that all things are well. All things are not ill and all things are not well but all things shall be well, because this is God's world.—*Robert Browning.*

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THERE is no one hour that has not its births of gladness and despair, no morning brightness that does not bring new sickness and desolation as well as new forces to genius and love.—*George Eliot.*



### THE MAKING OF A LEAD PENCIL.

THE principal raw materials that enter into the making of a lead pencil are graphite, clay, cedar and rubber.

Although graphite occurs in comparatively abundant quantities in many localities, it is rarely of sufficient purity to be available for pencil making. Oxides of iron, silicates and other impurities are found in the ore, all of which must be carefully separated to insure a smooth, serviceable material. The graphites found in Eastern Siberia, Mexico, Bohemia, and Ceylon are principally used by manufacturers. The graphite, as it comes from the mines, is broken into small pieces, the impure particles being separated by hand. It is then finely divided in large pulverizers and placed in tubs of water, so that the lighter particles of graphite float off from the heavier particles of impurities. This separating, in the cheaper grades, is also done by means of centrifugal machines, but the results are not as satisfactory. After separation the graphite is filtered through filter-presses.

The clay, after having been subjected to a similar process, is placed in mixers with the graphite, in proportions dependent upon the grade of hardness that is desired. A greater proportion of clay produces a greater degree of hardness; a lesser proportion increases the softness.

Furthermore, the requisite degree of hardness is obtained by the subsequent operation, viz., the compressing of the lead and shaping it into form ready to be glued into the wood casings. A highly compressed lead will produce a pencil of greater wearing qualities, an important feature in a high-grade pencil. Hydraulic presses are used for this purpose; and the mixture of clay and graphite, which is still in a plastic condition and has been formed into loaves, is placed into these presses. The presses are provided with a die conforming to the caliber of the lead desired, through which die the material is forced. The die is usually cut from a sapphire or emerald or other very hard mineral substance, so that it will not wear away too quickly from the friction of the lead. The lead leaves the press in one continuous string which is cut into the lengths required (usually seven inches for the ordinary size of pencil), placed in crucibles, and fired in muffle furnaces. The lead is now ready for use, and receives only a wooden case to convert it into a pencil.

The wood used in pencil making must be close and straight grained, soft so that it can readily be whittled, and capable of taking a good polish. No better wood has been found than the red cedar (*Juniperus virginiana*), a native of the United States, a durable, compact and fragrant wood, to-day almost exclusively used by pencil makers the world over. The best qual-

ity is obtained from the Southern States, Florida and Alabama in particular. Eberhard Faber established his first cedar mill in Cedar Keys, Florida, in the early sixties, whence he supplied his own demand and exported considerable quantities to European manufacturers.

The wood is cut into slats about seven inches long, two and one-half inches wide, and one quarter inch thick. It is then thoroughly dried in kilns to separate the excess of moisture and resin and to prevent subsequent warping. After this the slats are passed through automatic grooving machines each slat receiving six semi-circular grooves into which the leads are placed, while a second slat with similar grooves is brushed with glue and covered over the slat containing the leads. This is passed through a molding-machine which turns out pencils shaped in the form desired, round, hexagon, etc. The pencils are now passed through sanding machines to provide them with a smooth surface.

After sandpapering, which is a necessary preliminary to the coloring process, when fine finishes are desired, the pencils are varnished by one of several methods. That most commonly employed is the mechanical method by which the pencils are fed from hoppers one at a time through small apertures just large enough to admit the pencil. The varnish is applied to the pencil automatically while passing through and the pencils are then deposited on a long belt or drying pan. They are carried slowly a distance of about twenty feet, the varnish deposited on the pencils meanwhile drying, and are emptied into a receptacle. When sufficient pencils have accumulated, they are taken back to the hopper of the machine and the operation repeated. This is done as often as is necessary to produce the desired finish. The better grades are passed through ten times or more. Another method is that of dipping in pans of varnish, the pencils being suspended by their ends from frames, immersed their entire length and withdrawn very slowly by machine. A smooth enameled effect is the result. The finest grades of pencils are polished by hand. This work requires considerable deftness; months of practice are necessary to develop a skilled workman. After being varnished, the pencils are passed through machines by which the accumulation of varnish is sandpapered from their ends. The ends are then trimmed by very sharp knives to give them a clean, finished appearance.

Stamping is the next operation. The gold or silver leaf is cut into narrow strips and laid on the pencil, whereupon the pencil is placed in a stamping press, and the heated steel die brought in contact with the leaf, causing the latter to adhere to the pencil where the letters of the die touch. The surplus leaf is removed, and, after a final cleaning, the pencil is ready

to be boxed, unless it is to be further embellished by the addition of a metal tip and rubber, or other attachment.

In this country about nine-tenths of the pencils are provided with rubber erasers. These are either glued into the wood with the lead, or the pencils are provided with small metal ferrules threaded on one end, into which the rubber eraser-plugs are inserted. These ferrules are made from sheet brass, which is cupped by means of power presses, drawn through subsequent operations into tubes of four or five inch lengths, cut to the required size, threaded and nickel-plated. Eberhard Faber has a large number of these presses which are continually operated for this purpose alone. The rubber plugs used in these pencils are but one of many rubber products (erasers, bands and the like) made in the E. Faber factory in Newark. These articles are all made from pure Para gum, which is thoroughly



J. S. KUNS' ORANGE PACKING HOUSE, CALIFORNIA.

masticated in huge, powerful masticating machines, then cured, mixed with sulphur and the necessary ingredients to add to its erasive qualities, and vulcanized. The rubber is molded, and in some cases cut, to the required sizes.—*Scientific American*.

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#### BOGUS SILVER.

A BANK cashier of long experience stated recently that fully one-half of the silver dollars in everyday circulation were counterfeit. He declared that as there was only a little more than fifty cents' worth of silver in a dollar, counterfeiters were making them of the exact purity and fineness of dollars coined by the government. The bank clerk said that the makers were clearing about twenty-five cents upon each dollar made. This story went the rounds of the newspapers and was believed by most people.

Thomas R. McManus, the government's secret service operator, whose business is to know all about counterfeit money, said:

"I read that statement when it was printed. It was too ridiculous for serious attention by experts, but as it was believed by a great many people it might be worth while to say that of every 100,000 silver dollars in circulation not more than one is a counterfeit with any percentage of silver in it. It is true that a man could make a dollar with the same amount of silver in it that the government puts in and make a good profit on it if he could pass it, and many people wonder why it is not done more than it is.

"The reason is very simple. All government coins are stamped out of sheets of cold metal. This gives the coin a clearness and sharpness of line that could never be approached in a coin made of molten metal run in a mold. An expert can tell at a glance a coin that has been run in a mold, because the metal does not fill out the lines and corners. So, as a proposition, your successful counterfeiter of coins must first set up machinery that would stamp the coins out of cold metal.

"A plant of this kind would cost so many thousands of dollars that no man with that much money would think of investing it in so risky a business. That is preventative No. 1. The second is that such machinery in operation, if located in a city, would shake the building and be so noisy that it would soon be discovered. It would be out of the question to operate such a plant in the country, of course. Inquisitive people would soon nose it out, and the government's operators would soon pounce upon it. So, in brief, I've told you why the bank cashier's story was a very silly one. You can add, to give it further effect, that an expert can detect a counterfeit silver coin the moment he sees and touches it."

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#### POISONED BULLETS.

THE microbes of lockjaw or of other diseases, the venom of snakes, the virus of smallpox or the vegetable poisons may be successfully conveyed upon bullets from muskets or revolvers. Neither the heat nor the friction in firing destroys them, whether they are on the ball, in the powder, in the wad or smeared within the gun barrel. In the powder they are carried on unburnt grains, which make up 40 per cent in every charge of powder exploded.

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THE first newspaper was published in England in 1588.

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MEASURE 209 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.

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UNTIL 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand-spinning wheel.



## ABOUT RADIUM.

RADIUM is a new metal which has been discovered by Prof. and Madame Curie, and, in some respects it is the most marvelous thing of its kind ever found. One of its peculiarities is the fact that it emits particles of itself, shooting them out into space at the rate of 92,500 miles per second, and even this is considered a small estimate of the rapidity with which its particles penetrate space. The most powerful microscope could not detect its particles, nor could centuries of emanation from a single gram of it apparently lessen the quantity or weight of this small amount.

Nobody has ever yet seen radium in its pure state. It has always been found thus far in combination with other materials, usually with pitchblende, a mineral which is found deep in the earth. Most of it comes



BRETHREN CHURCH, LORDSBURG, CALIFORNIA.

from a mine in Bohemia. Its price is about \$10,000 a gram. It may be that there are large quantities stored under the earth somewhere, but, if there should be such a deposit, the man who found it would not live to tell the tale. Prof. Curie says that a person entering a room, containing a pound of it, would be blinded. A small particle of radium salt sealed in a glass tube and placed in a pasteboard box tied to Prof. Curie's arm for an hour and a half produced suppurating sores that did not heal for over three months. Consider what would happen a man who would blunder on a lump as big as his head. It is thought that the emanations from radium, and substances of like nature, go to account for the aurora borealis, and it also has a very close connection with electricity, if indeed it be not electricity itself.

Prof. Curie has also discovered that the atom is not the smallest unit of mechanical and chemical composition. He reasons that there are a certain number of corpuscles in each atom, and an atom of gold contains 196,000 corpuscles, and if it were possible to put

the 196,000 corpuscles together, one would have an atom of gold. It may be that in the end we will be able to realize the alchemist's dream of transmuting baser metals into more valuable ones. Small as an atom is, the corpuscles that go to compose it are jumping about and are in a continual motion, colliding with one another and shooting off at tangents. They are kept from escaping from their atom by something like gravitation, which keeps the earth together. Great numbers of these corpuscles are also being lost from their atoms and are being exchanged with those of other planets. It is now understood among scientific men that matter is continually passing between the worlds.

Thus we understand that the breaking up of atoms and particles is not confined to radium, but is universal, and is in operation wherever there is electricity, and it is not hard for him, who is able to pursue a scientific line of thought, to associate it with the idea of making worlds and the reassembling of units of other worlds having other conditions than those we know about.

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## SLEEP AN ESSENTIAL.

A WRITER in *Ainslee's Magazine*, speaking of sleep, says that loss of sleep is sure death if kept up long enough.

A person absolutely without sleep for nine days will die. Sufferers of insomnia sometimes maintain that they have gone for weeks without sleeping, but it has been proved that they do sleep without being aware of it. At a certain point sleep is inevitable, no matter what the bodily condition, the alternative being death. Prisoners have slept on the rack of the inquisition. And the Chinese found that only the greatest ingenuity and vigilance could carry out a sentence of death by sleeplessness.

This mode of capital punishment was long in favor in China, and is said to be so to-day, while, as a form of torture, deprivation of sleep is considered one of the most efficacious weapons in the Chinese judicial arsenal. In some such cases the prisoner is kept in a cage, too small to stand up or lie down in, and constantly prodded with a sharp rod. Death by starvation, also a Chinese punitive method, is a slower process, and therefore, one would think, more calculated to appeal to the oriental mind, if it were not that death by sleeplessness is thought so much more painful. In the latter case the brain is the first affected of all the organs of the body, while in the case of starvation the brain longest retains its normal weight and character.

A corresponding mode of taming wild elephants is said to be depriving the animals of sleep when first caught. In a few days they become comparatively

spiritless and harmless. The brain of the elephant is held to be more highly developed than that of any other wild animal, but, of course, as compared with a human brain, can be easily fatigued by new impressions, and so made very dependent on sleep. The wild elephant in his native jungle, however, is said to sleep very little—a further point for the theory of the universal ratio of sleep to intelligence. A man taken out of his habitat and placed in conditions which he never could have imagined—if transported to Mars, say—would doubtless need an extraordinary amount of sleep at first. There is the almost parallel case of a German boy, Casper Hauser, who, up to the age of eighteen, was kept in one room where he had no intercourse with human beings, or sight of any natural object, not even the sky. At eighteen he was brought to Nuremberg and abandoned in the street. For the first few months of his life among men he slept almost constantly, and so soundly that it was very hard to wake him.

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#### WHERE KINGS ARE COMMON.

KINGS are very common in the Indian territory. In fact, they are so common that no attention is paid to them and their movements excite no comment whatever. In the Creek country alone there are twenty-five real kings. Nero Drew is a fair sample of them. Each one has a kingdom to look after and it keeps him busy doing it.

The title does not descend from father to son as it does in the effete European monarchies. The Indians elect their own kings. The tenure of office is two years. However, whenever an Indian is chosen king and serves his people well he is usually re-elected without opposition. Some of the old kings in the Creek nation have been at the head of their kingdoms for forty years or more. Nero Drew has been a king for thirty-six years.

The Creek nation is divided into twenty-five towns, which is about the same as a township in the state. Each town has a king, whose duty it is to look after the Indians of his town. He has no power to spend their money or to command them to do anything. His powers are somewhat paternal. He looks after the sick and sees that they have medical attention. He cares for the poor and decrepit. When any of his subjects are in trouble he gives them fatherly advice and frequently appeals to the Federal authorities to show them mercy. He advises with his subjects of all matters pertaining to their interests. In truth, he is their worldly adviser. Sometimes he is their spiritual adviser also, for occasionally the Indians elect a preacher as king.

Indian kings are not very well compensated. They get no salary. It is a labor of love with them. The

only possible show they have of getting any money out of the office is through boodling at elections. In this respect the Indians are not behind the times. They boodle the same as other people. Elections sometimes come high to the candidates. Town kings are usually quite influential among the people of their kingdom and they command a fairly good price for their influence at elections. Some, however, are mixed bloods.—*Kansas City Journal*.

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#### MOST NOTED MEN.

A COLUMBUS professor with a thirst for information has been searching the six principal encyclopedias of the world—American, English, French and German—to discover what great persons of history have been given the most space. Napoleon heads the list, Shakespeare is in close second, Mahomet comes third.



BRETHREN CHURCH, GLENDORA, CALIFORNIA.

A GENTLEMAN traveling in Canada had occasion to stop with some friends for supper. One of them had succeeded in securing a wild turkey, which was enjoyed by the whole party. The point we wish to bring out in connection therewith is that the gentleman saw the INGLENOOK Cook Book in the shack, which was doing duty in King Edward's Domain, as well as in thousands and thousands of our own homes.

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A FORGIVENESS ought to be like a cancelled note, torn in two and burned up, so that it never can be shown against the man.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

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THE unveiling of the Wagner memorial at Berlin will take place on October 1, and the musical fetes in connection therewith will last for four days.

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The national colors of the United States were adopted by Congress in 1777.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## BIRDS SING ON THE WING.

THE songs of all birds gain in beauty when they are uttered on the wing. They seem to be delivered with more abandon and greater volume. The water thrush's first cousin, the oven bird, furnishes a striking example of this. His ordinary song consists of a repetition of the same note hammered out with a constant crescendo. Very effective it is, too, as a part of the general music of the forest, though lacking individual attractiveness on account of the monotony of its iteration. But when the bird rises above the treetops and descends after the fashion of the indigo bird to an accompaniment of scattered notes he takes far higher rank as a performer.

Not always, however, does he require the exhilaration and inspiration of an aerial toboggan to cause him to abandon his plain chant for a more florid song. I have heard him sing the latter perched on a grapevine not two feet above the ground. And as if to show that he did not reserve his superior powers for special occasions, he mingled it with his plain chant and ended with the song, and sometimes reversing this order. I love to see the oven bird on the ground. There is such a ludicrous assumption of dignity on his part as he strides about the stage, never for a moment forgetting himself so far as to hop. There is the same even, measured steadiness about his movement that there is in his chant. It is only when he launches himself into the effervescing song that he forgets his staid demeanor.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.



## BULLFINCH AND CANARY.

THAT a bullfinch can be trained to pipe a whole tune, or more, to perfection—that is to say, do it, so far as intonation and rhythm are concerned, as well as any skilled musician—everybody knows. It is also a fact, though perhaps less common, that a canary, placed in an adjoining room and hearing the tune of such a piping bullfinch over and over again, may, quite by himself, *i. e.*, without being trained for it, acquire the same accomplishment to the minutest detail.

My sister possesses an old bullfinch which pipes, among other tunes, "God Save the King" beautifully, even embellishing it now and then with some charming little grace notes, says a writer in *Nature*. For some time he was the only bird in the house, until, about a year ago, my sister received the present of a canary

bird, a lovely but untrained songster, singing, as they say in Germany, "as his beak was grown."

The cages containing the two birds stood in two adjoining rooms. At first one of the birds would be silent when the other was singing. Gradually, however, the young canary bird began to imitate the tune of the bullfinch, trying more and more of it at a time, until after nearly a year's study he had completely mastered it and could pipe it quite independently by himself. As I said before, this, in a canary bird, though a rare accomplishment, is nothing extraordinary or unheard of.

When the bullfinch, as sometimes happened, would, after the first half of the tune, stop a little longer than the rhythm of the melody warranted, the canary would take up the tune where the bullfinch had stopped and properly finish it.



## BIRDS AS TREE PLANTERS.

THAT birds perform an important part in the economy of nature is well known to every person even superficially acquainted with ornithology. An old-time Arizona wood chopper says the blue jays have planted thousands of the trees now growing all over in Arizona. He says these birds have a habit of burying small seeds in the ground with their beaks and that they frequent pine trees and bury large numbers of the small pine nuts in the ground, many of which sprout and grow.

He was walking through the pines with an eastern man, a short time ago, when one of these birds flew from a tree to the ground, stuck his bill into the earth and quickly flew away. When told what happened, the eastern man was skeptical, but the two went to the spot and with a knife blade dug out a sound pine nut from a depth of about an inch and a half. Thus it will be seen that nature has her own plan for forest perpetuation.



## KING SNAKE AND WATER MOCCASIN.

"Two years ago," says a writer in the *Scientific American*, "it was my good fortune to witness a combat between a king snake and a water moccasin. I was attracted to the scene by a negro laborer. When I reached the spot I found the snakes coiled together in a pool of water, the king snake gripping his enemy with the tip of his tail just back of the head. It was clearly his intention to drown the moccasin. For the

purpose of taking a photograph I lifted the struggling, writhing serpents to a rock. Just before I took my photograph the king snake pulled the moccasin's head in the exact position he wished and quickly stretched his jaws over it. Thoughtlessly enough, I put the snakes back into the water, thinking that the king snake would also drown. Very soon, however, he left the pool, stretched his victim straight out before him and leisurely began to swallow him. In my effort to take another photograph he was frightened away. Both snakes were nearly the same size, being about three and a half feet in length."

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#### WHERE MAN IS DEFICIENT.

UNTIL recently a majority of the scientists have been reluctant to admit that a number of the lower animals possibly possess other senses than ours. So much new and undeniably affirmative evidence is, however, now being offered on this point that there can be no longer any substantial reason for doubting that the five senses man imperfectly exercises are by no means all that are possible to sentient creatures.

One such sense not possessed by human beings, but to a greater or less degree almost universally present in mammals, birds, reptiles, fish and insects, is what, perhaps, may be called the sense of localization. It enables its possessor, apparently by its sole use, to find the desired spot. It is evidently closely connected with an instinctive and perfect memory of distance and direction. That the homing pigeon exercises it to some extent, though undoubtedly aided by the landmarks it recognizes, is indisputable; that the honey-bee has it in its fullness and perfection cannot, after the careful experiments of Albrecht Bethe, in Germany, be doubted.

Examples of insects that possess an X-ray sense, not only among continental but our own hymenoptera, can be multiplied indefinitely. Only one or two of these senses peculiar to the lower animals are here noticed. Lord Avebury suggests that "there may be fifty of them."

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#### A DAINTY SNAKE.

THERE is a curious snake in South Africa that lives wholly upon bird's eggs. It has no teeth or signs of teeth in the mouth, its whole dental array being located in the stomach. Buckland says that they are not true teeth, but that they serve all purposes. They grow from the center of each vertebra. They pass through the walls of the stomach and are covered with enamel, just like true teeth. This is nature's provision for breaking eggs without running the risk of losing the precious contents, as would be the case if this egg-eating serpent had its teeth in the proper

place. When the egg is safely inside, the abdominal walls contract and crush it against that long row of vertebral teeth.

\* \* \*

#### SEEING THE OCEAN'S BED.

SIGNOR PINO, the Genoese engineer whose hydro-scope, which, it is said, enables persons to see the bed of the sea, was recently experimented with in the Mediterranean, said in an interview recently that his invention would allow a clear view over an area of several thousand square yards at a depth of from four hundred to five hundred yards. Signor Pino was reticent in regard to the construction of his instrument, but stated that he was able to see fish, plants, crustacea and other objects even of the smaller size.

\* \* \*

#### WHY A DOG TURNS AROUND.

A DOG turns round several times before lying down simply because his far-away progenitors did it in order to make a bed in the grass or the snow. In placing his nose on his paws he is doing what those same progenitors did to keep their nostrils protected. In the careful cleaning of her fur the modern cat imitates her remote ancestors, which were able in this way to remove odors likely to betray their presence to their enemies and to the animals they were hunting.

\* \* \*

#### HORRIBLE.

DUMB animals are skinned alive in certain parts of Russia, because the skin of the live animal is considered superior for manufacturing purposes. This has been suspected and has just been proved. At a certain tannery in Komotoff is a cage which is kept filled with live dogs. By means of an apparatus the unfortunate creatures are flayed alive. The same process is used to skin horses.

\* \* \*

#### DISAPPOINTED DUCKS.

THE absence of water, owing to the great drought, led a flight of ducks at Cobar, New South Wales, to make a strange mistake. They were seen to descend on to the shiny surface of a galvanized iron roof and make desperate efforts to swim.

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#### HUGE COLORADO BEDS OF PEAS.

THE beds of peas in Colorado sometimes include as many as 2,000 acres and there is one bed exceeding in size 2,500 acres.



# THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

## OUR DOGS.

If you see a little doggie running up and down the town,  
With a pretty silky coat and eyes and ears of brown,

He's mine!

But if you see a doggie with a coat and tail awry,  
With a very wicked glare in his very hungry eye,

He's thine!

✱ ✱ ✱

## THE INEVITABLE.

In this life we often see vast differences between people, ourselves and others, if you will, and we are set to wondering why these variations exist. One man is ground down by the bitterest poverty, another is in luxurious idleness. Sometimes we can explain these conditions, and oftener than not, we let them go as one of the mysteries of existence. When we run this line of thought out of the merely commercial side of it, into the personal, the changed and changing conditions are still more marked, and often we wonder why it is so. Occasionally our faith is shaken, and the weaker vessels go to pieces on the rocks of unbelief.

Now let us take a common instance or two. Here are two families, side by side, and one is blessed with riotous health, and the other is afflicted with sickness, and the hearse often stands in front of the house. Our neighbors' children run wild, and our own die off. What is the reason? Or, what sometimes happens is still more heartrending. The mother making a brave fight against seemingly adverse circumstances, is called away, leaving a family of helpless children to the mercy of surroundings. Why is it so? Honestly, with no attempt at explaining the inexplicable, the

INGLENOOK does not understand it. In fact nobody does, no matter what pretensions are made along that line.

The plaint that we do not see why others are more favored is a common one. Yet the spirit back of it has a remedy, and the Nook will endeavor to point it out. It is a sure thing, what is here said, and it is well to consider it. It is worth while, in the language of the Nook.

One remedy is in remembering the hard facts of life as they might be. There is nobody so situated, with reference to hardship, who may not congratulate himself that there are other limitations and misfortunes that might "come over him," a great deal worse than the present trouble. Are you blind? You might be deaf. Are you both deaf and blind? You might be a helpless cripple in addition. And so on, and so on. In fact there is no bottom to the sea of affliction, and no person has fathomed the possible depths. In front of the building where this is being written is a good street, and for a mile along it, on either side dwell people who have, each his own troubles, each his pet misfortunes, and each puts forth his wail, that he has the hard and the heavy end of things. About a mile out, at the end of the street, is the Hospital for the Insane, and there are hundreds there, tempest-tossed, unknowing, and the raving. What are the troubles of the street people to that condition?

Then there is another remedy, and happy is he who can apply it. It is that of religious philosophy. The inevitable is right. What is, and is beyond our control, is for a good. It is the case of the vessels of different purpose. Shall the crystal bowl that holds the roses overawe and lord it over the earthen bowl that is to hold the refuse of the banquet? Not so! Each has its place, and it is not the place that determines moral values, but how well we serve that place and intent. The good Lord who made both will reward not according to the complaining, but according to the loving service rendered by each.

The INGLENOOK does not want to teach that it is inevitable that rules, but it does emphatically want to point forth that what can not be helped, must not only be endured, but should be regarded as a guest to be made the most of under the circumstances. It all means something, which none of us understands, but which will be cleared up when we are able to look over the loom and see the figure woven into the fabric of life. We will then see why we were placed as we were, and that though we were perhaps only a black spot, we were still necessary to the whole. Yes, the inevitable and the uncontrollable are right, and the sooner we take up our burden uncomplainingly, and do the work

that is nearest our hand to do, the better for all of us, and for the completion of the play of which we are part. God lives, and He knows, and Faith that sees dimly now will, in the end know that, hard and ill as it was, it was right.

\* \* \*

#### THE MAGELSSSEN AFFAIR.

LAST week word came from Beirut, Syria, that United States Consul Magelssen had been fired at and killed. Later telegrams say that he has been fired upon and not hit. Immediately the authorities at Washington took the matter up, and warships have been ordered to the port and there is trouble ahead for the Sultan, it having happened in Turkish jurisdiction.

In explanation for the Nook family let it be said that a representative of a government in an official position, such as Minister, or Consul, occupies a peculiar relation to the government to which he is accredited. If he is injured or killed by personal violence the government is responsible, and there is no surer road to trouble than to allow it. The government is supposed to be able to protect the officials of other governments living with them. In case of a killing, or evident intention to kill, the country aggrieved takes it upon itself to have the matter settled. That Magelssen was not killed does not alter the situation very much. This government will demand of the Sultan that the criminals be arrested and punished. If this is not done then the United States minister will pack up and come home, which is an equivalent to a declaration of war. Then there may be a straight out war, or some Turkish ports may be seized by this country, and held till satisfaction is made. The regular way out of the trouble is for Turkey to apologize, punish the criminal, pay an indemnity, and salute the American flag. No other country will interfere in the adjustment. The Sultan is tricky and unreliable, and owing to European complications of a political character is not held to a very strict account. This time he is against real trouble and he will probably be wise enough to straighten all out at once. Otherwise he will get a taste of American methods.

\* \* \*

#### THE PRIZE FIGHT.

A FEW weeks ago there was a big prize fight on account of which much interest was manifested. It is useless to deny the interest, and it extends from the lowest social grade to the highest. It is not Christian, it is not even civilization. It is a survival of the natural brute that is in us. Back in the old days when our ancestors sallied out from the home cave with a big stone tied to a stick to do

battle with either the cave bear, or the neighbor he might meet, down to the present, there has been more or less of the animal in us, and not even a thousand years of so-called culture has eliminated it. Let a street fight be started between either men or dogs, or both, and a crowd will spring out of the very dust.

The remedy lies in a more complete assimilation of the doctrine of peace, and the practices of the Judean peasant. When people have become Christians there will be no more interest in a prize fight, for it will be an impossibility that it should occur. A good many people of the world make the mistake of imagining that with the non-combatant there is necessarily a lack of the strenuousness that goes to make the world better for our having lived in it. A man need not strike his fellow-man to turn him from the error of his ways. Love will conquer, though it is freely confessed that the time when the practice will be universal is not even in sight.

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#### IMMIGRATION.

BRO. J. A. WEAVER writes the INGLENOOK a letter from the northwest, urging members to come west and settle in the new country and help develop the weak churches. He says that he has noticed that where members isolate themselves it is often the case that they drift away from the fold. This is certainly true in cases. He also says that it is a pretty sure thing that the poor man in search of a home will find it to his advantage to move to the west where there are better chances.

His main object in writing is, he says, to enter a protest against the isolation of members, and urging them to locate so that they can be of service and help to one another, all of which is good sense and worthy of consideration.

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#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

It will be seen by the Nook reader that this issue, in a pictorial way, runs to California churches. These pictures were taken by Mr. George McDonaugh, of the Union Pacific Railroad and by him sent to the Nook for publication. We use them for the purpose of giving the reader a better idea of what the Pacific coast churches are like. From some of them, notably, Covina church, one can see orange groves out of every window on all sides. The good people of California are just the same as those found in the east and, outside of the climate, oranges, etc., one would not know that he was far away from home when he visited California. Not all of the churches in California are shown in this issue, but all that we had access to are presented.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## GENERAL.

A very large ledge of valuable gold ore has been discovered at Oaxaca, Mexico.

They have the yellow fever down in Mexico, between Monterey and Tampico.

The bullfrog farm at Kutztown, Pa., is a failure. The frogs refused to live on noodle diet.

The peach crop of the country is unusually heavy this year, and the fruit is of good quality.

A terrific storm in the neighborhood of Marshalltown, Iowa, practically ruined the corn crop.

A disastrous railway accident near Udine, Italy, resulted in the death of twenty people and eighty injured.

A boiler blew up at the Illinois Steel Co., South Chicago, Aug. 28th. One man was killed and a number hurt.

Fort Crook city, seven miles south of Omaha, is completely under water. The flood was caused by a cloudburst.

Tons and tons of glowing liquid lava are being poured out from Vesuvius. The scene is said to be terrifying but magnificent.

The Turkish war in Macedonia has reached the limits of barbarism. Neither age nor sex counts in the sacrifices made.

And now comes a German professor who says that eating oysters induces insanity and suicide or both, and appears to prove his case.

The people in the suburbs of Chicago are having trouble with mad dogs that are allowed to run at large. A number of persons have been bitten.

Miss Mary Tyler Sturgis, a well-known society woman of St. Paul, Minn., will enter a monastery, taking the vows of the novitiate.

Thieves in Chicago deliberately shot down three men without a word in the Chicago Street Railway Co. office, and successfully got away with \$4,000.

Prof. Chas. R. Henderson, of the University of Chicago, is reported as advocating Sunday baseball and says that the church should give the game its sanction.

Mrs. Catherine Starkle, seventy-eight years old, and Wm. Boellor, eighty-two years old, were married Aug. 27th, at Belleville, Ill. The bride is a great-grandmother, while it is the first marriage of the groom.

Mrs. Clark Boardley, of Louisville, Kentucky, gave birth to a girl baby Aug. 26th, that weighed twenty-five pounds. Both mother and baby are reported as doing well.

Rev. Mr. Timeson, of the Second Baptist church, of Greenfield, Mass., in preaching a farewell sermon, said some very caustic things to his hearers. They had no paid him.

A section of Barnum and Bailey's circus train was wrecked at Wildwood, Pa., on the Pittsburg and Western road. A wild freight did it. No one was seriously injured.

Now they are exporting frog legs from Hawaii. Shipments of a thousand frog legs per month are being made to San Francisco. They sell for one dollar per dozen at Hilo.

A Missouri, Kansas & Texas passenger train, which left St. Louis at midnight for Texas, smashed into a freight train at Rhineland, Aug. 27th. Several people were killed.

Carrie Everett, of Monroe Co., Pa., is the champion huckleberry picker. From half-past eight in the morning to half-past four in the afternoon, she picked seventy-two quarts.

Cardinal Herrero y Espinosa has received the final approbation of the Catholic church by having the red hat conferred on him by the new pope, Pius X. This is the first official act of Pius X.

Emperor William, of Germany, has had two pictures made, one for himself and the other for President Roosevelt. No more will be printed than these two. One of them goes to Washington.

The Superintendent of the Indian school at Carlisle shows in his annual report that great good has been done the Indians, of whom nearly five thousand have attended the school in the last twenty-four years.

Emma Harriet Butts, the smallest baby on record, died at Circleville, Ohio, Aug. 26th. At birth she weighed one and one-half pounds, and at no time in her brief existence of four months did she weigh more than two and one-half pounds.

Last week reports were received at the State Department that Vice-consul Wm. G. Magelssen had been assassinated at Beirut, Syria. Later dispatches say that Mr. Magelssen was fired upon by an unknown assassin. The error was made in sending the cipher message. Much excitement was abroad at Washington, and the President ordered warships to go on at once to protect the American interests. Complete satisfaction will be demanded of Turkey. The Turkish government has expressed regret at the occurrence. The outcome may be far reaching.

Claus Christensen, twelve years old, attempted to dig out some animals near Callaway, Neb. The earth caved in above him and he was buried alive and perished miserably.

An epidemic of lockjaw is causing a great deal of interest in the medical profession. Nearly every case is the result of accidents to boys during the Fourth of July demonstrations.

A sneak thief on a Chicago street car stole a valise containing \$65,000 in cancelled checks. When he opened it and found out that they were of no use, he arranged for its return to the company by telephone.

The Missouri valley is under water for thirty-five miles near Council Bluffs, and the Illinois Central is the only railroad, out of the five trunk lines running east, that is able to get into and out of the city.

It is now thought best to require every civilian working for the government to take the oath of allegiance. This is being done because of a trouble in the printing office and to avoid future strikes.

During the ocean race between the Reliance and Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock III, the wireless messages were tangled by the rivals of the Marconi system. It goes to show that the system is not yet perfected.

Passenger trains in the west have been stalled on account of the flood and high water around Omaha. During the worst the passengers in the Pullman, in connection with most of the train hands, joined in prayer.

Michael McCarthy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., put a one-dollar bill in the pocket of a soiled shirt. A few days afterward he gave it out to be washed. When it came back all he could find were a few pieces of torn paper, well ironed out.

The authorities in Chicago are fining the manufacturers for violation of the smoke ordinance. The fines vary from \$2.50 to several hundred dollars where too much smoke from the stacks covers the neighborhood with soot.

Reports from the Indian reservations in Northern Minnesota are to the effect that the Chippewas are on the verge of an outbreak. The Indians are incensed over the timber troubles, and much anxiety is manifested over the result.

The Vatican, at Rome, is sorry that Judge Taft is out of the Philippine governorship to take the position of Secretary of War. The reason is that the Catholic authorities have found negotiations about the Friars' lands, progressing favorably under Taft.

Down at Belleville, Ill., J. M. Waterbury played a piano in a saloon for twenty-six hours, continuously, with never a stop longer than five seconds. The feat was the outcome of a bet. At the expiration of the time his fingers were a mass of blisters, his nerves were shattered, and his muscles sore.

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#### PERSONAL.

Gen. F. D. Grant recommends that the forts along the Mexican line be strengthened.

Henry Frederick, of New York, girdled the world in fifty-four days and seven hours.

It is rumored that Archbishop Ireland, of the United States, will be created a Cardinal by the new Pope.

Judge Taft is to succeed Secretary of War Root the coming January. The announcement has been made by the President.

Martin Huskay died last Saturday in the city hospital at St. Louis, of hydrophobia. The child had to be tied to his cot and passed away in great agony.

It is said that Mary Anderson, the talented actress, has consented to give one hundred readings in America during 1904 and 1905. Her terms are not yet known.

Carrie Nation, by her attorney, has filed suit for \$75,000 damages against the authorities of Scranton, Pa. She has been arrested four times and is trying to get satisfaction.

Mary McLane, formerly of Butte, Montana, is now at Boston, Mass., and is publishing a new book. Her first book made her famous. We are not able, at this writing, to say what Mary's second book is like. Her first was a caution.

Dr. Dowie has bought an engine for use in switching cars at the Zion city yards. He believes that the ordinary train hands have an evil influence on his followers. The use of tobacco by the regular train hands induced him to make this investment.

H. C. Patton, a newspaper man at Warrensburg, Mo., eloped with Sadie McMillan, the daughter of a farmer at Centerview, Mo. She was attending the State Normal School at Warrensburg at the time.

Edith White, wife of John A. White, of the International Harvester Co., went into the Klondike country and died there on account of exposure and lack of food, in the heart of the Copper river country. Her body has probably been devoured by wild beasts.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PASSION PLAY.

WHEN the Catholic church was introduced into Mexico there was, at the same time, quite a number of outside and wholly foreign additions for the benefit of the native converts that the change from the worship of the Aztecs might not be too sudden and severe. Thus it comes that there is a number of feast days and festivals that take up a large part of the natives' time, and among them is the Passion Play, a part of which I had the good fortune to witness. Briefly stated the Passion Play is a dramatic reproduction of the events immediately connected with the crucifixion of Christ.

In order to lay it before the reader so that it will likely be understood it is necessary to say that it took place at the convent of Coyuacan, about an hour's run on the street cars from the center of Mexico city. A convent used to be a place where a lot of monks and priests lived, and held forth generally. Some of these old convents were enormous structures, covering what would make three or four squares in any of our towns. Some of them had a population of over a thousand people. Whatever the old Spaniards did in the establishment of their faith they never cramped themselves for room, and the buildings are nearly all spacious and the grounds large and commodious. The play was held in the garden of the Coyuacan convent, and it is a large space, as big as the common city square, with noble old trees, and the customary high wall about it. In the center is a circular track, something like a racetrack, and in the center of this is a pile of rocks, say ten feet high, and twenty feet across. Now if you will people this square with five or six hundred natives, mainly of the Indian class, you will get the salient points of the immediate surroundings in mind. The production of the play takes three days, and involves in its make-up a large number of performers. It is not a place where visitors are invited and it was with no little concern that I accepted in invitation from a very intelligent native, speaking English well, to go out and see the crucifixion part of the play. It was on a Friday and we got to the grounds at about twelve o'clock. There was a large crowd coming and going, and the whole make-up reminded me of a county fair or a circus in the country. It did not appear that they followed the details chronologically, as they were engaged in the trial of Christ at the time. It was in Spanish and I could not follow the rapid speakers, but they were pleading for and against Him, and they were dressed in historically accurate garbs of the time represented. This was going on in the open air and there was a large and not over cleanly crowd listening intently.

When it had been completed and Christ had been condemned there occurred the following. A float that

looked like a wagon box laid on two long poles, was got out, and mounted on this was a life-size picture of Christ bearing a cross. The whole had been cut out of a board, painted, and the work was well done and the Christ was the counterpart of the one seen in the pictures common with us where he is represented as on the way to Calvary with the cross on his shoulder. This float was carried on the shoulders of twelve women, three to each projecting pole. They were Indian women, old, dirty, and not at all inviting, but there was no doubt of their earnestness in the work. It seemed to be a post of honor. Behind them came a good band, composed of natives, dirty and bare-foot, playing on brass instruments, and making excellent music. Then came a rabble of followers, all marching around the circular track at a snail's pace. There was a man representing a Roman soldier, on horseback, and he would gallop a short distance ahead, turn, rear his horse, and call out "Condemned by the Law," and then repeat it.

The whole represented the march to the cross. I suggested to my friend the inconsistency of the brass band, and he said that it was possible that, at the time represented, there was a band that accompanied the soldiers to the crucifixion, and though the idea is a new one, it may have been true.

After the three rounds, and three falls, there was an adjournment to the church, and the figure of Christ was laid on the floor, where there ensued a strange scene. The church was jammed with people, all struggling to get near enough to touch the figure. There was no acting here, the parties, mostly women, were wailing and weeping, and the air was full of lamentation. It was a queer sight, the church was dimly lighted, and full of the smoke of the burning candles, and wailing and crying were everywhere. I was the only heretic present, and although I was not afraid, I was not at all comfortable, especially when I saw my guide getting worked up like the rest. It would have only taken a touch to set the mad crowd on a scoffer. However we got out all right, and then came the real crucifixion. The actual cross was taken out on the shoulders of a man and set up on the pile of rocks. This was all done without any attempt at effect. Then the figure of Christ was taken out of a case, not the one over which the fuss had been made, but a new one made of ivory, life-size, naked, painted, and representing the figure with which we are all familiar. This figure was held up to the cross and fastened thereto with three spikes driven through the holes in the hands and feet and corresponding holes in the cross, which was a real cross made out of what would have answered for a telegraph pole. Around the base were a lot of people dressed to represent the Roman soldiers attendant on the scene. There was not the slightest effort at effect here, and in my opin-

ion this part was the most dramatically done. The figure was allowed to remain on the cross about an hour.

The evening sun was setting, the wind gently swung the long hair of the Christ, and the whole scene was intensely real. There is no doubt but that it was a practical object lesson to the people and appealed to them as nothing else could have done. The crowd was sitting on the ground, or standing, there being no seats, and there was no particular emotion displayed. I watched carefully for any signs of feeling, and there was none at this stage of the play. Then they took down the figure in a very commonplace way and it occurred to me that I would like a relic as a reminder of the occasion. The guide asked me what I wanted, and I suggested either the crown of thorns or one of the spikes. He said that such a thing was unheard of, but that he would try it. We pressed up into the crowd at the foot of the cross and I heard him ask the master of ceremonies for a relic, and the refusal was prompt and decisive, then he tried to bribe the boy carrying the basket containing the spikes, crown, etc., and for once in Mexico money was of no use. Still we followed the procession into the church and hunting up the priest in charge I was an unwilling party to a farce that was as funny as it was unpreventable at the time. I was introduced to the priest, and in the little speech that was made I heard myself referred to as an eminent citizen of the United States, and a prominent Catholic of the country, who desired as a personal favor some reminder of the occasion of his visit, etc., and the priest, one of the most courtly men I ever met, assented at once and calling the boy up gave us two of the spikes. I took them, thanked him through the guide and heard an awful lie rolled out in fluent Spanish as to what I intended doing with the sacred "relics." This is the way relics are made, and in the right hands it would only take one or two more turns to make them the true nails of the true cross, to be put in a case and shown only to the faithful on great days, and possibly curing all manner of diseases with them. Each spike is about a foot long, weighs about a pound, and has been hammered out of half inch iron. Of course I value it, and it makes an excellent paper weight.

In considering the case of these people it must be remembered that the natives were idol worshipers for nobody knows how many centuries before the advent of the Spaniards, and that the transition to the display of the Catholics is an easy and a natural one that will make any change a very difficult thing to bring about. To my mind the whole performance is a long ways ahead of the festivals, lotteries, and grab bag childishness of some of our own churches in this country, and while the results may not net any money to the management of the Passion Play performance, and it is not so intended, it beats some of our efforts

to raise money by giving a show in the name of the Lord, or appealing to the stomachs of people to get them to contribute to the work of the Master.

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#### MELTED AWAY.

THAT the red man is passing from the face of the world has long been a matter of common remark. The truth of the saying never received more striking proof than in the case of the Pawnees, who were removed to Oklahoma from Nebraska in 1876. At the time of their removal from Nebraska the tribe numbered 2,500 souls. To-day there are less than 500. The Pawnees were given exceptionally good allotments in Oklahoma. The climate is practically the same as that of their former home, and, in fact, everything has been done by the government to promote their welfare and happiness.



BRETHREN CHURCH, COVINA, CALIFORNIA.

For some unaccountable reason they have sickened and died, until the day is not far distant when the Pawnee tribe will be extinct. The mortality among them has been growing steadily year by year. In 1882, six years after their removal to Oklahoma, the tribe had sunk to 940 and the census of 1900 showed but 600 living Pawnees.

It is a curious thing that the children of these Indians appear most rugged, but after passing their twenty-fifth birthday a peculiar and unaccountable malady attacks them and they apparently lose interest in life and gradually waste away, death overtaking them in their prime. Scientists and professional men generally, of the Indian office, have been attracted by this peculiar condition of things, but have not as yet been able to ascertain what Nemesis pursues the rugged Pawnee after his twenty-fifth birthday is reached.

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The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.



## HYDROPHOBIA.

DR. D. E. SALMON, chief of the United States bureau of animal industry, says of this disease:

"There could be no greater error made than to adopt the view which has been prevalent for centuries, that dogs become mad as a result of having been exposed to extreme heat, starved, or otherwise badly treated. If they have not been bitten by a mad animal they will not become rabid. On the other hand, if they have been bitten they are just as likely to contract the disease when well taken care of as when abused. Various countries have entirely eradicated rabies; among these are Australia, Norway, and Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Scotland. In Great Britain the disease has been reduced to a very few cases each year, and it is expected that it will entirely disappear if the measures which have been enforced dur-



HOUSE OF ELD. P. S. MYERS, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ing the last five or six years are continued. The possibility of entirely stamping out the disease in a country, as has been done in those mentioned, proves, what many scientists had previously suspected, that an animal can only contract the disease by being inoculated in some manner from some other animal that was affected with the same disorder.

"It is a well-known fact that dogs when they go mad are very apt to bite any living thing which they encounter, and this is true also of dogs which were harmless before they became affected. Even sheep and rabbits, which are animals that naturally are not disposed to bite, may become furious and attempt to bite people who handle them after they become rabid. It is this irritability and desire to bite which has led people to say that the dog is mad or rabid, and hence we have the name of the disease, viz., madness or rabies. The explanation of this irritability is not difficult to find. The contagion of the disease affects more particularly the brain and spinal cord, and disease of these parts is shown by nervousness, excitability, irritability, hallucinations, and paralysis.

"When a dog is coming down with the disease he is restless and irritable, he snaps at imaginary objects, he may be cross or he may be more affectionate than usual and come to his master to be petted because he feels badly; but, like a person who is more or less insane, you never know when he is going to turn upon his best friend and try to do him an injury.

"There is no positive sign or symptom which will enable any one faithfully to detect a mad dog. The symptoms are quite different in different animals, but in general they are of the character above described. One of the ablest men who has ever written of the disease says you should be suspicious of a dog which shows any change in his usual disposition.

"That is, if a dog appears more friendly and affectionate than usual, look out for him; if he appears unusually morose, restless, and cross, look out for him; if he appears to have a bone or some object lodged in his throat, look out for him—it is one of the symptoms of rabies. It is an error to suppose that a mad dog will not drink water or is at all afraid of water. On the contrary, he will swim streams and drink until paralysis prevents him from swallowing.

"It is equally erroneous to suppose that a mad dog always froths at the mouth or has saliva dribbling from his mouth. This is only the case where the throat and jaw are paralyzed so that the animal can no longer swallow. The most dangerous dogs are those which have not yet been stricken with paralysis and which consequently do not show this symptom.

"Why is it that the bite of a dog produces this disease? Investigations have shown that the contagion multiplies not only in the nervous system, but also in the glands and particularly in the salivary glands. The saliva, being secreted by these glands, is contaminated by the contagion and becomes virulent. The milk and secretions of other glands may also be virulent, but, fortunately, milk is not very dangerous, because the poison when taken into the stomach does not produce disease unless there happens to be a flesh wound by which the contagion can enter the flesh. When a rabid animal bites a person, it inoculates him with the saliva with which the teeth are moistened, and this apparently insignificant quantity of saliva bears the parasites, which at once begin multiplying, advance to the spinal cord, brain, and glands, and so affect these organs as to develop the disease.

"There is no cure for a mad dog nor for a bitten person after the disease has manifested itself. Every animal and every person having the disease dies in the course of a very few days. It is possible, however, to prevent the disease from developing in a bitten person. Pasteur, by a long series of researches, discovered a method of vaccination which is now known as the Pasteur treatment, and which is so efficacious that 199 persons are saved from the disease out of every

two hundred that are bitten. Before this treatment was discovered, about fifteen people contracted the disease out of every one hundred bitten. This treatment is now given in most of the large cities of the world.

"Careful investigations made by the government through the bureau of animal industry show that madness, rabies, or hydrophobia, as we choose to call the disease, is very common in the United States, and exists constantly in many districts. Not only do many dogs die of it, but numerous cows, horses, pigs, sheep, and other animals are bitten with fatal results. Hundreds of people, mostly children, are also bitten, some of whom die after suffering the most horrible agony, but the greater part are now saved by taking the Pasteur treatment.

"It is remarkable that the highly intelligent and generally well-informed people of the United States should be willing to expose themselves and have their children exposed to such a terrible fate as death from hydrophobia. And this is always to be feared when mad dogs are allowed to roam about and propagate their malady unchecked as is now the case. In all our cities there are thousands of worthless and ownerless dogs which forage wherever they can for their living, defile the streets, and disseminate disease. There are thousands of other dogs which would be of some value if they were where there was anything for dogs to do, but which are utterly useless in cities at the present day. They are maintained apparently because their owners are unable to break away from the habits of the race, acquired in barbarous and semi-civilized ages, of keeping dogs for associates and companions. As the country becomes more populous and civilized, the necessity for dogs decreases.

"Their number should, therefore, be correspondingly reduced. We cannot, of course, expect to dispense with dogs entirely. There are still uses for them, particularly in the country, and there are many people who must have dogs to associate with; but making due allowances, there are twice as many dogs in this country as should be allowed to exist.

"There are just two measures, and only two, which are required to reduce and eradicate rabies or canine madness. The first is to reduce as much as possible the number of dogs and thus reduce to that extent the agents which keep alive and distribute the contagion.

"The second is to muzzle in an efficient manner the dogs of all districts where the disease exists. This measure prevents the dogs from biting and stops the propagation of the disease. It should be strictly enforced with all dogs that are not tied up or led with a leash, and should be continued until the disease disappears. In this manner the disease has been eradicated from England and Scotland, and from the whole of Great Britain, with the exception of a small district

in the Welsh mountains, where a few cases still occur."

\* \* \*

#### RELATIVE VALUE OF WOOD AS FUEL.

THE fuel values of our different kinds of native wood have been figured out as follows: Shellbark hickory, 100; pignut hickory, 95; white oak, 84; white ash, 77; dogwood, 75; scrub oak, 73; white hazel, 72; apple tree, 70; red oak, 67; white beech, 65; black birch, 62; yellow oak, 60; hard maple, 59; white elm, 58; red cedar, 56; wild cherry, 55; yellow pine, 54; chestnut, 52; yellow poplar, 51; butternut and white birch, 43; white pine, 30. The nature of the soil on which a tree grows also has much to do with its fuel value.

\* \* \*

#### MAKING A BALL.

IN making a league baseball a rubber marble an inch in diameter is covered with coarse yarn. Then



BRETHREN MISSION, SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA.

a winding machine gives it a layer of four-ply blue yarn, after which it is soaked in cement solution and dried. This process is repeated until the exact size is gained, the last two layers being finer yarn. The horsehide cover is sewed on by hand and the ball is then ironed. It must weigh just five ounces and measure exactly nine inches in circumference.

\* \* \*

#### ITALIANS IN NEW YORK.

THE Italian population of New York, which must now be toward 250,000, is increasing by immigration at so rapid a rate that it is likely to be somewhere about 500,000 in 1910, for its natural increase is also large.

\* \* \*

NEW YORK city will no longer take her refuse to sea and dump it, but will make it into briquettes with a bituminous flux, which will probably be burned in a municipal lighting plant.



### WOMAN AS AN INVENTOR.

THE records of the patent office effectually disprove the oft-repeated assertion that women are not inventive. Of course the natural bent of the gentler sex is not toward machine art, but when any woman applies herself with assiduity to that branch of industry she makes a success of it.

The advocate of the theory that man is far superior to his helpmeet thinks it a great fact to proclaim that not one of the things that are called great inventions came from the brain of a woman. Therefore he concludes that a woman never invents anything worth while. An after-dinner speaker—it may have been Chauncey Depew or Ambassador Choate—once answered that argument by saying: "Yes, it is true she has never invented anything great except the best way of separating the male inventor from the money he has acquired by making the so-called inventions."



BRETHREN CHANNING STREET MISSION.

About fifteen years ago the controversy grew so hot that the then patent commissioner had the records of his office searched for the purpose of making an accurate compilation of the pertinent facts as to the inventive faculty of womankind as shown in the work of his office. The result was the preparation of a pamphlet containing the names of all women to whom patents had been granted.

There were less than 3,000. Since that time two more pamphlets have appeared, showing that the total number of inventors belonging to the weaker sex does not exceed 8,000. Since the last of these was issued the names of perhaps 3,000 have been added to the record.

The whole number of patents granted in the United States to date is 736,046. Of course many patents have been issued to the same man, men like Edison and George Westinghouse holding hundreds of them. It is a fair statement to say that letters-patent have been

issued to at least 700,000 persons and of this great number only about 12,000 are women.

The first American queen to be granted a letter giving her the exclusive right to manufacture an article invented by herself was Mary Kies. The records do not give her address. The letter was issued May 5, 1809, nineteen years after the patent office was established. She contrived a method for weaving straw with either silk or thread. The records do not show whether she made or lost money on the venture. It is probable that she lost, as the vast majority of inventors do. They do not even make enough to pay the cost of taking out the letter, which is \$35.

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### WHERE THE BEASTS COME FROM.

A WRITER in the *New York Sun* tells about the homes of some of the animals that nearly every Nook-er has seen. He writes as follows:

Our more or less intelligent friend, the monkey, is found in every continent except Australia, but his largest habitat is in Africa.

He is confined in North America chiefly to the long peninsula from Mexico to Panama, that unites the two western continents. He is found in Europe only in the extreme southern part of Spain, along the strait of Gibraltar, where tourists who have time to wander among the forests overlooking the sea will discover him leaping from branch to branch as he does in tropical Africa.

Monkeys are very numerous along the northwest coast of South America, but are not found west of the Andes from northern Peru to the south end of the continent. Their home in South America is chiefly in the forests of Venezuela throughout the great Amazon basin and along the fluvial systems of the upper half of the Paraguay and the Panara rivers. A little south of the junction of these two rivers they disappear and the greater part of Uruguay and Argentina regard them as a curiosity to be exhibited in traveling shows.

The monkey lives in the forests of nine-tenths of Africa, from the mountains of the Atlas ranges in the north to the Ganges river on the south, and is also seen in great numbers and variety throughout India, Burmah and Cochin China, the islands of the Indian archipelago and parts of southern China and Japan.

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### THE LIME JUICE ISLAND.

NEARLY all the lime-juice used in the world comes from the tiny island of Montserrat, in the British West Indies. The lime grows wild in many West Indian Islands, but only in Montserrat is it used commercially. That island is one vast garden of lime trees, and nowhere in the world is there a finer sight

than its thirty miles of orchards laden with the fruit of the lime or fragrant with its blossoms.

The fruit is gathered by negro women, who carry it down the hills to the shipping port in big baskets on their heads. Like all West Indians, they are remarkable for their ability to carry heavy weights in this manner. Once, the company which controls the lime-juice industry sought to lighten the burden of its laborers by introducing wheelbarrows. The negroes filled the wheelbarrows readily enough, and then carried them on their heads as they had been used to carry the baskets. Many a negro woman will carry a hundred-weight of limes on her head for a distance of a mile or more.

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#### A GRATEFUL STORK.

A STORY of a stork is told by a German paper. About the end of March, 1891, a pair of storks took up their abode on the roof of the schoolhouse in the village of Poppenhofen. One of the birds appeared to be exhausted by its long journey and the bad weather it had passed through. On the morning after its arrival the bird was found by the schoolmaster lying on the ground before the schoolhouse door. The man, who, like all Germans, considered it a piece of good luck to have the stork's nest on his house, picked up the bird and took it indoors. He nursed it carefully and when it was convalescent used every morning to carry it to the fields a short distance from the house, where its mate appeared regularly at the same hour to supply it with food. The stork is now cured; and every evening it flies down from the roof and bravely walks by the side of its friend from the schoolhouse to the meadows, accompanied by a wondering crowd of children.

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#### NOW THE COURIER MAID.

THE courier maid's best time for her trade is the early summer, when people are planning their holidays. But the successful courier maid must be versatile in her accomplishments.

Although she may have two or more languages at command and be versed in the ways and customs of several countries besides her own, she must unite some practical trade to her courier's ability, if she would get good engagements.

If she is a fair massage operator and has some of the professional nurse's knowledge, is a stylish hair-dresser, or handy needle-worker, besides being an intelligent guide and interpreter, she will be snapped up in a hurry. And to be a good sailor, traveler and packer, are qualities absolutely indispensable to her vocation.

Many more courier maids are now employed than

formerly. Elderly or middle-aged couples setting out for foreign travel frequently engage a bright, alert maid, rather than a man, to help them make the trip easy. The maid is a less expensive attendant than a man, is more contented on small pay, and, moreover, is more dependable.

The courier maid's pay is regulated by the amount of service she bargains to render outside of her legitimate use as interpreter and pilot. For that she would usually be entitled only to her traveling expenses.

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#### ENERGY AND MOTION.

IN a recent lecture in Paris M. Charles Rolland remarked that human beings in general expend less energy of motion, especially locomotion, than animals. Animals fly, swim, crawl, jump, etc., without the painful apprenticeship of men and the force they expend



BRETHREN CHURCH, TROPICO, CAL.

relatively to their weight is much greater than in our case. If men were as strong as beetles in respect to their weight they could juggle with tons. Thinkers are less disposed to movement than other men. They expend their forces in intellectual efforts.

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#### WOMAN PHYSICIAN IN ARMY.

It is a common thing nowadays to hear the boast "she went to the front as an army nurse," but there are few women who can claim the distinction of service in war as fullfledged army physicians. Anita Newcomb McKee, of Washington, D. C., is one of these few. During the Spanish-American war she was one of the first to volunteer her services and she will long be remembered by the boys in the Cuban hospitals as was "Mother" Bickerdike by the old boys of the army of the Tennessee.

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THE nearest fixed star is 16,000,000,000 miles distant, and takes three years for light to reach the earth.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

A GOOD thing to ask yourself now and then:

"What kind of a home would our home be,  
If every one in it were just like me?"

\* \* \*

### DIAMOND-BACK TERRAPIN.

DIAMOND-BACK terrapin are regarded as a great luxury in the eastern part of the United States, and are a very expensive thing when you come to buy them. Below we give the readers of the Drawer a method of cooking terrapin. Doubtless the same procedure with an ordinary snapping turtle would bring about the same results. Will some of our readers who know how to prepare snapping turtles please tell the other readers of the drawer how to do it? By common consent Baltimore is one of the best places, if not the very best to get something good to eat. Mrs. Martha Smith, of Baltimore, Md., says that "diamond back terrapin are mostly used in winter, their cost ranging from fifteen to seventy-five dollars a dozen. Some of you think that is pretty expensive food, and it is, yet there are enough folks who pay it. They come from Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, also from North and South Carolina. There are other kind of terrapin, but the diamond-back is given first place as it is considered finer flavor than the others. They measure from five to seven inches across. Very few families use them. Hotels, clubs, restaurants, and saloons use them. I ate them once, but did not like their flavor, so I never tried to eat them again." Here is the recipe for cooking terrapin:

#### TERRAPIN WITH CREAM.

PUT in a saucepan two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, and one of flour, stir over the fire till it bubbles, then stir in slowly one pint of cream, a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth spoonful of white pepper, one-fourth spoonful of grated nutmeg, and a very small pinch of salt. Now put in one pint of terrapin meat and stir till it is scalding hot, then put it on the back of the stove to keep hot, but do not boil. Then stir in four well-beaten yolks of eggs. Don't let it boil after adding the eggs, but pour in a hot tureen containing a gill of fruit jelly and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Serve while hot. Some prefer the sherry wine instead of lemon juice.

\* \* \*

WHEN mashing potatoes use hot milk, and if you have been in the habit of using cold you will be surprised at the difference in their lightness.

### PICNIC PIES.

BY EMMA CLICK.

MAKE a bottom crust as usual and fill with stewed apples, then spread lightly, over the fruit, layer of cake dough, with a spoon.

Recipe for cake dough: One egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted into it.

Any plain cake dough will do. Bake in a moderate oven. They can be placed one on top the other when cold and are nice for lunch baskets.

*Tekoa, Wash.*

\* \* \*

### CARAMEL CAKE.

BY ELSIE SANGER.

TAKE one-half cup of butter and of lard; two cups of granulated sugar; one cup of sweet milk; three eggs; three cups of flour; two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in the flour. Flavor to taste. For filling take two cups of brown sugar, lump of butter the size of a walnut and one-fourth pint of cold water. Avoid much stirring while cooking. Boil until ropy.

*Bays, W. Va.*

\* \* \*

### CANNED GRAPES.

BY LIZZIE WARBLE.

USE perfect grapes, picked from the stems. Have a kettle of boiling water on the stove where it will keep boiling. With a wire ladle dip the fruit in the water long enough that part of the fruit will burst open then put it in the jars. Continue in this way until the jars are filled. Then have a thick sugar syrup previously made and pour this over the fruit and seal.

*Mt. Morris, Ill.*

\* \* \*

### "FRYING FAT."

BY BARBARA MOHLER CULLEY.

IN a convenient place near your kitchen range or receptacle, kept carefully covered, into which you re

accustomed to pour the surplus fat when you fry ham, bacon, etc.

In the bottom, under the fat, is an accumulation of brown liquid, and it seems to give the fat a strong flavor.

There is a quantity of surplus fat left over from that stub of a ham you boiled yesterday, and you are going to fry that out and pour it in with the other, maybe, but it will be stronger than you like, too.

Now, suppose you cut it up into small bits, ready for the frying out process, put it into a skillet or other suitable vessel, pour a half-pint or a pint of sweet milk in with it and set it on the back of the range, cover it and let it "render" slowly till there is no water left in it.

Empty the contents of before-mentioned receptacle into another vessel, add a suitable quantity of sweet milk and fry out in the same manner, and when it is all done and the fat poured off and put away ready for use, take my word for it you will be pleased with the result.

Butter that has lost its freshness can be sweetened by the same method, and made as good as the most fastidious cook could wish for cooking purposes.

When you have suet to dispose of, cut it into cubes, say an inch or less in size, cover with salt water for twenty-four hours, drain thoroughly, then cover with sweet milk and render in the above manner. If properly done you have a frying fat that is superior to lard and almost equal to butter for some purposes.

*Elgin, Illinois.*

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#### MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMB.

PROBABLY every Nooker knows about "Mary and the Little Lamb" that followed her to school one day. The real Mary was Mary Sawyer, a little girl who lived with her parents at Sterling, Mass. She was born in 1806. One cold winter day in March, when she was a little girl, her father gave her a lamb, that had been deserted by its mother, and left to die. Mary carried it into the house, nursed and fed it, and took care of it so that it began to get well and became a healthy, happy lamb. It was her companion all the time and they were never apart, only at night. When the time came for Mary to go to school, she did not know what to do with her lamb, and her brother Nate suggested that they take it along and hide it under the desk.

Everything went all right until Mary was called on to recite when the lamb followed her and this made everybody laugh. Now, it happened that at the school was a Mr. John Raulstone, and a day or two afterward, he gave Mary a paper upon which was written the first three stanzas of the poem. About twenty years afterward she saw the poem printed in a little

book, published by Sarah J. Hale, with three more stanzas added. How Mrs. Hale got the original nobody knows, but it is proven conclusively that the first three were written by Mr. John Raulstone, under the circumstances herein related.

The Nook is under obligations to Miss Ora Beachley, of Maryland, for much of this information.

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#### THE SHINING MARK.

WHEN Aunt Kezia came with the clothes from the wash she brought the news of the sudden death of a prominent young man well liked in the community.

"It seems a very sad thing," said my mother. "He gave promise of making his mark in the world. He had everything to make life pleasant—youth and bright prospects and parents who idolized him."

"Yes," assented Aunt Kezia, with a dismal shake of her head, "hit do seem mighty strange that them you analyze the most is usually taken fust."—*September Lippincott's*.

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#### EXCHANGE THEIR CHILDREN.

THE practice of exchanging children by parents living in French and German Switzerland, in order to enable their boys and girls to learn another language, is spreading greatly in Italy. Recently an exchange agency to further this object was founded at Zurich. A Swiss child has the opportunity of picking up three languages—French, German and Italian—at practically no cost to the parents. In about six months a child is able to converse freely and is then sent to school to learn the grammar and literature of the newly acquired language.

\*\*\*

IN answer to a letter in regard to fleas in the household, the Drawer wishes to say that if the floors are scrubbed with hot water in which several spoonfuls of oil of pennyroyal have been put, it will likely do away with the troublesome insect. In the absence of oil of pennyroyal, make strong pennyroyal tea, which will be just as good. There is something very objectionable to fleas in pennyroyal and even the fresh sprigs placed in their haunts will drive them away.

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ANNA M. DIEHL, of Jonesboro, Tenn., wants the party who asked about music correspondence schools to send their names and addresses. She says that she might be able to impart some information that might be beneficial.

\*\*\*

MAN and the calf can both be driven to the drinking place easily. But it is only the calf that can't be made to drink after it gets there.



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## A WASHINGTON CAT.

It was Washington's birthday, and the twins were to have a party. Six of their little friends were coming in the afternoon.

Sister Zoe had volunteered to bake a tray full of animal cakes for them. The twins were in such a state of compressed excitement that they vibrated about in the kitchen begging for raisins and sugar and icing until Zoe banished them in self-defense.

"I wish she had let us stay," said Ross, as they sat on the kitchen steps looking toward the door.

"Yes," said Lynn, sadly, "and maybe she would have given us a cake when they were done."

"Boys," called Zoe, "come here." Her voice sounded very stern, and they came in haste.

"Which one of you was in the kitchen while I was out?" she asked.

"Not I," said Ross, and "Not I," said Lynn.

"But that couldn't happen without hands," and she pointed to the table where the cream-bowl had been tipped over and the yellow cream was spilled on the table.

The twins were silent in dismay.

"I must know how this happened," said Zoe, "before I go on and make the cakes. I hope the person that did it will confess."

"Meow," said Topaz, who was sitting at their feet.

"Pussy confessed," cried Ross.

"Was that you, pussy?" said Zoe, beginning to smile.

"Yes, here's her track," shouted Lynn, triumphantly.

Sure enough, there was the mark of a little paw outlined in cream. Pussy had started to drink the cream, but when Zoe came back she jumped down, upsetting the bowl.

"Topaz," said Zoe, "that was a very bad thing to do. But you must have known it was Washington's birthday when you owned up so promptly."

"When Washington owned up, his father didn't punish him at all," observed Lynn.

"Well, I won't punish Topaz," said Zoe, "but we'll reward her for telling the truth by giving her the spilled cream."

"I hope she's sorry," said Ross.

"Meow," said Topaz, as if to say she was. But when the cream was set before her she wasn't a bit

ashamed, and lapped it up so greedily that I'm afraid her sorrow wasn't very deep.

\* \* \*

## THE HOUSE IN THE GARDEN.

JOHNNY never would have known anything about it if he had not been digging dandelions out of the lawn, when with his weeding fork he opened such a queer little house!

At first it seemed to be nothing but a long passage. Johnny pulled out his knife and cut open the roof. The floor was smooth and clean, although it was made of earth and the ceiling was prettily arched.

"Where does it all go to, anyway?" said Johnny getting quite excited. He dug on and on, but there seemed to be no end. Here and there were other little passages opening into the long one. Last of all, he came to a little room with an arched roof. Maybe that was where the little miner lived.

"I wish I knew what sort of a fellow made it," said Johnny, musingly.

While he was wondering, the ground began to move and rise. You see the master of the house was not a bit discouraged. When he found his home in ruins he began at once to dig out another.

"Now if I can only catch him!" whispered Johnny to himself. He put in his knife carefully, not to hurt the busy little miner, and tumbled him out into the sun shine.

What a funny fellow he was. He was dressed from head to foot in the softest, silkiest fur you ever saw and his rose-colored hands were not a bit like the grimy fists of the coalminers that Johnny saw once. He was almost blind. Indeed, Johnny thought he had no eyes at all; but he was strong and sturdy for a that.

Johnny carried him home for a pet; but Mr. Mole did not enjoy life above ground, so he was taken back to the garden, where he could enjoy his digging and delving.

\* \* \*

## FOR THE FAMILY FURS.

WHEN, for the first time, small Katherine witnessed a hailstorm she was very much surprised. Almost without warning large, white globules fell pelted down out of the sky. Astonished Katherine, who was out-of-doors, lost no time in getting under cover.

"Oh mamma!" she exclaimed, rushing into the house, "come quick. It's raining mothballs."—*September Lippincott's.*

## The Q. & A. Department.

Can I learn German out of a book?

A bright, smart, educated man can get the structure of a language out of a grammar, but the only real way to learn German, or indeed any other language, is to go and live with the people speaking that language, becoming one of them, and getting into their pronunciation and habits of expression. We often see it stated that a man speaks a half dozen different languages with equal fluency, all of which is so much pure nonsense. A man only speaks that language, with perfect fluency, to which he was born. He may acquire a number of other languages, but, in every last one of them his mother tongue will betray him in the pronunciation. Putting this matter before an intelligent and educated German he said that no English-speaking person ever learned the German in such a way as to speak it without being detected by the born German. In fact the experience of the Nookman has been that the unaided study of a book professing to teach a language is rather a detriment than otherwise. There is a manner and turn in the pronunciation of words that can only be acquired by hearing natives speak them correctly.

\*

What is meant by "The prisoner of the Vatican?"

The Vatican is the name of the buildings and grounds occupied by the Pope and his retinue. It is as the custom of Leo, and his predecessors to a large extent, not to leave the grounds. It will be the same with the present Pope. There is too much danger of assassination, and the like. If the Italian government could not protect its own king, it could not protect the Pope from being killed by some fanatic, and so he remains housed.

\*

What is the conclave spoken of in connection with the election of the Pope?

The Cardinals of the Catholic church, its high officials, are called The Sacred College of Cardinals, and when this College, or collection of officials, meets for the purpose of electing a Pope, the meeting is called a Conclave. The Conclave dates only from 1274.

\*

What is the Nook's idea about the health foods, etc., in the market?

They are legion, and are all right for those who like them. Most of them are the same thing in different forms, and nearly all of them are really extortionate in price. With intelligence, aided and abetted by a coffee mill, the most of them can be made at home.

Going across the desert in the southwest, I saw many ruined huts with nobody living in them, although there were similar ones in the immediate vicinity. What is the reason?

If they were Navajos, which is likely, some one of their number had died in the "hogan," as it is called, and according to their belief the hut must be abandoned.

\*

I have some very antique furniture. Is it valuable?

It all depends. A dealer might give you thirty cents, or thirty thousand dollars. All depends on what you have, and its associations. That business is pretty well covered by buyers who know more about what they are doing than they tell.

\*

Is a real bedroom best with or without carpeting or hangings?

If you are really going to sleep in the room the less material you have in it to catch dirt and dust the better. Absolute cleanliness can only be had with the simplest furnishings.

\*

Why are the Popes distinguished by numbers, as Pius X, and so on?

Because the name has been used before nine times, and he is the tenth of the name. The newly-elected Pope has the choice of name by which he will be known.

\*

Are there different snake poisons? That is, are the rattler and the copperhead fitted with a different kind of poison?

The poison of all snakes is identical, and differs only in intensity. That of the cobra is the worst of all.

\*

Does the Pope preach sermons like any other preacher?

No. In 1847 there was a sermon by a Pope, in the enforced absence of a priest for whom an appointment had been made, and this is the only instance known in three hundred years.

\*

In the interval between the death and the election of a Pope, in whom or what is the church authority vested?

In the entire Sacred College of Cardinals, and each of them has equal authority. Having but one man as head is a measure to expedite business.

\*

Will the water hyacinth grow in mud?

Yes, and do rather better than the water itself.



## LITERARY.

"Everybody's" magazine for September is before us. It is an excellent issue and contains the usual grist characteristic of a modern ten-cent magazine. The illustrations are excellent and there is a splendid frontispiece of Pius X, and he appears as a good looking man robed in the vestment of his office. There are a number of good stories and one article on Radium that is worth two or three times the price of the magazine. A characteristic of "Everybody's" is the running comment on the happenings of the month, and these are remarkably well written. The man is hard to please who cannot find a magazine these days, and if anyone is in doubt about the matter of selection, the INGLENOOK takes it upon itself to suggest "Everybody's" as a very good one, and one with which a mistake cannot well be made. It costs ten cents and can be had anywhere.

\* \* \*

## SOMETHING ABOUT THE INGLENOOK.

THERE are certain well-defined features about the INGLENOOK which we have always kept in mind in making the magazine, and to which we want to call the attention of our readers. Of course they have undoubtedly noticed it, but we want to emphasize the matter by bringing it to their attention, so that in speaking to their friends about the publication, they may set forth some of its salient features. In every issue of the magazine there are several articles giving information upon some little known subject, for illustration, in this INGLENOOK the account of how lead pencils are made, and also the one on hydrophobia. It is believed that these articles, whether selected or written for publication, are of a character that cannot be found anywhere else by the average reader. The new and the presentation of the little known are features of the INGLENOOK.

Another is that it is a clean publication and we never allow a sentence or word of a doubtful character or suggestive of evil to pass if we notice it in time. In these days of trashy literature, this means a great deal and one cannot be too careful as to the literature that is lying around in his home. In making the magazine for the people we have continually had in mind that the publication must have an object, and a good one, and that it must also be all right morally. These things make it desirable in every home, and it has always been our effort to make it an entertaining, moral and clean paper.

\* \* \*

## PUTTING IT GENTLY.

Not long ago a wealthy tradesman paid his customary visit to friends in the country.

One morning he took out a gun, being accompanied—as on former visits—by an old farm hand, whom we will call Jock.

The visitor was an execrable shot, but a generous giver—facts well known to Jock.

A rabbit jumped up about ten yards away. Bang went both barrels, but bunny escaped with a whole skin.

"Did I hit him, Jock?" asked Mr. M—in an excited whisper.

"Weel," said Jock, thoughtfully, "I could no say 'xactly as you hit him, but I must say I never seed a rabbit wuss scared. Ye're improved vastly sin' last year, Mr. M—an' if ye keeps on improvin' an comes agin next year, why"—with a shake of the head—"summut'll happen to that rabbit!"

\* \* \*

## NOT AS CRAZY AS HE SEEMED.

A TOLEDO real estate man paid \$500 for an old dock at Manhattan, Ohio, a year ago and his friends said he was crazy. He has been selling the oak and walnut logs of which the dock was constructed and has thus far cleared \$20,000, with prospects of making as much more. The dock was sixty years old and the water curing has made the logs more valuable than they were when newly cut.

\* \* \*

## A PLAGUE OF SEALS.

THE fisheries of northern Norway have come to standstill owing to a tremendous influx of seals along the coast and in the fjords. The seals, which come from the White sea, have been fought without avail. The large fishing population has petitioned the government for help to exterminate the plague, which is partly eating and partly hunting all fish away.

\* \* \*

"We have been taking the INGLENOOK ever since its first publication. Would not think of doing without it."—J. H. Bassinger, Calla, Ohio.

\* \* \*

STATISTICS show that the greatest nations are those that consume the most varied articles of food.

\* \* \*

THE first sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

## Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—A brother, married or single, who would like to live in the coast country of Texas. A good opportunity to right party. Good church and school privileges. Address, P. W. Peck, Manvel, Texas.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1903.

No. 38.

## IRON AND DUST.

The mighty ones who wrenched the world with pain.

Far in the past,  
Attila raging o'er the bloody plain,  
The scourge of heaven and bold Tamerlane—  
Where are they now?  
The dust of centuries old time has cast  
Above each brow.

Where roams the spirit of the Norman? Where  
The untamed soul  
That from the sea, a lion from its lair,  
Arose 'gainst England? Where the banner fair  
The world saw wave  
O'er Harold, resting in man's common goal—  
A narrow grave?

What profits Alexander, now, that he  
Across the world  
Bore ruin, sorrow, death and misery?  
The grim phalanx which irresistibly  
Moved o'er the field—  
Dust—all is dust! The war flags all are furled,  
Gone every shield!

Man lifts his voice and fills the universe  
For one short hour  
With blatant vauntings of his sword or purse;  
For God a sneer; for destiny a curse.  
Time's stroke is slow;  
But when it falls man withers at its power  
And bows him low.

Man's arm is strong; his footstep shakes the land;  
His iron grasp  
May hold a mighty nation; but his hand  
Withers and falls when stops the running sand  
In old Time's glass;  
Death's finger touch—a shudder—cry—a gasp.  
The strong ones pass!

Where is the glory of the sword and shield?  
The brightest spears rust;  
Fond lovers stray where once the legions wheeled,  
The stolid plowman turns the battlefield;  
The olive tree,  
Green badge of peace, may from a Cæsar's dust  
Spring tranquilly.

Oh, you, who would immortalize your name,  
Ne'er soulless cast  
Your brother's blood upon the pyre of shame  
And call the dread black smoke immortal fame!  
Though reared unseen.  
The sodded mound white marble will outlast,  
And still be green.

## JUST A THOUGHT OR TWO.

*All men love truth and gentleness in women.*

✱

*A big heart and a big-head rarely go together.*

✱

*Don't growl at what you can either help or not help.*

✱

*There is this good thing about the suicide,—he hits  
the right man.*

✱

*A great man is generally made of a lot of smaller  
men helping him.*

✱

*If you would retain your friend, forget a good many  
things about him.*

✱

*There is but one thing that you can do in a hurry,  
and that is nothing.*

✱

*We might as well know the worst of things and  
be done with them.*

✱

*Women try to make of themselves what they think  
men want them to be.*

✱

*Beauty of face and form are rarely accompanied  
by intellectual strength.*

✱

*It is easier to tell other people how to do things  
than to do them ourselves.*

✱

*All men are susceptible to flattery. The only dif-  
ference is in the way it is put on.*

✱

*People who air the feelings of others are only striv-  
ing to emphasize their own virtues.*

✱

*If the homely girl does not figure in the story pa-  
pers, she often does in a happy home.*

✱

*The actual performance of some men could be  
written on a postal card; their talk would fill volumes.*



## OVER AT MOUNT MORRIS, ILLINOIS.

MOUNT MORRIS is a Pennsylvania town dropped into Northern Illinois. There are many reasons why this is true but it is not necessary to go into any one of them at present. There is only one way you can get here by railroad, and that is by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. While it is true there is only one railroad to Mount Morris, it is a further fact that one can start from here and go to any part of the habitable globe. Once you are in this Pennsylvania town, you will be struck with the fact that here there is a school, and as a matter of historical interest it may be said that there has been a school of collegiate grade here for more than half a century. Every Nook reader knows, or has heard, about Mount Morris College and it is distinctly the biggest thing in the town. It is in the center of the town, and the buildings are located on a beautiful campus on which there is a grove of trees.

The main building which is affectionately known as Old Sandstone by the people who have attended school here, is a relic of old-time architecture and needs but the bars to the windows to complete the illusion of a reformatory. In this, as in other old schools in the form of a square jail of stones, what is lost in handiness, is saved in its antiquity and, like many another good thing, the worst of it is on the outside.

The new buildings are modern and well equipped. There are three buildings. First, the Old Sandstone pile itself, then the brick College Hall, and in the rear is the Girls' Dormitory. The whole business is steam-heated and in every material respect, outside of the jail look of Old Sandstone, the buildings are thoroughly up to date. It could not have succeeded the way it has had it been otherwise. The gentlemen, begging your pardon, the boys, room in the rock pile and the girls stay in a home of their own, called the Ladies' Dormitory. The overhanging note is that of quietness and restfulness everywhere. The birds are in the campus trees, and the boys and girls are in their rooms, and the "classic shades of the Academic Groves" are all over and everywhere. The interiors suggest home. That is one of the distinctive features of Mount Morris College, and a mighty one it is, or ought to be in the estimation of those who part with their children to get the twist given them from which they never completely get away.

The number of boys and girls who are in training here varies from two hundred to three hundred, dependent upon the term. Naturally during the winter term there will be more of an attendance than in summer. Most people in this world of ours have to work in some way or other, and it is these workers who fill the classic halls, to give this article a collegiate turn.

Nobody ever yet made a college. Many men and women have erected buildings in which school has been held, but colleges are not built. They grow. No Cræsus can do more than make buildings, hire people as teachers, and open the doors for others to come to fill the rooms. The school part is a growth. When the old man of three-score was mewling in his cradle, the Old Sandstone was in blast here and a lot of men and women, most of whom have passed over, were in the places of the present modern lot. The school now is not what it was when it started. It's better. It's been running for one generation of young folks' life. It has written its story and the tale has been a good one.

It was the Nookman's lot to be present in chapel on the opening day and he was again struck with the universality of the traits common to all of us. Half the crowd was girls, and the other half boys, from twelve to thirty. They all looked as though they had come from healthful, happy and cleanly homes, and the whole lot of them is just starting on the educational highway. There is nothing new or strange about this. There will be the same successes; the same failures; the same high hopes and the same pile of pieces at the end, as there always has been and always will be in every school's output. But take it all round, upstairs and downstairs, through the campus and across it, Mount Morris College will size up as favorable as any other of its class and better than a whole lot of the schools of yesterday.

Down in the Dining Hall under the Dormitory is where the students eat. One hundred and forty people are fed here, though, of course, the number varies from time to time. It takes about fifty loaves of bread, about sixty-five pounds of meat and a bushel of potatoes to go around one meal. The fare is like it is at all schools; hygienic and sometimes not what it is at home, but that is the way at every school, especially in one like Mount Morris where they believe in plain living and high thinking. All the same, what they get to eat is good in quality and sufficient in quantity. On high-days and holidays, such as Thanksgiving, there is a spread calculated to add a streak of fat to the participant. If the cook is a sample of the work, every Mount Morris student ought to congratulate himself on what is ahead of him. All of the food used in the Dining Hall is prepared in the building, with the exception of bread, which is furnished by the baker under contract. As about half the faculty room and board at the college, it is evident that they believe in the fare and are satisfied therewith.

The girls' rooms, in the Dormitory, are models of coziness and taste. Let no carper lift up his voice in a discordant bray. Comfort and taste are not pride,

but humility in the flower, and there might well be more of it. Steam heat when needed, and the girls' home in the Dormitory, where fern and picture give the homey touch, is pleasant enough, yet not without its conventual features that are so important in their disciplinary sense.

The Library is well filled with works of reference, and the reading table is supplied with current publications, monthly and weekly, even to the Nook, and it is a quiet place in which he who would may sit down with the greatest of the earth. The book-board, good

spirit would satisfy a medieval saint, and the scope that those who take to it and of it may well have written after their names one prized word,—scholar.

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#### THE LIVES OF ANIMALS.

SOME curious statistics have just been published upon what an insurance actuary would describe as the "expectation of life" in animals. Among the larger species of cattle there is some approach to uniformity. Thus for the horse and the ass the extreme limit is



WHERE THE GIRLS LIVE AT MT. MORRIS (ILL.) COLLEGE.

old English that, is well taken and much read. If to read is to know, here is that wherewith to know.

Bonnets blue, bonnets black, gray and brown! Here they are and here may they stay. No curling of the lip, now! Life is short and eternity is long and when we start in the endless through the gate of death all depends on how we have lived here. There comes a time when all the earth has to give is not one thought of what Christ has to offer. So bonnets blue, gray, black, and brown, to yourselves and the church be true and God will do all the rest.

The general tone of the whole surroundings is that of a quiet, green resting place. The religious

about thirty-five years and for horned cattle about thirty. For the dog it is given as twenty-five, while sheep, goats, pigs and cats are grouped at fifteen. But there are stranger disparities among birds. While a goose may live thirty years, a sparrow twenty-five and a crow as many as one hundred, ducks, poultry and turkeys die of old age at twelve years. The palm for longevity is divided between elephant and parrot. Both pass the century.

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THE man who spends all of his life in sordid gain should feel glad to know that he cannot take it with him. Indestructible currency has not yet been invented—it either burns or melts.



## THE CITY OF JERUSALEM AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY MARGARET J. BAKER.

THE Jerusalem Exhibit Company have been given ten acres of land on which to exhibit the Holy City. The location is within the World's Fair Grounds. The reproduction of the walls of the city will be given, and also the seven gates through which the visitor will enter, and see its buildings, some with minarets and domes, some with flat roofs. Many of the inhabitants will be seen walking the streets as much at home as in their native Jerusalem.

One of the special points of interest will be the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. This is a collection of churches, chapels and shrines in which are thirty-seven holy places. The Temple is one of the four holy places of the Mohammedans. The principal building is the Dome of the Rock. This is a beautiful octagonal mosque, standing on a platform in the very center of the Temple, and there will also be a reproduction of Solomon's quarries. Underneath the Temple are vaults known as Solomon's stables. These were used by the Crusaders as stables. The Golden Gateway stands on the east side. The historians seem to agree that much of it is from the fifth century. The two columns in the door are said to have been brought by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon.

The Via Dolorosa is the road said to be traveled by Christ on his way to the cross. It has fourteen stations. It is a zigzag road. At the third station is a column marking the spot where the Savior is said to have fallen, exhausted by the weight of the cross. The last five stations are within the walls of the church of the Holy Sepulcher. The Mount of Olives will be a most impressive place. Here one will follow the footsteps of our Lord when he walked in the Olive grove with his disciples. It is believed that there has been scarcely any change in the Mount of Olives since the time of Christ. The Garden of Gethsemane will be an enclosed space about one-third of an acre. The garden will be laid out in flower beds and walled in, in imitation of the original.

The Jews' Wailing Place, which on every Friday or Saturday afternoon is filled with the Jewish men and women, weeping and wailing, will be of much interest to all. The Wailing Place is part of the wall of the city.

The display will be Jerusalem as it is to-day. There will be at least three hundred natives, Bedouins, Copts, Moslems, Turks, and Native Christians. Madame Lydia M. Von Tinkelstein Mountford, a native of Jerusalem, who is now in St. Louis, will be present during the World's Fair, and will give illustrated lec-

tures on oriental life. Arrangements will be made with Turkish government officials, Moslems, Armenians, and Jewish Priests, to permit a display of many things which visitors to Jerusalem have never seen. Guides will be upon the ground to point out and explain all of interest to the visitor.

Much of the information for this article was gained through the courtesy of Mr. Alexander Konta, of St. Louis.

*Beileville, Ill.*

\* \* \*

## HOW A LOST EXPRESS PACKAGE IS FOUND.

By Chas. F. Mills, Agent American Express Co., Elgin, Ill.

AN express package, or anything else that is lost, can never be found, but an express package that has gone astray is, in most instances, located by a systematic search made by correspondence. A complete history, or abstract, is kept by each and every person connected, to whose hands it is intrusted, a complete chain of record from the start to the time a package reaches its destination. When a package is reported not received at the destination, by the consignee to consignor, the shipper makes complaint to the Company who has undertaken its transportation, and the agent at point of origin proceeds from his record of starting said package in an effort to locate it. Compiling his record he forwards it to the person to whom he delivered it, and in this manner the search continues until located if possible. If at any point in transit or transfer the record is broken, or incomplete, there an investigation is instituted and unless the record is clear and complete, the negligent person is made to account for it.

There are very few packages shipped by express which are actually lost, except by fire or theft. There are a great many packages going astray, and always will be, owing to the carelessness of the person sending them, on account of insufficient address, and thoughtlessness of the person addressing them, or intrusting them to someone else to address and thus sending them to the wrong place. All shipments made by express go where addressed, not where billed, so an error on the part of an express employee of billing a package to London, Ontario, would not hinder its progress if it was destined to London, England. It would proceed to London, England, just the same, and at the point where the error was discovered the necessary record would be made. Therefore the error, if made, would not cause any delay or expense to party sending it.

No person ever suffers by intrusting a package to be sent by express on account of actual loss, but no express company indemnifies against errors that shippers make in addressing their shipments incorrectly.

However, when incorrectly addressed, they are not lost, but considered astray, and tracing locates them, and the packages are restored to consignee or consignor. Therefore what shippers usually censure express companies for are invariably errors or omissions on their own part, and the remedy therefor is that more precaution should be exercised by people in plainly and sufficiently addressing their packages.

\* \* \*

### THERMOMETERS.

"We have been selling as many thermometers this summer as usual," said a manufacturer, "in spite of the vagaries of the weather. It is a fact, though, that a good hot spell always booms the trade. A man who buys a good thermometer will always swear by it as stanchly as he swears by his watch. It doesn't make any difference to him what official weather records say.

"There is as much difference in thermometers as there is in individuals—or razors," he added as an afterthought. "No two are exactly alike. Some thermometers are the work of scientific operation in the hands of experts; others are turned out like so many pairs of machine-made shoes. With extremely sensitive and minutely accurate instruments needed for reliable work the greatest care is taken. They are kept in stock for years sometimes and compared with instruments known to be trustworthy beyond question. Naturally so much time cannot be spent over the cheap thermometers, although more care is devoted to them than many purchasers suppose.

"Mercury is used for scientific instruments, but alcohol is used for the cheaper grades. The alcohol is tinted with aniline dyes, which do not fade. The manufacturer buys the tubes in strips from glass factories. His blower cuts them to the proper lengths and makes the bulbs on the ends. When the bulbs are filled with alcohol they are allowed to stand for several hours before being sent back to the blower to close the upper end. By this time the liquor is thoroughly expanded.

"The first guide mark—thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit—is found by plunging the bulb into melting snow, when it is to be had. This invariably gives the exact freezing point and is an unfailing test when the accuracy of a thermometer is suspected. When melting snow is scarce, as it is just now, manufacturers use a little machine for shaving ice, which serves the purpose almost as well.

"After their cold bath the thermometers go to another workman, who plunges them into a tub of water kept constantly at sixty-four degrees. Another takes them at ninety-six degrees and so allowing thirty-two degrees for each guide mark. Then they are

ready to be put into frames and have the other degrees and their fractions marked off accordingly."

\* \* \*

### GUIDED BY THEIR SENSES.

PROFESSOR SHALER of Harvard university is of the opinion that plants are possessed of intelligence that serves the purpose of self-protection and self-gratification to a very considerable degree. Recently after discussing the automata observed in growing things he said:

"We may accept the statement that our higher intelligence is but the illuminated summit of man's nature as true, and extend it by the observation that intelligence



A CORNER IN THE STUDIO AT MOUNT MORRIS COLLEGE.

is normally unconscious, and appears as conscious only after infancy, in our waking hours, and not always then." In summing up the professor uses the following sentences: "Looking toward the organic world in the manner above suggested, seeing that an unprejudiced view of life affords no warrant for the notion that automata anywhere exist, tracing as we may down to the lowest grade of the animal series what is fair evidence of actions which we have to believe to be guided by some form of intelligence, seeing that there is reason to conclude that plants are derived from the same primitive stock as animals, we are in no condition to say that intelligence cannot exist among them. In fact, all that we can discern supports the view that throughout the organic realm the intelligence that finds its fullest expression in man is everywhere at work."

\* \* \*

### NOT FOUNDED BY ROMULUS.

EXCAVATIONS in Rome prove the city to have existed long before the time of Romulus—so the story of his founding the eternal city is as mythical as that of his being suckled by a wolf.

\* \* \*

### OCEAN LINER'S CREW OF SIX HUNDRED.

Six hundred men are regularly employed on the new steamship Kaiser Wilhelm.



## DOCTORS ON SHIPBOARD.

IN the old-time sailing ship the cook was given the title of "doctor" in derision—perhaps because his concoctions were viewed by the crew rather as medicine than anything in which the inner man should delight. The real doctor, however, was the captain, who carried a medicine chest, whereof the compounds were generally numbered, and a book, which told what numbers were to be given for the cure of certain complaints.

The crew were hardy and vigorous enough to stand most anything, and generally got well, whatever the medicine given them, and the captain was reckoned a competent and successful physician. Now and then a mishap would occur, as in the case of the old whaling captain, who found one day that he was out of number thirteen—which was indicated in the book as the proper treatment for the symptoms of a certain patient. The captain had been to school in Nantucket, however, and knew that six and seven made thirteen; so he carefully mixed medicines from the bottles bearing these numbers, and administered a whacking dose of the compound. The result was a dead sailorman and much distrust of doctors' books thereafter on the part of the captain.

The modern liner has changed all that, though, as it is rapidly changing most of the conditions of seafaring life.

Now every ocean-going passenger ship carries a competent physician, a graduate of a school of medicine, who makes the health of passengers and crew alike his special care. For this he is paid by the company, and it is his duty to minister to the crew and third-class passengers free of charge, and he is not allowed to send in a bill to any of his patients, but the first-class passengers usually pay him. In the majority of saloon cases he is fairly well paid for his services, but the ship's doctor rarely accumulates more than a moderate competency, for his patients are under his care but for a week or so and only in exceptional cases can his honorarium be large.

Twice a day, at eleven in the morning and at eight at night, the doctor's office below decks is open for an hour for the treatment of the third-class passengers and members of the crew. His services may be obtained in an emergency, of course, at any hour, but so far as possible he confines his work to these fixed hours. Then you will also see a little group of men and women waiting their turn at his door and note the visible signs of the ailments for which he is to prescribe. Now and then a severe case of seasickness among the emigrants claims his attention, but more often it is a sick baby. It is rarely that any serious illness appears on shipboard now-a-days; the emigrants are carefully inspected before they sail, and

many who show signs of even ill health are carefully weeded out in port; but occasionally a member of the crew needs the doctor's surgical services.

So the doctor, on ordinary voyages, has considerable leisure, and it is customary to look to him and the purser for much of the social gaiety of the ship. Many of these ocean-going physicians, so to call them, spend all they can of their spare time in study, either along the lines of their profession or of scientific research of one sort or another. Sometimes literature engages their attention; Conan Doyle is an instance of this, having, in the early days of his medical career made several voyages, and one ship's doctor has lately come into prominence in the world of navigation through a most ingenious and valuable invention. This is Dr. H. G. Geissinger of the Red Star liner Zealand, one of the international mercantile marine's fleet.

Doctor Geissinger has invented what he calls a "star-indicator." The position of the ship is of vast importance to the navigator in these days of ocean greyhounds, when twenty-four hours means a change of location of 500 miles or more. Now, it is generally admitted among navigators that an overcast sky clears up at sunset for a short time, often in brief patches. If the sun has been invisible all day a chance glimpse of a star then furnishes the only means of determining the position of the ship. But stars look much alike, and the observer, however perfect his knowledge, can not always identify the particular one he has seen in that way for but a moment, perhaps. By means of the indicator—a most ingenious celluloid arrangement, marked off with radial curved lines on a scientific principle, that fits over a chart of the heavens—together with navigator's tables and the nautical almanac, the ship's position can be determined as accurately and with as little trouble as if the observer had been able to take the usual sun sight at high noon. The invention has won the commendation of the officials in the United States navy and already is in use by many of the commanders of ships in the naval service, as well as the merchant marine.

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## A GOOSE EXCHANGE.

PRAGUE, in Europe, has a "goose exchange," where every year over 3,000,000 geese change owners. The busy time of this market is from the middle of September to the first of November. Most of the geese are driven long distances. To make the journey as easy as possible for them they are shod by being driven over tar mixed with fine sand, thus giving their feet a hard crust for a shoe.

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A HIGH ideal unreachd is better than a low success achieved.

## RENAMING INDIANS.

Lo, the poor Indian, is in trouble again. It is not war this time, nor a kick to another out-of-the-way reservation. A peaceful revolution is on. The red-skin must choose a new name. The ridiculous nicknames by which the first Americans have been known since the coming of the white man to the continent are soon to pass away. Running Wolf, Green Feather, Singing Water and Young-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Shadow are to be dropped from the Indian directory. Still more disagreeable names like Shagnasty Jim, Mud-Faced Jack, and Dog Eating Sam are doomed to be forgotten.

The man behind this revolution is Hamlin Garland. For a long time he has been preaching against the Indian nickname. He has been preaching in favor of renaming the members of the many tribes, and for his zeal he has been given the task of christening the government wards.

The funmakers have had their fling at Mr. Garland. He has been the target for gibes and jeers, but the story of his own and the government's real interest in renaming the Indians has not been told. There is a serious side to the question. It is not for any mere sentimental reason that the Sioux and the Kiowa, the Cheyenne and the Arapahoe are to be called John and William Something-or-other.

The Indian himself sees the sense of taking a new name. He knows now that his squaw and his sons and daughters should have his name, and he is ready for the change. He doesn't like his nickname and he never did. The long row of musical syllables his father gave him is his, and he is willing to keep it and make it the family name but he is tired of being called Humped-Backed-Buffalo, or Man-With-the-Two-Sore-Eyes.

This renaming of the Indians is no small task. Among the Sioux alone there are more than 20,000 names to be changed. These will all have to undergo contraction or a change so that the spelling of them may be easily determined. Some of the dialects will easily conform to the new order of things; others will cause no end of trouble. There is as much system in Algonquin Indian spelling as there is in any language. Every feminine name ends in "a," which gives a musical termination to the name of every Algonquin woman.

The Indian can have no exact history. The red man of to-day does not know, save by tradition, who were his fathers. Sleeping Elk may be the son of Weeping Crow, the grandson of Laughs-at-His-Dog, the great-grandson of Fire-in-the-Clouds, and so on indefinitely. As Hiawatha lamented, there are no signs upon the grave-posts and the Indian cannot know his fathers or his kindred.

This action of the United States government will result in the perpetual establishment of the most beautiful set of names ever given any people. It is difficult to find in the Indian dialects a name that is harsh or unmusical. The vowel sounds so predominate that every name is a cadence. If there now and then appears a name that does not sound well the Indian is advised to change it entirely.

As far back as anything is known of the red men, names have counted for much among them. They believe that a good name means a good Indian. In the present scramble for titles they often ask if the name is good and if it is not, Mr. Indian does not want it.

For this reason, according to Mr. Garland, many Indians have preferred to adopt such names as Smith, Johnson, and Brown, although in most instances these redskins have been persuaded to retain some characteristic aborigine name. It is in choosing their first names, however, that the Indians meet with the greatest puzzle. To those who are not particular about having a long name John seems to be the favorite, but most of them want names that contain all the letters of the alphabet. One old Indian wanted to be named President; another wanted to use the name of a railroad, and still another wanted to be named Mary, in honor of a missionary who had befriended him.

"The time has come when the Indian must be renamed," said Mr. Garland the other day to a writer for the *Inter Ocean*. "The nicknames given the Indians by the white man not only have come to be disagreeable to the Indians, but threaten to involve the national government in no end of trouble.

"The Indian has no family name. The father may be called White Feather, the son may be called Walks-to-the-Hills, and the daughter may be Onona. And through the white man's translation even such poetic names as the last become corrupted and lost. Hundreds of musical names known a generation ago are never met with nowadays, for there is no means of preserving them.

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## MEASURING HIDES.

THE ancient tanner paid an expert high wages to guess at the contents of his hides when sold by measure. To-day an unskilled workman hands the irregular-shaped pieces to a little machine that looks something like a table with a double top, which, quicker than the mind of the expert could guess it, reckons with exactness the square contents in both the metric and standard systems.

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WE never see a man who is drudging to amass gold but we are reminded of the foolishness of the kitten that spends hours trying to catch its own tail.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## ABOUT FROGS.

BY H. ELY ANDERSON.

THERE are many industries in modern times that seem odd to most people, but probably the queerest of all is the breeding of frogs. There are several places in the United States where frogs are bought and sold during the summer season, but there is no other place where frogs find an artificial home such as the little pool dug in the rear of the home of Mr. H. Brammer, Elgin, Ill. Here frogs are given the greatest of care in a pond six feet wide and nine feet long. Frogs' legs are an expensive food, even in summer, but here they are bred and during the winter they are shipped to the large hotels and restaurants in Chicago, where they bring him from thirty-five to fifty cents a pound.

Each summer he gives the little home a cleaning and goes for a new supply. Mr. Brammer is an expert frog hunter. He uses a fish pole and line but instead of baiting his hooks with worms or such things, he uses a piece of red flannel. Another odd thing is that he never fishes for frogs in the water but always on land. He goes frog hunting in a boat, which he runs along eight or ten feet from the shore of the river, which he may choose for the trip. The frogs will be seen sitting on the banks. He lets the line down just in front of the frog, which, when it sees the red flannel, will grab at it only to be caught on the hook. Of course it is soon a new addition to Mr. Brammer's collection.

He feeds them on grass and usually finds enough bugs and insects in the garden to keep the frogs looking big and fat. They are grown to all sizes in Mr. Brammer's little breeding place. His usual catch on a trip ranges from fifty to one hundred and they are from eight to fifteen inches in length.

His pond numbers in the hundreds this summer, and he expects to sell them all during the coming winter at a good profit.

*Elgin, Illinois.*

\* \* \*

## THE FER-DE-LANCE.

THE fer-de-lance is one of the most deadly poisonous snakes in the world. It is common in Brazil and some of the West Indian islands, and was particularly so in the forests of Martinique, now destroyed by the volcano. The head is flat and triangular, the length five to seven feet, a horny spike at the end of the tail rasps against hard objects. The bite is almost

instantly fatal and even when immediate death is averted serious and eventually fatal troubles may set in.

The creature which fears the monster least is the brave cat. Seeing a snake, she at once carries her kittens to a place of safety, then boldly advances to the encounter. She will walk to the very limit of the serpent's striking range and begin to feint, teasing him, startling him, trying to draw his blow. A moment more and the triangular head, hissing from the coil, flashes swift as if moved by wings. But swifter still the stroke of the armed paw dashes the horror aside, flinging it mangled into the dust.

Nevertheless, pussy does not yet dare to spring; the enemy, still alive, has almost instantly reformed his coil, but she is again in front of him, watching, vertical pupil against vertical pupil. Again the dashing stroke; again the beautiful countering; again the living death is hurled aside, and now the scaled skin is deeply torn, one eye socket has ceased to flame. Once more the stroke of the serpent; once more the light, quick, cutting blow. But the trigonocephalus is blind, is stupefied. Before he can attempt to coil, pussy has leaped upon him, nailing the horrible flat head to the ground with her two sinewy paws. Now let him lash, writhe, strive to strangle her. In vain. He will never lift his head; an instant more and he lies still; the keen white teeth of the cat have severed the vertebra just behind the triangular skull.

\* \* \*

## HOW THE CAT DIGESTS FOOD.

FOR some time past a professor in Harvard university has been studying the process of digestion as revealed by the Roentgen ray sent through the stomachs of divers and sundry cats. The results are instructive.

There are several cats employed in the experiments, but only one at a time and mostly of the gentler sex, as the Thomases were obstinate patients, with irregular digestive processes. The subject was kept hungry for ten hours and then so well fed that after a preliminary toilet it stretched out comfortably to sleep. In that position it was strapped between the lens and the screen of the apparatus, so that the X-ray threw the shadow of its stomach on the luminous screen. A little bismuth was mixed with the bread and milk of the cat's food to darken the shadow.

The food lay at first in the upper and larger part of the pear-shaped stomach. Then a series of wave-

like motions began from the center of the stomach and was continued with clocklike regularity, the shadows of the food passing from the reservoir at the top to the passage into the intestines at the bottom, at ten second intervals.

Two important facts were observed, and to these attention is particularly called. For regularity of the digestive process a condition of calm content was necessary. The moment pussy became provoked at anything the wavelike motions ceased and were only resumed when she regained placidity of temper. That is why Thomas cats proved unsatisfactory subjects. They lost their tempers too often and the churn in the lower half of the stomach quit work. It was also found that when a hard pellet had been waved on to the outlet of the stomach it was returned to be worked over again, this process continuing until it had been so dissolved by the gastric juice that it scarcely cast a shadow.

These, therefore, are the two lessons of the cat's stomach to man at table and after. Thoroughly masticate your food, that the churning process may not be prolonged beyond the proper time. Refrain from anger or worry after meals until food is completely digested.

\* \* \*

#### CRABS WORK GREAT HAVOC.

"THE elimination of the crawfish as a factor in the destruction of levees may be one of the more important lessons of the present overflow," said an engineer who has had much experience in levee construction, "and I want to tell you that it will be quite an important item, for there is really no telling how much damage has resulted from this source in the past and even during the present high water. The crawfish has been a troublesome member. His ways no man may fathom, for he works under circumstances which keep him in concealment. Take some of the recent breaks and you may charge probably a majority of them up to the crawfish. The fact that the levees have stood out so well against the long-continued high stage of the river, in my judgment, is due to two things—namely, the stronger type of levee in the first place and in the second place the elimination of the crawfish."

"When you come to think of it this problem of getting rid of the crawfish has been one easy of solution. It has been simply a question of drainage. The levees have been kept as dry as a powder-house. Ditches behind the levees have been spaded out so that the water could flow off into the lower regions. Thus it has been impossible for the crawfish to thrive along the levee lines. It has been noticed that the breaks have not occurred at the well-drained points along the levee. This may be accepted as at least a partial con-

firmation of the contention that crawfish have had much to do in developing the crevasses. Muskrats and other burrowing animals may, of course, have figured in some of the breaks. However, the crawfish has been the main factor."

\* \* \*

#### SAVES THE WOMAN'S SIGHT.

A DELICATE operation has just been performed in the Massachusetts homeopathic hospital, whereby a woman was saved from total blindness.

Frog skin was grafted around her eye, where the flesh is most sensitive, and the process was attended with great danger.

The flesh about the eye had become bruised and the skin became affected. Both to save the eyesight and to prevent the socket from having a bald, hideous appearance the graft had to be made. Frog skin was used because no human skin was available. Grafts from the white skin of a frog were taken and applied to the eye.

The patient has fully recovered. The natural skin and frog skin have coalesced so as to be indistinguishable the one from the other.

\* \* \*

#### CATCHING RING-TAIL MONKEYS.

RING-TAIL monkeys, one of the most valuable and expensive of the smaller animals, are caught in an interesting way. A cocoanut is split in two and a banana with a piece of wood running through it placed lengthwise through the nut, the two halves of which are drawn together by wire. Then a hole is cut large enough for the monkey's paw to enter. The monkey spies the tempting nut from his tree. He hops down, looks it over, sees the hole and smells the banana inside. He is fond of bananas. Putting his paw in, he grasps it, but the wood prevents it from coming out. Then the catchers appear and the monkey runs for a tree. But he cannot climb because of the cocoanut on his paw and he will not let go of that, so he is captured, pawing wildly at a tree trunk.

\* \* \*

#### FROZEN FISH RETURN TO LIFE.

THE Washington state fish commission reports that fish can be frozen solid and thawed back to life if not exposed to the sun or allowed to get more than twelve to fourteen degrees below the freezing point. Salmon from the Pacific coast could be frozen and transported to the Atlantic coast and resuscitated to full life under proper conditions. The results of this test will be that live salmon frozen in blocks of ice may be shipped to the Atlantic coast market before long. The test has not been made, but this summer a company at Taku harbor, in Alaska, will make the experiment.



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A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

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Each man we pass upon the street,  
Each woman we may chance to meet,  
Has somewhere hidden in the heart  
A poem, or at least a part.  
It may be but a simple lay,  
A love-song from some yesterday.

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## "DEACONING."

THE word "Deaconing" may be new to a good many INGLENOOK readers. For their benefit we explain that it is a New England phrase and best illustrated by a peach basket with all the biggest and best on the top. The technical phrase for a package of goods with the best on top, and gradually growing inferior towards the bottom, is "deaconing," and any thing so prepared is said to be deaconed.

Now every reader will naturally say that the process is morally wrong. Let us see about this. If a man were honest enough to mix the apples all the way through, big and little alike on top, and if we were passing him on the street wanting to buy apples, would we buy the mixed fruit from the honest man, or buy the barrel which showed, as far as we were able to see, all big ones? Ninety-nine people out of every hundred would buy the ones which showed the best on top, and about all that happens to the man that was honest from top to bottom would be that his goods would be the last sold. Now we may argue about this thing as long as we please, the hard fact remains. The INGLENOOK does not mean by this to justify "deaconing" but to bring out the fact that the individual purchaser, that is to say *you*, my dear reader, prefer to buy the deaconed package to the honest one, and you will do it every time. Now, in the face of all this,

what is the seller to do, allow his goods to go to protest on the market or to fix them so that he will get quick and good returns? And now again, dear reader, if you had something *you* wanted to sell and get the money out of it as quickly as you can, what are you going to do about it? There are some things in this world that, while they may not appear right morally on their surface, yet they are essential to success. This is a very dangerous teaching and it is also a very true one. In a country where everybody was absolutely honest, there would be no need of "deaconing," but where people are governed in their every act by the looks of things, it behooves the man who has anything to sell to see to the looks of it. The INGLENOOK is not preaching, but is simply stating the facts and it writes this for an illustration of it. If you are buying a basket of peaches and they run uneven in one basket, and big, round, plump fellows in sight on the top of the other, which would you take? The answer will go a long way towards settling the practice of "deaconing."

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## PUBLIC INDIFFERENCE.

EVERY now and then a community takes a spasm of public virtue. Somebody gets after the rumsellers, or the official who loots the treasury. Sometimes it amounts to something, but very rarely, and oftener than not, nothing comes of it. The guilty party simply keeps quiet and the breeze is soon over, when they are at their old tricks again as though nothing had happened.

The fault for any public condition that is disgraceful and wrong, lies at the door of the so-called good people of every community. They refuse to vote as they profess to believe. A great many people hold their party higher than they do their religion. Take the ordinary community and take a census of the people who profess to be Christians, and they will be found to be in the majority, yet, bring something up that has a distinctly moral side to it, such as the matter of prohibition, just as likely as not the majority of people will vote in favor of rum while professing to believe otherwise.

In the matter of filling positions of public trust and honor, the man's moral character hardly ever enters into the question of his nomination. Whether or no he can be carried successfully through is the main thing. While the INGLENOOK is not pessimistic, or at least tries not to be, yet it believes that a man thoroughly good and thoroughly competent, and yet not a politician in any sense of the word, would not stand a ghost of a chance among the so-called good people of his community of being elected to a lucrative position. In other words, as a rule, the public prefer to vote for their party instead of their principles. This

may seem a hard saying, but when you hunt up the alleged church members and the number of saloons and remember that in almost every instance the vote of the Christians could close the saloon doors, there is certainly a lack of consistency between what people profess and what they do. The fault does not lie in the Christian religion but in the weakness of the individuals, who claim to be imbued with the spirit. If people would vote as they profess to believe, there would be fewer rascals in office and less wrong-doing having the sanction of the public.

\* \* \*

### THE QUIET MAN.

THERE are plenty of people to do the talking and a few who listen. The quiet man is one of the listeners. He has certain peculiarities you would do well to bear in mind. It is the quiet man who does things. You don't want to stir him up. If you go far enough with him to get through his layer of quietness, you will find a most lively customer underneath. The quiet man is not readily worked up, but when he once gets there he makes it interesting for whoever has stirred him up. Nobody can tell much about the quiet man, but there is this one thing sure about him, and that is when he gets started he goes through with it. Many a man has made the mistake of his life in not being sufficiently careful around the man who keeps his mouth shut. Usually the quiet man is a good man, and as often as not, in fact rather oftener, the professional bad man is a very quiet one. To their credit it may be said, that all the great people in history were naturally of the quiet order. Everybody who ever does things and makes them go is invariably on the quiet order. Grant is an illustration of that.

It may be taken as a rule that the man who says the most things with his mouth will do the least with his hands in the long run. It is not meant by this to suggest tactiturnity, but to call attention to the fact that quietness and force are usually associated. The thrashing machine makes a good deal of noise, but it is not in the same class with the locomotive with steam up and on the track. Between noise and quietness it is better to cultivate the silent habit.

\* \* \*

### THE BETTER CLASS.

PEOPLE always have been divided into classes, and probably always will be. It may not be saying too much that they ought to be. Reference is not had now to the artificial distinctions born of wealth or inherited position, but to the intrinsic merits of people. We often hear it said that one person is as good as another, than which nothing is more untrue. Some persons are a great deal better than others, and it is not likely that one can truthfully say that he is as good

as anybody else. He may be in his own estimation, but he is not in fact.

The INGLENOOK will undertake to say that the best class of people may be known by certain characteristics, and one of the most marked is their refusal to constitute themselves a link in the chain of gossip. The Nook does not say that there are not some otherwise good people, who are given to talk about their neighbors, but it does emphatically assert that the best people never do it. These best people have something else to think about other than the foibles of individuals. They are either readers or thinkers, and do not have the taste for small talk, and for the petty clash that goes on as a rule where two or three are met. It may be argued that the people who do the most of the small talk that goes on in the world, have nothing else to think about, and this condition is very freely admitted and regretted. Those people who read, study, or even think, find enough to keep them busy in the material aspect of life without condescending to the down-stairs level of personal talk, usually of a defamatory character. The INGLENOOK suggests leaving other people alone and confining ourselves to things in a public way, and regarding the private life of the individual as that for which he alone is answerable.

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### BE ORIGINAL.

IN all things that one does it is well enough to be governed by the wisdom of the world, for the experience of people who have gone before is worth a great deal. Still it does not necessarily follow that we should do just as our grandfathers and grandmothers did. No individual is his own grandfather or grandmother, and about all the use that the experience of these people is worth consists in avoiding the mistakes they made and improving upon their successes. He who does not get out of the beaten path will never do anything of note in the world. There is nothing truer than this, nothing more palpably plain. Take for illustration the presentation of a thought before the public. Attempting to follow the beaten track the article will be ordinary in the extreme. People will accept it as a fact upon general lines and promptly forget it. But present it in a new form and clothed in a new garb, if there be such a thing, and it will stick to the reader. If there is anything in the world that calls for originality, it is in the expression of thought and its presentation to the public. Anybody can say commonplaces, but few can present an idea in a new garb. Be original if you want to hit the public in the right spot.

\* \* \*

MANY young men have gone to the bad trying to keep up with "good society."



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## GENERAL.

A bushel of peaches from St. Louis was sent to the President last week.

The Reliance, the American vessel in the yacht race, won out all the way through.

They are having trouble to find cars sufficient to move the corn in Kansas and Nebraska.

In Grundy, Iowa, they are going to establish a farmer's co-operative store with a capital of about \$25,000.

The corner stone of St. Paul's Cathedral, in Pittsburgh, which is to cost over two million of dollars, was laid Sunday, Sept. 6th.

And now the expressmen are talking about a strike, and the packing companies are threatened with a tie-up of sixty thousand butchers.

An unknown negro at Kansas City, caught in the act of strangling a white woman, drowned himself in the river rather than run the risk of being lynched.

President Roosevelt has decided to make a change in the appointment of foreign consuls. Only the best and most efficient men will be retained or appointed.

Lord Roberts is not coming to the United States, as predicted, because of the maneuvers of the British army which had been postponed to the middle of September.

And now they are having snow in Colorado. A heavy fall Sept. 6 between Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek, made it impossible to run trains until the tracks were cleared.

The largest celery patch in the world is at Orange Farm Station, in New York. It covers twenty-six acres and is filled with straight rows of celery, some of them a quarter of a mile long.

Judge C. J. Ellis, of Pratt, Kans., died last August from fasting. He followed the theory that to cure dyspepsia he should not eat, and had gone thirty-seven days without food, when he died.

The cantaloupe business out in Colorado is delaying the regular passenger trains. The fruit is perishable and has to be rushed through while the passenger trains are delayed as a consequence.

An order has gone out from the Superintendent of Police in Chicago that every known criminal shall be arrested. If this is carried out hundreds and hundreds of bad people will be gathered in.

Over at Beirut, the Turks have begun massacring the Christians.

According to the last number of the Journal of the American Medical Association four hundred and six deaths have resulted from lockjaw alone, as the outcome of the celebration of the last Fourth of July.

It cost the members of the New York Yacht Club and the club itself, considerably more than six hundred thousand dollars to defend the American cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, Shamrock III.

Conrad Spink, a bartender at Salt Lake City, Utah, dropped a lighted match into an empty whiskey barrel to see what would happen. He found out. The barrel exploded, tore things to pieces, and nearly killed Spink.

All New York newsboys, under fourteen years of age, will now have to wear badges in accordance with a law passed by the last legislature. No boy under ten years of age will be permitted to sell newspaper and no woman under sixteen.

Under the new constitution of Alabama, the negro colony at Hobson City, Ala., will be run entirely by negroes. Nearly all male inhabitants are disfranchised, there being about two voters and the affairs of the town will have to be conducted by them and they will elect themselves to office.

The stock men who have been riding free on the railroad when they shipped their stock and went without paying will have their transportation to pay hereafter. The executives of the western roads met and decided. All the same the Nook predicts that they will get through without money outlay.

The coal carriers in the cities have agreed upon a rate which they expect to charge for carrying coal. This will be a hard blow to the householders in the flat. In the future the man on the third floor will have to pay nearly four times more than his neighbor on the ground floor to get his coal put in.

Mrs. Eddy, the head of the Christian Science Heralds, has sent out an order for recalling the edition of one hundred thousand copies of her manual. This will be destroyed and a new edition, in which the manner of teaching others will be very much restricted and the head of the organization much helped.

A. D. Martin, of Omaha, played the races in Chicago, and in the end won out ten thousand dollars. He started in to see Chicago and got rid of the ten thousand dollars in a week, when he went to Omaha and got away with the other five thousand, where he was arrested at the instance of his employers, and now is in jail without a cent. This is sliding down hill in earnest.

Mrs. John A. Zigler started east with the body of her dead husband at Los Angeles, Cal., and when she arrived at Cincinnati, Ohio, she found that at Kansas City the bodies had been changed and that the corpse she had in the baggage car as her husband was that of a woman sent to a different destination.

Anthony Demers, the proprietor of a shoe-shining stand at Kalamazoo, Mich., confesses that he paid \$75 for a thirteen-year-old Greek boy, who had been stolen in Greece. Every year boys are being picked up in the streets of Greek cities, and sold into slavery in this country. The price is from fifty to seventy-five dollars for a five or six-year-old boy. The second year the price advances twenty-five dollars, and so on.

Frequent calls are made at this office in regard to the possibility of securing a copy of the famous INGLENOOK Cook Book. To all such we would say that a few copies still remain on hand and will be available as premiums as long as they last. This applies to those who have not a copy at present. In connection herewith let it be remembered that there can be no more Doctor Books sent out. The edition has been entirely exhausted and the Cook Book will be gone soon.

Labor Day passed off in this neighborhood and in Chicago with a great deal of interest. The Legislatures of the various states, with the exception of three out of the forty-five, have made the first Monday in September a legal holiday in recognition of labor and the laborer. Here in Elgin about ten thousand people were in line, while in Chicago it is reported that one hundred thousand people took part in the procession. The outcome of all this is difficult to foresee. Labor has its rights and its wrongs. Whether or not the present organization will tend to its real advancement, remains to be developed. Demonstrations are growing in number and interest annually, and it is hard to forecast the result.

Last week one of the cruelest murders took place in Chicago that has ever been recorded. It is bad, even for Chicago. It appears that at the end of the street car runs, out at the car barns, along in the middle of the night, the money is counted up and the day's business brought to a close. Some three or four men are engaged in this work about two or three o'clock in the morning, and the amount varies from three thousand to five thousand dollars. Two or three men, knowing the circumstances, went there and deliberately shot down two of the parties, broke in with a sledge hammer, grabbed three or four thousand dollars, and escaped unhurt. All Chicago was set on fire at the audacity and brutality of the murder, but, up to this writing, the thieves have not been caught and it does not seem likely that they will be. Whoever did it were criminals of the wolf order.

## PERSONAL.

Anna Malloy, of St. Louis, Mo., was caught between a wall and a moving elevator and was crushed to death.

President Roosevelt spent Labor Day in Syracuse, N. Y., where he addressed the New York State Agricultural Association.

Anton Baso, a two-year-old Chicago boy, drank part of the contents of a tin cup full of gasoline and died a few hours later.

John D. Rockefeller, the oil magnate, has been sued by Mrs. Eva B. Gibson, who was injured in an opera house owned by the multi-millionaire.

Miss Anna Peck, of New York, has achieved fame as a mountain climber. She successfully climbed Mt. Sorata, the highest peak of the Andes, in Bolivia.

Harry Caldwell, Boston, Mass., established a new bicycle record by riding fifty miles an hour. The distance was fifty miles and he covered it in one hour.

A colored man by the name of Matthew Hansen will accompany Commodore Peary in his dash to the pole. He is a man of much intelligence and much endurance.

Mrs. Robert E. Peary, who accompanied her husband on his last trip to the North Pole, will remain at home during his present effort to reach the frozen north.

Samuel Smiley and Miss Anna Wagner, of Danville, Ill., eloped and were in such a hurry to get married that a funeral was stopped until the minister performed the ceremony.

Allen Johnson, a prominent society man of Belleville, Ill., is said to have been kidnapped by relatives. His father is General Freight and Passenger Agent of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

Henry Weilbrenner was arrested at Oyster Bay, Sept. 2, for making a persistent demand to see President Roosevelt. He wanted to marry his daughter Alice. He was locked up as a result.

Commodore Peary, the Arctic Explorer, will make another dash to reach the pole. He will start about July 1st, 1904. He has a leave of absence for three years with the permission of the President.

Emil Reiss and his brother Adolph, who have been separated for twenty years and each supposing the other dead, met at the Ellenville, New York, fair. When they parted, twenty years ago, they intended to meet the next day.



## EXPENSIVE MODELS.

WHEN Uncle Sam decides to build a warship there must be something over 1,200 plans drawn and approved by the government before the vessel can be constructed. These plans alone, in the case of a first-class battle-ship such as the Vermont, the contract for which has been recently awarded, cost the builders about \$75,000. For the steel plates of the hull, to take a single large item, 500 distinct and separate plans are necessary. The 800 or 900 plans necessary for the hull as a whole range from a small sheet of paper twelve inches square to a big sheet 11 feet long by two and one-quarter feet wide, and each plan must be duplicated in at least a dozen blue prints to facilitate the work of the shops and save the original drawings from being worn out by constant handling.

At a rough estimate this means that over 18,600 square feet of paper will be covered with drawings before the yard begins hull construction—to say nothing of over 10,500 square feet of paper that will be used in preparing the schedules of materials by which the yard will order the various supplies necessary for construction. To make the hull of a war vessel more paper is used than would serve to wrap it up afterward. Meantime the engine department and the electrical department must prepare their own plans on a similar scale of detailed munificence, the result being, all told, that about 1,200 separate drawings will be necessary before the battleship has been accurately made on paper.

These hundreds of plans do not consist, as one might at first imagine, in plan after plan of the vessel until Uncle Sam smiles approval and says "Go ahead. That suits me exactly." As a matter of fact, Uncle Sam has a very complete notion of what is going to suit him exactly, but the contracting ship-builder's work is based upon yet another series of mysterious-looking blue prints that come from the government.

The first plans for every class of war vessels, with the single exception of the lively little torpedo-boats and their equally lively little destroyers, are drawn by the government before either Fore River, Newport News, the Cramps or any other ship-building establishment is invited to bid for the task of finishing them. But these first plans, although they represent the labor of three government departments—the bureau of construction and repair, the bureau of equipment and the bureau of ordnance—are simply a statement of the kind of vessel wanted and are supplemented by a bound volume of specifications that covers between two hundred and three hundred pages. It is this interesting volume that the management of the ship-building establishment has to reduce to terms of

profit and cost before it decides upon the minimum price for which it can build the vessel, pay about four years' wages to a thousand workmen and put a little something in the bank on its own account. In the case of the Vermont the final cost per pound is estimated at fifteen cents, or three times the cost per pound of a thoroughly modern steel schooner.

No object, either on land or sea, could be more carefully specified in its every detail than a modern war vessel. When the government orders a canvas gun cover, for example, the specifications state definitely how many stitches to an inch are to be taken in sewing the canvas and these stitches are not to be averaged up, but there must be just so many of them in every inch, no matter at what point the government inspector who supervises the making of the cover may choose to count them. If the number is not parallel with the specification the right number of stitches must be put in—at the expense of the company. This small example is an exact illustration of what "specifications" mean as they apply to a war vessel, although as a rule the specifications that reach the modern ship yard concern themselves only with the hull and machinery of the vessel. But they include every bolt that goes into the hull, every beam that supports her decks and platforms, and every inch of the miles of pipes and wire that connect her engines, dynamos and conning towers with the various mechanisms that they are designed to operate. In the Vermont there are more than 20,000 of these bolts and electric wires alone, sufficient to distribute an amount of power that would supply light to the streets and houses and run the trolley cars for a city of 25,000 inhabitants.

Putting these specifications into actual plans—in other words, building the warship on paper with rule, T-square, and compass—takes about twelve months of steady work and requires the services of a small army of expert engineers, naval architects, draughtsmen and photographers. All through this period a special electrical apparatus is busy preparing blue prints of the completed drawings. From the government point of view everything that is drawn on paper is a plan; and everything that goes into the vessel must first be drawn on paper. Building a war vessel is different from building a house, in that you can't nail the parts together or make them fit as you go along. Every plate of unbending steel, of which no two are exactly similar, has its individual place in the steel plate, and every plate must therefore have been carefully planned on paper before it becomes part of the ship's construction. The armor plan of a warship is therefore one of the longest tasks of a shipyard's draughtsman. Other large and more complicated plans are those that provide for the working of gun mounts, ammunition hoists and other important sections of her

inner mechanism. And in this respect no two vessels are 'alike, even "twin warships" being like other twins in that they look alike, but usually act differently. Still another series of delicately complicated plans are those that provide for the arrangement of tubes, wires and other means of connecting every part of the ship with every other part, for not only must space be economized to the finest practical point, but every part of the system must be readily accessible in case of necessary repairs at short notice.

The plan for a bolt—the perfect mechanical drawing, that is, whereby the company in Massachusetts proves to the United States government at Washington that it has read, pondered and put in practice the volume of specifications under which it signed a contract to build battle-ship No. 20, as the Vermont is officially known—is a good example of the exigencies under which a modern war vessel is put together. Very likely if a visitor should pick up that bolt after it had been actually manufactured and was waiting to be used in the vessel, it would seem much like any other bolt, but the government inspector would be able to point out the differences, verify them by measuring the angles and show the astonished visitor that not only had the bolt been cast to order for that particular vessel, but, very likely, that a machine had been made to order to cast the bolt. For an ordinary vessel of commerce the bolts would have been bought ready made in open market. In a war vessel every part of its mechanism, even the smallest, is designed to have a specific value in increasing her strength and fighting power and the government therefore scrutinizes with impartial severity the plans for the great marine engines that must drive the vessel day and night; for the ammunition hoists that are to keep her guns supplied and busy during a possible engagement; for the mechanism that is to aim the guns and protect the vessel from the recoil of their tons of explosives; the bolts that are to hold her steel plates together, or the little wheel and track that runs a sliding door between the captain's cabin and his morning bathtub. The smallest plan in those necessary to put the Vermont finally into commission, is the carefully studied and exactly described drawing of a future hammock hook.

All these plans go forward in general groups, the ship being divided into hull and engines and electrical arrangements, and the work of the yard follows these lines of division. The two departments start their drawings simultaneously, the engineering department, whose share naturally includes hundreds of minor bits of machinery, driving rods, pistons, cranks, valves and gauges, as well as the big engines and dynamos in toto, making rather less than the number of plans made by the department of hulls.

These plans, moreover, are always subject to change by the government, acting on the advice of its own ex-

perts. Every change is recorded on the ship-builder's first draft by a star stamped on the exact spot in the ship's anatomy where the change has been deemed advisable and annotated on the margin with an exact description, which refers it to the final series of new plans that have been thus made necessary.

Any change the government makes in its original specifications—such changes, for instance as are often the result of the added experience in naval architecture, gained by some minor mishap to a foreign vessel, either in ordinary cruising or in naval maneuvers—is so much added to the cost of the vessel to the government, and every deviation from the original specifications—which very rarely happens in a modern ship yard and is then invariably very soon discovered by the lynx-eyed government inspector—must be remedied at the cost of the company.

Despite the hundreds of plans made in the ship yard, it may be noted moreover that Uncle Sam is his own warship designer, and the plans are simply a tangible



IN THE LIBRARY AT MOUNT MORRIS (ILL.) COLLEGE.

expression of the way in which the ship-builder proposes to carry out the countless details specified by the government experts. And when everything is completed and the big war vessel is not only built on paper but launched, ready to receive her ordnance and go into commission, the government files a duplicate of every plan—not of the original draft, but of yet another new one containing all the changes developed in process of construction—from the smallest hammock hook to the biggest engine or gun mount. From these final, complete drawings, whatever happens to the vessel, the government is able to immediately order the material necessary to repair the injury.

\* \* \*

AFFECTIONS should not bind the soul, but enfranchise it. Through them it should know larger, deeper, higher life. They should be to it as wings by which it mounts. A friend comes as an ambassador from the heavens.—*Trinities and Sanctities.*

\* \* \*

LOVE lightens the heaviest load.



## A BALTIMORE PONY FARM.

UPON the fertile, picturesque Worthington valley of Baltimore county, a section noted for excellent, well-kept farms, which annually produce profitable crops in abundance, is situated Whitehall Manor stock farm. The size of the farm—1,000 acres—and the size of the stock raised as the “main thing” form a great contrast, as the “stock” is Shetland ponies.

The lay of the land is almost ideal for the raising of stock of any kind. There are level fields, undulating fields, and hillsides steep and rugged, just such as are beneficial in the conditioning and development of muscle in the young colts to make them sturdy, sure-footed animals. The fields are of about fifty acres each, and all have water flowing through them.

Generally on large farms there are fields that are neglected, or, in a sense, overlooked; but on this farm every field gives evidence of intelligent farming, thorough cultivation, resulting in a wonderful yield of crops. The old adage, “A little farm well tilled is a barn well filled,” seems to be followed out on an unusually extended scale, for here is a big farm well tilled and a great big barn well filled.

When it is known that the size of the barn is, according to Mr. M. S. Friedenwald, who planned it, 200 by 85 feet, its comparison with ordinary farm barns can better be understood.

In the basement of the barn there are stalls for twenty-four ponies, fifty box-stalls for ponies, and scores of pens for pony colts and fifty cattle stalls.

There are three other good-sized barns, ordinary farm barns, and a large hay barrack on the place, and another barn near the big one that is used for work horses and mules.

A model “piggery,” 20 by 100 feet, furnishes accommodations for Berkshire pigs, which are raised by the score. There is a henhouse of good size, with up-to-date conveniences, and an incubator and brooder building a short distance from it.

Way up on the hills, at an altitude of twenty-eight feet higher than the top of the chimney of the residence, is an artificial lake, which is supplied by six free-flowing springs. From this lake, through two-inch pipes, there comes an abundant supply of water for every building on the premises—houses, stables, barns, chicken quarters, piggery, etc. There are twelve tenant houses on the place and a boarding house, where the help is boarded. There are generally kept about sixteen hands, but during harvest and on other occasions there are as many as twenty-five men. A five-acre truck patch furnishes “garden sass” for the men boarders.

There is an artificial lake, 100 by 200 feet, fed by the spring water flow. It is stocked with California rainbow trout.

The great attraction to all visitors is, of course, the Shetland ponies. When one arrives and is told the ponies are “nearly all out in the pasture fields there,” pointing to the field, one will wonder where they are. The pasture fields are heavily set with bluegrass, red top orchard grass and white clover, a combination rich in nutriment, and one or the other always in inviting condition. A couple of men were sent out in the field, and the herd of ponies driven into a small paddock, where a view at close range could be had. They are as easily rounded up as Mr. Friedenwald's Jersey cattle—just as tame.

It is a veritable pony circus. Here are blacks, sorrels and spotted ponies, perfect miniatures of perfect horses, many of the mares with colts no bigger than a shepherd dog. They are a friendly lot, too, eager and anxious to make friends with anyone. It is a real treat to go in among them, for their actions proclaim they have been reared with kindness and seem to realize that man is their friend.

“Uncle Joe,” a solid black stallion, 5 years old and forty inches high, was first brought out for the inspection of visitors on the occasion described. He is the head of the herd, and probably one of the most typical Shetland ponies in the United States. During the last three years he has won fifteen firsts, four seconds and one third prize at horse shows. He is very stylish and has fine high hock and knee action.

The ponies always go in herds in the field and follow a recognized leader. Last fall Mr. Friedenwald imported direct from the Shetland Islands thirty pony mares. These he will keep exclusively for breeding. Among them are blacks, browns, sorrels and spotted or piebalds. They range in height from 37 to 50 inches. All the ponies on the place are pure bred Shetlands.

It takes time to break the ponies, and the training is not commenced until they are one year old. A pony when trained is reliable and perfectly trustworthy and docile, easily managed by a child of twelve years. They are particularly fond of children and will follow them around like a pet dog, even into the house if allowed to do so. The demand exceeds the supply at all times. Of course, these ponies are reared as pets and supply a domestic necessity rather than an agricultural one. There are comparatively few pure bred registered Shetlands in the United States. According to the statistics there are not over 3,500.

On the Worthington Valley farm there are also raised French coach horses, headed by Franco, formerly owned by ex-Governor Frank Brown.

Late in the fall a large number of good type of beef steers will be bought, fed and fattened for export. By this plan the grain and farm products are utilized on the farm, and “what is sold off,” as the saying is, “goes on four feet.” This method is recognized

as the most profitable way to farm and to maintain the fertility of the land.

\* \* \*

### CAN CHANGE FLESH INTO STONE.

A PROCESS of preserving human bodies known to the Egyptians, lost and sought for in vain by chemists for more than 2,000 years, has been discovered, it is alleged, by Dr. Arnold Rosett, of Atlanta.

Unlike the method practiced by the priests who laid the Pharaohs in their sarcophagi, the process of Dr. Rosett is not one of mummification, but turns human flesh into stone.

Dr. Rosett says he worked for two years and a half before he finally succeeded in surprising nature at her secret. It was about eight months ago while he was taking a post graduate course at Johns Hopkins university in Baltimore that his efforts were crowned with success. This success came as a surprise to himself.

Dr. Rosett was first attracted to the study of preserving dead bodies while he was a student at the University of Maryland. He determined if the expenditure of time and labor would avail, that he would find the secret.

Almost at the outset he discarded all thought of seeking to discover again the methods of embalming used by the Egyptians. He was after something that would preserve all the outlines of the body in an unshrunk condition. The Egyptian mummies crumble.

In the briefest possible phrase he "forces" the slow natural method of turning flesh into stone. The body upon which he is to work is put into an air-tight vessel of glass or enameled ware and the chemicals which are used are introduced.

It is kept in a temperature of about 30 degrees Reaumur. Gradually the molecules of flesh are displaced and for every particle is substituted a like bulk of inorganic matter. If the process were done all at once the body could not retain its outer form. All the time the subject is in the air-tight vessel, no matter how long it remains, it is in a soft condition. It is only upon exposure to the air that it hardens, and the older it grows the harder it becomes. The main ingredient employed in the compound is silicon dioxide in a liquid form.

At present Dr. Rosett has in his possession at his residence, 339 South Pryor street, the perfectly preserved body of an infant and several parts of bodies.

By the method of preservation practiced by Dr. Rosett there is nothing of organic matter for the bacteria to work on, and thus decay is said to be impossible.

\* \* \*

HYPOCRISY is the tribute evil pays to truth.

### GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL.

JUST about this time all over the United States, there is a question agitating almost every home where there are children. Jennie and Johnnie must be got ready for school. It is now that their winter shoes have to be bought, their clothes made, books furnished, and everything put in shape for the school term.

There is no commoner sight than the boy or girl with newly-washed face, pair of stout shoes, suit of clean clothes and a dinner basket walking down the road to the little red schoolhouse. Open one of the baskets and what do we see? There are a piece of bread and butter, a piece of meat, a piece of pie, two red apples and a piece of cake, the pie on top where it will not be crushed, and the apples in the bottom. One apple goes at recess and the other at noon. The mother of the boy has issued many injunctions in regard to keeping out of the dirt, and keeping his clothes clean,



HAVE A CHAIR? MOUNT MORRIS COLLEGE, ILL.

all of which are promptly forgotten when the youngster races around the house, shouting at the top of his voice, forgetting that he has any clothes at all or that he ever had a mother.

It may be that the boy brings something home that was put into the basket in the morning. The INGLENOOK thinks such a thing as that possible, but hardly probable. The idea of a boy bringing a red apple home is conceivable, but not at all likely. Sometimes the mother is at her wits' end to know what to put in the basket just after breakfast time, but it is always filled with the best there is, and the boy never knows, until he has grown to be a man that he is having the best time of his life, and the girl in the pickle and bread and butter stage, is looking forward to a time, which, when she reaches, will not have any happier moment to dwell upon than her past when she went to school without a thought of anything but who would be likely to go home with her from the next singing or spelling.

\* \* \*

"THE poorest patient in a hospital," says President Keen of the American Medical Association, "is better cared for, and his case is more carefully investigated, by bacteriological, chemical, and clinical methods, than are the well-to-do in their own homes."



## GETTING LOST.

THERE is always more or less fascination about the woods and from time immemorial people who have wandered too far away from the landmarks with which they were familiar, have found themselves lost, and many have perished. It will be of great interest to the Nook family to know what an old guide has to say about it. A writer in the *New York Times* gives the advice of the guide as follows:

"It's easy to find your way about when you get the hang of it," said a Northwoods guide. "Often you may keep near some stream and be guided by that when you know the lay of the country. If you can get sight of the sun, rising or setting, you can get a pretty good notion of how to travel. On a clear day get out on a lake just when the sun is noon high, and set up two sticks in a line so that their shadow forms one straight line, and you have your correct north. There is the North Star at night, or the handles of the plow, or the dipper, as some folks call the star cluster, to tell you where your north is. No needle to fool me, thank you, when the sun and stars shine.

"When you can't see the sun or stars? For those who know how to find their way about there is no difficulty. At all times when you enter the woods you should study the direction you are going from the sun, and if it is a cloudy day then study the ground, the direction or course of the ridges and mountains, whether extending from the rising to the setting sun or at angles to it. The guide boards of nature are the mountain ridges, the gorges, the sun, the little streams, the old log roads overgrown with brakes and berry bushes. These stations on the map should be fixed in the mind after leaving camp, for they are the nearest home.

"Aside from these features there are general points of the compass to be observed in the forest. In the Adirondacks, where the prevailing winds have been westerly or a bit northwesterly, the tops of the tall pines are inclined to the eastward, and the heaviest branches, the lower branches, are on the eastern side of the tree.

"It is an old saying that 'moss grows on the north side of a tree.' Where the land is not swampy or subject to overflow—land that is fairly level and where the winds do not differ materially in dampness—the moss grows thickest on the shady side of the tree, which is the north side. But on the north side of a steep hill, where the southern side of the tree is in the shade, moss grows all around the tree, or it may even be the thickest on the southern side. In swamps moss grows rankly on all sides of a tree. Moss hides from the sun, and the appearance of it on a tree standing in a level place may be taken as an indica-

tion that the mossy side is also the north side of the tree.

"A more reliable indicator of northerly direction is the thickness of the bark on a tree. If you girdle a tree with a hatchet you will usually find that the bark is the thickest on the north or northeast side of the tree. By girdling a number of trees growing on flat land, and noticing the direction toward which the thickest bark points, you may be reasonably sure that it is northerly.

"One of the surest signs that I know of is the hole the red-headed cock-of-the-woods, woodpecker, builds his nest in. He chooses the east side of the tree for his home, as he is an early bird and does not want to be kept awake in the evening by the youngsters crying because the sun is in their eyes. The flying squirrel generally builds his nest on the east side of a dead tree. You will always find the eggs of the wild goose and almost always those of the ducks on the west side of the lakes. The old bird takes the little ones out for the morning exercise and breakfast on the west side, so that the morning sun shall beam on them. Then the frogs and young fish they feed on are mostly found on that side, and most likely for the same reason. You know in warm weather you generally find the bass are on the west, that is, the shady and coolest side of the lake.

"The new hand is fairly certain to get rattled when he knows he is lost and to travel around in a circle. Some people say it is instinct to step farther with one foot than the other, or to go sideways, but I guess it is because the feet are not trained to be equally strong. When a fellow is lost, he becomes nervous, and feels that he must keep going, and as he becomes tired and more worried he notices nothing, and may pass along the same way he went before without noticing it. Many a man has lost his life in these old woods just because he traveled in a circle and lost his nerve. It is curious, too, how nervousness blinds men.

"It is really the easiest thing in the world to keep from going in a circle. Keep watch straight ahead, keep the mountain tops in a certain relative position. Then the different kinds of trees may be used as guide posts. The clumps of maples, ashes, beeches and birches stand out vividly in a forest which contains spruce and pine. When you are making your way through an unknown brush, first know your direction when starting, and then always keep your eye on something straight in front. Keep two trees in line if you can, and when you cross a lake or open plain, always take a rear sight at your last sign post, and then, standing straight in your tracks, pick out some treetop or rock on the other side and make right for it. When you camp for meals or for the night, always mark two trees at least, to make clear the line you are on.

"It is important to have in mind the time of day. Note in particular how long it requires to go from one point to another, and thus reckon the time necessary for the return. If, when you arrive at the point which you thought would turn out to be the starting point and things look strange to you, mark the tree and travel diagonally first one way and then the other. Often when one is lost in the woods he may get within a quarter of a mile of the starting point, and, being tired and easily confused, wander back into the forest. "If you get lost, anyway sit down and take a meal, if you have anything to eat. If not, light a fire and take rest. It is better to sit still until found than to run round in the woods, wear yourself all out, and drop. After a rest, and when a fellow is a bit refreshed, he should try to recall as nearly as possible where he was when he was last sure of his location. The old road always goes down hill. A road or anything that has the appearance of once having been a road or a rail should be followed down hill, never up, and it will eventually lead out of the forest. Logs are drawn down hill, and the old road is sure to lead somewhere, even if it be a deserted logging camp, which will provide shelter. At the foot of the hill one is also sure to find running water. Once he reaches a stream he is all right, for that will at least bring him to some river or will keep him going in the same direction.

"Always travel at a slow, easy pace; never run or try to go through the woods after dark.

"And last, but not least, all watches are compasses. Point the hour hand to the sun, and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure XII on the watch, counting forward up to noon, but backward after the sun has passed the meridian. For instance: Suppose that it is 8 o'clock; point the hand indicating 8 to the sun, and the figure X on the watch is due south. Suppose that it is 4 o'clock: point the hand indicating 4 to the sun and II on the watch is exactly south."

\* \* \*

#### HEART WOUNDS NOT FATAL.

IN wounds of the heart itself the escape of blood is never in large quantity and the lethal consequences are due to the fact that the escape of blood from within its cavity (or cavities) into the surrounding sac of the pericardium mechanically interrupts the alternate contraction and expansion by which its pumping is maintained. Accordingly, the results of wounds of the heart are usually identical with those of gradual suffocation. This fact was strikingly demonstrated in the case of the empress of Austria. And the diabolic skill and precision with which the wound was inflicted in her case, offer a diagrammatic illustration of a necessarily fatal wound of the heart.

The instrument used was too large to form a mere "needle puncture;" it was inflicted too high in the chest to be "nonpenetrating," for it was aimed with truly fiendish ingenuity at the position of one of the thin-walled of the four cavities of the heart, and the directness of the penetration, combined with the thinness of wall of the cavity, rendered it physically impossible that the wound could be "valvular." The Israelite warrior of old smote the enemy—when possible—"beneath the fifth rib," because the impulse of the heart is felt there. But he probably did not know that it is in that precise position that a wound of the heart is least necessarily fatal. The Italian assassin of recent date displays incomparably greater skill and knowledge. The science of the present day also proves that the historic account of the death of Admiral Villeneuve is open to skeptical doubt. And the recent cases of suture of the heart give illustration that modern surgical skill may attempt and with success the seemingly impossible.

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#### KNOWLEDGE IN PLANTS.

THAT plants have intelligence is maintained by Prof. Shaler of Harvard university. After discussing the automata, he says in the thesis:

"We may accept as true the statement that our higher intelligence is but the illuminated summit of man's nature, and extend it by the observation that intelligence is normally unconscious, and appears as conscious only after infancy, in our waking hours, and not always then."

In summing up he uses the following:

"Looking toward the organic world in the manner above suggested, seeing that an unprejudiced view of life affords no warrant for the notion that automata anywhere exist, tracing as we may down to the lowest grade of the animal series what is fair evidence of actions which we have to believe to be guided by some form of intelligence, seeing there is reason to conclude plants are derived from the same primitive stock as animals, we are in no condition to say intelligence cannot exist among them. In fact all we can discern supports the view that throughout the organic realm the intelligence that finds its fullest expression in man is everywhere at work."

\* \* \*

#### HIS DOG COULDN'T READ.

AN old negro of Joplin was complaining about losing his dog, when his employer asked him why he didn't advertise for the animal in the newspapers. "Dat wouldn't do no good," returned the old man. "Why not?" asked his employer. "Well, sah, dat dog kain't read," responded the old negro.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

It ain't the richest, rankest grass.  
The cattle likes the best;  
'T ain't likely all the eggs we find.  
Are the hen's that made the nest.

\* \* \*

### MUCH VIRTUE IN AN ONION.

THE idea of an onion cure may not strike the fancy of the esthetic; however, the experience of those who have tried it is that it works wonders in restoring an age-racked system to its normal state again. There are three kinds of doses in the onion cure, or three onion cures, as you may choose to put it. One is a diet of onions. The other is onion plasters. And the third is onion sirup.

It is claimed by those who believe in the onion cure that a bad cold can be broken up if the patient will stay indoors and feed on a liberal diet of onions. It need not be an exclusive diet, but a liberal one. For instance, an onion cure breakfast includes a poached egg on toast, three tablespoonfuls of fried onion and a cup of coffee. Luncheon of sandwiches, made of Boston brown bread, buttered and filled with finely chopped raw onions, seasoned with salt and pepper, makes the second meal on the schedule. For supper, the onions may be fried as for breakfast and eaten with a chop and a baked potato.

The strange efficacy of onions is well known to the singers of Italy and Spain, who eat them every day to improve the quality of their voices and keep them smooth. Onion plasters are prescribed to break up hard coughs. They are made of fried onions placed between two pieces of old muslin. The plaster is kept quite hot until the patient is snugly in bed, when it is placed on the chest, to stay over night. Onion sirup is a dose that can be bought of any druggist and is claimed by some to be unequaled as a cure for a cold in the chest.

All this is probably quite true. For to be done up with onions, both inside and out, would be enough certainly to chase out any self-respecting cold.—*Table Talk*.

\* \* \*

### HARMONY OF COLORS.

STUDY harmony of colors. There is nothing more offensive to the eye than incongruities in this line and to dress tastefully one must know "that which blends." Here are a few suggestions:

Black and white.  
Blue and gold.  
Blue and orange.  
Blue and salmon.  
Blue and maize.  
Blue and brown.  
Blue and black.  
Blue, scarlet and lilac.  
Blue, orange and black.  
Blue, brown, crimson, and gold.  
Blue, orange, black and white.  
Red and gold.  
Red, gold and black.  
Scarlet and purple.  
Scarlet, black and white.  
Crimson and orange.  
Yellow and purple.  
Green and gold.  
Green, crimson, turquoise and gold.  
Green, orange and red.  
Purple and gold.  
Purple, scarlet and gold.  
Lilac and gold.  
Lilac, scarlet and white or black.  
Lilac, gold, scarlet and white.  
Lilac and black.  
Pink and black.  
Black, with white or yellow, and crimson.

While there are countless others, these have been selected as of the most general use.

\* \* \*

### A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

SELECTED BY SAMUEL ORR.

THE modern girl's education is incomplete unless she has learned to sew, to cook, to mend, to be gentle, to dress neatly, to keep a secret, to avoid idleness, to be self-reliant, to darn stockings, to respect old age, to make good bread, to keep a house tidy, to make a home happy, to be above gossiping, to control her temper, to take care of the stock, to sweep down corners, to take care of the baby, to read the very best books, to take plenty of active exercise, and to keep clear of trashy literature.

When she has learned this, if she does not grow wings and fly away to a better land, she will make some lucky man a most excellent wife.

*Chalfants, Ohio.*

**DIDN'T WANT TO CAUSE ALARM.**

THE mother of a small Philadelphia boy was giving musical, and the youth had been put to bed even earlier than usual. The indignity rankled in his infantile breast. He was very fond of music and besides he wanted to see all the people who were down in the parlor. He tossed and tumbled about in his bed and tried all the expedients to fall asleep, but it was useless. Finally he could stand it no longer and he got out of bed. A bottle of violet extract on his mother's dressing-table caught his eye. This he held above his head and allowed the contents to trickle all over his small body. When the bottle was empty he crept stealthily down the stairs, reveling in the delights of the perfume. There was a lull in the music as he concealed himself behind a curtain and the guests were startled a moment later when a shrill, piping little voice came from the diminutive bundle of scented pajamas, "If you smell anything, it's me."

\* \* \*

**HOW TO KEEP FLOWERS FRESH.**

BY MATTIE ANDES.

It is often the case that some Nooker may desire for reasons of her own to keep a bouquet as long as possible, and it is to this end that the following suggestions are made. Cut off the stems, do not break them off, place them in water to which a little salt has been added. Keep them in a cool place and change the water often, and each time cut a little off the stem and you will be surprised how long they will keep fresh.

*Elgin, Illinois.*

\* \* \*

NETTIE M. SANGER, of Panora, Iowa, in answer to Elsie Sanger's question in the Bureau Drawer, asking how to wash clothes in salt water to keep them from fading, says that the way she does is to take enough water to thoroughly dampen the piece or pieces and eat in a kettle until it begins to boil. Then pour in a good big handful of salt, which will make it quit oiling. Put the clothes in and when it begins to oil again, take them out and wash them in other water. When putting the clothes in salt water it should be done as quickly as possible, because if the clothes are left in any length of time the color will run out. Great pains must be taken to get it just right and it will prove a success.

\* \* \*

HERE are some questions for Inglenookers: Why is it that we say we put on our hat and coat? Is not the hat usually the last? We also put on our coat and vest. Now who ever puts on his coat and then his vest? And we put on our shoes and stockings, but

who observes this order? Can any reader tell why these familiar phrases are turned around in statement of fact?

\* \* \*

**HOW TO COOK TERRAPIN.**

BY MARTHA SMITH.

SELECT the largest, thickest, and fattest, the female being the best. Wash them and put them into boiling water, alive, add a little salt and boil till thoroughly done, which will be in about fifteen minutes. Then take them off the shell, extract the meat and carefully remove the sand-bag and gall. The gall lies within the liver. Be careful not to break it or it will make all the rest bitter. The entrails are unfit to eat.

Cut the meat into pieces and put in a stew pan with its eggs, and sufficient water to cover it. Let it stew thoroughly till quite hot, but keep the pan covered tight so that the flavor doesn't escape. Shake the pan while stewing. In another pan make the following sauce: The beaten yolk of two eggs, juice of one lemon, a pinch of powdered nutmeg and mace, a gill of currant jelly, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a large lump of fresh butter, and salt to taste. Stir this till almost boiling, then take it off, and send to the table in a separate bowl, as some prefer the terrapin without sauce.

*Baltimore, Md.*

\* \* \*

**HORSERADISH SAUCE.**

HORSERADISH sauce is one of the best relishes to serve with beef. There are several ways of making it, but here is one that is specially delicious: To two tablespoonfuls of freshly grated horseradish allow the same quantity of bread crumbs from which the crust has been taken. Pour over these four tablespoonfuls of cream and let them stand until the crumbs have softened and taken up the cream. Rub the mixture through a sieve, add a saltspoon of salt, a half teaspoonful granulated sugar and just a tiny dash of mustard. Mix well with the radish and add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

\* \* \*

**GRAHAM CRACKERS.**

BY SUSAN MASTERSON.

Two cups of graham flour, one cup of corn meal, one cup of white flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of soda, one egg and salt to taste. Mix with buttermilk. If the batter is just right, not too thick or too thin, they are very nice and wholesome.

*Arkansas City, Arkansas.*



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## PEEP OF THE DAY.

Of all the brave little, bright little Hours,  
 There's one that is known to but few:  
 He has his full share of the sunshine and showers  
 The same as the rest of them do,  
 But, somehow or other, most children at play  
 Have not even seen jolly Peep of the Day.

And this is the reason; he's up and around  
 With just the first wink of the sun;  
 And quick as a flash, and with never a sound,  
 His work and his play are all done;  
 Yes, that's how it happens we miss little Peep—  
 The most of us then are abed and asleep.

He's certainly tiny; but see what he does—  
 He opens the workshops of day,  
 And sets the wheels going with never a buzz,  
 And never a moment's delay;  
 He winds up the clocks—then this bright little elf  
 Runs off to give place to the Morning itself.

\* \* \*

## A WHITE ROBIN.

A FEW days ago Little Boy came running into the house, calling excitedly: "Grandmamma, come quick! It looks like a chickie, but it are a bird! It flies."

Now Little Boy has very sharp eyes, and these same eyes are always finding out something new and wonderful about the birds and squirrels living in the pines that cluster about our home.

So, when grandmamma heard him calling, she put down her sewing immediately and went out doors with him.

"It's on the tennis-court, catchin' worms," said Little Boy, hurrying her along. "There, see?"

Sure enough! Running back and forth on the lawn was what looked, at a distance, like a tiny white bantam hen.

Little Boy laid a finger on his lips and carefully, quietly crept nearer to the strange little creature. Grandmamma did the same.

Now they could see that the bird had a black cap and a red vest like a robin, but the rest of its plumage was white. It had a robin's way, taking short, quick runs over the lawn, stopping now and then to capture an earth-worm. Catching sight of grandmamma and Little Boy, it flew to a near-by tree, uttering a robin's sharp note of alarm.

"It must be a robin," said grandmamma. And so it was—a robin freak.

Since then we have watched it every day. Poor little freak! He has rather a hard time, for his robin relatives are not at all kind to him. They drive him away whenever he comes anywhere near them and seem to think he has no right to the worms in the lawn.

At first Little Boy wanted to interfere with these unfair quarrels, but papa told him that it would do more harm than good; for it would frighten the white robin as much as the others.

But we are all for the little outcast and we admire his pluckiness and dignity. He never picks a quarrel, but, when attacked he makes a spirited fight for his rights. He is never disheartened unless outnumbered. Then he flies off with despairing cries, to a treetop leaving his greedy relatives in triumphant possession of the worm field.

We hope that some day he will conquer and perhaps persuade the other robins to take him into their community.—*Christian Register.*

\* \* \*

## LOVING SERVICE.

A LADY was walking homeward from a shopping excursion, carrying two or three packages in her hand while by her side walked her little boy. The child was weary; the little feet began to lag, and soon a wailing cry arose.

"I'm too tired! I want somebody to let me widdle home!"

The mother looked about her, but there was no street-car going in her direction. She took one of the parcels and gave it to the child.

"Mamma is tired, too, and Willie must help her to get home. She is glad she has such a brave little man to take care of her and help her to carry the bundles."

Instantly the little fellow straightened, his step quickened, and he reached for the offered parcel, saying stoutly, "I'll tarry 'em all, mamma."

It was only the old, old lesson that our Father is always teaching us: "Is the homeward way weary. Try to lighten another's burden, and the loving service shall smooth thine own path."

\* \* \*

THE common house spider is harmless and renders positive service to mankind by killing flies and other insects.

## The Q. & A. Department.

How large is the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia?

It is twelve feet in circumference around the lip; even feet six inches around the crown. It is three inches thick in the thickest part, and one and one-fourth inches in the thinnest part, towards the crown. The length of the clapper is three feet two inches, and altogether it weighs two thousand and eighty pounds. It was cast in London, received in Philadelphia August, 1752, and in less than a month it was cracked and was recast by American workmen. It is again cracked and is not now used and never will be.

✱

Please settle for us this question. Can a member of a monastic order get away from it if he wants to, once he is duly settled as a member?

Without knowing the exact inside facts, it seems entirely possible for any member of a monastic order to get off if he really wants to go. Few want to leave. And it is supposed that a good deal of influence would be brought to bear on a weak one. Still, they are out in the open, and the world, so-called, would help them if they really wanted to be away. It is not a thing lightly entered upon, and once begun is likely to be held to throughout life.

✱

Will birds fight for the protection of their nests and young?

The difference in the courage of birds is very great. With some it does not appear that they are at all concerned about what you do with their eggs and nest full of young. Others, of the hawk family, may do the careless observer serious injury, even to putting out an eye. Most of them resort to craft to deceive their enemy.

✱

What success attends the mosquito warfare?

It is being kept up, and will likely result in good to the residents of the regions most frequented by the insect. Those who have been where "they make 'em," know the impossibility of exterminating the breed, but they can be kept under in the settled sections. The writer has seen them arise in the evening in clouds that obscured the sun. This was along the swampy southern gulf coast.

✱

What is the idea back of the automobile races?

Just the same as that back of a horse race. Each owner of a good machine believes he has the best, and is willing to bet on it and try it. The manufacturers of the autos also have a hand in it. The best runner is the best seller.

How is a professional jockey trained?

He is taken when he is about six years old, and is worked up to it gradually. He is usually undersized, horsey, and none too long-lived. He earns a very large sum if he is a good jockey, winning many races, and does not often live long or well.

✱

How are opals found naturally?

In this country they are found in the top soil, along the ravines and in the valleys, where they have been carried by the water. They are found out in Idaho. The opal in appearance is not unlike the diamond in the rough.

✱

What kind of a hedge would you advise about a front yard?

A hedge is a pretty thing, when well kept, but they are so much trouble that those who have them would be glad to get rid of them. To keep them looking well they must be trimmed oftener than is desirable.

✱

What is a roof garden?

It is a place fitted up on the flat roof of a large building with tables, a restaurant, etc., and in some cities is more of a better class drinking place than anything else.

✱

Is it in good form to use plaster casts, heads, etc., for interior decoration?

Certainly. This world would be short indeed of the beautiful were originals only to be used.

✱

Is Carrie Nation a married woman?

Yes, and her husband, David Nation, is represented in the papers as intending to get a divorce.

✱

How can I best become an architect?

If you have the inclination and the ability the best way is to attend an architect's school.

✱

What is the depth of the deepest mine?

A coal mine in Upper Silesia which extends to the depth of 6,570 feet.

✱

Is sulphur found anywhere in the United States?

Yes, it is mined down in Louisiana.

✱

Where can I reach Andrew Carnegie?

Castle Skibo, Scotland.



## LITERARY.

THE September *Review of Reviews* is notable for the number and variety of topics of world-wide interest included in its survey. The Irish land bill, the British tariff debate, the Macedonian revolt, the crushing of liberty in Finland, the commercial progress of Germany, and the Panama Canal question are among the subjects of editorial discussion, while various other matters of current interest are illustrated in the cartoon department, and special contributed articles deal with the new Pope and the Conclave, with the renomination of President Diaz of Mexico, with the career of the late Frederick William Holls, of The Hague court, and with "The Cotton Crop of To-day." Dr. Lyman Abbott's discussion of "The Race Problem in the United States" is supplemented by an interesting exposition of "The Negro Problem in South Africa" from the pen of an English writer, Mr. Arthur Hawkes; Dean Sanders, of Yale University, outlines the programme of the new Religious Education Association, of which he is president; Mr. Clarence H. Poe describes the rural school libraries of North Carolina; and the social and religious conditions of modern London are clearly set forth in a review of Charles Booth's recently completed work. It would take more space than we have at command to enumerate the additional topics treated in the departments of "Leading Articles of the Month" and "The Periodicals Reviewed," and the magazine as a whole may be described as a veritable encyclopedia of current history.

\* \* \*

## THE GOOSE PLANT.

THE goose plant is a native of Guatemala and its name is quite descriptive. Its bud has the shape of a goose, with head and neck proudly arched as if floating in the water. The average length of a bud is sixteen inches. As it bursts into bloom the breast appears, showing a delicate cone-shaped orifice, lined with a rich purple, velvety surface, exquisite in coloring and tracing. In full bloom it resembles an enormous leaf about fifty inches in circumference. It has a long, string-like tail two and a half feet long. Its growth is made during the night and all bloom is put forth in the darkness. And it blooms but to fade. It requires three days for the bud to expand into full bloom, but the flower withers in a day.

The odor of the bloom is very disagreeable, almost like that of decaying meat. It attracts the bluebottle or carrion fly and thousands of them are buzzing about the strangely beautiful but repulsive flower. The odor lures the flies to the surface of the flower. On and on they walk, far into the throat of the flower, never to escape. The deep nap lining of the orifice

inclines down into the throat of the goose blossom. Consequently the flies find it very easy walking in but if they wish to come out they meet with difficulties. Once in, there is a high, curved phalanx which makes escape hopeless.

The leaves, roots and stems are an infallible antidote against bites of all poisonous insects and reptiles. Travelers relate that all poisonous reptiles and insects shun this plant, except when they have been bitten. Then they seek it. Humboldt says that while traveling through Central America he saw two snakes engaged in combat. One was wounded. It immediately went for a goose plant near by and greedily devoured the healing leaves. The native of Guatemala never travels without carrying a small sack of the root of this plant with him. Thus equipped he is never molested by reptiles or insects of any kind.

\* \* \*

## SEPTEMBER.

"NOBODY has a better opportunity to know what the poetry of Autumn is—the real poetry, unrhymed and unprinted—than a country child whose home is in the Northern United States. Just think of it—the season of the golden-rod, the aster, and the fringed gentian—of crimson and scarlet maple-forests, and of oak groves almost as brilliant—of beech-woods whose aisles seem covered with a golden roof, as you pass through them—of pine-forests hung with the twisted streamers and orange-colored berries of the bitter-sweet, and bordered with the red pennons of the sumac and with coral-hung barberry bushes—of ripe nuts on the hillsides, as well as of yellow grain-fields, and loaded orchards. What season can boast more beauty or half so great wealth?"—*Lucy Larcom*.

\* \* \*

## AGE OF CHIVALRY NEVER DIES.

CLARENCE SHERWOOD, with both legs cut off in an automobile accident, yet saying to his rescuers "Don't bother with me; attend to the other fellow. I'm too far gone," may not have thought about Sir Philip Sidney, but he had the same spirit as "the flower of chivalry" on the field of Zutphen. The age of chivalry never dies.

\* \* \*

WE never see a crowd of business men lined up at a lunch counter for a five-minute feed without wishing we had a sure cure for dyspepsia for sale.

## Want Advertisements.

WANTED: A home for a boy of ten, of Brethren ancestry, among Brethren. People who want to get on the track of the boy can do so by addressing, *The Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.*

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1903.

No 39.

## NOBILITY.

True worth is in being, not seeming—  
In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good—not in the dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by,  
For whatever men say in blindness.  
And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as our measure—  
We cannot do wrong and feel right,  
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,  
For justice avenges each slight.  
The air for the wing of the sparrow,  
The bush for the robin and wren,  
But always the path that is narrow  
And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story  
The heart of its ills to beguile,  
Though he who makes courtship to glory  
Gives all that he hath for her smile.  
For when from her heights he has won her,  
Alas! it is only to prove  
That nothing's so sacred as honor,  
And nothing so loyal as love.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,  
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;  
And sometimes the thing our life misses  
Helps more than the thing which it gets.  
For good lieth not in pursuing  
Nor gaining of great nor of small  
But just in the doing, and doing  
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating  
Against the world, early and late,  
No jot of our courage abating—  
Our part is to work and to wait.  
And slight is the sting of his trouble  
Whose winnings are less than his worth;  
For he who is honest is noble,  
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—Alice Cary.

\* \* \*

GOOD humor is the best medicine, but some people reject it because it is not sold on prescription.

\* \* \*

MEN pinch and save to meet life insurance premiums, and never give a thought to soul insurance.

## WHICH ARE YOU?

*Pessimist:* "One who looks on the dark side of things."—WEBSTER.

*Optimist:* "One who holds that all things are ordered for the best."—WEBSTER.

### And the Nook Adds.

*The Pessimist thinks every man dishonest, and every woman doubtful.*

*The Optimist believes all men honest and all women good.*

✱

*The Pessimist is a grunt on two legs.*

*The Optimist never had a groan coming.*

✱

*The Pessimist thinks every flower a weed.*

*The Optimist thinks there is nothing as beautiful as flowers.*

✱

*The Pessimist sees through smoked glass.*

*The Optimist sees things in the clear.*

✱

*The Pessimist thinks every egg a nest egg.*

*The Optimist thinks all eggs good.*

✱

*The Pessimist thinks that the Nook "can't keep it up."*

*The Optimist says the Nook is better and better each issue.*

✱

*The Pessimist sees everything through blue spectacles.*

*The Optimist sees the sunrise effect with clear eyes.*

✱

*The Pessimist is always "Yow, yow, yowling."*

*The Optimist is always "Ha! ha! haing!"*

✱

*The Pessimist is always going to a funeral.*

*The Optimist is always on the road to a wedding.*

✱

*The Pessimist is the fly in the social ointment.*

*The Optimist is the man you ought to know.*



## HOW A MATTRESS IS MADE.

BY ORA BEACHLEY.

As the question is often asked how a mattress is made, I will endeavor to tell the NOOK readers how the work is done. In the manufacture of a mattress we enter the room where the ticking is stored on the shelves, according to the grades and quality, ranging from the cheapest to the higher priced. The ticking selected is of a good satin finish.

Then we ask, do you want husk, straw, excelsior, fiber, hair or cotton felt? Husk is selected for the filling with a cotton top.

The mattress is to be four feet, four inches wide, by six feet, two inches long. The selected ticking is taken to the cutting table where four lengths are cut, each thirty-one inches wide by seven feet long. These two pieces are sewed together, and then the other two. After they are sewed, a square piece is cut out of two sides, about five inches, for the boxing. One side is bound down on each of the pieces sewed together. One end is left open about two feet to put in the filling material.

The tick being ready to be filled is taken to the room where this is done. The tick is stretched on a table made of twelve boards about six inches broad and seven feet long. A heavy layer of cotton is put in the tick first, for the top, then a layer of excelsior is placed next to the cotton to keep the dust from sifting through; then the husk is filled in by the aid of a broom and the hands. A hand-filled mattress is far superior to a machine-filled one.

After the mattress is well filled the end is sewed up and it is ready to be finished. A large needle, about eighteen inches long, with an eye at one end and pointed at both ends is used for sewing around the sides and through the mattress. The stitching has to be very neat around the boxing, making two rows, one near the top and the other near the bottom. Then they sew through the mattress in rows, making about nine rows of stitching with five and six stitches, alternately, in rows across the mattress. The stitching at the top and bottom must be very neat and about six inches apart. When they have finished sewing through the mattress, using fine stitching twine, it is turned over with the cotton side up, and small pieces of leather, the shape of a clover leaf, called tufts, are put under each stitch. Then the husk side is turned over and a tuft put on each side of the stitch, and drawing the twine down through tight on the tuft, making what is called the double knot, using the twine that was sewed through the mattress.

After the mattress is tufted down it is ready to be carried to the shipping room, where they are sewed in burlap to be shipped.

*Hagerstown, Md.*

## SOME NAMED TRAINS.

THE average person, traveling on a through train, rarely knows very much about the make-up of the train itself, and that he takes the Limited, or the Special, is simply so much empty name to him. However, there is a good deal back of it, at least to the Company that gets up the train. In the first place there must be a necessity for these special trains. If there is no competition, and no public clamor for a special performance on the part of the railroad companies, there will be no named trains at all. A railroad is built for the purpose of making money, and whatever helps that idea out is looked after, and whatever causes an added outlay of money the Companies go around as far and as often as possible. A special train, scheduled to go right through, running as fast as it can with safety, and made up of the best cars, costs frightfully out of proportion compared with the ordinary train that trundles along, stopping here and there, and taking its time to get to the end of its run.

It is only when there are competitive lines that a special train is thought out. Sometimes the authorities of the several roads agree between themselves not to do it, and then again one of them, the short line, say, puts on a well-advertised special train, and if there is much difference between its time and accommodations and those of the others, there are but two alternatives, one to accept the loss of business, and the other to meet the new conditions. Generally they are met.

Usually the railroad people give their pet train some catchy name, and the public learns it, and it is adhered to. This train is made up of the best that the Company has, or that it can buy. The best men manage it. But the main feature of the expense is in the extra care it takes the whole length of its run. It must not be delayed, and all the other trains must be got out of its way, and kept out till it is past. This means that there is a well-defined wave of delay just ahead of it, and a hurry of catching up just behind the fast train. All this costs money, more than the layman thinks about. Then, again, the patronage must be sufficient to cover the extra cost to make ends meet, and is only to be brought about by added advantages, all of which costs money. Some of the special trains lose their Companies money, but it would lose more to take them off, and so they are a necessity, taking the situation by and wide. As a rule only first-class passengers are carried, thus eliminating all the second-rate ticket, and the free-ride business. Following are some of the trains, where they run, what they do, and how fast they run:

**Daylight Special.**

The Daylight Special is an Illinois Central Railway train, fitted in the highest style of art, and runs from

Chicago to St. Louis, a distance of 293 miles, in eight hours. The return train, the same thing, is called the Diamond Special.

**Twentieth Century Limited.**

This is the fast train of the New York Central and Hudson River Railway. Its run is from New York to Chicago, a distance of 980 miles, which it covers in twenty hours. This is a very fast and a very good train.

**Great Western Limited.**

This train is run between St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago. The distance covered is 430 miles, and the time taken is twelve hours.

**Black Diamond Express.**

The Lehigh Valley Railroad operates this train be-

**The Pioneer Limited.**

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, runs this train between the cities that make the name of the road, and La Crosse, in each direction, a distance of 420 miles.

**The Flyer.**

The Great Northern Railway claims that the Flyer, between Chicago and Seattle, a distance of 1826 miles, covered in fifty-eight hours, is the longest regular train in the world.

The above are not all the fast named trains, but what are given will serve our purpose in illustrating the idea of giving a train a name and advertising it as such. In all these all the devices and improvements that are known are employed to render travel safe



ART BUILDING, ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

tween New York, Philadelphia and Buffalo. It takes its name from the fact of its passing through the coal region.

**The California Limited.**

The Santa Fe runs this train through from Chicago to Los Angeles, in three days. The distance covered, is to Los Angeles, 2265 miles, and to San Francisco, 2577 miles. This train leaves Chicago Tuesdays and Saturdays.

**The Overland Limited.**

This train is made up in Chicago, and is run over the Chicago and North-western Railway to the Pacific coast, a distance of 2400 miles, in 70 hours. This is the Overland Limited of the Union Pacific Railway.

**The Alton Limited.**

The Chicago and Alton Railway runs a train from Chicago to St. Louis, a distance of 284 miles, each day, and vice versa. The train is equipped with every convenience of travel.

**The Katy Flyer.**

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway runs this train from St. Louis to Galveston, Texas, a distance of 1134 miles, in thirty-eight hours and to San Antonio, Texas, 1090 miles, in thirty-five hours. A car runs on this road from St. Louis to Mexico City, without change.

and comfortable. As stated before, the fast trains are not always profitable, though they are well patronized.

\*\*\*

ON the table before us is a copper coin, the pice of India, one-twelfth of a cent, the gift of Galen Royer, editor of the *Visitor*. The coin has on one side these words: "One twelfth anna India 1901," on the other side is a picture of Victoria, Empress. The piece would pass for our cent unchallenged. Think of the conditions in a country that call for a one-twelfth of a cent coin!

\*\*\*

Do not feel badly when you see a woman wasting her affections on a pug dog. The children she does not have are better off.

\*\*\*

THE trouble with some men is that they spend so much time preparing for death that they miss most of the joy of living.

\*\*\*

THERE are some women who spoil the appetites of their children by their fears that they will soil the tablecloth.

\*\*\*

THE man who is so busy taking care of his money that he has no time to enjoy it, deserves no sympathy.



## THE FRUITS OF NORTH DAKOTA.

BY M. P. LICHTY.

IN answer to the question often asked, "What fruits will do well in North Dakota?" I have this to say. This is a large State and the climatic conditions vary in the different localities, such as a lower or higher altitude, and other modifications as skirts and belts of timber, lake basins and river bottom lands, and, it might be added, hills and bluffs. Sunny nooks and hillslopes are always the most congenial for the growth of fruit trees, especially the larger sort. But, here where we are located, we have in the main high upland prairies and as the winters are too severe, no effort is made in that direction, except that here and there someone tries his luck at raising small fruit such as currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, blackberries and the like. However, I have read in various farm journals of the Northwest, reports of partial successes, here and there, of the hardier varieties of apples, crabapples, plums, and sour cherries.

A few years ago, a neighbor of mine set out a half dozen Duchess of Oldenburg apples, and I never saw trees grow more vigorously, but, unluckily, a hail-storm came along, trimmed and barked them completely, and that was the end of this experiment.

As a rule the farmer of North Dakota does not care about wasting land and fooling away his time with berry patches, and so, "ye gude housewife," or the "woman with a hoe," contents herself with the raising of groundcherries, blueberries and the ever reliable pie-plant or rhubarb. For pies, pudding, sauce, and wine, rhubarb stands next to the apple. It thrives everywhere, and is the poor people's friend.

No! North Dakota is no State for fruit, but I venture the assertion that there is no other State in the Union where the people eat as much fruit, either green, dried or canned. If this State could but raise fruit it would be more than the bread-basket of the world.

*Zion, North Dakota.*

\* \* \*

## CLAY MODELING FOR CHILDREN.

BY MARGARET J. BAKER.

GREEK mythology accredits Prometheus with being the first man to have made images of clay, in human form. There is another tradition that Coré, a Corinthian maiden, is said to have been the inventress of plaster casts. Modeling in clay is as old as weaving, and goes back to the primeval times of art pottery.

Friedrich Froebel was the first one to see that the delight with which children played in mud and dough, might be of the greatest use in education. Children

greatly delight in modeling clay, and to them it is a kind of play.

The common gray clay costs two or three cents a pound, and may be bought ready mixed at the larger art stores. A finer kind, the artist's clay, comes in bricks, or clay flour in boxes may be bought at five cents a pound. But the yellowish powdered clay, is commonly used. Enough of this can be bought for a dollar and a half to last forty children a year.

The way to mix the clay is to break it into small lumps, put it in an earthen jar, mix it with a little water, and cover it with a heavy flannel cloth. Let it stand until the next day, before using, and then knead it carefully. All scraps left from work, if kept clean and moist, can be used again and worked over. It is very difficult to tell one when the clay is "just right" for working. It must not be wet enough to stick to the hands or dry enough to crumble. It must be elastic, and glisten when smooth. If the clay is in proper shape, and given to the children in large lumps, they use it with great pleasure. They use it with their sleeves rolled up, and do not soil their clothes, or need to wash their hands when they have finished. No tools are used, all the work is done with the fingers. In the kindergarten the tables are covered with oilcloth.

Froebel advised geometric principles. When they have learned to make the sphere successfully, they mould an apple, a peach, and a teakettle. When they have learned the cylinder, they mould a cucumber, and a drum. They also make small balls or marbles, and pierce each with a hole. After they are dried, they may be painted with bright colors, and strung on a cord for bracelets or long chains. Older children make birds, chickens, pigs, cats or anything that appeals to their fancy. The teacher tells a story, and the children illustrate it in clay. Vases, jugs and urns, may be made and decorated. Clay modeling helps much in the cultivation and in the training of the hand and the eye.

*Belleville, Ill.*

\* \* \*

## NEW MONEY.

IF experiments now being conducted at the bureau of engraving and printing prove satisfactory there will be no more "crisp bank notes" turned out by the government. Instead the bills will be soft and velvety and much easier to handle. If the proposed process is successful, it will take sixty days less time to manufacture a bank note than under the present method.

Besides rendering paper soft and velvety the new process also makes it unshrinkable, an important accomplishment which has heretofore baffled the ingenuity of the paper manufacturer. This, when applied to the printing of postage stamps alone, will make a

saving of just twenty per cent of stock and work. Because paper shrinks after it has received the impression of the head of George Washington on the one side, in the manufacture of postage stamps, and the coating of mucilage on the other, and because no two sheets shrink alike, one-fifth are ruined in the process of perforating. Experiments just made under the new process eliminate all of this loss.

By the application of a chemical mixture to a Japanese napkin that article becomes as soft and pliable as a tissue of silk. The chemical preparation acts as an antiseptic and a preservative. When applied to old documents it seems to knit the fiber together and prevent further decay. Under the present process of printing paper money the paper has to be thoroughly soaked in water. While it is in this soaked condition one side of the bill is printed. The sheet is then placed in a steam room and kept under a high temperature for thirty days, the time necessary for the ink

to fore, and their first crisp appearance given, if that is desired, although the soft and velvety texture would seem to be more attractive. The new process has been perfected by E. H. Fowler and D. N. Hoover of the geological survey.

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#### WHY VACATIONS ARE GIVEN.

IN this age of tension every boy should be taught some form of recreation that he will cling to in after life. When the thing by which he has made his fame or money threatens his very existence he can turn to this safeguard and, while his mind is pleasantly occupied, regain his physical poise. It may be yachting, canoeing on little rivers, mountain-climbing, traveling, horseback-riding or hunting. Whatever it may be, the thought and the love for it is better engendered during the formative years if there is a full understanding that it is to act as a running mate to the



MANUFACTURERS' BUILDING, ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

to dry. The sheet is again soaked as in the first instance, and the reverse side of the bill printed. The thirty-day drying process then has to be repeated. In cases where a third impression on the bill is necessary, which is required when the printing is done in two colors, the wetting and drying process has to be repeated a third time and another month is thus consumed in its production. Besides the delay of this process the wetting and drying rot the fiber of the paper and, although it is "starched" to give it a crisp appearance, the starch soon wears out and the bill becomes limp and worn.

In printing bills on paper which has been treated by the new process no wetting is necessary. The ink loses none of its luster when applied to the paper, as under the old process, and is thoroughly dry within forty-eight hours after the printing is done. Not only is the appearance of the bill much better than under the old method, but its wearing qualities are believed to be greater. Further experiments are to be made with the process, and it may develop that the bills can be put through the starching process the same as here-

greater work in life and is properly and necessarily part of a boy's education.

For those who work under modern stress there is, with rare exceptions, always a time when the strain becomes greater than the endurance, and an enforced change is imperative. The summer vacation is the expression of a physical necessity. It has come into existence in America in the last twenty-five years and it satisfies the need of many, especially the young, who have not forgotten how to play, or those, the strong among us, who learned something as boys that they still like to do as men. There are others, however, who are not so fortunately placed and still others growing up who do not realize this need.

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THE Indiana legislature has made it a misdemeanor for a railroad to permit men in the operating departments to work more than sixteen hours continuously.

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SOMETIMES we wish we could be as happy as the boy just starting on a visit to his grandma's house.



## BAMBOO.

WE take the following from "*Forestry and Irrigation*," written by Leslie Harrison:

It has been stated as a generic truth that the peoples of different regions of the globe have each their special tree, without which life would be a much more complex affair. Thus we find desert tribes north of the Sahara using the date-palm to supply nearly every bodily need; the South Sea Islanders have their bread-fruit tree, which furnishes food, textiles, and lumber, and at many places in the tropics the cocoa palm serves these same uses.

To the Japanese and Chinese the bamboo serves many purposes for which no other growth would be at all suitable, its main uses being twofold—for food and lumber. For the first of these the young shoots are used, much as asparagus, and prepared in the same general way. For the second, it is impossible to give a complete idea of the many ends to which the plant is adapted, but some idea of the qualities which make it valuable to Oriental peoples may be gained by an enumeration of the things for which White Pine is best adapted in this country and then multiplying these several times. For building purposes, furniture, cloth, paper, receptacles of any sort, or almost anything one can conceive of, this giant reed is adapted.

Moreover, its greatest usefulness comes from its accessibility and complete readiness for service. When anything is wanted in a Japanese household it is customary to go out to the bamboo woodlot, which would be what an Occidental might designate as the back yard, if the æsthetic Japanese had such an unsightly inclosure. There material could be cut and used at once for a water pail, pipestem, basket, or roof-tree. In some cases it is true that metal might be a better material for articles manufactured from bamboo, but it is not so conveniently at hand nor so easily worked into the desired product.

It must be stated in the beginning, however, that in spite of the talk of bamboo groves and forests and a recent popular song, "*Under the Bamboo Tree*," the growth is not in any sense tree-like save in the matter of size, and in any consideration of this group of plants their essential characteristics as grasses must be kept in mind. Yet they are not like grasses or grains in their economic significance, for they do not yield prompt returns in money, being essentially wood-producing plants, susceptible to forest methods, whose timber is suitable for many manufactures for which other woods are not adapted.

In Japan, where bamboo culture has been brought to its highest state, the bamboo groves constitute prominent features of the landscape and the most profitable of all plant growths. It is a necessity to the Japanese peasant, a delight to the artist, and a

material for works of all sorts, from the crudest fence to the most delicate creations of the handicraftsman. Americans see many of these latter, and find in the split sticks of various fans an example of a peculiar use of the wood.

While the plants have the power of producing seeds, they flower infrequently, perhaps twice in a century, and then only a few of the blossoms form seeds. This being the case, the bamboo has an effective system of reproduction through rhizomes, or underground shoots, which send up new stalks or culms, and these in turn are capable of the same reproduction, making a progressive growth, which not only increases the number of culms but enlarges the area of a bamboo grove from year to year. Each new shoot is encased in a hard shell formed of leaf-like sheaths which protect the tender stem until it has attained its full growth and is ready to branch. The rapidity with which these new culms grow is remarkable, and one can hardly judge the age of the growth by its size. Over a foot a day is not unusual and a rate of three feet in twenty-four hours has been recorded. A twelve-day-old shoot of the larger varieties is man-high, and in less than two months the same culm may be upwards of twenty feet. Travelers have told the story of a horrible oriental punishment where a criminal is condemned to death by being fastened to the ground over a new culm, which in the course of a day, with its hard sheath-like exterior, will pierce through the body, inflicting a terrible death. Whether true or not, this is illustrative of the rapid growth. There is some reason to disbelieve the story, as the young shoots are, in the main, quite tender, and may be snapped off by a mere shaking. Until the young culm has attained its full height, it sends out no branches, in this respect having another analogous feature with asparagus. The lower divisions, or nodes, produce no branches or leaves and in a well-kept forest there is no foliage within twenty feet of the ground. Bamboos mature, however, in about four years, and while a grove may be upwards of fifty years old, individual plants rarely exceed five or six years. Less than four-year-old timber is immature, and old wood becomes scarred and yellow and loses its elasticity.

The leaves themselves are borne on short, lateral branches, and are so light and graceful that at a distance they have a feathery appearance. They vary greatly in the different varieties, but have a general lanceolate form, and while the forest forms have leaves averaging about four inches in length, some are nearly a foot long and six inches wide, and are used for wrapping material.

\* \* \*

SOME men keep their faces to the right, but the corners of their eyes upon the sheriff.

## HOW CALIFORNIA PEOPLE PACK ORANGES AND LEMONS.

BY GRACE GNAGEY.

LEMONS are usually picked when about two inches in diameter, and before they are very yellow. They are then hauled to the curing house and kept in a cool, dark room from one to three weeks. After this they are sorted and the bad ones are taken out, run through a kind of machine, a brusher, which frees them of any dirt which may have remained on. After being thus cleaned they are put into different bins, and the packers sort them as they pack them, so as to get all of the same size in a box. The lids to the boxes are

a machine that grades them according to size, and rolls them into the places fixed for them. Of the smallest oranges, three hundred and sixteen can be packed in one box, while it takes but eighty of the largest ones to fill a box. After being run through "the sizer" the oranges are packed in the same way that the lemons are, and are put into the cars to be shipped to eastern markets.

*Glendora, Cal.*

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## SEX IN INDUSTRY.

THE special report of the Massachusetts bureau of statistics of labor on "Sex in Industry" shows that women no longer need to depend on men for a liv-



ELICTRICITY BUILDING, ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

then pressed down by a press and nailed shut, ready to be placed in the cars. When packed, the packers put their initials, and the number of lemons in the box, on the outside of it. Each lemon is wrapped in a sheet of tissue paper about ten inches square. Most companies employ women and girls. The packers are paid five cents per box and earn from one dollar and fifty cents to three dollars and fifty cents per day.

Oranges are usually picked before they are fully ripened. They are hauled to the packing house in boxes, and stacked. A tent is put over them and in it they are steamed from six to twelve hours. This process gives them a better color and toughens the skin so it is not so readily broken. Before being packed, the oranges are run through a brushing machine which takes off all the dirt and gives them a gloss. After this the elevator carries them up into a grading table where four men are usually employed to grade them. From there they run through the sizer,

ing. According to the figures, woman's emancipation is about complete. More than 88 per cent of the women workers of Massachusetts are unmarried. They prefer freedom, work and income of their own and care nothing for romance. Divorces, too, have increased, being about one to every eighteen marriages.

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## JAP CHILDREN IN SCHOOL.

EIGHTY-FIVE per cent of the children of Japan are now in school.

\*\*\*

If we had money enough to build a cup defender we wouldn't do it. There are other things that need defense first.

\*\*\*

THANK goodness, they'll never be able to form a trust and control baby laughter.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## TWO MALIGNED ANIMALS.

BECAUSE the pig by nature roots for his food with his snout, gobbles in eating, grunts to express his feelings and likes a cool mud bath in hot weather, does not mean that the unfortunately misunderstood animal prefers filth to cleanliness. In fact, the saying "as dirty as a pig" ought really to be changed to "as dirty as the person who keeps a dirty pig," says *Our Animal Friends*.

No animal is cleaner than the wild pig. On some farms kept by cleanly human beings you may have seen clean pigs. In that case you have noticed the shining pink-skinned, white-haired bodies of the common little white pigs. In good condition they are allowed a run in the grass and they live in sties in actual comfort.

If the pig will eat corn husks, potato parings and other table refuse, do you suppose for a moment that the poor creature likes filth mixed with that food? There is nothing nasty in the refuse from our tables. In eating up the remains of our food which our stomachs are not intended to receive, the pig is very useful. But the corncob is as clean as the corn. Surely, it ought to be! The best proof, however, that the pig is preferably a clean animal is the way he manages to keep clean in a wild state.

"To eat like a pig" means, of course, to gobble one's food in a noisy, offensive manner, as an animal with the pig's snout and mouth has a natural right to do; but to be "as dirty as a pig" is an embarrassing criticism on the carelessness of our own kind and is an insult to the helpless domesticated pig. Keep the farm pig as he would keep himself, if he were free, and you will learn from him a lesson in cleanliness.

The habit of comparing our own attacks of fretful ill-temper with the temper of the bear has given us another unjust adage. There is a historical excuse for it that may be of interest to our young people. In the old days of "merrie England" the dancing bear, led around by a ring in his nose, was a common sight on the streets. Those bears sometimes broke loose and there was then a great hubbub among the frightened people; for, you may well imagine the tired, tormented bear was as cross as he had every excuse to be. He didn't care to harm anybody. He wanted only to get rid of his human tormentors; but they hooted at him and ran after him and always caught and punished him, so that the life of a supposed "tame" bear was as hard and unlovely a life as you could find.

The big, blundering clumsy bear, in his natural surroundings, is as harmless as any of the big wild animals. He prefers running away to running after a man. He won't even fight if he can get off without it. A bear, too, can be made happy very simply. Any one who has seen the bears of the Yellowstone park can tell you that. You may have read in print as many times as we have seen it that it is the custom to put the hotel refuse in the Yellowstone park where the bears and other protected wild creatures of that region can come at night to feed. One of the most entertaining spectacles recommended to the guests of the hotel is to watch the bears at their dinner hour. Punctual in attendance, kindly toward one another, these great animals very rarely show themselves "as cross as bears."

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## WHAT DOGS TEACH US.

"We may learn a good lesson from our good friend, the dog, now and then," said a man who is always befriending members of the canine tribe, "and we should remember the fact at times when we are inclined to quarrel with some of the more worthless members. Already we have learned a lesson in constancy of friendship from the dog, and men of letters have scarcely praised the virtues of mankind more than they have praised this virtuous attribute of the dog. The dog is a good friend to his master, a faithful companion who shares his master's fortune whatever it may be. No dog was ever known to desert his master because fortune or fate had shifted from the palace to the hovel, from affluence to grinding poverty. The dog will remain fast when other friends, higher in the scale of animal development, will desert and pull away to where the pastures are greener.

"But I was thinking more particularly of another good example which human kind may find in the dog's conduct, and it is a lesson which we may ponder with profit at this season of the year, when one's diet becomes of so much importance in the maintenance of health. Despite a popular belief to the contrary, did you know it was a fact that a dog rarely eats more than his stomach can handle? Did you know that dogs as a rule eat very lightly and very discreetly when they are sick? Whether you know it or not it is a fact, and it is something that we can't say of man. At least we can't say as much for all men. Dogs seem to know intuitively what is good for

them. They seem to know when they are sick that they must eat lightly and be careful about the kind of food they eat. Nature, after all, seems to take pretty good care of the creatures, though nature kills dogs just as she kills other things in her vast domain."

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#### ABOUT HYDROPHOBIA.

BEWARE of the dog when it becomes dull and hides away, appears restless, always on the move and prowling, whose countenance is somber and sullen, walks with head down like a bear. Beware of one who barks at nothing when all around is still. Beware of a dog that scratches incessantly and tears up things. Look out for the dog that has become too fond of you and is continually trying to lick your hand and face. Beware, above all, of the dog which has difficulty in swallowing, which appears to have a bone in its throat, and one that has wandered from home and returns covered with dirt, exhausted and miserable.

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#### BONES IN MISSOURI CAVE.

PROFESSOR C. N. GOULD, of the University of Oklahoma, recently visited a cave in southwestern Missouri, where excavations have been going on for a fortnight, and will last as much longer before they are completed. The cave is seventy feet long in the solid rock and the bottom is covered with a layer of ashes over three feet deep and this is being dug up and searched. Out of the debris of ashes and clay have been dug four human skeletons, together with bones of other animals. The arms are unduly long and the legs unduly short, which argues that the skeletons belong to an ancient period. Flint instruments of all kinds, knives, spear heads, drills, as well as bone and stone instruments are found in great abundance.

The surface of the cave is of limestone, worn perfectly smooth, probably by long generations of use by the cliff dwellers. Dr. Peabody tells of a sheepfold at Mycene of similar limestone worn smooth in a like manner by long use by the sheep. Along the back wall of the cave the water pouring off the limestone has formed huge stalactites, which Professor Gould says, must have been in process of formation for thousands of years. As these stalactites have formed above the coat of ashes in which the human skeletons and other relics of ancient times have been found, the cave must be one of extreme age.

As far as known, the discovery of these four skulls in southwestern Missouri is the first positive discovery of a cave man in America. Their antiquity is yet to be proven. The stalactites, however, the three-foot coating of ashes and other evidences of like kind seem to prove the discovery is indeed an important one. Professor Gould was the only geologist present at the

investigation of the case and as almost the whole question of antiquity must be settled by a study of the geological formation, his opinion in the case is of great value. Professor Gould is of the opinion that the cave is the greatest find of its kind in America. The work of excavation has only begun and the greatest discoveries are yet to be made in all probability. He thinks there is little question as to its antiquity and that the discoveries being made in the cave will be of invaluable aid in solving the problem of the prehistoric race of man, which inhabited the American continent at one time.

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#### DOG THAT WEARS GOGGLES.

DR. J. N. JACKSON, of New York city, owns a dog that has been across the continent in an automobile, and what is more has worn goggles like his master. "Bud," the bulldog, seems to enjoy autoing as much as anyone, and looks very wise as he sits on the seat with his master. He took a liking to goggles, as they protected his eyes from the dust, and he whines to have them put on when he is taken out for a spin.

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#### ANÆSTHETICS ENLIVEN PLANTS.

ETHER and chloroform, so useful in sending men asleep, have the very opposite effect on plants, which are stimulated to the greatest possible activity by these drugs. In Denmark and Germany advantage has been taken of this fact to force flowers in rooms and glasshouses, and to make them bloom out of season. The results are said to be marvelous.

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#### PIGEON'S MILK.

THE joke about pigeon's milk has a foundation in fact. After the incubation of the young has been completed the crops of the parent bird become thicker and secrete a sort of curd, with which the young are fed. This description of nourishment is necessary for them, for if the young pigeons are deprived of it during the first week or two after hatching they are sure to die.

\*\*\*

UNDERTAKERS test bodies to see if life is extinct by raising a blister with a match; if it fills with water life is not yet extinct. If the cut made for the embalming syringe bleeds, the body is alive. The only absolutely certain sign, however, is beginning decomposition.

\*\*\*

IN Siam some of the women intrust their children to the care of elephant nurses, and it is said that the trust is never betrayed. The babies play about the huge feet of the elephant, who are very careful never to hurt their little charges.



# THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

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You will meet with many trials as you go;  
There will be some self-denials here below;  
But keep looking still above,  
And remember God is love,  
While you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.  
—The Philadelphia Public Ledger.

\* \* \*

## THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

It was only yesterday, or it seems so, that the first bluebird was heard. Its liquid note is one that, impressed on the hearer, is not forgotten. Unseen it bubbles out its song, and we think at once of the coming spring. Then the redbreast is not far behind, and when the buds of the maples turn red, and all the hill-sides begin to green up, we say that spring is on.

The farmer turns the ribbon of black sod, and then he harrows it smooth, and passes with the yellow corn, a grain here, one there, and then he rests a week or so, and one day, when the sun is warm and the sky is blue, we see the rows of tiny green shoots breaking through the ground, and we are sure that summer is at hand. The birds are nesting. The plastered robin home is in the fork of the tree, the bluebird has pre-empted a hole in a tree, and the wren has built of twigs. All are alert, busy and songful.

Then come the long summer days, leafy, green and growing. The fruit is formed. Berries are ripening, and the morning comes dew-gemmed and the nights are dreams. There is a *dolce far niente* in the air, and we know that summer is on in full note and color. The dreamy weeks come and go. We close the blinds to keep the sun out, as we say, and we seek the shade. The evenings are long, and the

mornings are bright. Things run along without our notice, and then there is a change.

Nobody can tell when or where it begins. It is too gradual for that. The mornings are cooler, the evenings are shorter. There is a haze in the air. The birds are gathering in flocks, and there is a stillness abroad in the land. The dew is cold, and the sun is hot at mid-day. The nights are clear and cool, cold near the morning. The blades of the corn in the field are turning sere, and the yellowed leaf on the tree tells of a change. It is first seen in the early morning. Presto! All over the land is spread a show of tiny ice crystals formed of the dewdrops. There is nothing purer than a dewdrop, and when it is transformed into a crystal of ice what must it be?

And some of the trees the Frost King touched overnight are simply glorious pictures. Take the case of a maple down in the meadow. It has grown symmetrical, and leafed out fully and completely. It is colored beautifully, and no human artist could lay on the colors and blend them as the frost artist did the work. In a hardwood country, after the first hard frost, the whole landscape is one painted picture. The streams are clearer, and bear on their bosom the painted and crumpled leaves. There may be a haze in the air, and the bird voices are more strident and far reaching. Yes, the autumn is on now.

As we wander down the country road and see these things going on, it is forced on us that over all things there must come a change. Some day, soon, perhaps, we will be where the frost will gem the turf over our decaying bodies, and the years will come and go and we will have no knowledge of what is going on, or, if we have, we will care nothing about it. What is on the other side? Are there seasons that come and go? Is there a progression continued beyond this land of summers and winters? Who can say yes or no?

One thing is sure, and that is all Nature teaches the story of change, a coming, a going and a passing off entirely. But there are other summers and autumns that will follow, and so it is that there will be other forms of existence once our identity is lost with that of the houses in which our immortal parts now live. We will change, pass from mortal ken, but we will still exist, still live in other forms than now, and by the eye of faith we see that time and that place where it shall be. What is back of us in the ages of summers and winters, and what is ahead in the same way, is nought to us. We do know by all analogy that if we die we shall live again, and by faith we see that land where there is no autumn, no feeling that something is left behind. All will be new and

glorious in that new life when our last summer has been passed.

\* \* \*

ABOUT THE NOOK.

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IN a short time a good many strangers to the INGLENOOK will be solicited to subscribe and become members of the great and growing NOOK family. They may not know much about us, and hence these few words of explanation. The INGLENOOK is a little different from the general run of publications. There is always something new in the NOOK, something you did not know before, and it is written so that it can be understood. That's a good deal, these days. Then there is never an unclean or an objectionable line in it. That's more, in these days of an overflow of doubtful reading matter. The INGLENOOK family is made up of the best people in the world, and all classes read it, and whoever sits down with the NOOK family will be in good company, and need fear no break morally.

We don't mean by this that it is goody-goody, too good to live, as the saying goes, but that while its domain is not that of the pulpit it is always on the side of mercy, peace, and a correct life without seeming to dwell on these virtues. If there is a line drawn between the good and the bad of this life, the NOOK will always be found on the right side when you go looking for it.

The long winter evenings are coming on, and you will want something to read, something that will while away the evenings pleasantly and profitably,—that's the NOOK. You come into the family circle of the INGLENOOK, and you will not regret it!

\* \* \*

WHAT IS BEST?

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THE NOOK gets a good many letters of one kind and another, but none that are more pathetic than the inside revelations of family conditions that sometimes overtake the innocent individual, who, not knowing what is best to do, writes the NOOK. The particular instance referred to is one in which a man has gone wrong, and his daughter, a young woman, engaged to be married, thinks that her intended is trying to back out because of the disgrace. She wants to know what to do.

In answer to the direct question it is well to not imagine what may not exist, but if it is a sure thing that he wants to be out of it, bring the matter up, quietly and without unnecessary fuss, and if he wants to go get him out without a word or a regret, and forget it.

Right here we will do a little preaching. In every community instances of going wrong are happening, and it is well enough to know what to say and do with the innocent, and what they, themselves, shall

do. The answer is easy enough. All good people will continue to regard the innocent sufferer with the same feelings as before the occurrence, even with intensified regard if it seems necessary for help. It is true that there are always people erotic and distinctly downstairs, that can never let such a thing go by without innuendo and sneer. These people it will be necessary to quietly give the go-by, without any talk at all.

\* \* \*

THE DRUSES.

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PEOPLE who read the newspapers carefully will notice something about the Druses of Lebanon. It is said that they are under arms in Syria. The average reader may not know much about the Druses and therefore we are pleased to set forth the following: They are neither Christians nor Mohammedans but cling to a faith in which the doctrines of the Pentateuch, the Gospels, and the Koran are interwoven. They believe that the Christians and the Mohammedans will eventually destroy each other, and that they, the Druses, will be the chosen people.

They have lived in the Lebanon district for a thousand years, and in all that time have yielded neither to the Moslem nor the Christian. They are mountaineers and number about seventy thousand. If they get started they will be as venomous against the Christians as the Turks and history shows them to be the best fighters on the earth. In 1860 they murdered the Maronite Christians to the number of ten thousand. In 1895 they pretty nearly annihilated the first Turkish army sent against them. In 1860 Europe was compelled to interfere and a French army and English fleet were sent to straighten them out. It is this fanatical crowd that has broken loose now, and as there are enough of them to make things lively, when once they get started on the war path both Christians and Mohammedans will go down.

\* \* \*

THE INGLENOOK acknowledges the receipt of a box of magnificent pears from the fruit farm of Dr. S. Z. Sharp, Fruita, Colo. They came through in perfect order and the INGLENOOK desires to express its thanks for the gift. The variety is that of Flemish Beauty, and by actual observation a finer lot of pears has not been seen in Elgin this season. We take pleasure in acknowledging that, as far as we know, the country around Fruita, Colo., is ahead of anything in the line of exhibits that have so far come to the INGLENOOK office. We thank Dr. Sharp for his kindness in remembering his many friends. Many others besides the recipient have tested the fruit and admit its superiority.

\* \* \*

THE fool says, "I doubt." The Christian says, "I believe." God knows.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## GENERAL.

A slight earthquake has been felt at Portland, Oregon.

Bulgaria is up in arms preparing for war with Turkey.

A McKinley statue of bronze has been unveiled at Toledo, Ohio.

They are having an epidemic of diphtheria among the Chicago school children.

Much harm has been done the crops by recent rains which were followed by frosts.

The floods in the west this season have cost the Santa Fe Railroad over a million dollars.

A merger of the wholesale grocers of Ohio, with a capital of ten millions of dollars, is on foot.

On Sept. 12th a snowstorm in southern Montana covered everything with a layer about eight inches deep.

Beirut has quieted down for the time being at least. This is due to the presence of foreign warships and troops.

In the penitentiary at Philadelphia some of the convicts have been making bogus coins, strange as it may appear.

Frank James has sued a theatrical company in Kansas City for being pictured as a criminal on the billboards.

The candy girls in Chicago have struck and their places are being filled by Boston girls who came on to Chicago.

The American Car & Foundry Co., of Louisville, Ky., is held up on account of a strike of three hundred men.

Some Chicago justices are in favor of restoring the whipping post for the benefit of the men who mistreat their wives.

And now they are saying that Pope Leo died of cancer. Whether cancer or old age the final result is not affected.

At Buda, Ill., a passenger train of the Burlington crashed into an engine on the main track. The engineer was killed.

A large number of people are gathered at Ogden, Utah, the occasion being the eleventh National Irrigation Congress.

Over in Constantinople matters have not changed much. The frenzied Mussulmen are on the verge of wholesale slaughter.

Sir Thomas Lipton is sick in Chicago. It is said that he ate too much green corn on the cob, which was not sufficiently cooked.

A merger of the elevator interests along the Illinois and Michigan canal and all the grain interests of that part of the State is under way.

They are having trouble in Chicago with the drinking water and are puzzled to know what to do with the schools and school children.

All building crafts in Chicago have joined in the fight against non-union labor of school buildings and the work on them has been stopped in consequence.

At Edgewater, Ill., lightning struck a house in which a man and his wife were sleeping. It set the house on fire and turned the two sleepers out on the floor.

Capt. Wringe, who sailed Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, Shamrock III in the races, has announced his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States.

A number of prominent men are accused of frauds in the postal service. Excessive prices were charged and accounts falsified. There has also been much bribery.

The Chief of General Fire Department, of Kansas City, is arranging for an expert electrician at every fire so as to be able to locate the danger and cut the wires if necessary.

On Sept. 9th, there was a bargain counter earthquake in the neighborhood of Boulder, Loveland, and Fort Collins in Colorado. Outside of rattling windows no damage was done.

At Bay City, Mich., on Sept. 13th, a thousand pounds of dynamite in a freight car exploded, killing two men, injuring three others and wrecking buildings for a long distance around.

The farmers who have fat cattle to sell will please notice that the price has been higher than at any time since last January. They are \$6.15 a hundred. This price, of course, may not hold.

The authorities have discovered a moonshine distillery in the heart of Chicago, in the top story of an apartment building. It had lace curtains at the windows and generally looked like a home.

They are having trouble at the Garrett Biblical Institute in the Methodist church. The critics claim that infidelity is taught while the faculty deny the charge. It is likely that back of it all is the higher criticism fad.

The amount of loss of the corn crop thus far from cold weather is estimated at between two hundred millions and three hundred millions of bushels.

Delegates of the rural mail carriers all over the country met in convention in Chicago last week for the purpose of making a plea for better wages. Delegates from 17,000 mail carriers were present.

A carload of powder on the Frisco road near Beaumont, Kan., got beyond control and ran several miles on a branch line toward Bloomfield. It ran into a train that had just left the station and exploded, killing two men and injuring two.

At Richmond, Ind., two freight trains on the Pennsylvania road, between Richmond and Centerville, would have had a collision but for the telegraph operator at Centerville. He mounted his bicycle, overtook the train, and delivered the order that saved the smash.

It is stated by the press that Dr. Dowie is figuring as a healer of animals along the same lines by which people are healed. According to Dr. Dowie's method there is no reason in the world why it should not be if we grant the efficacy of the method with humans.

Miss Elizabeth Walters, daughter of a prominent farmer near Woodbury, Minn., has begun suit against Rev. Martin Sprenling, of the German Lutheran church, for one thousand dollars for alleged breach of promise. She is twenty-one years of age and says she is ready and willing to carry out her part of the bargain.

At Dawson City, up in the Klondike region, it has been found that the gravel at the head of Albert Street runs at from two to fifteen cents per pan. Thousands of dollars worth of this gravel has been scattered along the streets of Dawson City in the process of grading and it may be said that the public highways are paved with gold.

And now the farmers are going into a trust which is to be a national organization, the purpose of which is to build grain elevators and storage warehouses in which the farm products may be kept until the market price warrants their sale. Before a great while everything will be tied up in trusts or unions and then will come a revolutionary smash.

Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the President, had an adventure on the submarine boat *Moccasin* by going on board and the boat was sunk under water until six feet covered it. The boat remained under the surface for about ten minutes. The newspapers

have had it that there was a trip under the water for some distance, but the facts are given in the Nook.

The total number of pensioners on the rolls at Washington are 996,545, of which 729,356 are soldiers; 267,189 are widows and dependents. There are five pensioners on the rolls on account of the war of the Revolution; 1,116 of the war of 1812; 4,734 on account of the Indian wars, and 13,874 on account of the Mexican war. This will give one an idea of the expensiveness of war.

In Chicago they are catching dogs and impounding them. In the course of the dog catchers' rounds Mrs. Mary Rowes' "Gyp" was impounded and she had to pay \$2.75 for license and cost. She said she only had \$1.75 which would not do. Then she sat down and began to untie her shoes and offered them in addition for the pup. The hardhearted man refused but agreed to keep the dog, which he did, and she afterward came back with the money and got it.

Brooks Story, a noted express robber who has escaped five times from the penitentiary, reported to the governor last week and apologized for having broken out. He explained that his wife was critically ill one hundred miles away and as soon as she was better he returned to the penitentiary. Story belongs to one of the best families in Mississippi and was led into the wrong path by evil companions. He was finally caught and sent to serve a term of ten years. The Nook would be in favor of pardoning this man.

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#### PERSONAL.

In Chicago, George King, a thirty-three-year-old veteran of the war with China, cut his throat in a State street saloon last Friday. He had become a wreck from drinking.

Mrs. Gertrude Kyle Bloom, of Chicago, sued her husband, Walter Bloom, for divorce, on the ground of failure to provide. They were married a year ago and it was kept a secret even to Bloom's parents.

Mrs. Janie Stewart Boyeson, of Chicago, and a prominent society leader, died at Asheville, North Carolina, Sept. 9th, from brain fever brought on by the shock of charges of theft, made against her at a southern health resort three weeks ago.

George Cadwallader, an old man who says he lives near Hammond, Ind., kissed the midget at the Barnum and Bailey circus in Chicago and was arrested therefor. He claimed that he thought her a child, while the midget, if not a grown woman, was too big to be kissed by strangers.



### QUEER EFFECTS OF NOISES.

THAT human reason may keep very close to the shores of experience, if it would avoid shipwreck in the depths of error, was demonstrated last week by the unexpected effects of the test made of the twelve-inch guns at the Presidio. The experiments were undertaken by the government in order to determine what effect the detonation of great masses of smokeless powder would have upon the neighboring station-houses, instruments and lines of communication. Ordnance experts were almost unanimous in the opinion that much damage would be done not only on the reservation itself, but to property throughout the city. Especially was the firing of a salvo, or concerted discharge of three guns, anticipated with apprehension, and even the schoolboys were ready with their slates to prove that three times one are three. Readers of the daily papers will remember that the expected did not happen. The salvo proved as harmless as the simultaneous shooting of three popguns, and the multiplication table was the only thing that suffered any harm. The reverberations from three guns were much less powerful than the reverberations from one. Many other phenomena were almost equally remarkable, as will shortly appear, and a consideration of the shrewd guesses at their cause which scientific men have since made under the name of theories is eminently in order.

Lord Bacon was one of the first to popularize the inductive system of reasoning. His method, to put it bluntly, was to experiment first and theorize afterward and to keep what he believed close hauled to what he knew. No man in the entire country is better qualified to speak authoritatively concerning the action of high explosives than Major W. P. Birkhimer, inspector of artillery at the Presidio. Yet when he was interviewed immediately after the conclusion of the experiments he carried Lord Bacon's precepts so far as to advance no more than a hesitating opinion on the cause of the unexpected results.

"We really know nothing about it," Major Birkhimer began. "We can tell what happened, but can only guess why it happened. The experiments were undertaken by the government to test the effect of the firing of heavy ordnance upon its own property. Yet the damage was less than we expected, almost none whatever being done in the immediate vicinity of the batteries. The men used no protection of any kind, not even the officer who stood close in the rear and pressed the electric button which discharged the guns. The man at the telephone was also very near, though no one was allowed to expose himself needlessly. But the shock affected us all in a way. After it was over we would be tired out. The system seems to be wearied by the jar produced by the explosion of eight hundred pounds of smokeless powder, which is the

regular service charge for one of the twelve-inch guns. It costs about \$300 to fire them and no scientific body is rich enough to carry on experiments of this kind, so the government tests have to be made the most of."

Doubtless a part of the affection is a nervous one, and comes from anxiety as to what the monsters of war will do. Those who know nothing fear nothing, but the officer who has a lifelong acquaintance with the powers of destruction he is playing with, no matter how careful he may be of his personal safety, cannot be unmindful of the fate of his men, should the unknown factors of danger, which the greatest care cannot wholly eliminate, manifest themselves in a sudden accident.

Some scientific men in the city have expressed the opinion that the small effect of the simultaneous firing of three cannon is due to interference among the sound waves. This theory has the advantage of being without rivals, for no other guess has even been suggested. A sound wave, physicists believe, is a condensation in the atmosphere, closely followed by another, and this by another and another until the sound ceases. Between one condensation or bit of packed air and the next is a partial vacuum. Whenever another sound sends out its aerial disturbances in such a way that its vacuum corresponds with the condensation of the other the atmospheric pressure is equalized and silence ensues. By turning a vibrating tuning fork beside the ear a position may easily be found from which no sound is heard, the pulsations from one prong interfering with those from the other. Try the experiment and perhaps you will understand why the salvos made less impression on the surrounding country than the single discharges of the same guns.

There are three effects noticed when the charge explodes. The jarring of the ground, which increases as the muzzle is raised and the recoil or "kick" is directed more directly downward; the gust of wind which strikes the observer's face, and the wave of sound which causes the real damage. Perhaps there is some scientific justification for the biblical statement that the walls of Jericho fell before the blast of a multitude of horns.

Curiously enough the harm done by these enormous sound waves is at a considerable distance from the gun. Many windows have been broken in the Richmond district, though none in the presidio. One house on Twelfth avenue was badly wrecked, even the tiles of the bathroom being shaken from their places. "Houses within five hundred yards sustained no damage whatever," says Major Birkhimer, "while at the distance of a mile and a half windows were broken. Many people within a mile will tell you that they did not hear a sound, while some four miles off declare that their houses were greatly damaged. We were firing past Fort Miley, three miles

away and directly in front, and the effect there was slight. But in Richmond, a mile and a half to one side, the damage was considerable. Everything seems to depend upon local conditions. Whatever contributes to the homogeneity of the atmosphere is favorable to the transmission of sound waves." The atmosphere, it would seem, acts as a great sounding-board or resonator, and so long as its parts are alike it acts well. But when anything interferes with this uniformity, causing a raise of temperature here or an excess of moisture there, the continuity of the element is broken, and, like a cracked sounding-board, it is a poor vehicle for sound to travel in.

A strange circumstance in this connection is the fact that sound once lost may be recovered again. This was shown when the funeral cortege of Queen Victoria was moving toward Spithead, England. Minute guns marked the progress of the procession, and yet, though listened for by thousands of loyal sub-

"that the first charge prepares conditions, so to speak. And a second, following closely after it, would develop the latest effects of the first." Unquestionably it would be a dangerous experiment to put Major Birkhimer's theory to the test, but it would be one which would arouse the interest of the whole scientific world.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

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#### THERE ARE NO LEAD PENCILS.

THERE is no lead pencil in existence to-day, and there have been none for more than forty years past. There was a time when a spiral of lead cut from the bar or sheet sufficed to make marks on white paper or some rough abrading material. The name lead pencil comes from the old notion that the products of the Cumberland mines in England are lead, instead of being plumbago or graphite, a carbonate of iron, capable of leaving a lead-colored mark. With the



LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING, ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

jects throughout that region they were inaudible at the distance of ten miles. But in Petersburg, several hundred miles away, they were unmistakably heard. Perhaps the sounds were drawn up in some ascending current of air, to be blown back to the earth at a great distance. But this explanation is less satisfactory from the fact that sound travels best across the wind. This is almost unbelievable, but it was demonstrated by the experiments of Bacon and Maskelyne a few years ago from a balloon drifting over London. The observers exploded charges of dynamite at stated intervals and received reports from people all over the great city and the surrounding country. The returns showed that the sound traveled much farther in directions at right angles with the balloon's course.

One of the most remarkable statements made by Major Birkhimer was that of his belief that a second salvo of three guns fired immediately after the first would have produced more than twice the effect of the first. "It is the generally accepted opinion," he said,

original lead pencil or strip, and with the earlier styles of the lead pencil, made direct from the Cumberland mines, the wetting of the pencil was a necessary preliminary of writing. But since it has become a manufacture, the lead pencil is adapted by numbers or letters to each particular design. There are all grades of hardness, from the pencil that can be sharpened down to a needle point to the one which cannot make other than a broad mark. Between these two extremes are a number of graduations which cover all the uses of the lead pencil. These graduations are made by taking the original carbonate and grinding and mixing it with a fine quality of clay, in different proportions, according to the quality of the pencil required to be produced. The mixture is made thoroughly wet and then squeezed through dies to form and size it, after which it is dried and incased in its wooden envelope.

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BUILDING castles in the air is better than groveling in the mire.



## CHANGES IN SCIENCE.

THE INGLENOOK readers, who have not given the matter much thought, may be impressed with the idea that he who masters a text-book on some scientific subject has acquired about all there is to know on that particular subject. Those who are nearest to this subject regard it as a fact that a book is hardly off the press before it is ancient history. The scientific text-books that the gray-haired INGLENOOK reader studied in his early youth are absolutely worthless at the present day.

One old theory was that the atom was the indivisible unit of matter. The books, in fact, did not tell how they arrived at the conclusion but something was needed to set up a theory and it was fixed on the atom as the unchangeable unit. All of this is discarded now and we know that it is not true. The present theory is that each atom is a whole stellar system of infinitely smaller, but still absolutely identical units in regular orbital motion. These are called *ions*. It may be best conveyed to the layman's mind by comparing an atom to a basketful of eggs, each egg revolving upon its axis in an orbit of its own. If the Nook reader will regard it in this way, he will catch the highest scientific thought put in language so that he can understand it. An atom is said to contain a different number of these ions. It is said that if 11,200 of these ions are combined in one group we have an atom of what we call oxygen, and if we could combine 37,200 of these ions we would have in the new combination what we know as gold. In other words, all the different substances of which we have any knowledge are simply fixed combinations of the ions in the atoms which make it up. Change the combination and you change the substance. It is further asked what these ions are. For the lack of a better word we will say that they are electrical particles. In other words, this thing we call electricity and matter are one and all the same thing.

When it goes to making radium it simply means that for an atom of radium we must have a combination of 150,000 of these ions. If it is ever discovered how to combine these ions in different quantities or numbers, it will be entirely possible to manufacture synthetically every known substance.

These ions which go to make atoms, while they are in continual motion, sometimes let go the combination they have entered upon, and are shot off into space with infinite violence, but they make other combinations with other atoms around them and so form new substances. This is why the polish of the iron's surface, the ions of the iron combining with the oxygen, form the substance known as oxide of iron, or iron rust. This system of combination is going on the world over, and has gone on, and will continue to go

on, until the end of all things. As the whole world of units of the minutest form is in orbital motion, and as the earth itself performs the well-known revolution around the sun, and as it is known that the sun, the earth, and the attendant planets are parts of a central system traveling through infinite space, who knows but that the earth itself may not be an ion of some body, the immensity and character of which it is impossible to conceive?

While this is the present state of scientific knowledge, it is by no means the final one, for another week, or even another day, may bring out knowledge that will turn it all upside down, and reset our information along new lines.

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## EARNS LIVING IN ODD WAY.

A POLE on the east side makes his living by breaking plates. He breaks a considerable number each week for applicants and receives a fee for so doing. The plate to be broken is usually furnished by himself, but occasionally the customer provides it.

Almost anybody might be expected to be able to smash a plate with an iron hammer, which is the tool the old man uses, but the curious thing about his method is that the blow falls so as to break the plate into three pieces, two of a certain size and one larger and differently shaped from the others. There are few chips and splinterings from his plate-smashing, and never more nor less than the three pieces.

The plates are mortuary plates and are an important part of the burial ceremony among certain orthodox Jews. The two smaller pieces of the potter's ware are applied to cover the dead person's eyes, and the larger and longer piece is meant to extend from eyebrow to mouth. The believers hold that such pieces of pottery ware placed within the coffin assure protection to the soul when it makes its exit from the body a stipulated time after burial.

"Thy pillow shall be the earth," is constructed as partial warrant for the custom.

The secret of this particular method of plate-breaking has come down from rabbi to rabbi through many generations. Originally the plate was split with a sword. Later the breakage was effected with a trowel. Now a hammer answers. Formerly the plates for mortuary use were supposed to issue one and all from a certain potter's kiln near Jerusalem, and some of the plates were believed to be heirlooms since King Solomon's day. But with the removal of the tribes from place to place and the stress of poverty and strange conditions, it has come to be that almost any plate will do if it be potter's ware, and not tin or metal, and if it is broken by a person authorized to bless the ceremony.

So this weazened old rabbi of a peculiar fast-disappearing sect among the other orthodox Jews is called

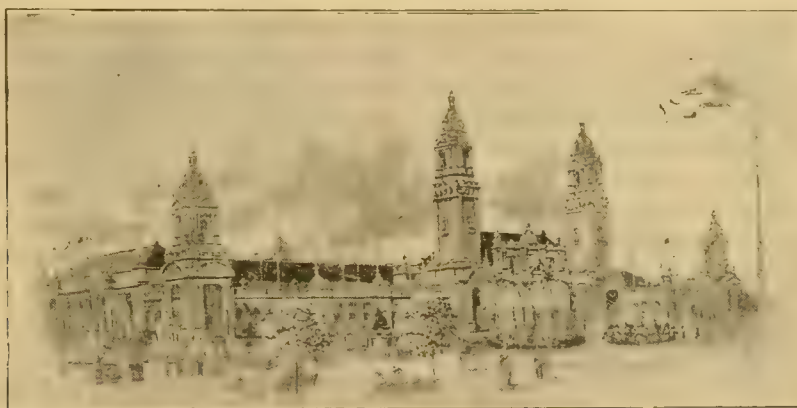
upon by many to perform the ceremony. And he has steady employment, even though his constituents be among the poorest of the ghetto's people and able to give only a tithe of the fee which used to be considered proper for such service.

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#### MARRYING INDIAN WOMEN.

It is announced from Fort Leavenworth that the government is taking notice of army officers who married Filipino girls after the loose fashion of the islands and then abandoned them. The particular case is one in which a young officer became engaged to a Leavenworth girl. It was known that this officer had lived with a Filipino girl near Manila after some sort of a marriage ceremony. The Leavenworth girl is said to have no objections to the facts in the case and will marry her lover when he gets a divorce from his Filipino wife.

name of a general who for a long time was at the head of the quartermaster's department of the United States army. These men are the sons of the general. He married their mother, a Puyallup Indian, when he was a lieutenant and stationed at the Puyallup Indian agency long before the civil war. In later years he married an American woman in the far east and reared a family. But he did not abandon his family on the Pacific coast. His sons were taken east and put through one of the leading colleges. He frequently visited them and openly acknowledged them. On one occasion, at least, he was accompanied by his American wife, who seemed to know the circumstances and to have accepted them philosophically. His Indian wife lived for some years after he had married his American spouse, though he never visited her. But old-timers about Tacoma will tell the visitor how he made her old age comfortable while caring as a father should for the sons of their marriage.



MACHINERY BUILDING, ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

However, there is nothing particularly new in the relations with respect to "morganatic" marriages of United States army officers. Before the civil war it was almost the customary thing for officers stationed in Oregon or Washington territory to consort with Indian girls. At Tacoma or Seattle the visitor often was pointed out to him halfbreeds who bear the names of some of the most distinguished of civil war generals and who are known to be the sons or daughters of these officers. It is explained that when these officers were young lieutenants they were stationed in the fields of the northwest far from the society of women of their own kind; that they needed housekeepers; that it was the custom of the region for white men to consort with Indian maidens; that, according to Indian standards, there was nothing wrong about it and that from every standpoint it was advantageous to the girl taken for a temporary wife.

At the little town of Puyallup, ten miles from Tacoma, there are two fine-looking men who bear the

#### "JUST CAN'T BE SICK."

"WHAT's the matter, Johnny? You seem to be feeling good," asked one of his father's neighbors.

"Great! We got Christian Science over to our house," said the boy, as he munched one doughnut and waved a second in the air.

"Christian Science? What do you mean?" inquired the puzzled neighbor.

"It's just immense!" cried the boy. "Best thing that ever happened. It's just the boss, I tell you!"

"I have heard that it sometimes did wonders," observed the neighbor, "but I didn't suppose boys knew much about it. Has it benefited you, Johnny?"

"Benefited me!" echoed Johnny. "You just bet it has. It's great! When you're Christian Science, you know, you ain't never sick. Benefited me? I should say it had. I kin slosh around in the snow all day now, and eat fourteen doughnuts, and ma never says a word, for I *can't* be sick—see? I just *can't* be sick."



## THE REVOLVER.

THE *Washington Post* tells how the revolver was brought into use.

There is a romantic side to weapons of war that is as interesting as any in our national history. The origin of our purely American arm, the Colt's revolver, furnishes an instance that will illustrate this. It seems perfectly adapted to American frontier conditions. It has given its skillful wielders victory on many a well-fought field. And this is why its rise and development should be a part of our country's military history.

In the '30's we were enlarging our national boundaries in the southwest. We could not consistently develop in any other direction, for the country to the northward was not very desirable. We were looking for a region that was especially adapted to southern products, to be cultivated by slave labor. The south was in the saddle and meant to remain there, if southern blood and valor could accomplish it. The young and thriving republic of Texas was the point toward which the attention of the region south of Mason's and Dixon's line was turned. A handful of daring young Americans had wrested from Mexico a region five times the size of any State in the Union. It was then called the republic of Texas. The State of Tennessee was primarily responsible for this daring step. General Sam Houston had gathered together a daring band of young men full of hot-blooded courage. The blood of the pioneers that took Tennessee from the warlike Indian tribes on this continent was in them.

For a long time it was an up-hill fight. Not only the Mexicans, but the Comanches and Lipans—unequaled warriors and daring horsemen—harassed and raided the scattering frontier settlements and towns along the Texas border, until it really appeared as if the entire scheme of the settlement of Texas must go down in blood. But the men who had started in to do this work were not of the quitting kind. They were of the tory-hating, Indian-fighting stock that obstacles did not daunt nor dangers quail. And they set their teeth hard and swore they would stay. To guard their frontier thoroughly and effectively they organized bands or companies of rangers, under officers who could not only fight Indians and Mexicans, but control and discipline their army. Among the ablest of these commanders Colonel Hays—better known as "Jack" Hays—was incontestably the ablest. He was a born leader of men—just such men as were then peopling the great southwestern frontier. In stature he was about 5 feet 8, and never weighed over 150 pounds. His hair was of a darkish brown, inclined to be red, and his eyes were of several colors, according to his moods. In his hours of relaxation and among his friends they were of a dark gray, with a hue of hazel. In excitement, and especially in

a fight, they were indescribable. They simply seemed to blaze. "When Jack Hays' eyes begin to darken with a flash in them like lightning and of a black southwest cloud it's a good time to let him alone," said Burleson, one of his intimate friends and a captain of one of the ranger troops, when Hays was made a colonel of rangers, and nobody knew him better than did Ned Burleson, afterward a famous governor of the lone star State of Texas.

Some time in the middle '30's, about 1835 or 1836, Colonel Hays was directed by the governor of Texas to go to New York and purchase suitable arms to equip his troops. He had then about 150 men, but they were not uniformly armed and lacked equipment suitable for a mounted command. They, about all, carried a rifle and a pair of pistols of various patterns. They needed to be equipped alike and with the very best weapons that were available at that time.

So, in obedience to his orders, and with a letter of credit on the treasurer of the Texas republic, Hays took passage in a schooner that was bound for New York. He was a month making the trip, for he started in September, when the gulf is usually stormy and the prevailing winds are from the southwest—and everywhere else. They were blown into nearly every port from Galveston northward before they got in sight of the island of Manhattan. Colonel Hays won the rounds of the firearms realm in New York. It was not a difficult undertaking, for there were but four or five of them. But he did not find anything that he had not seen before in the way of firearms. One day, however, a gun dealer said: "There is a man living over in New Jersey at present that has just invented a pistol which I would like to have you see." "What is there about it that makes it different from other pistols?" asked Colonel Hays. "Well, this, for one thing: It shoots six times without reloading." Colonel Hays' interest was immediately aroused. "Indeed, I'd like very much to see it," said he. "Very well, then, I'll have him in here with it to-morrow about this time," responded the dealer. So the next day the man came in. He was about thirty years old and a gunsmith chiefly by trade, though he did a sort of work in fine steel. He said he had just completed an order for sabers for officers of the regiment of dragoons just then being raised.

"This is my pistol, colonel," said he, opening a case and handing the weapon to the Texas colonel. "The instant I looked at it I said it was just what I wanted," said Hays to his brother, General Harry Hays of New Orleans. There was a sixty-foot gallery in the rear of the store for the testing of arms. They took the model pistol, which was about like the Colt pocket arm of to-day in size, caliber and weight, and the expert fired all six barrels in less than a minute. The penetration was good, as was the accuracy. "Now,

want a pistol of this pattern, but with a larger cylinder, an eight-inch long barrel, taking a bullet of about fifty grains weight, made as soon as you can make it. I will advance you fifty dollars on it now, to enable you to purchase the material and have the barrel rifled. If the pistol shoots as well as I believe it will, I will talk to you about a contract for one hundred of them, and also about a rifle on the same principle." In two weeks the pistol was ready to be tested. It shot very well, and with sufficient force to kill if it hit a man at from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards distance. At the same time a rifle was constructed on the same principle. It was about .44 caliber, with a cylinder that would contain eighty grains of powder, and carried a round and an oblong bullet. The arm came up to Hays' expectations in all respects. He took the model to Texas with him and submitted it to his rangers. When it had been thoroughly tested they ordered one hundred of the pistols and fifty of the rifles. The latter were so constructed that when the cylinder was fired it could be slipped out and another cylinder, already loaded, put into the arm in one time and two motions—that is, in thirty seconds. Shortly after the troop had been armed with these new weapons they were tried in a sharp fight that settled the question of their superiority over those of their Indian and Mexican antagonists, once and for all.

About 600 or 700 Mexicans and Comanche and Lipane Indians crossed over into Texas under the leadership of Canales, a noted "raider," from the other side of the Rio Grande, and, with a herd of about 1,000 head of fat beef cattle and perhaps 500 head of mules, were making their way back into Chihuahua, where Canales had a fine ranch and lived in princely style. He was one of the richest men in northern Mexico and the ablest soldier in that section. The two hundred lancers with him charged Hays' men fearlessly. Hays let them come on until they were in good, easy range and then opened up on them with his fifty rifles. After the first volley Canales thought he had the Americans foul, as he dashed at the little band of intrepid rangers, commanded by Ned Burleson, one of Hays' most trusty lieutenants. Crash! crash! crash! went the rifles! "Per dios, what sort of a rifle have these devils of Americans got!" they shouted to one another, as, leaving the stolen cattle and about one-sixth of their command dead or badly wounded on the ground in the hands of the dreaded Americans, they struck out for the Rio Grande and the other side. Hays had captured a priest and he sent him after his comrades with orders to tell Canales to send an escort and wagons enough to carry away all the wounded that were able to be moved. It was soon reported all along the border that los Americanos had a dreadful rifle that they used by magic of some

sort, which would shoot as long as they wished without reloading. Canales offered a great reward for one of the new guns. He was a well-educated man and he realized at once that the Americans had some sort of arm that was not generally known and was vastly superior in rapidity of fire and reloading to anything in use. It was nearly two years, however, before he could get his hands on one of them. Colonel Samuel Colt had pledged himself not to furnish his new arm to any but Americans and men who would not suffer it to get into the wrong hands.

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#### CURIOS ARE MADE OF MILK.

WHEN the exhibition of hygienic milk was recently in progress at Hamburg, Germany, there was on display a number of objects which seemingly had nothing whatsoever to do with hygienic milk supply. There were shown, nicely arranged in glass boxes, combs seemingly made of horn, cigar holders with amber-colored mouthpieces, knives and forks with handles similar in appearance to ebony, ferrules for umbrellas and sticks, and balls, rings, chess figures, dominoes, etc., also a small table with an inlaid marble slab, and finally a number of thick slabs and staves with every imaginable variation of marble colors, but of considerable less weight than real marble. These objects were made of "galalith"—i. e., milkstone.

The principal albuminoid substance of skimmed milk, the casein, is the raw material out of which the new product galalith is manufactured. More than fifteen years ago the idea was originated to manufacture various articles, like buttons, handles, ornamental plates and colored pencils, out of casein.

An advantage of the new product as compared with celluloid is the fact that it does not ignite so easily and is entirely odorless. Trials have proved that even when kept for weeks in water it does not distend more than the best quality of buffalo horn.

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#### INSURANCE ON WOMEN'S LIVES.

UNTIL about fifteen years ago life insurance companies uniformly refused to insure the lives of women on any terms. Until five years ago such companies as did write policies on female lives discriminated against them to the extent of \$5 in the \$1,000. Only a very few companies even now—and these quite recently—insure women on the same terms as men. And yet the life tables of seventy-five years show the average death rate to all males to be 21.8 per 1,000 and of all females to be 19.7 per 1,000.

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OUR idea of a soft job is a high salaried clerkship in the store of a merchant who does not believe in advertising.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

The lovely wishes blossom  
And wither then and die,  
And blossom again and wither—  
And so till life's gone by.

—Heine.

\* \* \*

### ONE WAY.

BY BARBARA MOHLER CULLEY.

At the beginning, let us pause to remark if a woman chances to be bonnet and cap maker to sisters scattered from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and is her own house-keeper, she has little time for the practice of the culinary art. Therefore she delights in "messes" that hold over and admit of variation with but very little trouble. For instance, the following:

Here are two pounds of good lean beef, three medium-sized onions, a quart can of tomatoes or a small can of condensed tomato soup, and a package of gelatine.

The beef must have every skinny particle removed, and must be cut into cubes about an inch in size. Then it is covered with a quart of cold water, put over the fire, and all scum that rises must be carefully removed.

After the skimming is completed, the onions, thinly sliced or finely shredded, are added and the whole boiled till the meat is very tender. Then the liquid is poured off and the meat worked into a homogeneous mass by the use of a potato masher. The liquid is added, and all thoroughly beaten with a fork. Now the tomato soup, with an equal portion of water, is heated, or if the canned tomatoes are used they are rubbed through a sieve, and beaten into the meat, a liberal dust of paprika is added, after which it is all returned to the kettle.

When this comes to a boil it is salted to taste and the gelatine is added. It boils for a few minutes, after which it is poured into a bowl and set aside for jellied beef for to-morrow, except what is spread thinly on lightly buttered slices of bread to make sandwiches for immediate use, and a portion that may be mixed with a third or fourth its quantity of dry, stale bread crumbs. The stale bread mixture, sliced cold, dipped in beaten egg and fried in "drippings" will be used for breakfast.

If there is any jellied beef left over to-morrow, only a few minutes are required to reheat it, add a little

curry powder, and there is a cold curry for the next day, or to slice and fry for breakfast.

Good? Try it and see. I know your verdict in advance.

*Elgin, Ill.*

\* \* \*

### IN THE MATTER OF CARDS.

BETTER have your visiting cards engraved and printed where they know how to do it. The name and address may go on the card of a lady, thus:

Miss Jane Jones,  
  
Elgin, Ill.

A business card may have something to indicate the calling, as:

Mrs. Jennie Brown,  
Modes, Etc. Elgin, Ill.

Business cards should never be used for social purposes.

\* \* \*

### WRITING PAPER.

A FEW weeks ago the Drawer had something about writing paper, and a letter from a dainty feminine Nooker asks for information as to the different kinds of writing paper. To one who is not in touch with paper it is strange to say that there are literally thousands of kinds of paper. If what is wanted to know is the proper kind for letter correspondence, the answer is easy.

While there are endless varieties and shapes, undoubtedly the best of all, for all purposes, is a plain white post size, and envelopes to match. It should be linen or bond paper, and as all paper is sold by the pound it will be cheaper for the purchaser to get the paper from a dealer, not the newsdealer, but the regular paper maker, and have it cut the right size. It comes in sheets newspaper size, and the dealer can afford

will cut it in any size or shape desired. For all the small difference in cost and the great difference in quality, the Drawer advises the best bond or linen in quality.

\*\*\*

#### THESE TWO.

Two things mark the lady. First, she is absolutely clean. Second, she is quiet. Whatever may be added in the manners or dress or both, nothing can cover dirt or loud-mouthed speech. Perfect cleanliness, quietness and modesty, are the things that mark the perfect lady.

\*\*\*

MISS FAT wants to be Miss Lean, and conversely. Now the Drawer wants to put in a word. If you are simply roly-poly fat, let it go at that. If you are only moderately thin, don't worry. Of all the "obesity cures," none of them are any good without the dieting and the exercise.

Here is something that will reduce your fat every time. Eat less and work more. Walk it off. Get into a sweat and keep it up. Drink less water, and slow up on your food. Keep it up and you will lose in weight, sure.

If lean, eat often and sleep much. Drink more water and eat fattening foods. The common sense of it all is shown in cooping and stuffing chickens, or tying a calf and feeding it, to lay on fat. Every cure ever suggested has this in it if it is worth anything.

\*\*\*

KATHLEEN had been put out to service, and Mrs. Berry liked the rosy face of the young Irish girl. One day Kathleen was sent on an errand to town. She was longer than usual, and Mrs. Berry stood on the porch as she came through the field. Kathleen was happy, and Mrs. Berry observed: "Why, Kathleen, what a rosy, happy face to-day. You look as if the dew had kissed you." Kathleen dropped her eyes and murmured: "Indade, mum, but that wasn't his ame."—*Boston Budget*.

\*\*\*

NOOKER J. B. asks about the proper thing for a dinner or a supper. As a rule the whole Nook family is given to overloading the table. Let the linen be perfect and spotless, the silver shining, and half of the battle is over. Let the food be simple and perfectly cooked. Baked potatoes and gilt-edged butter are better than a crumbly, soggy, cake. Have a few flowers as a centerpiece.

\*\*\*

If anybody ever gets a good "everlasting" bump, likely to become black and blue, the best thing to do at once is to use as a cure very hot or very cold water. Either will do all that can be done.

#### SALLY LUNN FOR BREAKFAST.

SISTER ELLA V. HUTCHISON, of Gatewood, W. Va., tells how she makes Sally Lunn for breakfast. She takes two cupfuls of flour, two eggs, two sugarspoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, one-fourth of a cake of yeast, and enough of fresh milk or warm water to make a stiff batter. She beats it all well and pours it into a pan or dish, which has been well buttered, then sets it in a warm place to raise over night. She then bakes it in a moderate oven and serves, while warm, with butter.

\*\*\*

#### TOMATO PRESERVES.

PEEL two pounds yellow pear tomatoes, cover with two pounds granulated sugar and let stand twenty-four hours, when the syrup should be drained off and cooked until quite thick. Skim the syrup, add the tomatoes, four ounces preserved Canton ginger, cut in thin slices, four lemons and two oranges, sliced thin and having the seeds removed. Cook all together until the tomatoes appear clear. Seal in pint fruit jars.

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#### TOMATO JELLY.

BY MARY GROFF.

BOIL six pounds of tomatoes, strain, and then add three pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar. Boil to a jelly.

*Elkhart, Ind.*

\*\*\*

#### PUMPKIN PIE.

FOR three pies take a quart of rich milk, three eggs, three large tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste, but not destroy the golden color. Then stir in enough finely sieved, stewed pumpkin to make a thin mixture or batter. Turn into dishes lined with a good rich paste and bake in a moderate oven until the custard is set.

\*\*\*

#### PUMPKIN PUDDING.

PARING half of a large pumpkin and cut into slices; boil until quite soft; drain off the water and beat until fine; add a pint of milk, one-third of a cup of sugar, grated peel of a small lemon, two ounces of currants, washed and picked, and three well-beaten eggs. Whip the whole together a few minutes and then turn into a dish lined with good rich paste and bake in a moderate oven.



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## THE CHESTNUTS.

The chestnuts closed their purses tight,  
But Jack Frost opened them all last night.  
I think some time I'll sit up and see  
When he opens the burrs, if he won't show me.  
For I've wondered so, and I wish I knew  
Why he don't get pricked, as my fingers do;  
And I can't see why, after all his fuss,  
He leaves them here on the grass for us!

—Agnes Lewis Mitchell.

\* \* \*

## TOO MUCH.

THE *Youth's Companion* has a good story that will be appreciated by many a grownup who has had to wear out the clothes of his older brothers and sisters:

The small boy, Jack, was discovered by an elderly friend in a street at the other end of the city from that in which he lives. The tears had left their marks on his cheeks and every now then a sob still shook his little body, but he trudged sturdily on, without one backward look.

"Hello, Jackie! What's the matter?" asked the friend as the small boy tried to brush past.

"I ain't a-going to tell you," he announced, ramming his small fists into his eyes.

"Certainly not," acquiesced the old gentleman cheerfully. "Beautiful morning for a stroll, isn't it?"

Jack eyed him obstinately.

"I passed your house a little while ago and it seemed to me I smelt gingersnaps cooking," observed the old man carelessly.

"I don't care!" said Jack fiercely. "I'm running away."

"I don't blame you," said the man cordially. "I wouldn't stay in a house where they cooked gingersnaps right under a fellow's nose, either."

"'Tain't that!" snapped Jack. "It's 'cause—'cause mamma told papa this mornin' that her—her sealskin coat was so worn out she'd never be able to wear it another—nother winter," he explained, the tears starting afresh.

"Still," said the friend good-naturedly, "one can live in a house where there isn't a sealskin coat."

"You don't understand!" wailed Jack.

"Well, you tell me about it, Jackie," urged the man.

"I—I—I won't wear sealskin pants!" sobbed Jack, all his wrongs coming again before his mind's eye.

## BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

Two little boys were on their way to school. The smaller one stumbled, and, though not badly hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way—a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a fatherly way and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle." And he began, in the merriest way, a cheerful boy-whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he. "my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that's because you haven't got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.

\* \* \*

## NEVER KNEW IT BEFORE.

A BURLY old skipper and his scarcely less burly mate, feeling hungry on coming on shore, went into a restaurant at Southampton and ordered a "tabbly" dinner. In a few minutes a waiter approached and, with considerable flourish, placed a plate of the watery-looking liquid before each of them.

"Hi, me lad, wot's this stuff?" shouted the captain, gazing in amazement at the concoction under his nose.

"Soup, sir," replied the waiter.

"Soup," shouted the old sea dog. "Soup! Bill" (turning to the mate), "just think of that. 'Erer you and me been sailing on soup orl our lives and never knowed it till now."

\* \* \*

## WHAT THE DOG LOOKED LIKE.

A LITTLE girl thus described a dachshund she had seen: "It was one of those funny ones—you know, the ones that are a dog and a half long and half a dog high." Said the other: "You must know the sort. It is a dog that only has four legs, but looks as if it ought to have six." *Public Opinion* gives another definition of the same animal: "The dog with the Louis XIV legs."

\* \* \*

If you do not believe it yourself you cannot make others believe it.

## The Q. & A. Department.

I saw a sign on a door in Chicago reading "Synthetic Perfumes." What did it mean?

It meant that it was where perfumes made synthetically were for sale. Such a perfume is made out of anything but what it purports to be. Thus, out of coal tar a first-rate lilac perfume is made. The business is a very large one, and applies to extracts, etc., used in cooking and flavoring cakes, and the like. There is nothing wrong about it where the synthetic part is avowed.

✱

It is said that nobody has ever learned the Indians' secret of telegraphy by sending up puffs of smoke. How did they do it?

It is all nonsense about its not being known. The writer has seen it done. A fire of damp grass or anything that makes a smoke, is built, a blanket held over it and deftly turned upside down, releasing a punched mass of smoke. Three such little clouds meant "come on."

✱

Is it morally wrong for me to sell an unused railroad ticket?

It is likely against the law, but not morally wrong. The railroad will redeem it, but there is no reason why you may not sell your own property. The law is aimed at the ticket brokers who have given the roads to end of trouble. There would likely be no complaint against selling your ticket to anybody who would buy it.

✱

What is chocolate made of?

It is the prepared nut of a tree that grows in the tropics. The individual nuts are about the size of a bean, dark in color. The outside hull of the nut or bean is knocked off by machinery, and the nut itself, after some preliminary preparation, is ground, mixed with sugar and starch, and possibly flavored to suit the market, and then is moulded into form and sold.

✱

Why cannot maple sugar be prepared in pure white form as cane or beet sugar?

It can be done, and has been done, but the product when pure white loses its maple flavor and becomes indistinguishable from any other pure sugar.

✱

What is an electrical safety fuse?

A conductor of electricity able to carry an ordinary current, but which is so fusible as to melt and cut off the current when one too strong comes along.

Is the dollar silver plating machine worth anything?

Every now and then this question bobs up. Once for all let it be said that the dollar silver plating outfit, like the dollar typewriter and the dollar steam engine, is no good at all only as a toy, and none know it better than the manufacturers. To do the work of the character named in a way worth while costs a good deal of money.

✱

How did the term dog days originate?

The dog star reaches a certain part of the heavens at a time when hot weather is usually due, about the last of July and the first of August, and the time is characterized as being in that of the dog star,—in dog days. Standing by itself it is used to convey the idea of hot weather.

✱

What is a legal tender?

A legal tender is any currency with which a debt may be paid. Gold is always a legal tender. Silver and copper coin are up to a certain amount. Bank notes may be made a legal tender by law, in fact the whole business is governed by laws made to cover the situation.

✱

Why is the word milk spelled milch in sale bills?

It is the old English word for domestic cattle that give milk. It is like any other word used arbitrarily. It is sanctioned by long usage.

✱

Was any kind of telegraphy known to the ancients?

Yes. The Romans spelled words with different colored fires. The Indians of our own country did the same by fires and smoke.

✱

What is a dynamo in electrical science?

A dynamo is a generator, a mechanical arrangement whereby the energy is collected or generated.

✱

Is there any country that issues no gold or silver coin?

Paraguay issues none of its own. The coin of adjacent countries passes current at the home value.

✱

Are goldfish ever found wild in our waters?

Yes, they are, having escaped from captivity and bred while at large.

✱

Are there colored Freemasons?

It is said there are such but not recognized by white members of the order.



## STOCKING THE ROYAL LARDER.

THE amount of food consumed in the royal household is truly prodigious and consequently the most spacious larders are necessary to contain it, says *Pearson's Weekly*. As a matter of fact, the larders, cellars and dairies cover an area of nearly a quarter of an acre.

At all the king's residences except Buckingham palace the bread is produced in the royal bakeries and when the king and his suite are staying at Windsor an average of nearly two sacks of flour a day is converted into bread by the five bakers in the household. There are six bakings a week, and as the loaves leave the oven they are stored in the underground pantries. A great deal of cake and confectionery is also made daily, but the king shows a preference for a light seedcake which is dispatched every day from a small shop in the highlands.

It is somewhat surprising to learn that approximately a ton of meat is consumed every week at Windsor, a good deal of which comes from the king's farm at Sandringham. So varied is the meat supply that his majesty could, if he wished, be served with almost any joint he desired at an hour's notice, though it is very rarely he selects anything not found in the menu which has been prepared in the kitchen. The meat, on arrival, is stored in the icehouses and cut up by the king's butchers.

Sandringham also supplies the royal dairies with a large amount of butter and eggs, which are dispatched from the king's Norfolk home daily. The butter is sent in quarter-pound pats, stamped with the crown. Eighteen gallons of new milk alone are consumed at Windsor every day, besides an equal proportion of cream. A great deal of the cheese comes from Somersetshire.

A daily supply of fish is received all the year round, and twice a week during the season some splendid salmon are sent from the king's fishings on the Dee. Scotland is also responsible for the marmalade, which is never omitted from King Edward's breakfast table.

The cellars are capable of holding 15,000 bottles of wine, and were originally built by George III. There are still some unconsumed bottles of wine of the same vintage as that drunk at the christening of George IV; indeed, much of the wine is of great age, having been purchased and laid down by Queen Victoria, and the king is constantly adding to the stock. Prominent in the cellars, too, are many bottles of the choicest Tokay from the vineyards of the emperor of Austria, for that monarch has never failed to send a case at Christmas for the past thirty years.

India contributes its quota to the royal larder, for regular supplies of spices, chutneys and other preparations are sent from Calcutta, together with native

cordials, for which the sovereign has a great liking. In fact, every quarter of the empire sends something to the king's larder—even Malta, whence come at intervals large quantities of sardines and pickled pilchards.

\* \* \*

## THE COMET'S TAIL.

THE composition of a comet's tail is determined by its form. Bredichin divided comets' tails into three classes—namely, those composed of hydrogen, of hydro-carbons, or of iron. Observation and calculation have determined that cometary tails composed of hydrogen are always straight; those composed of hydro-carbons, on the other hand, are slightly curved, while comets' tails in which iron is the chief component are strongly curved. Comets have been observed possessing three tails shaped in these three distinctive forms, the special peculiarity of the composition of each being verified by the spectroscope.

\* \* \*

## PAWNED BIBLES.

"NOT more than three times in the thirty years that I have been in business has a Bible been accepted as collateral for a loan in my establishment," said a pawnbroker whose business is one of the largest of its kind in Philadelphia. "On those few occasions it has been without my sanction—even without my knowledge. It isn't that we don't have many opportunities to advance money on Bibles; it is just that we have an aversion to doing so. Aside from what might be regarded as the sacrilege of such a transaction, it always brings bad luck."

\* \* \*

## A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

'Twas in a breach of promise suit the letters all were read,  
And here is what the opening words of each epistle said:  
"Dear Mr. Smith," "Dear Friend," "Dear John," "My  
darling four-leaf clover,"  
"My ownest Jack," "Dear John," "Dear Sir," then "Sir"  
and all was over.

## Want Advertisements.

WANTED: A home for a boy of ten, of Brethren ancestry, among Brethren. People who want to get on the track of the boy can do so by addressing, *The Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.*

\*

WANTED.—A brother, married preferred, who wants to go on a small farm near town. Good school and church privileges. Write for particulars and good proposition. Address, *E. Mohler, Plattsburg, Mo.*

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1903.

No. 40.

## THE SHADY SIDE OF FORTY.

On the shady side of forty, but the sun is sailing high,  
And the path is gently winding where the sweetest roses  
lie.  
On the shady side of forty, but amidst the golden glow  
I am walking with my loved ones where the fairest flowers  
grow.  
Youth is still beside me trudging down the incense-laden  
way  
And I fear not coming shadows of an evening cold and  
gray,  
For with light and love and laughter why should one be  
full of gloom  
On the shady side of forty while the roses are in bloom.  
On the shady side of forty, but yet scarcely past the noon,  
And the birds are gaily singing each its merry woodland  
tune.  
On the shady side of forty, but my pathway I pursue  
Full of hope and cheer and pleasure with the old friends  
tried and true.  
Love is keeping step beside me and the sky o'erhead is  
clear,  
And I take no thought of twilight and a night time dark  
and drear.  
For while loved ones cling about me why should I be full  
of dread  
On the shady side of forty with the bright sun overhead?  
On the shady side of forty, but my joys are all increased  
For I live again the hours when the sun was in the east.  
On the shady side of forty, and I live again the joy,  
In the memories, gay and happy, of the days when but a  
boy.  
Visions sweet come trooping past me as I walk along the  
way,  
And I live the happy morning, working in the close of day.  
So with loved ones walking by me while the west is all  
aglow,  
I can pluck life's sweetest flowers in the gardens where  
they grow.  
On the shady side of forty? Nay, 'tis on the sunny side,  
For I see the sun in splendor down the sky-blue distance  
glide,  
While its golden tints are painting on the canvas of the  
west  
Pictures of the stately mansion where at last my soul shall  
rest.  
On the sunny side of forty! And the pathway leads along  
Flowered banks and rills that ripple in a never-ceasing  
song;  
And I walk with loved ones ever with a heart so light and  
gay  
On the sunny side of forty in the brightest of the day.

## JUST A THOUGHT OR TWO.

*Lots of people are looking hard for a soft job.*  
\*  
*There is no such thing as a short cut to an edu-  
cation.*  
\*  
*It is better to act without thinking than to think  
without acting.*  
\*  
*Your money cannot make you a home, though it can  
build you a house.*  
\*  
*You will not have so much trouble if you forget  
to say a good deal.*  
\*  
*A good way to judge a man is by the people he  
does not make friends with.*  
\*  
*What is the reason that every time there is a mar-  
riage in Elgin there is a hitch?*  
\*  
*You can't be a Christian and be cruel to animals:  
you can't even be a gentleman.*  
\*  
*It is easy to find out whether a can contains gaso-  
line or not by applying a match.*  
\*  
*Whenever the world owes a man a living it usually  
pays him on the installment plan.*  
\*  
*Don't cut down a tree to plant a hill of potatoes.  
You'll eat in the shade if you don't.*  
\*  
*Back of every yard full of old-fashioned flowers is  
a woman who can cook a good dinner.*  
\*  
*Sow a seed each day, whether of thought, act, fruit  
or flower. It will grow while you are asleep.*  
\*  
*A boy would rather climb a tree than walk up a  
marble stairway, at least the real Nook boy would.*



## THE STEEPLE JACK.

WHEN a high steeple, or church spire requires painting or repairs of any kind, a man accustomed to this work is sent for and he does the job. The *New York Sun*, telling about it, says:

He climbs steeples and ventures out on rickety cornices and up tremulous chimneys for a living, and to look at him you would not think he had a nerve in his body. He is slender, big-eyed, ox-eyed, one might say, so calm and placid are his organs of vision. He is slow of movement and deliberate in his speech, and he speaks of his narrow escapes with the manner of a third person.

But he admits at the same time that he sometimes gets scared while high in the air. Oddly enough, those periods of fright never come at critical moments. When he needs his self-possession he always has it.

Now and then he feels without warning a crushing sense of his loneliness. He looks down from his swinging set at the pygmy people below and an awful dread steals slowly into him.

He dips his paint brush into the pot and goes to work on the steeple's sides with renewed ardor. With a zeal that increases until it becomes something like frenzy he plies his brush, while the paint spatters his working clothes and covers his hands and face.

At last the feeling becomes too strong, and he drops the brush and lets it dangle from the cord attached to his wrist. He now tries shouting to relieve the nerve tension. He halloos at the top of his voice sometimes; he sings and declaims—but no one hears, unless it be his helper far down below, who has grown to understand these seizures.

The helper knows that the climber does not want to come down unless he gives certain signals. He knows, too, that to loosen the tackle and start the climber down at such a period would be dangerous. The man on the spire can let himself down if he wishes; sometimes he alone can release himself.

So the man below watches and waits. Once in a while he climbs up the spire as far as he can get in a hurry and then talks reassuringly to the man above.

They have odd conversations, too, at such times. They discuss matters as far removed from the business at hand as possible. On one occasion it will be what they had for breakfast that morning and what they would like for supper. Again it will be about the precocity of one or another of their children.

They will drift from topic to topic, until the man at the top sings out: "All right, Bill." Then the man at the bottom climbs down to his work and the other, with his mental poise restored, gathers up the cord holding his paint brush and goes back to his painting.

"Last week, though," said this steeplejack, "I had a bad one, the worst I ever experienced.

"There was a pretty lively wind. It wasn't nothing down on the ground, but up where I was, just below the big gilt ball in a Newark church spire, it was pretty bothersome. It was all the time trying to whirl me around and around the spire.

"You see, the spire wasn't more than five or six feet in circumference up where I was. The paint was nearly worn off, and actually the winds had sort of scarred the spire in circles, belt-like, from the constant whirling around and around.

"The wind pushed me and joggled me for an hour or more. I shouldn't have gone up that morning anyhow. I might have known it was too windy. But I was anxious to get through and so I stuck at it.

"At last this funny feeling, which I can't very well describe to anyone who hasn't felt it, came down on me with a rush. The blood rushed to my head and my ears buzzed. I knew I ought to get out of that, so, as carefully as I could, I let myself down to the first window, about forty feet below.

"I crawled through somehow and sat down on a cross-beam. I suppose I sat there half an hour, resting and trying to find myself. Then I went back and worked my way up closer and closer to the big gilt ball.

"The scare was coming on again when I happened to notice something odd in the ball which took my mind off everything else and I don't know but that it saved my life.

"I saw an odd-looking hole in the ball, a sort of longish hole as if a big worm had burrowed into the wood, but I knew no worm had ever got up there, and I could tell it had happened since the ball was put up. I found another of those strange holes and finally a third.

"I sat in my swing and examined them curiously for some time before I made them out. I knew something about the history of that church and its spire and I could figure that that ball had been there at least seventy-five years.

"Then I remembered that down in the green stretch beside the church the young folks of the city had gathered on the night before the Fourth of July for—well, ever since the declaration of independence was signed, or pretty nearly as long. They came with guns and pistols, and as I thought of this I realized that these three holes were bullet holes. I examined them again until I was sure of it.

"How many shots had been fired at that gilt ball on the Fourth of July mornings during the last seventy-five years or so? Out of them all, but three have hit the mark. Who hit the ball first? Was he living or dead? Did he afterward, when grown from a boy or a youth, try his hand at real live human game in the civil war?

"Thoughts like these took up my mind so completely that I forgot all about my recent terror and did not think of it again until I was down on the ground. I shouldn't wonder if I went down and out in one of those fits some time, though."

\* \* \*

### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

BY MARGARET BAKER.

THERE seems to be too much time spent in our public schools and colleges in educating the intellect

an air gun it would be much better to teach him the use of a microscope and camera.

Thousands of birds are destroyed every year to supply the demands of fashion. The beautiful egret of the south has been destroyed until only one can be seen where a few years ago were a thousand. The birds are killed when their plumage is the most brilliant and when taking care of their young. The young perish too for want of food. All this is done to obtain birds for women's bonnets and hats. A little boy said to a schoolmate, "I know why the teacher does not want us to rob the birds' nests and kill the little birds.



A FEW SHEEP NEAR CALGARY, CANADA.

and not the heart. A larger number of people in the United States take a college course than in any other country in the world, in proportion to the population, and yet a greater number of crimes are committed here than in any other country, with the exception of Spain and Italy.

Some lessons learned in childhood are never forgotten. If a child is taught kindness to animals when very young, he is not apt to be cruel to them when older. Children should be taught the sin of killing birds. They should learn, when very young, to appreciate and enjoy the song of a bird. One important feature often neglected in the public schools is that the birds have a work to perform. They destroy insects and the various worms that would destroy the fruit if all the birds were killed. Instead of giving a boy

She wants 'em to grow up so she can wear 'em on her bonnet." Children can see inconsistencies quickly. As long as women wear birds on their hats and bonnets, so long will the boys kill birds.

Children should also be taught that the brutal method of cutting off the horse's tail is very cruel. The flies harass him during the heated term and he has no defense. This habit is made a crime in many States.

*Belleville, Ill.*

\* \* \*

DESPONDENCY is ingratitude; hope is God's worship.—*Beecher*.

\* \* \*

SELFISHNESS is the root and source of all national and moral evils.



## THE JEWISH TISHRI.

This is the Jewish month of Tishri and ushers in the new year. All over the world the Jew turns his thoughts to his synagogue and makes ready for the services that commence at sunset on Tuesday, Sept. 22nd. At this time ended the year 5663 and the year 5664 began. All over the world the Jews of whatever shade of religious opinion welcomed the new year with solemn services. While there are a great many reformed Jews and the so-called progressive Jews who neglect the detailed features of their faith, there are comparatively few who do not visit the synagogue on this occasion. There are two festivals following this season of the new year, the one is the Rosh Hash-shanah and the other Yom Hak Kippurim, occurring ten days apart. These two days are observed, with slightly varying forms, all over the Jewish world. At nightfall on Monday evening the faithful gathered in their synagogues and the new year's services began.

Prayers for the whole of mankind, whether Jew or Gentile went up to the God of their fathers until late into the night or early Tuesday morning. This Tuesday is known as both a memorial day and as such is called Yom Hozikkaron, and as a day of judgment, it is known as Yom Hardin. God sits in judgment over the deeds of all mankind and it is the prayer of the faithful that they be blessed for the coming year. Two scrolls are open before him, one of the living and one of the dead. Into this according to their works, their deeds, judged by Divine wisdom and justice, are recorded by the Heavenly Father, and on this day go forth orders that bring life or death, plenty or poverty, drouth or abundance of rain.

One of the most interesting features of the service is the blowing of the ram's horn. The elders of the congregation usually blow these horns while wearing long, richly ornamented, prayer shawls and high caps. They stand before the altar, and in the stillness of the prostrated audience blast the great trumpet which is to proclaim the end and death of Satan and all evil. It is also said to recall the revelation of God on Sinai. It is emblematical of God's kingship over man.

Among the older Jews it is a custom to seek out a stream of water, and kneeling, with appropriate prayers, ask for the health and everlasting perpetuation of the human race as the fish are perpetuated in the water.

Wednesday, which is the third day of the Tishri, has no exact connection with the new year's services, but is a day of fasting. On Wednesday night, the Jewish babies were gathered around their mother's knees to hear the story of Gedaliah, a king who ruled in all seven months and was murdered by Ishmael, who craved supremacy in Palestine.

For some days preceding Tishri and for the first ten days after the festival, the people do not fast but

eat sparingly, and in the homes of the Jews the story of their persecuted race is often repeated, and in no religion, perhaps, does the home play so important a part as among the Jews.

On the tenth day of Tishri, or the first day of October, will be the most solemn day in the whole Jewish year. From sunset on Wednesday night until three stars are seen in the heavens on Thursday night a fast will be held and no Jew will touch food or drink or carry on business of any kind, nor will he have a thought of anything but prayer. There is no visiting, but all of the men and many of the older children go to the synagogue for a day's fasting. At the synagogue the readings continue throughout the entire day. At night, when the proper time comes, the ending of these prayers is announced by the Shofhar, or the ram's horn.

After the day of fasting is the time of rejoicing and feasting and the Yiddish theater will be crowded to the doors with the young and old in their holiday attire.

Outsiders, that is Christians and those not Jews have much difficulty in understanding the religious trend of Jewish thought, because much of it is in the home where it is not visible to the outside world.

Here in Elgin the services were held about as follows. The Nookman by special invitation, attended the services on Tuesday.

There are few Jews here in Elgin, but there are two synagogues or places of worship. The one which we attended is simply a hall in the second story of a brick building here in the city. Passing up one enters a room and is immediately out of the present world and back anywhere in the past two thousand years. There are chairs which are occupied by the men and back of them across the middle of the room is a light curtain drawn, behind which the women sit. The married men wear a talith or prayer covering, a white shawl bordered with black as prescribed by the law, while the other younger men sit around with their books in hand. In the front is a small railed-off space, somewhat like the bar in a magistrate's office, and within it a large sloping desk, and back of that, against the wall, is what would appear to be an ordinary cupboard. On top of this are the Hebrew characters and within are kept the sacred books and belongings of the synagogue. The priest stands facing the place where the books are kept, with his back to the audience. Every man has on his hat, it being regarded as improper to uncover in the presence of the Almighty. The leader reads from a book in Hebrew, in a chanting sort of a tone with a peculiar bobbing movement of the body which serves to keep time for the members who intone the responses. The sight is a most unusual one to the Christian. About him are a people wearing an unusual garb, speaking

what to the average outsider is an unknown tongue, and the whole congregation intoning the responses, reminds one of a Sunday school where all are reciting aloud and at the same time.

The service starts in the early morning and lasts until noon. Every Jew who amounts to anything as such, makes it a point to be present at the services. These vary so in character and length that no ordinary magazine article can follow them up with any degree of accuracy. They are an open book to anyone who would have them. The whole of the service may be had in English but in the synagogue only the Hebrew is used. Children wander in and out at

people here, keep themselves by themselves, mind their own business and are doing well.

One of the mistakes that people make is to imagine that every Jew is dishonest and that he is not to be trusted in any way. The chances are that they are of the average honesty and probity of the common Christian world, while it is a fact that back of them for thousands of years is a religious history that has defied the tooth of time and worldly change.

Just what was going on here in Elgin was doing the world over, wherever there is a handful of Jews, and it is a most interesting service to attend and we recommend that Nookers see and hear it whenever



MANITOBA, CANADA, WHEAT STACKS.

their pleasure and there is not that solemnity that would characterize an ordinary Christian gathering. Nevertheless, there is an earnestness about these people that cannot fail to impress one. The older children of the parents are present and stand side by side with the father and join in the responses.

The people who are met in the service, are not by any means all typical Jews. It is a mistake to imagine that you know a Jew when you see him. Nevertheless, here and there over the audience is a Jew of the public prints and the pictures one sees of him. In America the Jews do not affect a dress such as they do in older countries. The people present at the Jewish services were business men and women of various callings. They are all highly respected

they have a chance, and we further suggest that every reader behave himself with the utmost decorum if he should be so fortunate as to be in a place where he can attend.

The best side of the Jewish religion is not seen by the outsider, and that is the religion of the home. The Jews love their children and care for them in a way that some Christians would do well to imitate. A great deal of the caricature of public prints and the stories that have been put forth concerning them is simply the outcome of religious and race hatred that have no foundation. In fact, the Jew as a people was among the princes of the earth when the forebears of the so-called dominant nations hunted the wild boar and battled with the cave bear.



## THE SENSE OF SMELL.

As the majority of the Nook family live in the country and know a good deal of dogs they will be interested in the following article by Dr. McPherson in the *Chicago Tribune*:

Watching some sportsmen shooting birds in low ground in the season, one is struck with the marvelous powers of the pointers and retrievers in securing a successful bag. In fact, without their extraordinary ability to scent the living and the shot bird there would be little real sport, so far as results are concerned.

With what painstaking assiduity the pointers range along the green crops until they come upon a hidden covey! At once, as with soldier drill, they make a halt, a foreleg bent in ecstasy and tremor at the finding of the birds. The sportsman knows where to look for his next shot; a moment on, and up the covey rises to receive two barrels from the lucky man. The retrievers then go on to find the wounded birds. Without scent these dogs would be next to useless, yet with marvelous accuracy they track down the wounded.

No doubt there is much in "their instinct," so far as scent is concerned; but training does a good deal and heredity does more. And about this sense of smell little is as yet known. How can the various scents be discriminated? By training druggists can detect them acutely. Oil of cloves can be detected with one part in 88,000 of water by trained men, whereas the average of females can only detect smell in the solution with one part in 50,000 of water. Men have been able to detect the smell of prussic acid in a solution with one part in 2,000,000 parts of water. No chemical test could detect this.

The faculty of scent is extremely acute in certain insects. But the scent of dogs seems to eclipse all in its marvelous results. The late Dr. G. J. Romanes gave to the scientific world the results of some interesting experiments he made to ascertain the character of the intensely developed sense of smell in some dogs. He had a remarkable terrier, which showed the almost supernatural capabilities of this sense. Even when the London parks were swarming with pedestrians and the terrier was having his own conversation with some other dog, and he would zig-zag about and hide, the animal would go to the place where it had last seen its master, and there, picking up the scent, would track his footsteps over all the meanderings he had made until it reached his retreat with joy.

Now comes the interesting question: "What is the source of the scent?" Is the dog guided by some distinctive smell attaching to its master's shoes, by any distinctive smell of its master's feet, or by both of

these differences combined? By careful experiments it has been shown that a sensitive dog will follow the track of a man who is wearing its master's boots, and will reject the track of its master who has on strange boots. If a layer of stiff brown paper is glued to the soles and sides of the usual shooting boots the dog will not follow its master's track; but when the paper gets worn through at the heel and the boot touches the ground the scent is caught at once and speedily followed up.

On one occasion Dr. Romanes soaked his ordinary shooting boots with the oil of aniseed and walked with these over the park. Strange to say, this strong odor did not interfere with the dog's scent, for it ran him down as quickly as before. Accordingly, this keen observer came to the conclusion that the exudations from his feet required to be combined with shoe leather; and brown paper can stop the transmission of that scent.

There is an odor conveyed through the air to dogs from the person which can be detected even up to distances of 200 yards; but experiments in that line are difficult of verification. All know the wonderful power a pug has in detecting by scent where a bit of biscuit has been hidden in the drawing room—for that animal's whole life seems concentrated upon the gratification of its stomach—and the all-absorbing passion of a terrier at a ditch where rats abound. It looks all excitement, impossible to be restrained.

How infinitely minute must be the particles that emanate from the object which the dog is tracking! Yet matter is extremely divisible. The tenth part of a grain of musk will continue for years to fill a room with its odoriferous particles, and at the end of that time will not be appreciably diminished in weight by the finest balance. A cubic inch of air rising from the flame of a Bunsen burner has been found to contain no fewer than 489 millions of dust particles. A drop of blood which might be suspended from the point of a needle contains about 1,000,000 of red, flattened corpuscles. Still, though matter is so marvelously divisible, the olfactory nerves are infinitely more sensitive. Much has yet to be investigated with regard to the differentiation of the points in these nerves so that they may discriminate with such apparently miraculous accuracy; yet even the results of the scent of dogs show how marvelously fine is their discriminating power.

Our sense of smell, unless in the trained chemist, is not even so acute as that of the semi-savage. The aborigines of Peru can, in the darkest night and in the thickest woods, distinguish respectively a white man, a negro, and one of their own race by the smell.

Much we have gained by civilization, but not without some loss to our bodily energies and senses. Man's recuperative power after an injury is in the in-

verse ratio to his social advancement. Similarly, he seems to become less acute and delicate in the sense of smell as he fares better and lives more comfortably. The faithful dog puts him to shame.

♦ ♦ ♦

#### VALUE OF THE EGG CROP.

RUSSIA is the largest seller of eggs in the world. She sells to foreign countries 150,000,000 dozen eggs nearly every year. In 1896 she sent abroad 1,475,000,000 eggs; in 1897, 1,737,000,000, and in 1898 1,831,000,000. Her sales are all the time increasing.

China is supposed to be the largest producer of eggs in the world. There is no such thing as statistics of poultry products in China, but there are over 400,000,000 persons in that empire who are very fond of eggs; it takes a good many eggs to supply them. The humblest farm hut has hens in plenty, and they do their best to supply the demand. There is little doubt that China takes the cake as an egg producer. Her entire supply is usually consumed at home, though she sometimes manages to spare a few for Japanese consumers.

Great Britain is the largest buyer of foreign eggs in the world. Of course, no English breakfast table is complete without eggs as a complement to its toast and marmalade. Great Britain buys every year an average of 1,500,000,000 eggs from about twenty countries, and this is only 40 per cent of the consumption. British hens manage to produce three-fifths of the eggs that the home market demands. In 1901 Russia sold to England 539,053,000 eggs, and the next largest sellers were Belgium, Denmark, Germany, France, Egypt, and Morocco. Great Britain spent \$26,745,194 in the purchase of eggs in 1901.

Our entire export of eggs in 1902 was only 2,717,990 dozen, valued at \$528,679, which cuts a small figure in comparison with Russia's total. But our hens are very industrious, and it is only the enormous home demand that keeps our exports at such a low figure.

In 1899 there were 233,598,005 chickens in this country, and they produced 1,293,818,144 dozen eggs; and the fact that we consumed 90 per cent of them shows that we are a nation of egg eaters. It is enough to make any hen dizzy to think that a train of ordinary refrigerator cars containing our entire egg crop of that year would have extended from Chicago to Washington; with several miles of cars to stretch along the track toward Baltimore.

In 1901 the receipts and consumption of eggs in New York city were 2,372,000 crates of thirty dozen each. Chicago has even a larger per capita consumption, or an average of 1,581,545 crates a year. Truly the egg industry is a great business; and when we consider it in connection with the broilers, spring chick-

ens, tough and tender, and roosters we consume, the poultry interests assume prodigious proportions.

The total value of the poultry and eggs we produced in the last census year was \$281,178,247. The industry was worth more than all the cattle and hogs we slaughtered. It was worth more than the wheat crop of twenty-eight States and territories; and the value of our eggs alone was higher than that of the combined gold and silver product of the United States in any year since 1850, except in 1890, when the precious metals exceeded the eggs by \$9,418,125.

♦ ♦ ♦

#### BUTTER MAKING FAD.

MANY New Yorkers in the heart of the city make their own butter, and a surprising number of churns of a size for working two or three quarts of cream at a time are sold by the dealers.

A good proportion of the city dwellers have fresh butter made two or three times a week from the milk brought from their own farms and country places. Others get the cream from milk dealers, and make only the butter for immediate table use, depending on the grocer for that needed for cooking purposes.

There is a purity and wholesomeness demanded in everything used about milk and milk products that appeals peculiarly to capable housekeepers, and many fastidious women like to attend to this department themselves, working the butter with great care so as to improve its flavor, and salting it only to a certain degree.

The latest churns for home use are of glass, worked by a little handled wheel at the top. Some are of only one-quart size, others of proportions to satisfy the needs of a good-sized family of butter lovers. There are fine white earthenware churns of English make, with little wooden dashers to be jiggled up and down in the primitive fashion.

To supplement the churns come splashers of improved pattern, dainty milk pans of enameled ware, skimmers of either china or tin, handy wooden paddles for working the butter, and scales of delicate adjustment by which the housewife may know to a fraction the amount of her produce.

The dealers attribute the increased interest in butter making to the present taste for country life and the general awakening in matters of hygiene.

And city dwellers who love fresh butter do not think it extravagant to make it even from the cream of bought milk, because of the many uses the milk can be put to after the cream has been skimmed off. Blanc-manges, custards and many desserts and delicacies can be made from it, and the potcheese or the curd, served with cream and nutmeg, is a wholesome and attractive dish for supper or luncheon.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## THE TIME TO TRANSPLANT TREES.

WHEN is the best time to transplant a fruit tree? This question is one that has been asked for centuries and still an open one to most people. Now the facts in the case are that the answer is a relatively simple one. A few trees do better if planted in the spring, but all will do well if planted in the autumn. An early spring will start the buds of the trees so soon as to leave only a week or ten days to transplant, and during that time the would-be planter may be so busy at something else that he is not able to get his plants in in time and thus get a set-back, which they otherwise might have escaped.

Now when we remember that a tree is ready to transplant, from the time it drops its leaves in the autumn until the buds begin to swell in the spring, it will be seen that a much longer period, so far as the tree is concerned, is available for its transplanting in the fall. From the time that the leaves begin to fall until the ground is frozen up covers a period of sometimes more than a month and perhaps two months, at any time during which the tree may be set out where it is intended to remain. Once done the work is finished and no further attention need be given it. It will be much better to do all the transplanting intended for the place during the long autumn month than to postpone it for the rush and hurry of springtime.

The trees will be in the ground, and to a limited extent will start to grow and the freezing and thawing of the ground will settle the earth around the roots, and taking all things into consideration, the INGLENOOK ventures to say that for the vast majority of trees and plants used about the place, transplanting in the autumn is the most desirable.

In the case of berries and the smaller plants, mulching is recommended. The object of mulch on, say strawberries, is not to protect the plants or roots from freezing, for they freeze solid every year, but to prevent the heaving process owing to frost. This heaving process is not very well understood by the ordinary person. In the early springtime the ground is frozen over night and during the day the ground rapidly expands and is thrown out of place and the next freezing and the thawing the subsequent day, leaves the ground and the roots still farther away, and so on until the plants are sometimes entirely thrown out of the soil. The object of the mulch, which need not be more than a half an inch to an inch in thickness, is to prevent this abrupt thawing and not to prevent the ground

from freezing and it works like a charm if too much is not put around the plants. It should not be put on the ground until needed, which will be along towards spring before any general thaw commences.

\* \* \*

## ANIMAL SWIMMERS.

ALMOST all animals know how to swim without having to learn it. As soon as they fall into the water or are driven into it they instinctively make the proper motions and not only manage to keep afloat, but propel themselves without trouble.

Exceptions are the monkey, the camel, giraffe and llama, which cannot swim without assistance. Camels and llamas have to be helped across water, and giraffes and monkeys drown if they enter it. Now and then both of the latter species manage to cross waterways when they are driven to extremities, just as human beings occasionally can keep themselves above water through sheer fright.

A funny though able swimmer is the rabbit. He submerges his body with the exception of head and tail. The latter sticks away up into the air, and his hind legs make "soap suds" as he churns the water madly to get away. But with all his awkwardness he is a swift swimmer and is only beaten by the squirrel among the land animals.

The squirrel swims with his heavy tail sunk away down in the water and his head held high. He cleaves the waves like a duck, and a man in a row boat has all he can do to keep abreast of the swimming squirrel.

One thing that none of the land living animals does is to dive. No matter how hard pressed a swimming deer, rabbit, squirrel or other purely terrestrial animal may be, it will remain above water. But the muskrat, beaver, ice bear and otter dive immediately.

\* \* \*

## TREE SURGERY.

OCCASIONALLY some Inglenooker may have a tree which he prizes highly, but which is afflicted with dry rot which threatens its death. In a case of this kind, where it is desired to save the specimen, it may be done by digging out the dry rot with appropriate tools, and excavating the cavity as far as necessary to get all the dead wood away, and then filling the hole with ordinary cement, level with the green bark. It is done precisely along the same lines that the dentist fills the cavity of the tooth with gold. The disease known as dry rot is the result of a microscopic fungus growth,

and which if it is not stopped will eventually kill the tree. Every Inglenooker has seen just such a case as this and has probably desired to save such a tree but did not know how to go about it. If those interested will follow the outline given here, when the disease can be taken in time, the tree can be saved. The cement should not be allowed to extend above the level of the green bark, which will, in time, grow over it and make the tree apparently as solid as though nothing had happened it. This same operation will apply to small holes as well as large ones. Many a valuable tree may thus be saved if done in time. Doubtless for small holes plaster of Paris would answer the purpose as well as cement.

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#### THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

THE petrified forest—the largest and most marvelous of its kind in all the world—in northeastern Arizona has been woefully hacked to pieces and carted away wholesale by vandal hands. In the fall of 1890 this wonderland was put under a quasi-protection of the land officer of the interior department, but it has not availed much, and it was far too late to save the noblest specimens of giant trees which grew eons and eons ago. Tons of petrified wood are still carted away from government lands, and during the past summer five of the finest specimens of standing trees disappeared by piecemeal in one and two-foot sections. But this is nothing to the manner of the destruction of the forests from the time the Santa Fe railroad built through the region of the petrified forest in 1885 until two years ago. A company of Colorado men engaged in the work of gathering carload lots of sections of the fossilized trees and in polishing slabs sawed from them. The petrifications are as hard as flint and as beautifully colored as agate or onyx, and there are mantels, hotel bars, parlor tables and even wainscoting in the middle west made from the priceless relics of unfathomable ages in the petrified forest.

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#### WATCHING A SPIDER AT WORK.

WATCH a spider spin his web, and I shall be surprised if you ever kill a spider again. It takes him about an hour, somewhat less, for he is a marvelously quick worker, and there is something almost terrifying about the skill with which he works. There is his body, no larger than a match's head, yet, inclosed within that mere dot of nature, there is an intelligence which is able first to prospect the area for his web, then to plan it out like a geometrician and then to carry out his plan with workmanlike precision. Meanwhile, too, it must be remembered, he is not only doing his thinking and his weaving, but also spinning the material for it, all in that mite of a body. But

perhaps the uncanniest feature of the whole thing is that the spider not merely has his plan clear in his head, but knows when he has made mistakes, and you can see him breaking off misplaced threads here and there, making taut slack lines and securing shaky connections.—*Success*.

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#### WONDERFUL SENSE OF SMELL IN DOGS.

It has often been proved that dogs are able to track their masters through crowded streets, where it would be impossible to attribute their accuracy to anything except the sense of smell alone. Mr. Romanes, the naturalist, once made some interesting experiments as to this wonderful power as exhibited in his own dog. In these tests the naturalist found that his dumb friend could easily follow in the tracks of his master, though he was far out of sight, and that, too, after no less than eleven persons had followed, stepping exactly in the tracks made by Mr. Romanes, it being the deliberate intention to confuse the senses of the poor dog if possible. Further experiment proved that the animal tracked the boots instead of the man, for when Mr. Romanes put on new footgear the dog failed entirely.

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#### SEAWEEDS.

"THERE is much that is wonderful to be told about seaweeds," said a naturalist. "Some of them are giants in size. One species, common in the North sea, frequently grows to the length of thirty or forty feet, developing in the shape of a long cord about the size of a quill, attached at one end to the bottom and the rest supported by the water. This is nothing, however, to the prodigious *macrocystis*, which attains 1,500 feet in length. Another variety found in the tropics reaches a length of twenty-five or thirty feet, with a trunk as thick as a man's thigh."

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#### THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

NOT more than four hundred of the "cedars of Lebanon" are standing to-day. They do not, though their age is measured in years by thousands, rival in dimensions the cedars of the western world, the largest, so slow is their growth, being but twelve feet in diameter. No tree gives so great an expanse of shade as the cedar, and it never dies, except from lightning stroke or the woodman's ax.

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THE lion is worth to the animal dealer \$1,500, the lioness \$500, the leopard \$300, the panther \$250, bears \$50 to \$500, elk \$200, the camel \$300, and the elephant \$500.



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Once I found not the good commingled  
With evil, but now I find  
That it runs like a thread of pure gold  
Through the warp of all mankind.

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## WAR.

A LOT of men are in the fields and on the streets. They have their callings, their homes and their families. In respect to the condition we want to portray the picture of one of them is a picture of all. We will take a common man, of the middle class, whose labor supports his wife and children in comparative comfort. His whole world is in his immediate surroundings, and all his interests center in his home, the members of which are totally dependent on him for support. His home and his people are just like those of his neighbors, barring the accidents of more or less material gear that each has gathered about him. He has nothing against his neighbor, and has nothing to gain, and much to lose, by a senseless quarrel. Across an imaginary line, in another country, are some millions of people just like himself, with the same lines of thought and action, and the same homes and families.

In the chief town of the two nations are several families the heads of which are rulers of their people. They are in their places because their parents back of them were the kings or emperors. If you go back far enough you will find that their forebears were at the head as chiefs because they were stronger than the others, and fought and killed till they were allowed to continue at the head undisturbed. The families inherited their places, and so on down to the present

day. The people they ruled had no voice in the matter at all. All the same a little out of each man's earnings went to swell the income of the heads of the people, and these heads had the audacity of declare that they were at the front because it was God's will.

One day these two kings had a falling out about something in which their people had not the slightest interest. One word led to another, and one act followed the other, till these two families decided that nothing would do but their ordering out their people and setting them to killing off each other. The sovereigns themselves cared not a thing about the slaughter that would follow, and wanted only an opportunity for their self-aggrandizement. So they "declared war."

The people were routed out of their homes, a hundred thousand of them on each side, and armed to kill the people on the other side. Not one in a hundred knew what it was about, not one in a hundred cared, but they had to leave their homes and their families and go out and make their sovereign's quarrel their own. Black hate and red murder were worked up in the hearts of the people against each other, and not one of them could tell why, or what it was really about. But they went about the killing.

In some respects it was most remarkable. Here were two lots of people, without the slightest ill feeling toward one another, utter strangers, and yet they set about killing, crippling, maiming and butchering each other over a fight that was not their own, and no matter how it went, would profit the survivors nothing at all. But they kept at it till there was complete collapse of one side, it matters not which one it was, and then the living went home, but only half of those who went out. The rest of them had died of disease or were killed.

The fate of many back at home was most pitiable. Children went hungry. Women went to the bad. The fields were weed grown. An enormous debt was on the land, and the living had to pay it all. Unheard of vice was abroad in both lands. The break-up of regular habits, and the introduction of legalized murder had its blighting effect on the survivors. The evil was not to be wiped out in a lifetime, and the survivors' children will be working out the cost of the war. And what was gained by it all? What good accrued the people who did the fighting and the killing? None at all, absolutely nothing but race hatred against a people they never knew. As for the several kings, they cared absolutely nothing for the situation of the living. They put on an extra tax and appealed to the patriotism of the people in a matter concerning which the people themselves knew nothing and cared less.

There never was a war that could not have been averted just the same as there has never been a personal fight that might not have been avoided by the exercise of a little hard common sense. As long as war continues, the people who engage in it are not entitled to being called civilized. In the course of time it will be done away with. That time will come only when the world adopts the principles of the Prince of Peace, the King of kings. For nearly two thousand years the tendency has been in the direction of arbitration, and only when that time comes may a nation be said to be Christian. No individual may rightly be called Christian and go about killing people, and no nation has that right. The time will come, as God lives, and each man should help speed the day.

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#### TROUBLES OF LABOR.

ONE cannot take up a daily paper without reading something about the troubles existing between capital and labor all over the country. If there is a guild of workmen of any kind not banded into a Union the INGLENOOK does not know what it is. Things come to such a pass that a man who undertakes a job such as building a house, does not know whether or not he is ever going to get through with it. The man that builds the cellar, the man who makes the roof, and every calling between the cellar and the roof is bound together and likely to walk out, leaving the man in the lurch at any unforeseen time.

This situation in the course of time is bound to make trouble. In the end there is going to be a smash, and whether capital or labor will get the worst of it is not to be foreseen.

It is in contemplation now among the capitalists to form a sort of insurance company, putting up a large sum of money and then when labor steps out and stops one man's mill he derives the profits all the same from the general combination. If the strikers break his windows, the Association pays for them. If they wreck his property, he is paid and the strikers get nothing.

This is a most unfortunate condition, and if it comes to such a pass it is to be greatly deplored and no one is quite able to foresee the outcome of the eternal clash between employer and the employed. While it is one of those things of which we are not able to predict intelligently the result, something is going to happen, because this condition of things cannot go on forever.

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#### GOOD TIMES AND BAD TIMES.

WHAT makes good times or bad times? The answer to this will depend very largely upon who is talking. The politician will tell you that it is the legislation of the opposite party. Each man will probably

answer it according to how his interests lie, by putting the blame on the other side. Now what are the facts about good and bad times?

Traced down to their very foundation it is the weather. If there are no crops times are bad, and there is no question about it. If there is an enormous crop, and prices are fair, times will be good, and there is no doubt about *that*. Not enough rain to make a crop, or too much rain to spoil it, spells bad times. With the right kind of weather at the right time, and an enormous crop which can be turned into money, come good times, and no men, or set of men living, are big enough to change the result. The bulls and bears of Wall street may play with the fact, and make it show good or bad temporarily, but in the long run, the whole wide world over, what makes things go or stand still is the gentle rain that falls from heaven on the just and unjust alike.

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#### "YAMMERING."

If you don't know what yammering is, happy are you. If you are in search of information, ask the nearest German. If you are given to it, drop it. It's worse than the Old Man of the Sea to hang on, once it gets a hold. Nobody wants to hear your complaining, and the sooner you shift the tune the better. Then, no matter how real it is, the thing you are yammering about, it only makes it worse to nurse it. Forget about it. If you must, really and actually must, do something about it, then whistle your troubles.

Some people act as though they had fallen into the yammering vat, and before they were fished out had so soaked up the blue that everything they touch is colored. The fact is that you can't be a Christian and be a yammerer. The two don't suit each other. They are pulling in opposite directions. The NOOK doesn't want you to be a laughing lunatic, but you needn't be heading for the graveyard all the time, especially when there is no funeral. Quit complaining, for it is not only bad, but it is catching.

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KING EDWARD has taken action that will please loyal teetotalers. A naval officer wrote to His Majesty, asking him if he would issue an order that when the King's health was toasted it was necessary to drink wine. The King replied through his secretary that the Lords of the Admiralty probably would not like him to interfere by issuing orders, but he would be glad to have it circulated privately that he considered a toast as much honored by those drinking it in water as by those who drank wine.

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THE diligent fostering of a candid habit of mind, even in trifles, is a matter of, high moment both to character and opinions.—*Howson*.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

### GENERAL.

They have been having an unusual rainfall out in Kansas.

The dentists of Northern Indiana are holding a convention at Wabash.

The second largest week's receipt of cattle in Chicago amounted to 81,000.

Storms have swept the eastern coast and wrought much damage to shipping.

At St. Louis three hundred employees of the gas company are out on a strike.

Inside of the next week the question of peace between Bulgaria and Turkey will be settled.

Two duelists at Abita Springs, La., killed one another Sept. 15th. It was all about a girl.

Wolff Bros., proprietors of a big clothing store at Ft. Wayne, Ind., burned out on Sept. 22nd.

A colony of Boers are trying to effect a settlement on the Mexican Central railroad in Old Mexico.

The damage to crops by frosts, up to this writing, has not been as extensive as originally supposed.

Killing frosts have wrought immense damage throughout the entire western section of the country.

The experts of the government say that the damage by frosts has not been as serious as at first reported.

The traction company of Galesburg, Ill., is not running on account of a strike on the Galesburg & Abingdon line.

The railroads are endeavoring to get ahead of the ticket scalpers in connection with the World's Fair at St. Louis.

The powers have warned Bulgaria that, in case she precipitates a war, she will not be helped by any of her national neighbors.

The newspapers state that Dr. Dowie is asking for five hundred thousand dollars to enter upon a crusade in New York.

The Jews and the Christians are fighting at St. Petersburg. Several were killed recently. The old story of race hatred.

Measurements have shown that we are all more or less one-sided and this is due to the fact that most of us are right-handed.

The faithful members of Dowie's flock have contributed, thus far, \$20,000 to aid Zion's army in its invasion of wicked New York.

The people of South Bend, Ind., are burning their garbage. The plant cost \$12,000. There is no odor of any kind in the burning.

The nut crop down in Missouri is said to be greater than it has ever been before. Hickorynuts are from fifty to sixty cents per bushel.

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association, at its annual meeting at Toronto, Canada, urges a high tariff against American goods.

The profits on the whiskey combination for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, amounted to \$2,184,791. Think of this enormous sum for debauchery.

The Irrigation Congress at Ogden, Utah, was largely attended. Twenty-six States were represented and much good was outlined for future action.

Out at Rockyford, Colo., a killing frost has destroyed the cantaloupe crop in the vicinity of the town. The loss may be a quarter million dollars.

The sheep drovers of Utah are confronted by a serious problem. The range is giving out and the sheep drovers do not know what to do for pastures.

The British are fitting out a vessel of 380 tons, provisioned for six years, to go upon a search for the pole. They expect to start from London in December, 1904.

The Sultan of Turkey employs fifteen secretaries whose duty it is to translate foreign books for him. It is not likely that he spends much time in reading them.

Members of the cabinet in England have resigned and the chances are that there will be an appeal to the country and a re-election of officials with a change of policy.

A passenger train on the Burlington road was held up by four masked men near Leavenworth, Kans., on the night of Sept. 22nd. The express safe was blown up but little was gotten.

They are having trouble between the milkmen and the officials who are looking after adulteration and that sort of thing in Chicago. The milkmen have a union and threaten to stop.

Rosella Gaines, of Topeka, Kans., is seeking a divorce from her husband on account of nonsupport and cruelty. The man is sixty years old while she is twelve. She says she was married when eleven years old.

The Salvation Army of a thousand strong is getting ready to move on the Bowery, in New York City, to gather in the wrecks of humanity found in numbers along that thoroughfare.

At Michigan City, a two-hours' ride from Chicago, the wolves are so plentiful that the farmers are overrun with them. The animals carry away the poultry and occasionally a sheep.

At Albany, N. Y., a dog dragged a seven-year-old child from a fire occasioned by a gasoline explosion. He saved her life by barking for help. All the hair on the dog's back was burned off.

The powers having intimated to Bulgaria that if she goes into a fight with Turkey she will have to do it without help, does not seem to have the result expected. Bulgaria intends to go it alone.

Iowa will head all the States in the Mississippi valley this year in the percentage of the fruit crop. The State will have fewer apples to ship than last year, but this is the condition all over the country.

The new fifty thousand dollar bull ring at Jaurez on the Mexican border was formally opened Sept. 20, in the presence of ten thousand people, mostly Americans. Six bulls were tortured and put to death.

They are making a test of the strength of the labor unions in Chicago by attempting an open shop among the marble cutters. Sooner or later this battle between labor and capital will have to be fought out to the bitter end.

AN eleven-year-old boy at St. Paul, Minn., hooked a thirty-two-pound catfish, which pulled him into the water and but for the timely assistance of two men would have lost his life. All the while he was in the water the boy held onto the line.

The other day marriage licenses were issued in Chicago for a woman of seventy and another for a girl of fifteen. Evidently people must ask those younger than fifteen and older than seventy as to when they get out of the notion of marrying.

The next annual convention of the laundrymen will be held in Kansas City. Steps are being taken to unite all the laundry owners and stockholders in the United States. The National Laundrymen Association now has ten thousand members.

Herbert Daugherty, the son of a prosperous farmer, living south of Decatur, Ill., shot himself while at school. His body was found just outside the building. He left a note saying, "I will soon let you know if there is a heaven or a hell."

## PERSONAL.

Booker T. Washington, the negro educator, is bound for Europe on a short vacation.

Sir Thomas Lipton, who is suffering from appendicitis is on the highway to recovery.

It is said that John Wanamaker is contemplating opening a department store in the city of Chicago.

Fred Bogart, twenty-one years old, living near Ithaca, New York, has gone crazy as a result of smoking cigarettes. He smoked from fifty to eighty per day.

A mass of hay from a car fell on Edward A. White, switchman on the Northwestern railroad, in Chicago, and before the trainmen present could assist him he died.

In fussing over a brood of chickens, Mrs. Mary Kapal, of Chicago, fell out of a second-story window, out of which she was leaning to see how the brood was getting along. The fall killed her.

Albert Rutkowski, a switchman near Chicago on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, caught one foot in the frog while a freight train approached him. He knew his fate was sealed and leaned over from the train but was struck and killed instantly.

Myrtle Bell, of Hancock, Mich., tried to commit suicide in the city jail at Houghton, Mich., last week. She had been arrested on the charge of drunkenness and in shame and remorse tried to hang herself. She was cut down and resuscitated with difficulty.

Ruth Bryan, the daughter of Wm. J. Bryan, of Nebraska, was stated in the Nook recently as intending to join the Hull House settlement, in Chicago, and now we see she has decided to marry William H. Leavitt. The wedding will take place in October at the Bryan home in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Willard Clemant, formerly a Professor of Latin in the Northwestern University, a Methodist institution, has been engaged as press representative by Dr. Dowie, according to the Chicago papers. Prof. Clemant is not a believer in Dowieism but the contract is a purely secular one, in which the ability of Clemant to stir out a crowd is the main point.

Miss Stella Newcomb, an attractive Pennsylvania woman, went to Kalamazoo, Mich., to visit friends. There she was met by Job Hawkins, who became infatuated with her. She would not marry him and when she left to return to Huntingdon, he followed her and was found on the railroad tracks trying to find her. He went hopelessly insane and will be confined in an asylum.



## THE MILITARY ATTACHE.

THE layman has a very poor idea of the duties of a military attache. They are very desirable positions, giving their holders opportunities which they otherwise would not have, but their duties are not very well understood, so the NOOK will describe something of their work. Beginning at Washington, where the appointment is made, one may hear the following:

"You will probably go broke, but if that happens the War department will send you money enough to fetch you and your family home again."

It was a high War department official who made this remark only the other day, in conversation with a young army officer, who was on the point of going abroad as military attache at a foreign capital.

It has come to be recognized in the military service of this country that certain assignments of duty which are easiest and most agreeable are held for wealthy officers exclusively. The poor man has no chance whatever to get them—not because of any prejudice on the part of the authorities, but for the reason that nobody who has not plenty of money can afford to accept an appointment of the kind.

These are the places of military attaches at Paris, Berlin and other European capitals. They are filled always by officers who have means of their own, by the help of which they are able to meet the obligations and perform the duties of a position practically impossible for a poor man. Representing, as they do, in a quasi-diplomatic sense, the war power of the United States and obliged as they are to mix on intimate terms with great people, both socially and officially, they are required to spend money freely. Congress gives them nothing in the way of special allowance, and, aside from their regular pay, they must depend upon their own resources for making ends meet.

European governments usually allow about \$5,000 a year to each of their military attaches for such extra expenses as they are obliged to meet. We maintain the same kind of service, with a view of keeping track of the latest improvements in the art of war, but try to get it for nothing. Consequently, assignments to this kind of duty necessarily go to wealthy officers who are glad enough to spend a few thousand dollars a year out of their own pockets for the sake of living in a gay foreign city and seeing the best of its society under the most favorable circumstances imaginable, while enjoying comparative leisure and freedom from the ordinary irksome routine of a soldier's duty.

The military attache is frequently the guest of the sovereign, is entertained at court and is regarded as a personage of consequence. From a social point of view the opportunity he enjoys, together with his family, if he has any, is enviable. He is invited every-

where and is necessarily obliged to give frequent entertainments, particularly dinners. It is out of the question for him to live cheaply. He must rent a handsome house, or, if he prefers to put up at a hotel, must occupy an expensive suite of rooms.

It would be grotesquely absurd to suppose that all this could be done on the pay of a subaltern in the United States army, and at the present time seven of our eight military attaches abroad are below the rank of major. Ordinarily the house or suite of rooms, which an officer occupying such a position must hire, will cost pretty nearly twice his salary. He is obliged, in addition, to have an office, with a reception room attached, the latter being required by European etiquette. There must be a clerk to look after the office and attend to the routine business and his pay must likewise come out of the pocket of the attache. A good deal of translating has to be done and for this also the attache must pay.

In short, he is obliged to live like a lord and is not permitted to run in debt. If he goes to the theater he occupies a box. When he travels it must be as a person of distinction. He has to do a great deal of traveling in order to visit the arsenals, gun factories and other places where useful information is to be obtained. Necessarily he stops always at the best and most expensive hotels, and during the annual maneuvers, which are conducted on an enormous scale, in imitation of real war, he must assume all the importance of a general in the field, with servants, orderlies and horses to accompany him. On these occasions he is the guest of the sovereign, messes with the officers of the staff and places himself under obligations which can be liquidated only by liberal expenditure in one way or another.

Thus it comes about that the War department, out of necessity merely, has adopted the policy of conferring these very desirable and attractive positions upon officers who have fortunes to back them. It is an understood thing that they are practically to pay their own expenses and to give Uncle Sam the benefit in the shape of information useful for war purposes. As a rule, it is the wives of the American attaches abroad who furnish the money. Indeed, it may be said that the first important step toward becoming a military attache is to marry a rich woman. The officer who marries money, as the phrase is, can bring to bear in Washington social influence which is likely to obtain for him the much prized assignment. At all events, that is the way in which such things are commonly brought about.

Some years ago Congress appropriated the munificent sum of \$10 a week for each of the military attaches, to pay extra expenses. This, however, was cut off. It is easily imagined how far \$10 a week would go toward liquidating the pecuniary obligations

of such a quasi-diplomatic official at a foreign capital, who is obliged, as a matter of course, to belong to several fashionable clubs, and in all respects to keep "in the swim" with the great folks who are his official and social intimates and supposed equals. A point worth mentioning incidentally is that he is obliged by European custom to appear at all times in full dress uniform. That he must keep a carriage goes without saying, inasmuch as it would be highly unbecoming that he should go about on foot.

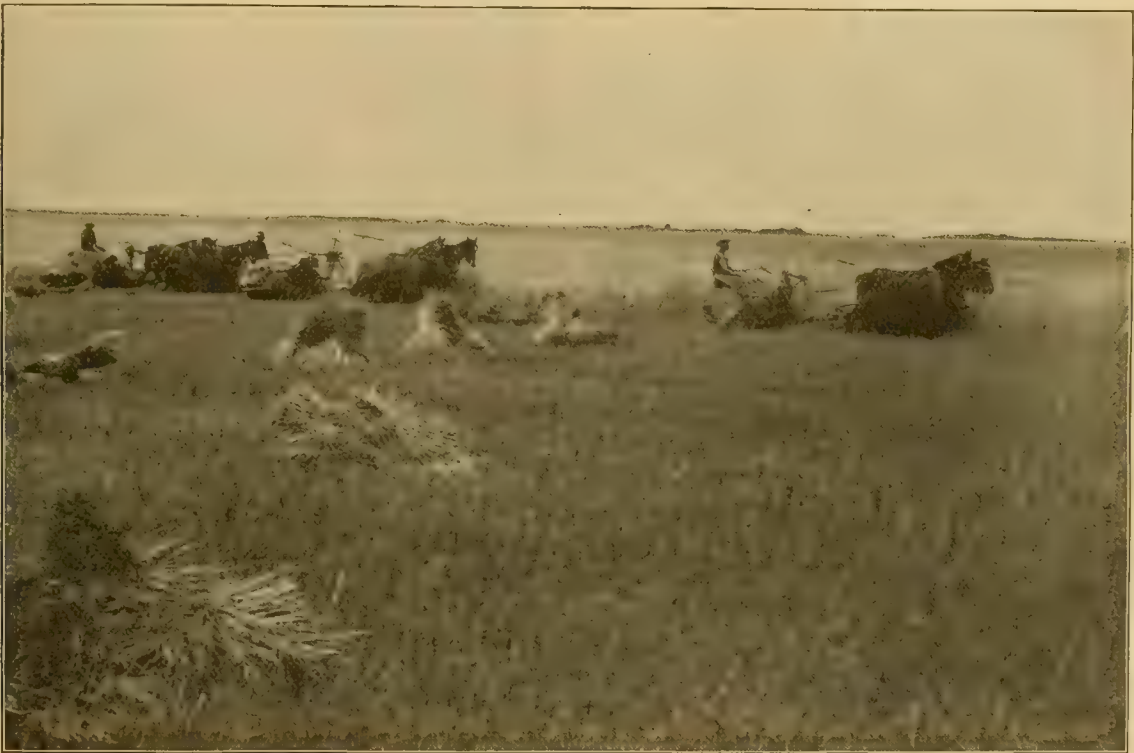
The United States has at the present time military attaches at Paris, Berlin, London, Vienna, Tokio, Peking, Havana and Caracas. Their business is to pick up all obtainable information of war matters, especially the latest ideas and improvements, guns, for-

unreserved in giving information to us. It may be that in the future they will be less communicative, now that Uncle Sam has stepped into the arena of the world's politics. At almost no cost the United States has had the benefit of the knowledge gained through enormously expensive experiments made by others. The army has gone, in other words, to a free school for war, and many of the most valuable lesson books have been written by military attaches at Berlin, Paris and elsewhere.

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#### HERE IS THE OTHER SIDE OF IT.

THERE is absolutely no ground for the popular and gratuitous surmise that radium emits energy with-



HARVESTING IN CANADA.

tifications, equipments, means of transportation, supplies and strategic methods.

The notion that they act as spies in any sense is wholly erroneous. They are, strictly speaking, the guests of the sovereign of the country in which they are located, and it is taken for granted that they will not violate the ordinary rules of hospitality. They are not on the lookout to discover secrets, but are acquiring such hints in the art of war as are to be obtained openly by observation and with the approval of the government to which they are accredited.

Up to the present time the nations of Europe have looked upon the United States as practically a neutral power, and on this account have been comparatively

out loss or waste of any kind and that it is competent to go on forever. The idea, at one time was irresponsibly mooted, that it contradicted the principle of the conservation of energy, and was troubling physicists with the idea that they must overhaul their theories—a thing which they ought always to be delighted to do on good evidence—this idea was a gratuitous absurdity and never had the slightest foundation. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that radium and the other like substances are drawing upon their own stores and internal atomic energy, and thereby gradually disintegrating and falling into other and ultimately more stable forms of matter, says Sir Oliver Lodge.



### PETER'S PENCE.

THE sums sent annually to Rome under the name of Peter's pence, voluntarily contributed by Roman Catholics everywhere for the maintenance of the pope, were collected in the Roman Catholic churches throughout the world recently. As the priest receives his support from the parish, and the bishop from his diocese, so the pope receives his maintenance from all the parishes and dioceses in the world.

The contribution is named in honor of Peter because he was the first visible head of the church. The office of the present pope, Pius X, is the office of Peter. The founding of the church had its beginning in the words of Christ, as chronicled by St. Matthew: "And I say also unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The term pence is used because the contribution is made by all the people. Everybody is supposed to contribute something. The poor give their pennies and those more able are expected to give as much as they feel is possible.

Years ago France, on account of its great generosity to the support of the papal government, was called the fairest daughter of the church. Now Spain is said to be the greatest contributor in the world. Some of the Spanish-speaking countries of South America are liberal in their gifts and the United States gives large sums every year. New York churches give usually \$12,000, Chicago \$9,000 and Kansas City between \$1,500 and \$2,000. Other cities give accordingly. The United States gives altogether about \$200,000 annually for the support of the pope. Although usually when counted, Peter's pence annually amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars, the offering this year will be doubled, undoubtedly. It is the first opportunity the people have had to express their feelings of love and good will to Pope Pius X. They will give generously on that account.

"The holy father has many friends and admirers among his followers in this country," said the Rev. Father T. F. Lillis, vicar general of the Kansas City diocese, recently. "They will give freely to his support for several reasons. In the first place, they admire him for his democratic airs. They know that he is an extremely poor man, and they realize the suddenness with which he was ushered into this important position."

The Peter's pence offering, a penny offering for everybody, has been in vogue for 300 years or more. But as it is taken up now, and for all the purposes it is now used, it has been a custom only since 1870, when the temporal possessions of the church were taken away from Pius IX. There are twenty departments of the church at Rome, the chief one being the propaganda, all of which are supported from the treas-

ury of the Vatican. Since the income from the temporal possessions no longer exists, the faithful throughout the Catholic world are expected to contribute according to their means.

The college of cardinals, which is sometimes called the official family of the Roman pontiff, must be paid out of the pope's private income. Each cardinal receives \$5,000 a year, but many not only refuse acceptance of this sum, but also make large annual personal contributions to the church.

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### SOMETHING ABOUT HUNTING THE WHALES.

THE *Boston Globe* discourses in an interesting way about northern industries. Speaking about whale hunting it says that Newfoundland is the home of the most remarkable and profitable whale fishery in the world. The old style whale-hunting is now almost abandoned and the fleets which hailed from Dundee, Scotland, and New Bedford are wiped from the ocean except for mere remnants. The rudimentary methods employed in the past have proved altogether inadequate for the pursuit of the gigantic mammals, since excessive killing has depleted the herds and newer processes have been demanded to keep up the supply of bone and oil. Whale-hunting is now a science, and swift steamers, deadly projectiles and powerful explosives have been brought into requisition, while factories, with most modern machinery, are employed on the seaboard to absorb the products supplied by the hunters. Only six years ago was this modern whaling introduced, and to-day it is one of the most promising industries of the island.

Specially constructed steamers are employed, equipped with every appliance that ingenuity can devise. These boats make about twelve knots an hour and are very weatherly. In the bow is mounted a small cannon, which discharges an immense iron bar more than six feet long, with great wings or flanges near the butt, which fly open like the arms of a semaphore, but on being fired are folded back so as to enter the gun. The projectile is tipped with a pointed bomb loaded with explosives, which discharge upon contact with the bony substances inside the whale's body.

Over 600 whales were killed by three steamers in Newfoundland last year and it is expected that this number will be increased to 800 during the present twelve months. To the projectile is attached a strong, flexible, hempen rope, which flies out with such velocity that bucketfuls of water have to be poured over it to prevent it from catching fire. When the harpoon plunges into the whale's side, the flanges on the bar are flung open by the impact so that the shaft cannot be withdrawn, while the exploding bomb generates great masses of gas, which keeps the body afloat.

Only a few days ago a whaler was fast to a fish

for twenty-six hours. It was a huge sulphback, nearly ninety feet long, and the harpoon penetrated near the tail, remote from the vitals. The wounded fish, maddened with pain and terror, "sounded" into the very depths of the ocean, taking out cable like a lightning streak, while two men cleared it and two others drenched it with water. Returning to the surface, the bellowing monster headed across Placentia bay at a twenty-five-knot clip, thrashing the waters into foam and towing the ship like a rowboat, although her engines were kept running at full speed to tire him out. He reeled off fifty-five miles in this course, until shoals compelled him to take a different direc-

of the carcass with keen-edged knives four feet long, something like scythes, with straight handles. This fat is then fed to choppers, which cut it into small pieces and these fall into vats heated by steam, where the oil is rendered out and drawn off into barrels later on cooling. The blubber which remains is subjected to pressure to extract the last vestige of oil and the residue, with the meat and ribs which form the carcass, and the head case, are converted into guano. The "whalebone" is removed first from the mouth and carefully cleaned and dried. It is manufactured into harness, whips, buttons, saddlery, corsets and dress materials. The fins are also cut off and, being



CANADIAN FLAX.

tion, and over this line he made forty-two miles, when, approaching land once more, he executed a third tack and ran thirteen miles along it, a total of one hundred and ten miles, occupying twenty-six hours; and accomplished with the ship's engines reversed to the full and a man stationed by the line to chop it in two if any kink threatened to pull her under water. When he was tired out, the rope was hauled in and he was given his quietus with another shot, which speedily killed him, the gamest fish that has yet been encountered in the progress of the industry.

When dead the whales are towed to the factory and are dragged up a sloping wharf by means of steam winches and logging chains. Then the fat is cut off

similar in construction and fiber, are used for making artificial feathers. The tongue yields a quality of fine oil, much used in medicinal preparations and about three to five gallons are extracted from a tongue, and two and a half barrels from the head, the carcass yielding about sixty barrels.

The profits of the business make it well worth engaging in. The market value of a whale amply compensates for the hazards of the hunt and the outlay at the factory. The whaling companies operating here pay from twenty-five to fifty per cent annually and the business, as already stated, is only six years old. A sulphback whale is worth \$1,000 and a steamer with factory costs about \$50,000, while a good season gives a yield of 150 whales.



## DETECTIVES.

A LETTER from an Inglenooker requests information as to where detectives learn their profession.

The answer to this is not very easy to give. Probably every boy or man who reads this article considers himself more or less a detective, and only wants a chance to distinguish himself as a sleuth. Talking with a man who was himself a detective, and from personal association with some of the class, we would say that no man can learn to be a detective. Like everything else it is a natural gift, and taking all things into consideration it is not a very desirable one.

The detectives who are on the city force, "plain clothes men" they are called, have usually distinguished themselves in some way along the lines of their calling so as to secure the appointment. They are called "plain clothes" men for the reason that they are not dressed in uniform, and have nothing about them to indicate that they are interested in criminals. These people are usually chosen for the position on account of some marked aptitude for the work, which is a natural gift and not readily acquired. The writer never knew a detective who did not hold his calling in secret disregard. In order to succeed at times it is absolutely necessary for him to resort to deception, even to open falsehood, all of which a man of finer feelings would rebel against.

There is no such thing as a school of detectives. There are organizations that send out over the country offers for young men to become private detectives on the payment of a certain sum of money, but these organizations have no standing in law, and, in fact, it is hard against the law to personate an officer when one is not such.

The INGLENOOK has been in receipt of frequent letters of inquiry in regard to those organizations that make detectives for a sum of money, and once for all let it be said that they are to be avoided. It is not very healthful morally to make one's living by secretly watching the actions of others, nor is it conducive to the highest development of the better side of life to be associated with criminals in any way. One of the worst features about the business is that in the long run the sleuth comes to think every man dishonest, and he looks upon crime as a natural bent of everybody with whom he comes in contact. Even detectives themselves deplore this condition of their work.

Altogether the work of a detective is often a hit or miss affair as in the case of the recent car barn murders in the city of Chicago, where the whole police force and the entire corps of detectives have failed to locate two murderers, although perhaps a million people were interested in their being caught.

If our inquiring friend has any idea of becoming a detective, the INGLENOOK'S advice is for him to abandon it and get into something that does not involve deception, and watching others.

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## HOW EGGS ARE CANDLED.

SOME idea of the great consumption of eggs by New Yorkers may be had from the fact that hundreds of millions of eggs are shipped into this city annually from all parts of the country, says the New York *Herald*. Most of the eggs used here come from the western States. A large quantity, however, come from Canada and the British provinces, while no inconsiderable number find their way to this market from such places as Hungary, Labrador and China.

Various methods are employed in shipping eggs to this market. They may be packed in lime or sawdust or carefully assorted in little pasteboard compartments, but in whatever shape they arrive, the eggs are invariably submitted to the rigid scrutiny of "the candle" before being placed in the hands of the retailer.

The candling process consists in holding each egg before a lighted candle. As this work is performed in a darkened room the spots or discolorations are easily detected and these "spotted," or tainted, eggs are placed to one side.

Bad eggs may be divided into three classes—rotten, spotted and cracked. These are designated by the egg merchants as "rots," "spots" and "cracks" and are, of course, disposed of at reduced rates.

The cracked eggs, being otherwise perfectly good, are usually bought for restaurants and bakeries, although these, too, purchase the "spots," which are considered good enough for omelets or ordinary pastry. Some of the cheap restaurants, though, rarely use any other than spotted eggs.

Eggs that are particularly bad are sold to peddlers, who pay from three to five cents a dozen for them. These find their way into the tenement districts, where they are sold by the quart. It is hard to conceive of a large number of tainted eggs, broken into large cans and then peddled out in liquid form, yet such is the fact.

Eggs have other uses, too. They are sometimes used for cleaning jewelry and for this purpose "bad" eggs are as good as any other kind.

It might be mentioned that some eggs are not even eggs, to say nothing of their quality, an enterprising Jerseyman having, it would seem, once invented a process by which eggs, or what appeared to be eggs, could be made from certain kinds of paste and cornmeal. These were even dangerous to use, as they would splinter and fly about in all directions when dropped upon a hot frying pan. It is not known whether such eggs are now in the market, but, on gen-

eral principles it is always well to exercise a little caution in buying this particular food product.

As to the eggs sent here from China, these are, as a rule, duck eggs and are much prized by the Mott street celestials. Even Labrador contributes its quota of "hen fruit" to this market, but these eggs are mostly laid by the wild sea fowl along the coast and are not much sought after, as their flavor is considered poor.

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#### MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

JUST at this season of the year, in the section of the country where the INGLENOOK is made, the birds are gathering up preparatory to their annual migration south. Strange as it may appear, this thing of the migration of birds is one of the mysteries of science. We understand why it is that birds go south in winter, at least, we think we do. We attribute it to a desire on the part of the feathered people to get away from the rigors of winter. This is not universally true because certain birds migrate northward, instead of south, and then again birds that are in the far south already, where there is no danger of winter overtaking them, also take up their flight to a still farther south.

One would naturally suppose that birds would fill themselves with a "square meal" before starting on their long journey, but, on the contrary, they migrate on an empty crop. Naturally we would think of the birds traveling in the daytime and resting at night, but the facts are that most of them migrate at night and it is even the case that on a quiet autumn evening one whose ears are keen may detect the swish and rush of their wings overhead.

We also say that the young birds are led south by the older ones. This is strictly along the line of human reasoning, for it is precisely what humans would do if they migrated, otherwise the younger generation of people would all remain to be frozen to death, yet the facts are that if all the old birds were killed off, or a bird or birds born in captivity and never known what it is to go south, is liberated they will, without a leader, when the time comes, wing their way to southern fields and southern skies. Man in his ignorance sums this all up in a convenient word, instinct. This is simply a term to cover his ignorance.

On their return from the south annually they again come in the night, and in the morning we see the blue-birds and hear the robins and the martins singing, and fluttering around the habitations of man, where, the night before, not a bird was seen.

A great many ingenious explanations have been made as to why birds make their migrations, but everyone has failed to give an intelligent reason. Simple and odd as it may seem the life of a bird has thus far

eluded the earnest efforts of the most scientific men the world has ever produced.

A swallow will fly to and fro across the street, and man has not been able to do anything like it, though all his best skill and inventive powers have worked on it. The flight of some of the feathered tribes is remarkable in its extent. The little humming bird spends its winters and its summers a thousand miles apart, and to this day science does not know where swallows spend their winters.

Occasionally there is a bird of the migratory class refuses to go when winter comes, and remains in the cold and frozen north. Maybe the bird's intelligence is affected, or it may be an adventurer of the exploring class, or it may be outlawed, and, as human beings sometimes do, spends its days apart from its fellows. At all events, the whole subject is one involved in mystery which has never yet been explained.

\* \* \*

#### THE LAST OF THE CASHMERE SHAWLS.

CASHMERE shawls are still made, but their glory has departed and the cheap and seductive aniline dye has displaced the soft and beautiful colorings in the old-time vegetable dyes. The men who understand their manipulation have gone to more lucrative fields or else they lie in humble graveyards hard by the straggling village streets of Cashmere.

The cashmere shawl industry received its death blow during the Franco-Prussian war at the breaking up of the French court. The shawls were brought to France for the great Napoleon and fashion immediately set her seal upon them. But when the court of Napoleon III crumbled in the dust the vogue of the cashmere shawl fell with it and famine and distress invaded the far away valleys of Cashmere. Shadipore, which was once one of the centers of the cashmere shawl industry, is beautifully located in a valley at the junction of Sind and Jhelum rivers. But the village has shrunk to a mere hamlet of rickety houses and the luxuriant vegetation fails to cover its bareness and poverty. What is left of the shawl industry is carried on by boys and men, who earn from two to eight annas a day, or from four to eight cents in American coinage. For this beggarly sum they sit all day long at the looms, which are almost as forlorn as themselves in appearance, for they date back to the days of prosperity and are held together by a generous use of string.

\* \* \*

BRUSSELS has a church clock wound by atmosphere expansion induced by the heat of the sun.

\* \* \*

THE more we study the more we discover our ignorance.—*Shelley*.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;  
And so make life, death, and that vast forever  
One grand sweet song.

—Charles Kingsley.

\* \* \*

### HINTS.

BY ELSIE SANGER.

It does not seem to be generally known that tomatoes do not require sun but ripen best in a warm dark place.

Most varieties of pears are much finer in flavor if picked from the trees and ripened in the house than if allowed to become fully matured on the tree.

A small piece of gum camphor evaporated over a lamp will clear a room of mosquitoes.

Put a few drops of turpentine in the water when clothes are put to soak. It whitens them.

To prevent discoloration from bruises, bathe the bruises copiously at once with as hot water as can be borne. This will prevent congestion and the generally black and blue marks.

A small piece of alum dissolved in the starch used to stiffen gingham, muslins, and other washable goods greatly improves the appearance of the goods and keeps them fresh longer than otherwise.

Where there is a bad odor in a room burn a little sugar or coffee in it.

In cooking custards, or in heating anything that is required to boil quickly, do not leave the spoon in the liquid, as much of the heat will be conducted away by the spoon.

To take a pain away from a cut finger before binding up, dip the finger in turpentine. This takes away all soreness and causes the cut to close and heal rapidly.

The juice of a lemon made in a cream with honey is excellent for a cough.

*Bays, W. I'a.*

\* \* \*

Will the Nook please tell us how to start yeast?

Take a pint of hops and two gallons of water. Boil for half an hour, and then strain into a crock. When lukewarm add two teaspoonsful salt, and half a pint of brown sugar. Then take half a pint of flour and mix it smooth with some of the liquor, and stir all together. On the third morning add three pounds of boiled and mashed potatoes, and let stand another

day when strain into jugs, leaving the corks loose. Stir the yeast occasionally when making, and keep where it is warm. After it is done keep in a cool place, and shake it up before pouring out for use. See that you take the cork out when you shake or there may be an explosion. The yeast made in this way will keep indefinitely, and many a youthful Nooker can do a pretty fair business making it and selling it in the small to neighbors.

\* \* \*

What is a good way for a country girl to learn city habits?

There is but one possible way of learning ways of doing things and that is by personally taking part in them. If you get an invitation to a party or dinner or something of that kind, accept it and keep in the background and watch others who appear to know until you are sure of yourself. A still better way, though sometimes not available, is to ask some more experienced person just what the proper thing is and be governed by what you hear. No discredit whatever attaches to not knowing. The disadvantage lies in not learning from those who do know. Keep quiet and keep in the background and you are not likely to make any bad breaks.

\*

In the case of a lady and gentleman walking down the street together, is it always right for him to be on the outside?

As a rule, yes, but where there are many turnings it is not observed. At the same time if a number of people are preceding you and all the gentlemen are on the outside, it is well not to render yourselves conspicuous by being on the opposite side but drop into the method that is observed. While the rule is for the gentleman to be on the outside, it is by no means universally observed; a great deal will depend. The idea is to proceed so as not to render one conspicuous or eccentric. Shifting around in a crowd to get on the outside, would be worse than going on with the lady on the outside.

\*

At a formal dinner, where wine is served and one does not want it, should it be refused?

If you don't want wine at such a place turn your glass or glasses upside down, when it will be understood that you do not want the drink. The same rule may apply to tea or coffee, an inverted cup telling the story that you do not care for the beverage.

Should wedding presents be sent to the man or woman?

Wedding presents are to be sent to the bride, and she is to be addressed by her maiden name until after her marriage.

✱

How much of a letter should accompany an article intended for publication?

As a rule no letter whatever need go along. If the name and address of the writer is there, the ordinary editor has sense enough to know that is not an insurance policy or a deed for a house and lot, and that it came to him for his consideration and action. At the INGLENOOK office a signed communication meets with favor in the very start. This is to say, the absence of a letter does not at all hurt its chances.

✱ ✱ ✱

PEOPLE who are in the habit of making soap in the old-fashioned way of boiling it, and having a mess and ill smell about the premises for days, apparently do not understand that they can make their soap by the cold process, by simply stirring the materials together thoroughly and allowing them to stand. The union of the materials into soap is simply the question of a short time if the process is allowed to go on undisturbed, and all that boiling does is to facilitate the operation. With the materials at hand a dishpanful of soap ought to be made in ten minutes.

✱ ✱ ✱

IN the selection of window flowers for the coming winter, it would be an excellent idea for the Bureau Drawer people to use only those which are hardy and will stand a reasonable degree of cold weather. Such flowers exist and they do not require a room to be heated continuously for their benefit. It is not at all profitable that the whole family cannot go away from home over Sunday for fear that a few straggling geraniums in their front window may freeze for a lack of fire. There are plants that will stand it, and even come out of a freeze in good condition.

✱ ✱ ✱

IN answer to a letter of inquiry regarding a good cosmetic, we would say that no woman ever indulges much in the cosmetic order of things without regretting it subsequently. Getting to use such simple things as harmless powder is so very easy, while being able to do away with the thing becomes very difficult. Soft water and a good soap are the two best things for the complexion.

✱ ✱ ✱

JUST about this time of the year when Johnnie and Jennie go to school, the habit of biting at the corners of books begins. Quietly but effectively dust these corners with red pepper and you will save the books and break the children of a bad habit. Work the pepper in thoroughly.

## BAKED HAM.

SOAK the ham over night, in the morning wash it in several waters, place in a boiler, and cover with cold water. Heat slowly, and when the water reaches the boiling point, push to the side of the stove, where it will simmer slowly until absolutely tender. Remove from the boiler, take off skin, and with a sharp knife neatly trim off any black portions. Place in a roasting pan and bake for one-half hour, basting freely every five or ten minutes. Remove from the oven, brush over the surface with beaten egg and cover quickly with bread crumbs mixed with brown sugar. Return to the oven, baste a little until a crust is formed, then cease basting and cook until it takes a rich brown. Serve cold, garnish with parsley.

✱ ✱ ✱

## HAM CROQUETTES.

CHOP one cupful of boiled ham very fine; mash it with the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Season with one even teaspoonful chopped parsley, a dash of cayenne and a saltspoonful of onion juice. Melt one tablespoonful butter in a small saucepan with a saltspoonful of white pepper; dissolve one heaping tablespoonful of flour in two of cold milk, stir it into the melted butter, add gradually one cupful of hot milk and when thick and smooth stir it into the ham; let it become quite cold; shape into small cylinders, roll in fine dried bread crumbs, then in beaten egg, in crumbs again, and fry in smoking hot fat.

✱ ✱ ✱

## CHICKEN LOAF.

BOIL a fowl until the meat and bones fall apart. Strain off the liquor and put it into a saucepan and reduce it to three cupfuls; then add half an ounce of soaked gelatine and stir until the gelatine is dissolved, but do not let it boil. Decorate the bottom of a plain mold with slices of hard-boiled eggs; pour in a shallow layer for the jelly; let it harden, then fill up the mold with alternate layers of white and dark meat, pouring in a little of the jelly, well seasoned, with each layer; set away to harden. This is a nice dish for Sunday night tea.

✱ ✱ ✱

## MOLASSES FRUIT CAKE.

Two eggs, one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of butter and lard mixed, one cupful of strong cold coffee, one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of currants, one cupful of seeded raisins, one-half cupful of citron, one tablespoonful of ground cloves, two even teaspoonfuls of baking soda dissolved in hot water and flour for a stiff batter. This makes a large cake, is as good as regular fruit cake and inexpensive.—*M. Leech Gulick.*



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the town of Nogood,

On the banks of the River Slow,  
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair,  
Where the Sometimeorother scents the air  
And the soft Goeasys grow?

It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,

In the province of Leterslide.  
That tired feeling is native there.  
It's the home of the reckless Idontcare,  
Where the Giveitups abide.

It stands at the bottom of Lazyhill,

And is easy to reach, I declare.  
You've only to fold up your hands and glide  
Down the slope of Weakwill's toboggan slide  
To be landed quickly there.

The town is as old as the human race,

And it grows with the flight of years.  
It is wrapt in the fog of idlers' dreams,  
Its streets are paved with discarded schemes  
And sprinkled with useless tears.

The Collegebredfool and the Richman's heir

Are plentiful there, no doubt.  
The rest of its crowd are a motley crew,  
With every class except one in view—  
The Foolkiller is barred out.

The town of Nogood is all hedged about

By the mountains of Despair;  
No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls,  
No trumpet to battle and triumph calls,  
For cowards alone are there.

My friend, from the dead-alive town Nogood

If you would keep far away,  
Just follow your duty through good and ill;  
Take this for your motto, "I can, I will,"  
And live up to it each day.

—W. E. Penny, in the New Haven Register.

\* \* \*

## THREE BOYS.

"WATCH that boy, now," said Phil.

"Which boy?" said Ned.

"That boy who was at play with us down on the sand. His name is Will. He knows how to look out for himself, doesn't he?"

Phil and Ned, with their parents, had been spending some time at the seaside. Will was a boy who had come to pass the evening in the parlor of the boarding-house. Here it was that Phil and Ned saw him first.

First, he had hunted out a large easy-chair, and was tugging at it to get it to the table.

"There! He's got it squared round just to suit him," laughed Ned.

"Now he's moving the lamp nearer to it," said Phil.

"Well, if I ever. If he isn't putting putting a footstool before it. I suppose he's all ready to enjoy it."

It was plain that Will was. With a pleased look, he gazed round the room until he caught sight of a lady who was standing. He darted toward her, and said:

"Come, mother, I have a nice place for you."

He led her to the chair and settled the stool at her feet as she sat down.

Phil and Ned looked a little foolish. Presently Phil sprang out of his chair as his mother came near.

"Mother, take my chair," he said.

Ned stepped quickly to pick up a handkerchief which a lady had dropped, and returned it with a bow.

They are wise boys who profit by a graceful lesson given by a true gentleman.

\* \* \*

## SEWING ACHES.

JESSIE sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked, in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew," and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side," said Jessie in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she complained. "Oh, my hand is so tired!" was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble.

At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for a doctor?" asked her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly; a little girl so full of pains and aches must be ill, and the sooner we have the doctor the better."

"Oh, mother," said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing aches. I am well now."

# The Q. & A. Department.

I want to secure a patent. Is it necessary to employ a patent attorney, and how shall I proceed?

It is not absolutely necessary for you to employ a patent attorney at all, but if your invention is anything worth while, you had better do so. The best thing for you to do is to send to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C., and request him to send you the patent laws, which will reach you in pamphlet form. By reading these carefully, you will see what is required. The invention may have been previously patented, or something so nearly like it, that it will not be worth your while. The INGLENOOK suggests that an examination of the patent office be made by some patent attorney. We feel safe in recommending you to write to the *Scientific American*, in New York, setting forth your case and be governed by what they say. These people are thoroughly reliable, and any other patent attorney will probably be. Most inventors are afraid to disclose their idea but this is a mistake. If the invention is a complicated one a great deal will depend upon the care with which the papers are drawn up and in this is where the attorney brings his knowledge to bear upon the subject to the advantage of the invention.

✧

When does the flower in the bulb form, after or before planting?

This question is so obscure that we hardly know the querist's meaning. When a bulb is planted, if there is to be any flower the same season, the rudiments of it are all in the bulb, and as it flowers another is being formed for the next year. Thus a tulip bulb that will flower next year has in it now the parts of the flower. Cut a flowering bulb in two parts and you will see the arrangement.

✧

I know a deposit of white clay. Is it likely of any value in the arts?

The NOOK does not know. Get out an average sample of it and send it to some firm engaged in the manufacture of pottery, and have it tested. If it is worth anything at all it is valuable, if readily accessible.

✧

Is there such a thing as a perfect fertilizer?

No. The character and make-up of the best fertilizer will depend very largely, if not entirely, on the crop that is to be raised.

✧

How large is the Bay of San Francisco?

It covers 450 square miles.

What is at the bottom of the quarrel between the Turk and the Christian in Macedonia?

The Turk is a Mohammedan and his religion allows him to kill and he does it. The Christian religion does not countenance fighting as a means of missionarying, and in the clash between the religions the Christian gets the worst of the battle for the time being.

✧

How are the colors of a plant made, the green of a leaf and the red of a flower? How are both colors got out of the same ground?

Every living thing comes from the ground and is, at the last, only the result of different groupings of the same elements.

✧

What is Esoteric Christianity?

The word esoteric means hidden, and anything on the order of a secret connected with religion could be characterized as esoteric. Healing by some secret cabalistic help might be called esoteric.

✧

Do Indians smoke the same kind of tobacco that the whites use?

Yes, they sometimes mix other substances with it, but the white man's tobacco is always in demand among them.

✧

Is there any book published containing the world's witticisms?

Yes, a number of books containing nothing but wit. The NOOK cannot name any of them at present.

✧

What is the cost of a modern war ship?

The largest one ever built, the King Edward VII, cost \$7,500,000.

✧

When was the first bicycle made?

The first approved bicycle was exhibited at the Centennial, in 1876.

✧

What are Mexican silver dollars worth?

There is no rule. Probably one-half their face value.

✧

What is the legal weight of dried apples?

Twenty-six pounds to the bushel.

✧

When was the late Pope Leo elected to office?

In 1878.



## LA GOLONDRINA.

[In Mexican this beautiful song, "The Exile to a Swallow," takes as firm a hold on the hearts of the people as "Home, Sweet Home" does upon those who speak the English tongue. The singer is an exiled Spanish cavalier, who, standing upon the southern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, witnessed the flight of the little swallow across the Strait of Gibraltar.]

Whither so swiftly flies the timid swallow?

What distant bourne seeks her untiring wing?

To reach it safe, what need does she follow?

When darkness wraps the poor, wee, storm-tossed thing?

To build her nest, near to my couch I'll call her;

Why go so far, bright and warm skies to keep,

Safe would she be; no evil would befall her,

For I am an exile sad—too sad to weep.

My fatherland is dear, but I, too, left it;

Far am I from the spot where I was born;

Cheerless is life, fierce storms of joy bereft it,

Made me an exile, lifelong and forlorn.

Come to me, then, sweet feathered pilgrim stranger,

Oh, let me clasp you to my loving breast,

And list your warbling low, secure from danger,

Unwonted tears bringing relief and rest.

\*\*\*

## A WEDDING RING LOST FROM WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

THE wedding ring of a bride is lost in the grass at the Washington monument. It has been sought in vain. Custodian Craig has had the grass cut to facilitate the search.

A young man and woman creeping about on their hands and knees in the grass attracted much attention. It was ascertained that they were a newly-married couple from Baltimore. They had come to this city on their wedding tour. They went up to the top of the monument, which is five hundred and fifty-five feet high, and took some apples with them. While looking at the city from this great height they munched the apples.

"See how far you can throw the core," said the bridegroom.

"Oh, you think a girl can't throw, don't you?" was the arch reply of the bride as she raised her arm over her head and made the characteristic feminine sweep. The core went sailing down. As it left her hand the bride cried out in consternation. Her wedding ring, placed on her finger only a few hours before, had slipped off and disappeared.

\*\*\*

## ARTIFICIAL CORN EARS.

It is not probable that any one will attempt at the coming World's Fair to work such a "fake" as was done in the Iowa building at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago ten years ago. A great sensation among the agriculturists was created by a display of some

immense ears of corn, which were put forth as a sample of Iowa's chief staple. People supposed they were genuine, and all marveled at the size of the ears and wondered what sort of a soil there could be in Iowa to produce them.

It turned out afterward that they were the product of a Shenandoah genius, who sawed a lot of corn-cobs into sections, glued them together and then stuck on the kernels. It was done so nicely that it deceived the most experienced farmers. These big ears of corn were afterward exhibited at state fairs all over the country.

\*\*\*

## CORRECTION.

WE take pleasure in printing the following letter which explains itself. The INGLENOOK is always ready to correct any error that unintentionally has crept into its columns:

Chicago, September 14, 1903.

To the Editor:—

The statement in the *Inglebrook* of September 15th, with reference to the *Christian Science Manual* and Mrs. Eddy, was doubtless taken from the secular papers, and as the editors of these papers generally have been kind enough to print a correction, I hope you will permit me to say a word through your columns on this subject.

The *Christian Science Manual*, which has been in existence for years, was revised recently, and when the revised edition appeared from the press a mistake was discovered in the salary named for a certain position. A few copies of the *Manual* were sent out before the mistake was discovered. These copies were recalled and replaced with perfect copies. This was done by the *Christian Science Publishing Society* in Boston, and was a very natural and orderly thing to do.

As regards class teaching, it has been customary for many years to have rules regulating the number of classes and the number of pupils in each class. These rules have been changed from time to time, and now there is another change, but this change was not made for the purpose of adding to the income of anyone.

Christian Scientists know from experience that the rules promulgated to govern their work are made for the sole purpose of maintaining the purity and permanence of the cause.

Very respectfully,

A. V. Stewart.

\*\*\*

THE crookedest railway in the world is one from Boswell to Friedens, Pa., the air-line distance being five miles. The road doubles on itself four times and at one point, after making a loop of about five miles, the road comes back to within three hundred feet of itself on a grade fifty feet lower.

## Want Advertisements.

WANTED: A home for a boy of ten, of Brethren ancestry, among Brethren. People who want to get on the track of the boy can do so by addressing, *The Editor of the Inglebrook, Elgin, Ill.*

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

OCTOBER 6, 1903.

No. 41.

## THE KINGLIEST KINGS.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Ho! ye who in a noble work  
Win scorn, as flames draw air.  
And in the way where lions lurk  
God's image bravely bear;  
O! trouble-tried and torture-torn,  
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn!  
Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,  
Still springeth from the cloud;  
And soul ne'er soared the starry seven  
But pain's fire-chariot rode.  
They've battled best who've boldest borne.  
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn!  
The martyr's fire-crown on the brow  
Doth into glory burn;  
And tears that from love's torn heart flow  
To pearls of spirit turn.  
Our dearest hopes in pangs are born  
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn!  
As beauty in death's cerement shrouds,  
And stars bejewel night,  
God-splendors live in dim heart-clouds,  
And suffering worketh might.  
The murkiest hour is mother of morn,  
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn!

\* \* \*

## JUST A THOUGHT OR TWO.

Who wrote the book of nature?  
\*  
One secret of beauty is in purity.  
\*  
To surrender is often to win much.  
\*  
People don't often criticise a corpse.  
\*  
One to-day is worth two to-morrows.  
\*  
Happiness lies in the direction of duty.  
\*  
Work never fails to declare some sort of a dividend.

*Sorrow cuts lines of care in character.*

\*

*God loves a good fighter in a good cause.*

\*

*The man without some enemies is nobody.*

\*

*It is a law of gravity to not laugh at a joke.*

\*

*The bravest man is not always the loudest talker.*

\*

*The Christian never gives to the Lord's cause. He pays.*

\*

*People have more to unlearn than they have to learn.*

\*

*Never put off till to-morrow what you can say good to-day.*

\*

*In order to acquire knowledge we must confess ignorance.*

\*

*Dishonesty is plundering to-morrow for the sake of to-day.*

\*

*Appointments, when they are once made, become obligations.*

\*

*Marry a man to reform him and both of you will fall in the pit.*

\*

*The saloon is not the poor man's club. It is a club to beat out his life.*

\*

*Did you, now, ever know a woman that a bargain counter didn't upset?*

\*

*If theories were worth a dollar a dozen, how rich some people would be!*

\*

*Don't expect too much of your friends. Up to a certain stage they are all right, and after that they dwindle.*



### THE PAY OF PUBLIC LECTURERS.

IN commenting on the subject of lecturers and their pay, the *New York Sun* says as follows:

When the late Major J. B. Pond took Ann Eliza Young, the Mormon president's runaway wife, out of Utah on a lecturing tour all over the country, he set up a form of the lecture which he saw reach its highest success and then decline.

When he took Henry Ward Beecher to England he made in his way almost as great an impression upon Englishmen as the lecturer, and from that tour began a new succession of pilgrimages by British celebrities in search of American dollars.

British celebrities no longer attract great audiences in American lecture halls, but for a quarter of a century after Beecher's tour America was the happy hunting ground of authors, preachers, explorers, war correspondents and occasionally of politicians from the other side. For fifteen years of that period the prices obtained by the successful lecturer were enough to tempt almost any man, and most of the time native celebrities shared in the harvest of dollars.

Explorers on the whole have had the most striking success as lecturers, if success is to be measured by money. Even they, however, were generally most successful when a charity of some kind intervened between them and the public.

When Stanley made his last lecturing tour in this country he obtained a contract for \$2,500 for his first lecture, New York, \$2,000 for a lecture in each of ten other cities, \$1,000 for a lecture in each of a number of other cities, and \$500 a lecture in yet smaller places. In New York Stanley was sold, in the language of the lecture bureau, to a hospital for \$5,000, which was equally divided between the lecturer and manager, and the gross receipts of the lecture were nearly \$14,800.

George Kennan has been the steadiest attraction of the lecture platform in recent years. His prices when lecturing are usually from \$200 to \$250 a night, and he was able to command these prices season after season. Probably no other explorer, save Stanley and Du Chaillu, obtained more than \$100 a lecture, the usual price in the best days of the business to the really popular lecturer.

Beecher and Talmage were the most popular clergymen on the lecture platform. Neither attracted large audiences as lecturers in New York or Brooklyn, for the obvious reason that they could be heard free in their own pulpits.

Outside of New York Talmage sometimes commanded \$1,000 a lecture. His vogue lasted a long time, as did that of Beecher.

Most of the English pulpit orators who came over to this country lecturing had a very moderate success.

Dr. Parker's tour was cut short. The Rev. Dr. Watson was the only British preacher to have a striking success in the United States. His prices were high and he went home well content with his profits. Dr. Watson, however, had the double advantage of being both pulpit orator and popular writer.

English men of letters have had great success as lecturers in America, but only the most popular can now command an audience at good prices. Even Arnold, with his low voice and unimpressive delivery and gravity of subject, had considerable success here.

Of course, the earlier success of Dickens and Thackeray is well known, though Dickens was a poor reader of his own works. It is recorded that before stepping on the platform he regularly made up with rouge and powder, so that he appeared to his audience ruddier and younger than he really was.

It is the guess of those who know the history and condition of the lecture business that Kipling is the only man of letters who within the last five years could have commanded \$1,000 a night on the lecture platform, and he only at the very height of his popularity. He could never be induced to lecture.

Politicians, either domestic or foreign, have not been successful lecturers in the United States. Michael Davitt tried lecturing in this country with very moderate success. Redmond did even worse. Parnell, of course, could have commanded great audiences and high prices.

Within ten years it was possible for a popular man of letters, a war correspondent fresh from the fields, or a scientific celebrity to obtain lecture engagements at \$100 a night, or even more, and on rather short notice. The late William Hamilton Gibson, who had a subject peculiarly his own, illustrated in a singularly original fashion, received \$200 a lecture.

Mr. Cable for some years had no difficulty in commanding \$100 a lecture. Mark Twain has been for some years the strongest attraction among American men of letters. He can command at any time \$500 a lecture, and probably could do even better in a special tour. He and Cable were very successful in their joint appearances, and there was even more fun behind the scenes than on the platform, for Mr. Clemens took great delight in gently teasing his mild colleague.

Lecture managers have tried in vain to induce some of the greatest celebrities to lecture. Senator Depew steadily declines to lecture, except occasionally for a charity. Gladstone was approached again and again with striking inducements to come to America on a lecturing tour, but he always declined. Managers do not trust themselves to estimate what he might have done had he come, but they have no doubt that his success would have been of the most striking kind.

Tolstoi is another celebrity that has attracted the interest of lecture managers in America, but in vain. A young man who had a sort of academic relation to Ibsen caught the old gentleman unawares at his favorite cafe on the other side, and proposed a lecturing tour in the United States, but repented his audacity. The dramatist burst into angry declamation, intimated that there was hardly an honest man in America, and finally, drawing a much-worn newspaper clipping from his pocket, said:

"See, they are playing my 'Ghosts' in New York now, and they do not say a word to me about royalty."

Colonel Bob Ingersoll, as a lecturer, belonged to a class himself. He was welcome almost anywhere in New York or outside, and at good prices, on any night in the week, in a theater, a lecture hall, or wherever men could assemble. His popularity was unabated up to the end of his life.

Sir Conan Doyle is one of the few literary men to speak lightly of a lecturing tour in America. After a tour of three or four months, eight or ten years ago, he declared that he could have done vastly better in the same time and with less work and worry by writing fiction.

\* \* \*

#### BIRTHDAY FOR EACH SEX.

WITH the exception of the emperor there are no individual birthdays in delightfully interesting Japan. The people, however, make up for this neglect by having a sort of general birthday of everybody in common, which is celebrated with great rejoicing.

There are two of these general holidays, one for each sex. The male birthday, which is known as the 'celebration of the boys,' occurs on the 3rd day of the third month, and the girls' the fifth day of the fifth month. These days are generally put aside, and boys and girls respectively receive presents according to their station.

The birthday of the emperor, or Ten-o, as he is more properly styled, is also a general holiday for the Japanese everywhere. The houses are all decorated with flags, and in the evening the streets are gay with the lights of innumerable colored lanterns. In the morning the highest authorities go to the palace and offer their congratulations in person and the lower degrees offer them vicariously to their superiors. All the Japanese would, somehow or other, congratulate their monarch on having added another year to his age.

\* \* \*

THE battle of Fontenoy is the only large battle ever fought in which the opposing sides were equal—each twenty thousand men—and the losses of victors and vanquished equal also, both being seven thousand and five hundred men.

A DUBLIN workman has produced a novelty in the shape of a kettle, cup, saucer and spoon made out of a farthing. He hammered the bronze coin till he had obtained a very thin sheet of metal, from which he fashioned a complete and workable kettle, with a swing handle, removable lid, etc., together with a cup, saucer and spoon. He can boil water in the miniature utensil and pour it through the spout. The weight of the kettle, cup, saucer and spoon is forty grains. The weight of a farthing is forty-eight grains.

\* \* \*

THERE are some goldfish in Washington which have belonged to the same family for the last fifty years,



CACTUS IN AN ARID COUNTRY.

and they seem no bigger and no less vivacious to-day than they did when they first came into the owner's possession. A few of the fish in the Royal Aquarium at St. Petersburg are known to be 150 years old, and the age of the sacred fish in some of the ponds attached to the Buddhist temples in China is to be counted by centuries, if we are to believe the priests.

\* \* \*

THERE is a larger percentage of blind people in Russia than in any other European country. Two out of every one thousand of her population are sightless.

\* \* \*

Two millions of London's inhabitants never go to church.



## WHAT YOUR HAIR IS WORTH.

THE police reported last week the arrest of two young thieves who were accused of stealing three hundred pounds of human hair from a dealer.

"There is probably some mistake about that case," remarked another dealer. "If the hair they stole was only average quality American hair, and they had three hundred pounds of it, its value was in the neighborhood of \$50,000. If it was fine, imported hair, its value could easily have been one quarter million dollars.

"Hair is the most expensive commodity on the market, short of radium and diamonds. It costs more than its weight in gold. Some hair costs \$100 an ounce. That is \$1,600 a pound. If the youthful sneak thieves had made away with hair of this quality, their swag would have been in the neighborhood of \$480,000.

"But this expensive hair necessarily exists in very small quantities. That is why it is so rare and so expensive.

"This particular hair which costs \$100 an ounce is the pure white hair, uncolored by age, cut from the head of a living person, and measuring at least thirty inches. Shorter hair of the purest white commands a high price, but in order to get the record value the length must be at least thirty inches.

"And in all the United States there is probably not a pound and a half of this perfect white hair for sale. Many aged people have it, but those who do will not sell.

"Elderly people with long white hair should not be tempted to cut it off in the hope of getting \$100 an ounce for it without first having an expert inspect it. If it is tinged with yellow its value is reduced to almost nothing. We can get plenty of long white hair tinged with yellow, but the pure white is extremely rare and every expensive.

"A wig made for the wife of a Chicago bank president by me two years ago, of this pure white hair, cost the lady \$1,200. And it took me nearly a year to collect the hair from all over the country. I used about five ounces in the wig.

"Girls who live in Harlem or the suburbs sometimes get dead broke while down town, and want to know what they can sell their hair for. A mother once brought her fourteen-year-old daughter in to me, to ask if I would buy the daughter's hair. I refused, because I don't make a business of buying hair raw, as we say.

"I should say that hair on a young girl's head, if about thirty inches long and of fair quality, would bring the owner from \$5 to \$10, according to length and thickness. But an American girl who sells her hair for this trifling sum is acting very foolishly. Of

course, if she is only fourteen or fifteen it will grow long again, and cutting the hair does improve the growth, but I never advise an American girl to part with her hair.

"The most expensive kind, next to the white hair I have mentioned, is what is known as ash blonde. It is a mouse-colored hair, very rare—not the pale peroxide blonde produced by artificial means, but the natural pale blonde. Hair of this kind is easily worth \$50 an ounce, but very few people have it.

"The cheapest kind of hair is black Chinese hair, cut from the queues of Chinamen. You can buy this hair for \$8 a pound. It is used only for stage purposes, in making what we call mikado wigs.

"This is the busy season of the year for wigmakers. I estimate that between now and the first of September, when the theatrical season opens, the output for the season will include about four hundred soubrette wigs with fluffy curls to be worn by rough soubrettes; about 1,500 white wigs for use in the many Shakespearean plays that are scheduled for production; about 800 Oriental wigs for Biblical plays; about 500 Japanese wigs for several big productions; about six hundred brown George wigs for general use and for Shakespearean plays; about the same number of fright wigs for use of the rough-and-tumble farce comedies; and a number of special wigs made for certain persons.

"The season's output will also include no less than 1,500 fluffy wigs for chorus girls. These chorus girls buy them singly and pay for them themselves, whereas the management usually pays for the wigs of a big production. The chorus girl invests in a wig made for herself because it is easier and prettier to wear a wig every night than it is to curl her own hair.

"The prices on wigs vary from \$2 for a rough, black wig to \$200 for a very fine production. I charged \$150 for a most peculiar wig which I made a few months ago.

"A beautiful young woman, who refused to give her name, called on me and said she wanted a wig to be worn with her own hair, which would reach to the floor. She was a blonde, and I succeeded after some difficulty in getting the hair she desired.

"I made it up so that it fastened under her own hair, and when she put it on it touched the ground and looked real. She refused to say why she wanted it or who she was. She paid me the \$150 and I have not seen her since. Since she was not an actress, and didn't look like an advertisement for hair oil, I can only conclude that she wanted to appear in some amateur theatricals.

"There are other people who wear wigs, too. Some of them are spiritualistic mediums. For a long time I was puzzled by orders from the Middle

West, accompanied by photographs of elderly men. I was requested to make up wigs and beards so that they were exact copies of the particular style of hair-dressing shown in the photograph.

"I never found out until afterward that the orders came from a clever faker who posed as a spiritualistic medium. The photos he sent me were pictures of prominent dead citizens in small Western towns.

"He had a confederate who visited these towns a month or more in advance of the faker. This confederate collected photos of prominent dead citizens.

from destroying the crops. Another advantage is the great number of sunny days always to be had in arid regions during the time the fruit is maturing and sunshine is an important factor in the production of the finest quality of grapes. It enhances not only the beauty of the coloring, but the excellence of the flavor as well. To obtain as much sunshine as possible, vineyards are generally planted on the sunny sides of hills, notably so in France, Spain, and Italy. The hot dry season of the San Joaquin valley in California has made this region the special home of the fine Eu-



A VIEW IN THE PEMBINA VALLEY, CANADA.

These were sent on to me, and I made the wigs and beards required.

"They were delivered to the faker, and at the proper time during a seance an exact reproduction of the dead departed would appear as an apparition from the cabinet. A confederate, cleverly made up, posed as the spirit.

\* \* \*

#### THE GRAPE UNDER IRRIGATION.

BY S. Z. SHARP.

THE finest grapes in America are produced under irrigation. Often clusters may be seen weighing from five to ten pounds. Climatic and other conditions being equal, the irrigated country has always the advantage. In the first place, such a country naturally has a dry air during the season the crops are growing. This prevents the mildew and other fungus growths

ropean grape ever since the padres established their missions several hundred years ago. There are fine native grapes grown in the Southern States, as the scuppernong in the Carolinas, fine concords in New York and other Northern States, but the fine table grapes can only be grown successfully under irrigation in the arid or semi-arid regions of California, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, a small portion of western Texas, and in Grand Valley, of Colorado, where irrigation can be employed and the climatic conditions are favorable. The popular varieties of table grapes, which sometimes sell at enormous prices, are the tokay, muscat, emperor, cornichon, black Hamburg, and malaga.

*Fruita, Colo.*

\* \* \*

THE income tax returns show that citizens of Great Britain have invested abroad \$5,630,540,500.



## SOLDIERING IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

MR. WILLIAM THORP, in writing about the way war is carried on in the South American states says, that when the rat-a-tat-tat of the drum calls patriotic citizens to arms in the United States and other highly civilized countries the girls are left behind. Husbands and fathers, sweethearts and brothers, go to the front and the women and children have nothing to do but wait and weep.

It is not so everywhere. In Venezuela, Colombia, Haiti, San Domingo, Bolivia, Nicaragua and some of the other less advanced Latin-American countries, the entire family sometimes goes to war.

It happens this way: One of the civil wars, which are the normal features of politics in these countries, is in progress and there is an urgent demand for troops by government and revolutionists alike. Both sides stick at nothing in order to get soldiers. They are not particular. Anybody who can carry a gun—man, woman or boy—will do.

A group of half-civilized Indians are tilling their fields or listening to a Jesuit priest in a little mission church in the heart of the jungle. A band of soldiers comes along, surrounds them and marches them all off to fight for a cause about which they know and care absolutely nothing.

"But my wife, my boys, *senor!*" wails the peon to the commandante, who has captured him. "What is to become of them?"

The family troops up, weeping and shrieking, and begs the officer to let the man go. The officer looks at them thoughtfully and sees that the boys are strapping lads of twelve and fourteen and that the wife is a fine, strong woman.

"No, I must take your man," he tells her, "but if you like, you and the boys can come, too. They are strong enough to march and carry rifles, and you can help do the cooking for us and look after the wounded."

So it comes about that the entire family marches off to the front, happy and cheerful again. They make light of the hazard of war and the hardships of the campaign. There are no hardier people in the world than the Indians of Central America, Colombia and Venezuela. Even the women think nothing of marching thirty miles a day for weeks at a stretch over rough, mountain tracks, carrying a rifle, a heavy cartridge belt, a machete, and a pack load of miscellaneous baggage.

Sometimes a guerilla band will enlist all the members of a family, from the youngest boy of ten to the grandfather of seventy. And they will march and fight side by side—husband and wife, mother and daughter, father and son, uncles, aunts, cousins and grandparents.

During the recent civil war in Colombia, when the government was very hard pressed for troops, it was a common practice to surround country churches on Sunday and forcibly enlist the entire congregation, except old people and infants unable to march.

The armies with which President Castro has made his great fight against the Matos revolutionists in Venezuela comprise a large proportion of mere boys, whose ages range as low as eight and nine, and every company of his soldiers has from a dozen to twenty women attached to it. They are generally Indians or mulattos and they march with the baggage train, armed to the teeth, when the troops are campaigning.

Such women always accompany a Venezuelan or Colombian army into the field and make themselves useful by supplying the troops with rum while they are under fire, stealing provisions for their bivouac and tending the wounded. On occasions, too, they will take their place in the firing line and fight as bravely as any man on the field.

When I was in Caracas last January, Castro's army marched home in triumph after defeating the revolutionists a few days before Christmas.

There was a blare of trumpets, a discordant rattle of kettle drums, an ear-piercing shriek from the fifes and the army swung round the corner and marched up the street past my hotel.

First came the fife and bugle band, composed of half a dozen ragged Indian boys, blowing a triumphal march for all they were worth. Behind them, riding proudly on a stolen mule, a copper-colored general carried a huge Venezuelan flag, its gaudy stripes of red, blue and yellow flaunting proudly in the sunlight.

He was dressed in a pair of tattered red "pants," with a broad gold stripe, a blue service blouse like that of the United States army, an old palmleaf hat with ribbon of the Venezuelan colors twisted round it, and a pair of *alpargatas*—the native canvas sandal, which exposes the toes and heels.

A Mauser rifle was slung over his shoulder, an Andino machete with a gayly-colored scabbard hung on one side and a brass-hilted regulation sword on the other, while the belt around his waist contained a heavy Smith & Wesson revolver and enough cartridges for a Maxim gun.

The army followed in single file, generals and colonels marching along on the flanks in generous profusion. There was a field officer to every half-dozen men, but you could hardly tell the field officers from the rank and file. It would be impossible to find a worse collection of scarecrows anywhere. The men looked as if they had been dragged through a cactus hedge, feet first, and then rolled in a mangrove swamp. The officers were dressed in odds and ends of uniform from nearly every army in the world. The rank and

file made no pretense at uniform, but wore anything they happened to have picked up.

The Indians, who made up the bulk of the army, wore their favorite alpargattas, but a few negroes and mulattos went barefooted. They all marched along sturdily at swinging quick-step—almost a trot—although they had covered over thirty miles that day and gone through a fortnight's hard campaigning.

Each man carried a Mauser, a belt full of cartridges, a machete or sword and perhaps a blanket, a mess-kettle and a tin pan. The Venezuelan soldier has to be his own commissariat service or go without.

The fortune of war often brings men to the front with surprising rapidity in these turbulent republics. The family which goes to war ragged and shoeless may, in a few short weeks or months, become one of the greatest in the land. Promotion is rapid for the good fighter. A man may be a ragged Indian peasant one year and a distinguished general the next.

When President Castro fought his way to supreme power in Venezuela many men of no account went up on the crest of the wave with him. One of them, Gen. Louis Otalora, used to be the village barber at Castro's home in the Andes. He still shaves the president as an addition to his military duties.

These family troops are sometimes guilty of terrible atrocities and the boys and the women are often worse than the men. It is not unusual for a lad of fourteen or sixteen to be made an officer if he has distinguished himself in battle, or happens to be related to the president. One of the most noted guerilla generals in Venezuela is under seventeen, and colonels and captains may be found even younger.

Naturally these youngsters, unrestrained by discipline and with practically absolute power to do as they like when campaigning, sometimes run amuck. In the streets of Barcelona, one of the principal towns of Venezuela, the other day one of Castro's young Indian officers was asked for a small coin by a little boy who begged in the street. He drew his revolver and shot the boy dead on the spot.

Next day two boy officers were walking along the street, when one of them taunted the other with being a bad shot. The latter lifted his carbine and fired at the head of a child who was looking out of a top-story window, killing it on the spot. Some foreigners accused these officers to Gen. Velutini, Castro's right-hand man, but they were never punished. When they do such things in the streets of a crowded city it is not difficult to imagine their behavior when they are out campaigning.

In Haiti, several years ago, the late Gen. Manigat, who was then little more than a boy, went through the streets of Jacmel with fifty ragged, bare-footed negro soldiers at his back. As he put it, he was "suppressing a slight local disorder." In plain English, he

was murdering half the people in sight. He said to his soldiers "Shoot this man!" and "Shoot that woman!" until nearly one hundred people were left dead on the sidewalks.

The conduct of the women warriors is often too horrible to write about. They are far more savage than the men, especially if their husbands or lovers have fallen in battle.

\* \* \*

#### HOW HE WROTE HIS ESSAY.

THE high-school boy was delighted when the honors were announced and he found himself valedictorian of his class. He knew nothing about writing an essay, for rhetoric had not been one of his studies. He sat down with plenty of paper and some nice new pencils. He labored for two hours and chewed his pencils savagely. Then he announced that he had written his essay.

"First I said some general things about life," he explained to his mother. "Then I took a quotation book and looked under the word 'life.' Then I strung the quotations together in a paragraph, like 'In the words of Milton,' or 'To use a quotation familiar to us all.' Then I took the class motto and preached a sermon with that as a text. I wrote four pages on that. I said something about it and then I said the same thing in a different way a little further on. I studied all the combinations of one expression and used every one of them. About every six sentences I would repeat the class motto, so they would be sure to know what I was talking about. The last six pages I devoted to farewells. I looked up quotations for these, too. I raked up anecdotes of a whole lot of touching farewells. I addressed the class in feeling words every other sentence, and I hope I make 'em cry. Now ma, can you think of anything else I might write?"

"No, my son," replied the mother. "You have solved a great problem for me. I did not know what profession you were most adapted to, but now I shall fit you to be a minister."

\* \* \*

A GERMAN professor has invented a process of silver plating dead bodies so as to convert them into metallic images of the individuals as they were when in life. Gold plate can be used if the relative can afford it. But as the expense of silver-plating a body is \$12,500 there are probably few relatives who would deem themselves justified in squandering the deceased's estate on such a memorial.

\* \* \*

DOWN in Texas the other day a man named Whele married a Miss Barrow, and the editor of the local paper had no more sense of the fitness of things than to print his account of the wedding under the head of "Whele-Barrow."



## NATURE



## STUDY

## THE BUFFALO UP IN MONTANA.

THE University of Montana, Missoula, maintains a biological station near Flathead Lake, in the north-western part of the State. Professor Morton J. Elrod, director of the station, describes the herd of 220 buffaloes on the Flathead Indian reservation.

The herd, derived from thirty-six animals purchased in 1884 by Charles Allard and Michael Pablo, has in twenty years increased to more than 350, or ten times the original number. Many of the animals have been sold to show enterprises and to eastern cities for parks and zoological gardens.

The conditions here are more favorable for buffalo than in Yellowstone Park. The animals are constantly attended by a herder and, therefore, are not afraid of man, while the Yellowstone Park herd is rarely seen.

The park herd also ranges at a high altitude, over 7,000 feet, where snows are deep and winters are long and severe; but the Flathead herd ranges at an altitude below 3,000, where deep snows do not occur and hay or grain may be taken to the animals in a few hours.

Their range does not exceed seventy to a hundred square miles, and the animals might be maintained on a much smaller range.

The cows do not bear calves until they are four or five years old, and about half of them produce every year. The fertility of the herd is not decreasing. The herder keeps note of the increase, looks after the calves, and, in fact, the animals are more carefully attended than the range cattle among whom they graze.

Professor Elrod is of the opinion that the success of this private enterprise should stimulate Congress to increase its efforts to save the buffalo from extinction.

An appropriation of \$8,000 would buy as large a herd as Allard and Pablo purchased in the beginning. With the same care the herd should increase to between four hundred and five hundred in twenty years.

\* \* \*

## UNDERGROUND WATERS.

THE earth contains an abundance of water, even in places like some of our great western plateaus where the surface is comparatively arid. The greatest depth at which underground water can exist is estimated to be about six miles. Below that, it is believed, the cavities and pores of the rock are completely closed. The amount of water in the earth's crust is reckoned

at nearly a third of that contained in the oceans, so that it would cover the whole surface of the globe to a depth of from three thousand to three thousand five hundred feet. The waters underground flow horizontally after sinking below the unsaturated zone of the rocks, but in the sands of the Dakota formation, which supply remarkable artesian wells, the motion does not exceed one or two miles a year. The underflow toward the sea beneath the great plains may sometimes take the form of broad streams or moving sheets of water, but the movement is excessively slow.—*Youth's Companion*.

\* \* \*

## ANIMALS THAT SQUINT.

THE eyes of an animal can only work together when they can be brought to bear upon an object at the same time; so that, as a rule, the eyes of a fish must work more or less independently. This is sometimes also the case when the eyes can co-operate, as any one who watches a plaice or other flat fish in an aquarium will soon discover.

This is true, too, of the curious bulging optics of a chameleon, which roll round swivelwise in a somewhat aimless manner. When they do converge it is bad for the insect upon which they fix themselves.

Many animals possess more than three eyes, which do not all act together. A leech, for example, has ten eyes on the top of its head, which do not work in concert, and a kind of marine worm has two eyes on the head and a row down each side of the body. Some lizards have an extra eye on the top of the head, which does not act with the other two. A bee or wasp has two large compound eyes, which possibly help each other and are used for near vision, and also three little simple eyes on the top of the head, which are employed for seeing things a long way off.

\* \* \*

## BUTTERFLIES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BUTTERFLY hunters are ranging the earth to its far corners for beautiful insects to be shown at the World's Fair.

Their quest shows how comprehensive will be the exhibits. The largest things on wheels and the smallest things on wings will be shown with equal fidelity.

It is planned to make the butterfly exhibit the most complete ever shown. Insects of the most beautiful coloring will be sought wherever they may be found, without regard to the cost of obtaining them. Several

men in the employ of the government are devoting themselves to the butterfly quest.

They are busy in this country and in far countries with their little nets, making the beautiful insects captive that the crowds which visit the fair may delight themselves with viewing the texture and coloring of their wings.

There are almost as many different butterflies as there are different people—all wonderfully alike and all amazingly unlike. They all belong to the family Lepidoptera, which means that they have scales and wings. Their scales are very fine and are usually lost in flight because of the beauty of their wings.

These are the glory of the butterfly. There is nothing more gorgeous in all nature than the coloring of the butterfly's wing and in nothing is there such infinite variety of tinting.

From the smallest to the largest, they will be gathered and classified and exhibited at the World's Fair.

\* \* \*

#### BIRDS GUIDED BY STARS.

Do you ever venture any conjecture as to how migratory birds manage to keep up their flight in a due north direction after night? It has been proved that at clear nights they often "wing their northern flight" in the rarified atmosphere three miles above the earth's surface. This being true, it is clear that guidance by the topography of the country is out of the question; how, then, are they able to keep their beaks pointing towards the north pole? The scientific ornithologist comes to the rescue with the declaration that they are guided by the stars, and in support of his opinion cites as evidence the fact that when the stars are obscured by clouds the birds become bewildered and seek the ground.

\* \* \*

#### HORSEHAIR SNAKES.

A NOOKER wants to know something about the horse-hair snakes he has seen. In the first place there is no such thing as a horse-hair turning into a snake. What happens is this. In the first place the eggs are laid in water, and the larvæ enter the bodies of insects that frequent the banks of streams, and these insects are eaten by fish. After a time they pass again to the water, and ultimately enter into the abdomens of crickets and insects of that character. They finally emerge, and the egg-laying process begins again.

\* \* \*

#### FREAK OF NATURE.

A FREAK of nature in the form of a two-headed calf in possession of William Ferguson, a farmer living near Plainfield, N. J. The animal was born three weeks ago, and is now healthy and thriving, but it will take its food only through one mouth.

#### FISHES SENSITIVE TO SOUND.

THE sense of hearing in fishes is still a matter of uncertainty. They have no ears resembling those of the higher animals, but they are sensitive to sound in some degree, although it is doubtful if this can be called hearing. Late experiments by Dr. Zenneck, of Strassburg, show something of the degree of sensitiveness. The sound of a bell in the water caused roach, dace and bleak to dart away if within ten feet, or to show signs of disturbance if within twenty-five feet. When the bell was muffled and in a pail, the fish were slightly disturbed.

\* \* \*

#### THE LAND OF THE PEACH.

THE peach is an Asiatic product, the Yangtsekiang country being the home of this plant. The Chinese have always been familiar with the peach from its earliest records. In the celestial kingdom the peach blossom is used in ceremonials, sometimes after the manner of the orange blossoms in this country. The U. S. department of agriculture has had an agent in that section of China studying the early history and evolution of this fruit.

\* \* \*

#### NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD CAT.

L. J. UPHAM, of Webster, Mass., is the owner of what is probably the oldest cat in Worcester county, for August eleven, Guy, his Maltese cat, celebrated his nineteenth birthday. The animal has been with Mr. Upham and wife ever since he was born, which is very good proof of the age. And for a cat so old, Guy is even at the present time much like a kitten in playful tactics and quickness in getting about.

\* \* \*

#### STRANGE FREAK.

A CURIOUS freak of vegetable growth was discovered in the cellar of R. H. Peck's house, of Morrisville, Vt. A blackberry root leading from the garden of W. G. McClintock, invaded the cellar, but instead of remaining a root it sent out branches with leaves, the full growth reaching a length of fifteen feet.

\* \* \*

#### THE WINDIEST SPOT IN AMERICA.

ALTHOUGH the Pacific ocean is comparatively free of storms—hence its name—Point Reyes, Cal., is the windiest place in the United States—if the matter be left to the anemometers of the weather bureau.

\* \* \*

GERMANY has on an average eight hundred and six orchard trees to the square mile.



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Oh, fair as dreams of eastern land,  
Was all our world that day  
The trees stood hushed with drooping heads,  
In all their bright array,  
And through the leaves the purple haze  
Came sifting from the skies,  
For God's own smile was over all,  
That autumn paradise.

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## THE LIQUOR LAWS.

ELGIN is having a season of trouble about the illegal selling of liquor. It is claimed that the law is systematically violated in the city in many respects. The Nook would like to know what else is expected. The men who sell run are in the business for what there is in it, and they are not expected, by anyone who knows, to be of the Sunday-school class. Anybody who can put up the price will get the drink, and this altogether without reference to the laws on the subject. The only time the liquor interest respects the laws is when it is immediately confronted with its penalties. Threaten and you get laughed at. Prosecute, and prosecute vigorously and something may come out of it.

Every now and then there is a spasm over the liquor traffic, and it generally comes to one thing, it blows over and matters go on just as they always did. The time to begin operation on the liquor business is at the polls. If Christians would only vote as they profess to believe, the traffic would never get a start. Unfortunately too many people divorce their religion and their politics, go to church on Sunday and vote for rum on weekdays, and once the business is started, it goes on every day in the week.

Selling rum is just as legitimate as preaching as far as the law goes. If the whiskey business is ever to be controlled it will be in the way of not having it at all. The idea of keeping the sale of it within the law is all nonsense. The writer has been informed by drinking people that all bars violate the laws, which is perhaps true. Time, place, and conditions being all right, anybody, drunk or sober, man or woman, young or old, weekday or Sunday, can get drink if they have the money. Controlling the liquor business is like controlling hell. It can be smothered for the time but never put out.

When voters set more stress on their religion than on their politics, and vote for good men for office that soon will the whiskey business begin to weaken and go to pieces. Does anybody imagine that a community composed of a majority of Christians, voting as they believe, would be selling whiskey? Hardly! It is the majority that rules and when a brother is found putting the bottle to his neighbor's mouth, no matter what his argument he should at once be dumped out of his membership. The Nook repeats: Let Christians forget their dirty political parties and unite on clean good men for office, and that is the end of legislating the sale of rum in that vicinity.

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## EXACTNESS.

ONE of the commonest reasons of failure in most of the instances where people seek employment is in their lack of accurate knowledge. There is always as there always has been, no end of places for people who are competent beyond the common run of their class. Take the familiar instance of a stenographer. Advertise for a stenographer and typewriter and you will be overrun with applicants. Hire one of them and you will see that rarely does your man or woman know how to spell or how to write good English. It is pretty much the same in all other departments of industry. The commonplace and the inefficient are common enough. They are the rule. In fact the really expert person is hard to get because he is not in the market. He is placed and stays there.

The reason for this is in the vicious get-educated quick methods of the day. The common branches, so called, are slurred over and everything is done on the run. The elements on which the whole fabric of schooling really rests, are left out as either unimportant or understood as having been acquired. Either assumption is incorrect. In fact it is the case that the middle-aged man or woman can generally write a more legible hand than the graduate, and any number of women of the last generation can outspell the latter-day school graduate. This is because in the time of their youth, and the little red schoolhouse, reading

writing and spelling stood for something. Now-lays it is taken for granted.

If this should reach the eye of some young person who is on the way to a so-called education, let him be sure that he knows his primary school branches, for if he does not he will be crippled all his life without them. The Nook does not disparage higher education, but back of it, and associated with it, should be thorough knowledge of the common branches, which are the foundation stones of all thoroughness.

\* \* \*

#### DON'T.

You can get the cat out of the kitchen without kicking her out. Don't do it. It isn't in line with what you want your children to do and be. Don't let fly a stick of wood at the dog, to get him off the back porch. That boy and girl of yours will do the same thing, if they see you at it. Don't throw a stone with murderous intent. Suppose that you killed the bird, what then? It is simply murder in the small.

Don't do these things on account of the children, but there is a still better reason, and that is, it is eternally and forever wrong to use your strength and intelligence in hurting or scaring the animal world about you. This frightful persecution of the lower orders has inbred such a distrust and fear of man that everything that has legs or wings in a wild state flies for its life when it sees the red-handed biped lumbering along through the forest. Think of the opposite condition in which the folk in fur and feathers would come to the man when he visited their homes in the forest. Such a thing is not entirely unknown.

\* \* \*

#### THE BULGARIAN OUTLOOK.

It is very difficult for the average man to understand the situation between Turkey and the Turks and the people of Bulgaria. It is one of the most complicated political conditions of the old world. The Turks, on the one hand, are Mohammedans, and are bent on the destruction of the Bulgarian Christians. This is an age-old question of the clash between regions.

The relative size of the countries precludes the possibility of Bulgaria winning in the case of war with Turkey. So the trouble and the killing go on. An intelligent American would naturally suppose that the adjacent Christian nations would interfere. But there is the question of national and political jealousy to come on, and this prevents interference on the part of the powers. Neither does it seem possible for the powers to, in any way, act in unison in regard to the matter. Of course it will be settled in time, or it will settle itself, but in the meantime the whole world is shocked at the atrocities of the unspeakable Turk.

#### DEBTS.

HAPPY the man who owes no money to any other man. He is said to be out of debt. But how much owest thou thy Lord? This is a debt that can be paid as well as that to an individual. While it is true that we owe everything to the Lord, it is only in the general sense that the statement can be accepted correct from the debt point of view.

The Nook ventures the statement that one-tenth of our income is due to the Lord's poor. Giving that we cancel our debt, and what we give over that is generosity beyond the limit of the law. It should be remembered that up to one-tenth there can be no charity in the sense of giving. One-tenth is a debt, and it is paying up to that point; after that charity as a gift may begin.

Few of us look at the matter in this light, but it is the correct view beyond a doubt. The old law of the tenth has never been repealed and it is as operative to-day as it ever was. Let us be honest and pay our debts, after which, having been just, we may begin being generous.

\* \* \*

#### FROM SHIRTSLEEVES TO SHIRTSLEEVES.

WHEN the Hon. Wm. Jones, worth a million, was a boy, and afterwards a young man, he worked in his shirtsleeves and worked hard. Later he became a millionaire and wore fine raiment. The sons and daughters never worked at anything that could be called work. Why should they? When Hon. Wm. Jones was plain Bill Jones, things were different as he often assured the young Joneses.

When the old man died, the million was divided, and the children got their share. It lasted fairly well, and the boys and girls still dressed in purple and fared sumptuously. When they died the third generation of Joneses came to the front, but without the million, and they went at it in their shirtsleeves again, just as they ought to. Thus it comes that the difference in time between shirtsleeves and shirtsleeves is about one generation.

\* \* \*

#### YOUR GRIP.

WHATEVER you do, don't lose your grip on things. When that is gone it is only a question of time till all goes. True you may not succeed in holding on all the time, but the sin does not consist so much in getting downcast as in not getting up and at it again. Discouragement comes to many people, but that is no reason for discontinuing our efforts. Hold fast, the proverb says, is a better dog than brag.

\* \* \*

WOULD you like to get a bargain in shoes? Then marry the best girl in your neighborhood. The scheme also works the other way with a good man.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## GENERAL.

The Texas cotton crop will be short this year.

There are fifty thousand people of the Jewish faith in Boston.

The Oddfellows are going to erect a million dollar memorial temple in Baltimore.

The church people at Springfield, Ill., are opposed to the opening of the State Fair on Sunday.

It looks very much now as though Turkey would not precipitate war with Bulgaria.

They are having a big time in Chicago this week over their Centennial Jubilee.

Now it is the type founders who are on a strike down at St. Louis, Mo.

It is hoped that the X-ray may cure cases of epilepsy, as it has been partially successful where tried.

The candy makers' strike in Chicago resulted in the employees losing the fight. They are trying to get back.

The apple crop in England has been ruined and the sales of the American fruit have increased wonderfully.

If Dr. Dowie misses his mark in New York City, he will not be the first man that the metropolis swallowed up.

A Chicago lawyer, who ought to know, says that the worst criminal age is between eighteen and twenty-four years.

King Edward VII caused to be announced the statement that he intends to be a ruler instead of only a figurehead.

President Roosevelt has been put in a novel on the negro problem. Whether he likes it or not has not yet developed.

Throughout the northern section of the country where the INGLENOOK is made, frost has been a frequent visitor of late.

There is an unusual crowd of visitors in Chicago owing to the Centennial celebration there, and the thieves are getting in their work.

Up in Ontario they have been having a labor riot in which two persons were shot, a score or more hurt, and thousands of dollars of damage done to property.

At the Springfield, Ill., State Fair three thousand hogs were on exhibition. This is the biggest show of swine ever made at any State fair.

Labor troubles, through strikes, have caused endless suffering among the people in New York. Everybody is suffering from the top to the bottom.

The people of St. Kitts, a British island, have issued a statement that their population is suffering for food caused by the volcanic eruption some time ago.

The candy factories of Chicago are to run "open shops." They will treat with the workers as individuals. The idea is to get rid of the trouble due to the Unions.

At Marion, Ind., a show was wrecked because it did not give the "racy" performance promised. The police were compelled to assist the girls to escape without harm.

Macedonian insurgents and the Turks are having continual fighting. Bulgaria has been warned, for the last time, that nothing will be done for her in the case of going to war.

A Chinaman, twenty-six years old, has secured a license in Boston to marry Carrie E. Robins, his former Sunday school teacher. He is a cigar maker and came to this country ten years ago.

The messenger boys of the Western Union Telegraph Co., of Chicago, to the number of four hundred struck the other day but went back in the evening. They will get \$5.40 a week hereafter.

The hotel keepers of New York are considering whether or not to publish the names of the patrons who are not prompt in paying their bills. Some of the prominent people are very slow in this respect.

Pope Pius X has appointed his brother accountant for the Vatican. His three sisters have already arrived in Rome, and the clergy are complaining that they are neglected in the distribution of offices.

The pastor of the German Lutheran church of Neerach, Wis., refused to allow in the church at a funeral the Grand Army of the Republic in the regalia of that body. He also forbade the attendance of the members in uniform. All of them remained away.

At South Bend, Ind., the local horticulturists are puzzled over a peach tree owned by A. M. Moorhead, a policeman. The peach tree produced very large, finely flavored, yellow peaches at the regular time, and then a second crop came. A good many of our readers will recognize nothing strange in this, except that the tree will die.

Because Glenna Hynes refused to marry James J. Reed, an engineer at Omaha, he coolly murdered the girl and then attempted to kill himself. Before he could succeed, he was seized and the rash act prevented.

A lot of foolish people laid a plot to kidnap the groom at a wedding. The people to be married heard of it and had the wedding the day before, while the other parties were preparing for the execution of their scheme.

Herman Rossow shot his wife in the aisle of the German Lutheran church at La Crosse, Wis., after which he shot himself. Doctors say both will die. All of this was caused by a family quarrel, the cause of which does not appear.

The Cook County Woman's Christian Temperance Union decided the other day that Reed Smoot, United States Senator from Utah, should be expelled on account of his being a Mormon. Mr. Smoot is known to the INGLENOOK and he is not a polygamist.

The residents of the Adirondack region are opposed to their wealthy neighbors who are settling in that section. The reason is that the hunting and trapping privileges of the poorer natives are much curtailed by the presence of these wealthy newcomers.

The yellow fever is epidemic at Laredo, Texas. Two deaths and twelve new cases were reported. The county is quarantined in all directions. They also have it at Monterey and Tampica. It is not likely that this will affect the majority of the Nook family.

A lot of Indians are in Chicago in camp at Lincoln Park. They are not good Indians because they are not dead. They are not even Indians at all, only in their looks, and they are not civilized. As a show they do pretty well, but are far enough from the genuine thing.

Out in San Francisco, a young woman of nineteen was seized by her husband, tied, and the gas turned on, where she was left to suffocate. The neighbors were attracted by her cries and she was released after several hours of suffocation which nearly resulted in her death.

Mr. Edward M. Gillet, of Baltimore County, Maryland, has lost two thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars worth of cattle. He valued his cows at two hundred and fifty dollars. He had been in the habit of buying ginger snaps in large quantities and feeding them to his cows in the stall. Last week eleven of his cows got into the building and ate ginger snaps until they could eat no more. This caused them to drink water with fatal results.

A general strike of fifty-three thousand employees of the meat packing industry is threatened as a result of the demand for a ten per cent increase in wages. Nine different cities are represented and the chances are that there will be a big lock-out unless the employees and the employers come to some conclusion.

Mrs. Hiram Saynor, of Pennsylvania, a station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, not far from Pittsburg, put flaming red curtains in her windows. These were continually being mistaken for danger signals by the trainmen. The company insisted that the curtains should be removed and the woman demanded that the company furnish green ones, which was done and now everybody is happy.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, a society leader, is reported as saying that Mrs. Roosevelt, the President's wife dresses on "three hundred dollars a year," and, it is said "she looks it." If it is true that Mrs. Fish said this the result will be to elevate Mrs. Roosevelt in the opinion of a whole lot of people who never gave the question any thought. A great many people, as well as Mrs. Roosevelt, dress on less than "three hundred dollars a year."

Representatives of every large employers' association in the country met in secret session, Sept. 29, at the Auditorium Annex, in Chicago. They organized a national body with the avowed purpose of coping with Union labor and to promote the interests of employers and independent workmen. Arrangements were made for a general meeting in Chicago late in October, and the officers of over six hundred employers' associations will be invited to attend. It will not adopt peaceful methods but propose to have a defense fund of \$1,500,000, ready to fight the organization of labor when it becomes hostile.

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#### PERSONAL.

Chas. B. Farwell, a prominent man in the politics of Chicago, died at his residence at Lake Forest last week.

President Roosevelt is preparing to take up his residence at the White House for the winter. He has been living at Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Dr. Henson, minister of the Baptist church in New York, pitches into Dr. Dowie of Chicago, for his projected descent on Gotham. He says Dowie is after the money there is in it.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, the wife of the President of the Confederacy, has been sick for some time but is said to be some better. Mrs. Davis is a very old woman and cannot survive long.



## THE WAYS OF THE THIEF.

LONDON *Tit-Bits* has the following anent the ways of the thief:

It is a proud boast of the present day safe-breaking fraternity that whatever the advertisements of the manufacturers say, no safe has yet been made which can resist the attacks of a burglar who knows his profession. How true this is would be rather difficult to say, but it is quite certain that, if he is to baffle the modern Bill Sikes, the safe-maker must exert his inventive powers and ingenuity to the utmost.

The time has passed when the burglar attacked a safe with hammer, crowbar, chisel and a few skeleton keys. Nowadays he utilizes modern discoveries of science to aid him in his nefarious work and relies on his knowledge of chemistry and mechanics to successfully accomplish a robbery.

Many experienced burglars, for instance, now employ a chemical compound by which the finest steel can be pierced. This compound is called thermite, which, when mixed with magnesium powder, softens the hardest steel to such an extent that it may be pierced as easily as lead. With the aid of this compound the burglar can find his way into the toughest safe. The thermite is placed on the top, or some other part of the safe and generates such a fierce heat that the hardest steel cannot resist it.

One of the most useful and common scientific appliances which burglars employ nowadays is an oxy-hydrogen blow pipe, which produces such an intense heat that the metal against which the flame is directed is melted. Only a few months ago a safe in one of the London post offices was opened by means of one of these blow pipes. The burglars who accomplished the deed merely had as tools a bit of India-rubber tubing and a cylinder of oxygen gas. They fixed the tubing to the gas jet, turned on the oxygen and obtained a heat of 2,000 degrees, sufficient to melt the steel of a battle-ship.

Electricity, too, renders most valuable aid to the modern burglar. Some time ago the safe of a well-known wholesale firm of tobacconists was broken into and robbed of its contents. The safe was found to have a large hole melted through the door, and at first the police were considerably puzzled in their endeavors to find out how this had been accomplished. Ultimately it was discovered that the burglars had torn down the electric light wires which were installed in the building and used the current to fuse the metal. Needless to say, the men must have been skilled electricians, provided with an elaborate apparatus, in order to accomplish such a piece of work.

About two years ago a daring attempt was made to open the safe of a well-known firm of Hatton Garden diamond merchants. Fortunately the burglars were

disturbed in their work, and in their haste to escape left behind an assortment of beautifully made tool and an automatic furnace of a kind entirely new to the Scotland Yard officials. This automatic furnace was a remarkable contrivance, consisting of a semi-cylindrical shaped piece of metal, lined with asbestos and fitted with a mechanical "blast," the fuel used being coke and charcoal. These furnaces, which produce a keen, biting flame, are used to heat the sides of a safe, in order that they may be more easily pierced.

A remarkable safe-breaking exploit was reported from Paris last year, which shows with what rapidity the modern burglar can work. Four men, under official observation, were seen to break into an office and attack a large safe. They bored holes at each angle of the door and then knocked out four rivets. Bending the outside plate a little, it was gripped by a curious instrument with immense gyratory leverage, and absolutely rolled up like the tin of a sardine box. The lock was thus exposed to view, and the withdrawal of a few screws allowed the door to be opened. The whole operation only lasted a quarter of an hour, and it would be difficult to say who were most surprised—the burglars being arrested as they left the office, or the police, who had watched their operations.

It is a popular belief that the modern burglar relies mostly on skeleton keys in order to open a safe. As a matter of fact, skeleton keys are of little use to him nowadays, owing to the complicated and ingenious system of locks which has been invented. His favorite method is that of tearing open the sides of the safe.

Holes are first drilled into the metal and then with a lever the casings are wrenched apart by main strength. Failing in this, explosives are resorted to, the sound being deadened by felt, in which the safe is first enveloped. The lock is sometimes destroyed by means of nitroglycerin, while even dynamite, which the burglar discharges by electricity, has been resorted to.

The following device, however, which the modern burglar sometimes employs, is probably the most ingenious of all. He fills up the crevices of the door of the safe with putty, leaving only two openings. By means of an air pump applied to one of the openings he draws the air from within the safe. Meanwhile his confederate holds a card at the other opening, on which he pours gunpowder. The latter is drawn in between the body of the safe and the door by the air suction and is then exploded. This results in either the doors being blown from their bolts or forced open sufficiently to allow of a "jimmy" being used.

\* \* \*

SEVENTY-SEVEN per cent of the women and but 62 per cent of the men taking civil service examination are able to pass it.

## AN UNUSUAL BUSINESS.

ONE of the queer callings that men follow is to be found in the careful looting of graves in the southwest, along the southwestern coast of California both on the mainland and on the islands near the coast where once there were Indian towns of unknown antiquity. When the Indian dweller in these towns died, he was buried in a shallow grave, close by the hut in which he lived, and with him were interred all his household goods, mortars, pestles, fish hooks and everything else.

beads are found there which require great care in handling.

As they find these things they are packed in boxes, sacks, etc., until the hunters become weary of the eternal monotony and have secured all they can find or care to handle. They are then brought to the mainland where they are divided pro rata and the relics are sold to the highest bidder among the curiosity dealers, and by them sold to the individuals in search of curios, and thousands of the household goods of the primitive island dwellers of the Pacific coast are thus scattered all over the world.



THE LIBRARY OF THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

Men band together for scientific purposes and go to these places and spend the time in excavating these implements. Take the case of San Nicola, eighty miles northwest of Santa Catalina, and it will be found to be wind-swept and as lonely as could well be imagined. The island is practically a desert covered with sand. It seems to be possessed of life, as it is ever moving, blown by the air hither and thither and it is hardly possible to conceive of a more desolate place than San Nicola. The wind is always blowing and the sand is always flying. The seeker of relics goes to the island with his companions and remains there as long as he can stand it, digging up broken mortars, and the implements in use by the primitive Indian who lived there and which now constitute only a great graveyard. Thousands and thousands of

## TOAD AND NOT A TOAD.

ONE of the queerest reptiles in the world is the horned toad of Arizona. In the first place, though it looks like a toad and is so called, it isn't a toad at all, but a lizard. It lives nowhere save in the desert and lives on hard shelled beetles and other insects.

One of the oddest things about the creature is its way of fighting. Two horned toads will meet and fight like bulls by butting, not apparently with any notion of killing each other, but each trying to turn its adversary over. The toad that is finally upset goes away humiliated and hides himself.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE world is to have a new intoxicant made from the ti root, which is abundant in the Hawaiian islands.



## THE PHEASANT BUSINESS.

IT is only in comparatively recent years that the domestication of the English and Chinese pheasant has been undertaken in this country. The so-called English pheasant is a hybrid between a bird brought into England by the original Romans and the Chinese pheasant. The hybrid resulted in a finer and stronger bird and is the English pheasant of to-day. The Mongolian pheasant was introduced into the Pacific coast states some years ago.

What we wish to call attention to in this article, for the benefit of the Nook family, is what might be denominated a backyard industry, and it is in full blast here in Elgin and within gunshot of the Publishing House. The pheasantry of which we speak is operated by people here in Elgin and is the only one of its kind in the city. There are others scattered throughout the country but this one is the most available for our purpose.

About four years ago the owners of this pheasantry, being influenced by reading and having seen similar industries in the east, concluded to order a trio of the birds, which they got from an importer in St. Louis. They also got others from other importers. These different trios were crossed to prevent resulting inbred stock, so that those which they now have are beyond the pale of the dangerous incident of inbreeding. From these first trios they have raised many birds during the last four years.

The golden pheasant will lay from thirty-five to forty eggs, beginning about March and the hatch from these eggs will of course depend upon contingencies which cannot be foreseen or foretold, but no more trouble exists in raising the young from eggs than in raising other feathered barnyard fowls. The eggs are usually hatched by a bantam who will take care of the young as though they were her own. It has been found in practice that the pheasant, following the instincts of her wild nature will abandon her young at so early a date as to render their subsequent living a very uncertain quantity. The young ones are marked very much like the quail or ruffed grouse, indicating their wild origin by their protective coloring.

In the case of the golden pheasants the birds, both male and female, are exactly alike in coloring until the second year when the cock begins to take on his bright colors. The English pheasant gets his coloring the first year. The young of the twenty-eight different varieties known to science are alike in one respect, that is their protective coloring, and it will probably take centuries of breeding before this entirely disappears.

They are kept in what would seem to be an ordinary chicken house, with the exception that it is divided

by partitions into smaller enclosures and the whole both sides and top, is surrounded by wire netting to prevent their taking flight. Although the bird has been bred for centuries the instinct of flight is still present.

It should be remembered that the golden pheasant is not used for food, although doubtless it could be. It is too expensive a bird to use for table purposes, but the English pheasant is frequently used and is said to be of superior quality for table purposes. The stock raised in a pheasantry is not usually intended for food purposes but is kept for the sale of eggs. A setting of thirteen eggs is worth, in the case of the golden pheasant, about four dollars and the English pheasant about two dollars, there being no fixed price, the market being governed by circumstances which are obvious.

A trio of pheasants consists of a cock and two hens. A trio of golden pheasants when full grown would cost about twenty-five dollars while a trio of English pheasants are worth about ten dollars.

It is the male bird that is remarkable for its coloring. In general terms it resembles a brilliantly-colored game cock with an abnormally long tail. There is a yellow crest on the male's head with a hood of feathers mottled black and brown, down the back of the neck. The breast and lower part of its body are a vivid scarlet while the wings are more or less bluish green with yellow feathers along the lower part of the back. The tail may be a foot or more in length, straight out and hanging down at the tip somewhat like a peacock's tail and marked brilliantly.

The brilliant colored feathers, especially on the head of the male, have a decided market value among those whose business it is to make artificial flies for fishing. The male birds are spurred like a rooster and have a strident voice, not unpleasant to the ear. The little birds are about the size of the partridges and have a dusty, guinea hen look that would make them exceedingly difficult to see in the wild state.

The time to start a pheasantry is to buy birds in the early fall, as in the month of September all the dealers add one dollar per month on the price until spring. No birds are shipped in the summer.

Their food consists of what is ordinarily fed to cooped poultry with the exception that no soft or wet food should ever be given them. Both the young and older ones require a great deal of food in the line of green grass and green garden truck, and without this facility it would hardly be advisable for any reader to try to raise them.

It is entirely feasible for any bright young woman or man and wife, with a little ingenuity and some work, to make a fair living out of raising these birds. The demand is constantly increasing and it will be many years before the market is overstocked. It is

necessary to say that is advisable to get good  
s for a starter as the looks of them will largely de-  
fine their selling price.

\* \* \*

#### CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

Two distinguished Berlin physicians, Professors  
Fischer and Von Mering, have discovered what  
regard as an infallible cure for insomnia. They  
it veronal. It has been used with remarkable re-  
s, it is said, in a large Berlin hospital by Profes-  
Lillienfeld, who expresses the firm conviction that

are melted, with tin and zinc added, to make new  
cents.

\* \* \*

#### CALIFORNIA FRUITS IN GERMANY.

IN German markets California prunes and apricots  
are rapidly supplanting the products of France and  
Italy. The California fruit is cheaper and its flesh  
brighter and more solid.

\* \* \*

JAMES BUCHANAN DUKE is president of two tobac-  
co companies and receives a salary of fifty thousand  
dollars from each of them.



HARVESTING BARLEY IN CANADA.

ther medicine to produce sleep approaches veronal  
ertainty and intensity. He administered 450 doses  
xty patients of both sexes and various ages. Each  
ing after the dose the patient was fresh and felt  
the sleep had been wholly natural. In all of the  
rimental cases the heart and lungs performed their  
tions with the utmost exactitude.

\* \* \*

#### COINS ARE REMELTED.

WHEN a nickel with a big V gets into the United  
es treasury it goes to the melting pot because of the  
ger of its being gilded and passed for a \$5 gold  
e. Twenty-cent pieces have the same fate, be-  
e they are no longer issued. Old copper cents

A CATHEDRAL of the Greek church, to cost over a  
million dollars, is to be erected in Cleveland, Ohio.  
The Russian crown is to contribute largely to it.

\* \* \*

OF the world's hay crop the United States grows  
28,600,000 pounds. This is about half as much as  
Germany and two-thirds as much as England.

\* \* \*

THE average amount expended by farmers for help  
last year was seventy-five dollars per farm—an in-  
crease of eleven dollars over three years ago.

\* \* \*

IN the city of New York there are only 737,477  
white persons born of native parents.



## THE ORDINATION OF A BUDDHIST.

A CHINA paper of a recent mail brought a correspondent's full account of the April ordination of Buddhist priests, and curious and interesting reading it forms. Not that Buddhism has set times for the consecration of its ministers, as in the Christian church, though for convenience, or possibly some deeper meaning, the ceremony does usually take place in spring and autumn. No fixed center is arranged either, the ceremony taking place now at one chief temple, now at another, as funds permit. The expenses are enormous, as all the candidates, often 200 or 300 in number, receive hospitality during the whole examination period, which extends over five or six weeks.

The budding priests may be any age, ten or twelve is not unusual, fourteen to eighteen ordinary, and forty not unknown. They receive preliminary teaching in a priests' school, where the instruction given turns largely on subjects concerning the future vocation.

During the weeks which terminate in the ordination ceremony proper, teaching goes on night and day, with but few hours' intermission between midnight and dawn. In some of the larger temples of India a corridor of the priestly precincts is adorned with pictures vividly portraying the horrors and torments of hell, and lectures delivered after dusk beneath these grim specimens of artistic realism, with the uncertain glare of flaming torches for sole illumination, are calculated to make a profound impression on youthful minds. In addition to instruction, properly so called, the candidates are required during these preparatory weeks to perform all the services pertaining to their future office, until they have every ceremonial detail at their fingers' ends and could be trusted to carry through all the ritual under practically any condition of mind or body.

The final day of real initiation is in China—but not elsewhere—kept secret, the candidates being sometimes left in doubt until the very evening, for the service commences at night. The officiating priests are divided into two groups, one of which is occupied during the whole ceremony in intercession for those about to be ordained. The remainder, arranged in a triangle, of which the preacher forms the apex, are seated before the great screened Buddha, and chant a service of praise during the three hours. Meantime the chief officiating priest conducts the final preliminaries of candidature. The neophytes, seated in rows facing his desk, are called up individually, or in small detachments, to take the vows of celibacy, obedience and abstinence from specified forbidden pleasures. A sort of concluding oral examination in matters of faith, ritual and practice is also observed at the discretion of the conductor. This forms the introduction to the initiation proper, and at this point the officiating group, with

the preacher, retires to rest, while the candidates repose in preparation for fire ordeal before they pray for strength to endure it bravely.

Three hours or thereabouts—the time is not fixed—is allowed for these purposes; then the preacher, robed and crowned, enters in procession; incense is offered, and, having seated himself before the idol, he dresses the young men, gives an ordination charge in fact, and this closes his share in the proceeding. Immediately the preacher has withdrawn, the candidates having prostrated themselves before Buddha, kneel in their places. The officiating priests then light just the scarifiers—charcoal sticks an inch long, cone-shaped. These to the number of twelve are held in three rows on the shaven scalp, the officiator holding the head motionless between his hands, when, on a given signal each of these sticks is lighted by an assistant. The charcoal quickly burns through to the skin, and then for two minutes it has to be endured in full glow, after which the priest blows the ashes away, leaving the twelve burnt spots of completed ordination. It only remains for the newly-accepted priest to prostrate himself a second time before Buddha, and he has sealed his dedication.

Occasionally a weakling will faint under the ordeal, or still more rarely shrink from the torture; in such cases he is held in the kneeling position by priests, the validity of his orders remaining subsequently unimpaired by the occurrence. As a rule, however, great fortitude is displayed even by the little boys, notwithstanding that nearly half the children do not enter upon their vocation by choice, but merely as a result of parental vows, family custom or some such external cause.

Their presence as candidates adds a touch of pathos to the impressive scene, while their courageous submission to the fire introduces a painful element. No white man, at least, can look unmoved on the quivering of childish features. In China it is difficult for Europeans to obtain admission to an ordination but elsewhere the matter is more easily susceptible of arrangement.

\* \* \*

## COAL TAR'S MANY USES.

"COAL tar, which used to be a waste, is now yielding a good photographic developer," said a chemist. "What is there, indeed, that coal tar won't yield to-day? This viscid black substance, which is the remainder of coal after the gas has been extracted from it, gives us perfumes, beautiful colors, medicines, and what not. We get over sixteen shades of yellow, thirty reds, over fifteen blues and a number of greens and violets out of coal tar. Analines these colors are called, and clothes we wear are dyed with them. Many tipyretic or fever-reducing medicines come from

Antipyrine is one of the best remedies for fever we have. From coal tar we also get the various curious headache powders and headache tablets the druggists sell for ten or fifteen cents a packet. Ugly black stuff yields us delicate perfumes—urine, the 'new-mown hay' of the perfumers; vanilla from which the 'essence of heliotrope' comes, and artificial 'oil of bitter almonds.' A remarkable product of coal tar is saccharine, a substance surpassing sugar in sweetness. But the latest coal tar product is a developer for plates and films. The great dye and aniline manufacturers of Europe, handling coal tar in a huge way, are now going into the photographic business. They are making coal tar developers, experimenting in their laboratories with the aid of skilled photographers, and flooding the market with a developer that is at once excellent and cheap. When, we have to wonder, will the productive powers of coal tar be exhausted?"

\* \* \*

#### A VERY PRETTY EXPERIMENT.

One of the things that is not generally known in connection with nature study will afford a wonderful and interesting experience to the average Nooker. It is necessary that we have a good telescope, not one that an astronomer uses, but a good long-distance magnifying-glass. Now some clear night when the moon is shining bright at this season of the year, let him go out and bring his telescope to bear on the face of the moon. He will be astonished at seeing an immense number of birds crossing the face of the moon. A portion of the flocks of millions of birds who are making their migration south.

It is even possible to determine the kind of bird that is passing. Once the birds are seen, to him who has keen ears, may be heard the swish of wings and the sound beyond all question. Why it is that the birds migrate at night, both coming and going, is one of the mysteries of bird lore that no man as yet has been able to explain. Watching them crossing the face of the moon is an interesting thing, and when you remember the small space you see, compared with the vast area that you do not see, you cannot help wondering at the enormous number of the silent southern passengers.

\* \* \*

#### WORTHY OF IMITATION.

Among the many canine qualities worthy of imitation, a lover of the "four-footed brothers" emphasizes their contented resignation to the circumstances of life. Dogs, he says, do not go about trying to do better than other dogs by urging them to bark in the same way and bite with the same tooth as themselves; nor, if there is a merciful provision of nature, do they become bored by the people with whom their lot is cast

and want to try a new master every few months. Whatever the disadvantages of their homes may be, they stand by them and make a cheerful best of it. Over and over again a dog puts his heart before his outraged stomach and lets his affections dominate his indigestion rather than desert his master for a better board. Many a master, concludes the dog champion, would do well to emulate in points like these the meanest of his "little yellow curs."

\* \* \*

#### THE TURKISH CENSORSHIP.

THE New York *Outlook* tells a story illustrative of the vigilance of the Turkish censorship. There is a strict supervision over telegrams. A German engineer in the Lebanon placed an order with a Paris firm for some sort of a stationary engine to be shipped to him as soon as possible. The firm telegraphed to inquire how many revolutions a minute he wanted. He answered: "Five hundred revolutions a minute." The next day he was arrested. Brought into court, the judge asked him if he lived in the Lebanon. He replied that he did. "Do you correspond with such and such a firm in Paris?" "Yes." "Ah!" cried the judge, "I know you. You are the man who telegraphed to Paris that there are 500 revolutions a minute in the Lebanon!"

\* \* \*

#### A HOLY CARPET.

EVERY year a holy carpet is taken on a pilgrimage to Mecca. It is drawn by camels, and when it reaches the sacred temple it is kept there for a year, and then another takes its place. The carpet when it is new costs over thirty thousand dollars, being made of the finest and the richest of material, and beautifully embroidered with passages from the Koran, the holy book of the Mohammedans. The pagoda itself is covered with rich crimson cloth, heavily ornamented with gold.

\* \* \*

THE heaviest man in the world is said to be Lee Trickey, of Glenwood, Wis., who tips the beam at five hundred and sixty pounds. A few years ago he weighed seven hundred and ten pounds, but has fallen away to the former figure. Trickey follows the occupation of a teamster for a living.

\* \* \*

IN the arctic region a man who wants a divorce leaves home in anger and does not return for several days. The wife takes the hint and departs.

\* \* \*

THE brains of the Japanese, both male and female, average greater weight than those of the English.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

### WHEN YOU GET MARRIED.

As a good many Nookers, in fact all good ones, are either married or are going to be, the correct form of doing things may not be out of place. The following are a few general rules that ought to be observed.

Wedding invitations should be on heavy, pure white paper. A great many people use script which is always in good form. It cannot be done at the country printing office for it requires a special plate and a special press. We will suppose now that you have them printed and want to send them out. It is a good idea to have a sheet of tissue paper, folding the invitation so that the tissue paper comes between the printing and the blank side of the sheet, that is, fold the sheet so that the invitation is within the fold, and between the first and second pages, insert your tissue paper so as to keep the printing from offsetting, as it is called.

The invitation should be put in a white envelope, and it and the invitation in a larger envelope, which may be sealed, but leave open the one within.

Whenever it is possible accompany the wedding invitation with an "At Home" card. This better be on the card separate from the invitation.

If the wedding is to be at the church the invitation should be worded, "Request the honor of your presence," and if it is a house wedding it should read, "Request the pleasure of your company." You may also use the words, "Desire your presence," or, "Invite you to be present."

Do not use initials; spell out the names in full. Do not use titles if avoidable, which is nearly always the case. It is not absolutely necessary that the year be printed, but it is customary in most instances. The hour should be specified and the words, morning, afternoon, or evening, as the case may be, should be included. If there is a church wedding and it is desired to exclude the general public, admission cards should accompany the invitation.

The following form is given as being suitable for an invitation to a wedding: "Mrs. Martha Jones announces the marriage of her daughter, Jennie June, to Mr. John James Blackburn, on Wednesday, November the twenty-sixth, nineteen hundred and three, at ten o'clock A. M., Elgin, Illinois." The wording of the above card would apply in the case of a widow. If Mr. Jones were the only survivor of his family it would read "Mr. John Jones announces the marriage,"

etc., but it is entirely proper for Mr. and Mrs. Jones to unite in the invitation.

In the case of a church wedding the card referred to above might read as follows: "Present this card at the First Methodist Church, corner of Chicago street and Douglas Avenue, Elgin, on Wednesday, November the twenty-sixth, nineteen hundred and three at ten o'clock, A. M.

\* \* \*

### CHILDREN'S LUNCH ROOMS.

THE question of providing good drinking water and food for the school children is a very troublesome matter in the larger cities. In some places they have established restaurants where the children can buy food cheap and good. The following is a menu at one of these restaurants:

Creamed chicken, .....	5	cts
Beans, .....	5	cts
Beef loaf, .....	5	cts
Mashed potatoes, .....	3	cts
Cabbage salad, .....	5	cts
Potato salad, .....	5	cts
Olives and pickles, .....	1	cts
Hot rolls (two), .....	5	cts
Ham, roast beef, and mutton sandwiches, .....	5	cts
Pie, .....	5	cts
Ice cream, .....	5	cts
Cake, .....	5	cts
Fruit, .....	5	cts
Coffee, tea, or cocoa, .....	5	cts

\* \* \*

### WORKING WOMEN.

FROM Kokomo, Ind., we learn that the Ladies' Aid Society, of Markland Avenue M. E. church, embracing about two hundred prominent women church workers, marched in a body to the local canning factory and were set at work peeling tomatoes for the pickers. They went attired in old frocks and aprons, rubber boots, and other articles, as a protection from the slime and slush of the peeling and cooking rooms. The women carried their peeling knives in the procession, and propose to work two days each week as long as the packing season lasts. They will earn about sixty cents per day.

The women agreed to raise a certain sum toward enlarging the church and building a parsonage, and will go out and earn the money at the hardest kind of work. The canneries advertised for two hundred tomato peelers, and the church women were offered the jobs and accepted.

## GOING INTO MOURNING.

THE INGLENOOK is in receipt of an inquiry about the ethics of adopting a fashionable mourning. The book has some pretty positive notions about the matter but in this instance prefers to leave the matter for disposition by the readers of the Bureau Review. Will some of our thinking women write us their opinions on how far mourning in public may properly be carried if, indeed, it is regarded as desirable at all. Reference is had to the public demonstration in the way of dress and show. The columns wait for ideas on the subject.

\* \* \*

## HOW TO RELIEVE PRICKLY HEAT.

*Medical Medicine* suggests, since prickly heat is caused by the irritation from perspiration which can not easily evaporate, that it will be found better to resort to soap and water, used frequently, and to avoid alcohol and alkaline washes. Once a day, perhaps, the irritated parts should be gently bathed, then dried thoroughly, and afterward anointed with cocoanut oil, which is absorbed readily, and should be applied with a band. It is not greasy, and will not soil the clothing unless an excessive quantity is used.

\* \* \*

## HOW TO CLEAN OILCLOTH.

THE question is often asked, "Will it injure oilcloth to use ammonia on it? It cleans it so much better than soap." Ammonia, or any strong alkali, should never be used on a varnished or painted surface. Alkalies soften and remove the paint or varnish. When oilcloth is very much soiled, you can clean it with whiting made into a paste with soapsuds and rubbed on with a woolen cloth. Wash off with clear water and wipe dry.

\* \* \*

## HOW TO MAKE FURNITURE POLISH.

To make a cheap and excellent furniture polish take one ounce of white wax, one ounce of castile soap, half pint of turpentine, two ounces of beeswax, half pint of soft water. Dissolve the white wax and soap, which must both previously be cut into fine shavings, in the water on the stove and dissolve the wax in the turpentine. When nearly cold mix the ingredients together and the polish will be ready for use.

\* \* \*

ELIZA Z. BUZZARD, of Russel, Iowa, desires the INGLENOOK to say that in the cancer remedy published in the Doctor Book, the vitriol referred to is white vitriol. Those interested will please make a note of this. Perhaps better write it in the body of their doctor's letter.

## LEARNING GOOD TASTE.

A BUREAU DRAWER girl writes to ascertain whether or not there is a book that will assist her in the decoration of her home rooms. There are books that deal with general facts about home decoration, such as the harmony of colors, etc., but there is nothing in detail that will do her any good. The whole matter depends on the good taste of the individual, and there is no general rule applicable, at least not to individual cases.

\* \* \*

## BREAD PANCAKES.

MANY housekeepers think bread pancakes much more delicate than cakes made with flour alone. A good rule calls for two cupfuls of broken bread soaked over night in a cupful of hot milk. The next morning put through a sieve, add one heaping teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and two well-beaten eggs. Beat thoroughly, then sift in one cupful of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of soda. Lastly, add one cupful of sour milk and bake.

\* \* \*

## NUT SALAD.

ALMOST any kind of nuts may be chosen, though they should preferably be chiefly English walnuts. Cut them in halves or in quarters and squeeze lemon juice over them for fully a quarter of an hour before dressing the salad. Mix them then with half their quantity of quartered olives and a few of the small tender celery leaves, tossing all in a little mayonnaise that has been somewhat thinned with cream. Serve with toasted biscuit or brown-bread sandwiches.

\* \* \*

## COOKING OF DRIED FRUIT.

THE successful cooking of dried fruits is only attained by long soaking and slow cooking. Wash the fruit well and soak in cold water over night. Take out the fruit, add sugar and boil the water, skimming carefully. Put the fruit back, into the water, and simmer until tender. Dried fruit cooked in this way bears no resemblance to the tough, messy dish which is usually served.

\* \* \*

## CELERY AND POTATO CROQUETTES.

To two cups of mashed and nicely seasoned potatoes add half a cup of finely chopped celery; add a tablespoonful of butter and more salt and pepper if needed, and the beaten yolk of an egg. Shape into cylinder croquettes about three inches long and an inch thick. Dip in beaten egg, then into crumbs and fry in deep hot fat until a delicate brown.



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## ALWAYS IN A HURRY.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry;  
 She races through her breakfast to be in time for  
 school;  
 She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry  
 And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the  
 vestibule.  
 She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her  
 sewing,  
 Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a  
 crime;  
 She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,  
 And yet—would you believe it?—she never is in time.  
 It seems a contradiction until you know the reason,  
 But I'm sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state  
 That she never has been known to begin a thing in season  
 And she's always in a hurry because she starts too late.

\* \* \*

## THE CHILDREN'S FRIENDS.

BY LULA C. MOHLER.

IN Lincoln Park, Chicago, are to be seen many tiny ponies that are hired to children to ride and some "grown children" hire those that are hitched to pony carts to drive about the park.

Of course this is pleasant, for in a city it is impossible for some people to keep ponies and everyone enjoys a drive. But it makes one feel sad to see those ponies having to live such a hard life. For they surely must be tired when the day is over: having so many children climbing on their backs and making them scamper over the drives of that beautiful park. And then some children are not very kind and when Pony didn't act as they thought he should he got a sharp blow with the whip or a jerk on his tender mouth.

I know of many children who have the pleasure of owning a pony, and many "Little Inglenookers," too, and sometimes they are not very good to their animals. They put the bridle and saddle on him, or hitch him to the cart at any time, and sometimes ride him until dinner time, and then a good part of the afternoon, never thinking he gets tired. I have known them to actually leave the saddle on him all day long.

Now a plan that would be good for the pony would be for you to ride him for a while then take him home. Remove the saddle and bridle, rub him down and let him have the rest of the day on the grass.

You can find many other pleasant things to do, and

then the pony enjoys himself too. Pony will be longer and you can know you are good to him.

Some children like to pull kittie's ears and hold her around by her tail, and sometimes you find by a scratch on the hand that she doesn't enjoy. Papers are tied around her feet to see her walk free. Sometimes she is blindfolded, and altogether she has a pretty hard time of it. The dogs and all other pets, at times, are not treated any better.

Now, if you feel like abusing some plaything, you may use the doll or rocking-horse, for they can't feel. But it is nicer to be kind to them too.

God gave us the ponies, birds, cats and dogs to give us a pleasure to us and expects us to treat them kindly and feels sorry when we are not good to them.

Leeton, Mo.

\* \* \*

## \* SELF-DENIAL.

ONE morning, as Harry and his parents were sitting at the breakfast table, Harry seemed for a while engaged in a brown study. Presently he exclaimed:

"Father, I have made up my mind not to eat any more salt mackerel."

"Ah! What has brought you to that conclusion?" asked his father, with a look of earnest inquiry.

"Because," continued Harry, "Sunday-school teacher said that we ought to give up something that we might have money to put in the mission box."

"Well, but what has induced my boy to choose salt mackerel as the thing he will give up?" asked his father.

"Why," answered Harry, "because mackerel does come very often; and I don't like them very much anyhow."

Now, do my young readers think there is any self-denial in that? I will tell you what self-denial is.

Little Jennie, who dearly loves oranges, received one just ever so rich in its beautiful golden color, and plump with its delicious juice. Instead of eating it she ran around the corner and gave it to little Emma who was sick, and whose mother was too poor to buy for her such luxuries. That was self-denial.

When you give away something that you really want, that by doing so you may make another happy or when you give up something that you are really fond of, that you may have money for mission or other good purposes—that is self-denial.

## The Q. & A. Department.

were the publicans of Christ's time hated?

Holy Land at that time was under the Roman having been conquered by the Romans. Naturally all the public offices worth while were held by Romans, but there were a good many natives employed officially, and as tax gathering was a considerable part of the Roman government the tax collectors were a hated class. The Jews hated the Romans on all principles, and naturally hated one of their number who worked with and under the conqueror. The word publican means a government official.

✱

What is hay fever?

Hay fever is a catarrhal affliction of the eyes, nose and throat, caused by the irritating effects of the pollen of certain grasses and plants. Not everybody is subject to it and there is no known cure except to get away to the mountains. The attack comes on in the latter part of May and continues six or seven weeks.

✱

Where can I obtain a copy of the almanach de Gotha or a copy of Burke's English Peerage?

These books, as well as all others, may be ordered from the Brethren Publishing House. It is useless to ask the Nook for any further information, as the report of thing belongs to the business end of the

✱

Do not all false religions teach violence as a means of saving one's soul?

Buddhism will not kill any animal nor even an insect. It is the boast of the religion that out of 50,000,000 members of the faith not a drop of blood has ever been shed in the interests of the sys-

✱

Who was Alfred the Great so called?

Because he was really great. He was the first to establish courts in his land, and he laid down the principle that right should take precedence over might. He also founded the modern system of education.

✱

Where is there any book that teaches good manners?

There are many of them. None of them will do much good in actual practice in everyday intercourse.

✱

What does it cost to carry on the postal service?

More than one hundred and thirty millions of dollars a year.

Is there any way by which poisonous mushrooms may be distinguished from edible ones?

There is absolutely no way by which the inexperienced may determine the poisonous ones. Rules have been printed from time to time but they are not reliable, and the only way to make sure of a mushroom is to buy the spawn and grow them yourself.

✱

Can the curvature of the earth be seen?

Yes. To those who are able to see it. A line a mile long, laid out upon the earth, will have eight inches of a curve. Surveyors take this into consideration when surveying for a canal. For two miles it would be nearly thirty-two inches.

✱

Is glass more elastic than India rubber? I have heard it so said.

Yes. Glass, steel, and even ivory are more elastic than India rubber. India rubber has a wide range of elasticity but will give out, and not come completely back to its original position, after a few bendings.

✱

What substance is used on the back of mirrors to make them what they are?

Nearly all mirrors are nowadays made of silver in the form of a solution. A good while ago they were made of tin and mercury, but the silver works better.

✱

Is the surface of the lake level or convex?

The curvature of the lake will follow the curvature of the earth and a lake a mile long is almost eight inches higher in the middle than at the sides. This can very readily be demonstrated by a surveyor.

✱

Are there people in the city who make a business of buying for others?

Yes, there are, and this business requires a peculiar knowledge and skill. It is not a very common thing and is a profession that is not overcrowded.

✱

It is said that the Sultan of Turkey maintains spies in this country. Is this correct?

In all probability it is correct in a limited way, but it would be hard to prove.

✱

What became of the original books of the New Testament?

Nobody knows. They are utterly lost. Written on papyrus, easily cracked and broken, they have utterly vanished. Only copies survive.



## LITERARY.

*Everybody's Magazine* begins to be something more than an entertaining ten cents' worth of fiction and articles. An identity has been developed—a sturdy and aggressive identity all its own and full of interest and promise. Thus far, the magazine has prided itself on the timeliness of its features and the healthy virility of its fiction. Now, it has found itself, entered on its own mission, headed out on its particular crusade. The key-note of this individuality is the article by Alfred Henry Lewis, in the October number, "The Madness of Much Money." This is a scathing attack on the vulgar displays of great wealth to which the new generation of millionaires has treated the country. With a brutal directness Mr. Lewis diagnoses the madness which often goes with much and sudden wealth, and ridicules unsparingly the gilded idlers who make up the so-called American aristocracy. It is a rough, even a pitiless, arraignment of certain prominent persons and it is safe to be generally read and appreciated all over the country. Throughout this number the magazine shows a purpose to depart from the baleful worship of Mammon and its possessors which characterize so much of the writings in current periodicals.

✱

*Lippincott's*, for October, is before us. It contains Frederick Reddaless' complete story, "An Heir to Millions," as the feature of the month. There are half a dozen shorter stories by various authors of more or less prominence, while the articles of more than passing interest are in themselves worth the price of the magazine. *Lippincott's* is one of the magazines that does not print pictures, in consequence of which the reader gets a great deal more for his money than he does when he buys the illustrated ten-cent magazine. Buying *Lippincott's* is like buying a book because the stories which it gives will subsequently be made up in book form and sell for several times the cost of the magazine. It may be that *Lippincott's* is just the thing you want, and if so, you can get it at any news stand.

✱ ✱ ✱

## HE HAD TAKEN HIS NAP.

THE friendly and familiar atmosphere of the average small rural western church sometimes gives rise to embarrassments. Dr. David is a prominent man in a little far western church and he generally takes a quiet little doze during the sermon. Sister Sarah is an elderly, long-winded woman, who likes to "exhort" after the preacher has concluded his remarks. Not long ago, at a night service, Sister Sarah arose and discoursed at great length. The listeners became visibly restive. Dr. David also arose and said bluntly:

"Sister Sarah, it would be an imposition to this congregation any longer."

With flashing eyes Sister Sarah retorted:

"'Tain't no impersition on you, doctor; you've got your nap."

Then the clergyman, with uplifted hands, said mildly: "Let us be dismissed."

✱ ✱ ✱

## FLOWERING HEDGES.

DON'T, unless you are at swords' points with your neighbor, set out a stiff hedge of cedar, or then any of their varieties, but rather mark your boundary with something calculated to sweeten one's term of life and the air, at the same time. Of course, such a thing is not practicable between fields, but it is practicable and beautiful also between yards and gardens and even the more pretentious lawns of greater estates.

If one must have a fence, why not erect one of living plants and cover it with climbing roses, honeysuckles, etc. These form a charming background for the shrubs in front, and also answer the purpose of stopping the passage of fowls, dogs, and all that ilk.

Some plant them all of one kind, but I prefer to intermingle several varieties, that some may always be in blossom.

Those of one variety are lovely indeed, during the season of bloom, but it generally does not last long, and then its glory is past, while the different varieties always offer one or more bright spots to cheer the hearts of the owners and passers-by. Scatter a good lot of pansy seed along the front edge, and see how they like the conditions.—F. A.

✱ ✱ ✱

## A VEGETABLE FROM JAPAN.

A NEW vegetable which is beginning to appear on American tables somewhat resembles a Jerusalem artichoke, and is called the Japanese crosne. It did not originally come from Japan, but is now cultivated extensively in France, from which land of delicate feasting it has reached these shores. Crosnes are described as being about two inches long and less than an inch in diameter at the thickest part. They are something like stubby little spindles. Uncooked they are used as garnishes for salads, and with a French dressing as a salad by themselves. In Japan they are pickled. When they become known, other uses will doubtless be found for them.

✱ ✱ ✱

"THE NOOK is a welcome visitor at our table and is getting better all the time. You just ought to see Bro. Vaniman enjoy the INGLENOOK."—Mrs. M. V. Vaniman, Kansas.

✱

"ONE of the Nook's delighted readers."—Rev. C. Foutz, Pa.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

OCTOBER 13, 1903.

No 42.

## JUDGE NOT.

Who are you, to sit in judgment on the saying or the song,  
With a finger raised and ready to determine right or  
wrong?

Who are you, to weigh the motives of another's thought  
or act—

In a solemn contemplation warping fancy into fact?

Who are you, to scent the evil? Is your impulse free  
from grudge?

Is the world a tittle better for the judgments that you  
judge?

Who are you, to take the measure of an erring fellow-  
man?

Whence the power and precision of your comprehensive  
scan?

How you hold the scales in balance! I have never un-  
derstood

Why you shouted out the evil; why you whispered of the  
good.

Who are you, to wait the moment, when with wink and  
smile and nudge

You may call the world to witness of the judgments that  
you judge?

Who are you? But who am I, to set you down a hypo-  
crite?

Who am I to doubt the justice of the judgments you have  
writ?

Who are you, to judge the others as they come across  
your view?

Who am I, to sit and murmur of my discontent with you?

How do we know—puny critics!—as the way of life we  
trudge

How we wring the heart of justice with the judgments  
that we judge?

❖ ❖ ❖

## JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

*Self-reliance elevates a man.*

❖

*True greatness is always gentle.*

❖

*There is no such a thing as a safe sin.*

❖

*Frequently real grief makes God real.*

❖

*Don't buy anything because you want it but wait  
until you need it.*

*It costs nothing to aim high.*

❖

*Envy is admiration gone to seed.*

❖

*Anger never really did much good.*

❖

*To be ignorant is not to be orthodox.*

❖

*Wise benevolence is always good business.*

❖

*Application is the best exposition of scripture.*

❖

*An ambitious man is not always a wise man.*

❖

*Old-fashioned honesty never goes out of date.*

❖

*Give up the holy day and we lose every holiday.*

❖

*No man with a great heart can lead a little life.*

❖

*A boy is not a boy if he does not like to play ball.*

❖

*The only loyalty that never fails is a mother's love.*

❖

*Sometimes it costs more to win than it does to lose.*

❖

*You cannot tell a genius by the length of his hair.*

❖

*It is well to look ahead but keep a good hold on the  
present.*

❖

*To be in tune with the good we must be at one  
with God.*

❖

*Poverty often keeps lots of us from making fools  
of ourselves.*

❖

*It is hard to understand that everything is for the  
best, but that is no reason why we should not make  
the best of everything.*



### OLD SPANISH MISSIONS.

ALL over the western part of the United States, especially the southern portion, every here and there, one will come across Spanish names, and now and then, especially in California, old mission churches. There is an air of romance hanging over these churches that interests everybody. In brief the history of them is as follows which cannot fail to be instructive to the average Nook reader.

A hundred years ago, more or less, all the western part of the United States, what is now California and other nearby sections, belonged to old Mexico and was under Spanish dominion. Whatever faults the Catholic church may have, lack of mission service is not one of them. We talk about our mission service and our mission workers, but they are as nothing compared with the Catholic workers who took their lives into their hands, and started into the interior of the wilderness thousands of miles. They never expected to return to their homes again and most of them never did.

Now just imagine, if you will, a Spanish priest somewhere in Spain being ordered by his superior to proceed to Mexico, there to enter the mission field. He first sailed for Vera Cruz, and when there staged it or tramped from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, three hundred miles away, over some of the highest mountains and most arid plateaus to be found in the world. From there, if he were ordered to the north, there was about a thousand miles journeying across the unbroken plains until he came to the border of what is now the United States. Crossing the river, which is now the boundary between the United States and Mexico, the priests wandered away into the interior as far north as New Mexico and even up to San Francisco.

The whole country was practically unsettled and the government would give the church an enormous grant of land, and the priests would settle down to convert the Indian which was not a very difficult thing to do, for the Indian, unlike the Red Man of the plains, was a born town dweller and naturally lazy. The priests planned a mission building along the lines of architecture prevailing in their beloved Andalusia, in far-off Spain. As a rule the buildings were built of adobe, which is simply sun-dried bricks of mud, but which hangs together remarkably well in a semitropical country.

The roof was made of tiling, burned for the purpose, and the mission's general features were a large enclosure with a high wall around it, and on the inside the church was always built along the same general lines of architecture, and the living rooms were fronted by a covered walk, with pillars and arches supporting the outer edge.

From this central portion all the surrounding Indian tribes were taught religion from the Catholic point

of view. They were baptized into the Catholic church and received elementary instruction in the morality of the day and age. The Indians did all the work and their service was unpaid. While what one of them did was practically nothing, the multitude of workers compensated for the indolence of the individual.

Bells were cast in the home country and followed the priests and were taken on horseback or by mule-train even up to the Pacific coast line. The priests brought grape cuttings from the old world and planted the olive tree, and generally surrounded themselves in their new home in first-rate imitation of the places they left in the old country. Thus it comes that the mission grape was introduced, which was simply a grape grown at the missions and originally came from Spain. The old olive trees are still in evidence.

When the white man occupied the country shortly after the discovery of gold, the church became neglected. The simple-minded Indian could not stand civilization and melted away, while the Mexican who remained clustered about the church and is there to-day in his picturesque indolence and unsanitary surroundings.

The total value of these missions was vast. Some of them are the most artistic ruins that can be found anywhere. Some are accessible from the railroad and in fact, the railroad runs right by some of them in California, San Juan Capistrano, for instance. Although many of these mission buildings have gone into disrepair, there is still a church, a place where the simple native dwellers gather to participate in the service of the mother church.

In California, these mission points were one day's journey apart, so arranged that those who left behind them the sound of the matin or morning bells of one mission, reached by a comfortable day's journey the sound of the vesper or evening bells of the next mission point.

It was a day and time when everything went slow and dreamily. There was no hard work of any kind because there was no need of any. The priests dreamed away their days under sunlit skies, and to this day there are only the ruins to attest to what was once a scene of religious activity and a day of indolence.

\* \* \*

### A MODEL PRAYER.

A SOUTH sea islander at the close of a religious meeting offered the following prayer: "O Lord, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear—soon to be taken off and folded up in a box till another Sabbath comes around. Rather let thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies—ineffaceable till death."

## IN THE RICE FIELD.

BY J. P. CRUMPACKER.

I HAVE been working in the rice fields, harvesting and threshing, for almost continuously four weeks. We are in the midst of one of the most bountiful rice crops that has ever been grown in Southwestern Louisiana. The crop is much larger than ever before and the yield is something wonderful. It will average about forty bushels to the acre and some report fifty to sixty bushels.

periodicals. The INGLENOOK has been in receipt of a number of letters of inquiry in regard to it. We would be glad to hear from anybody, who reads the INGLENOOK, who has tried ginseng culture and can tell something about it, its difficulties and its profits. We do not care for any word from the man who has ginseng to sell, but what we want is the experience of the man who has put money into it and either succeeded or failed.

\* \* \*

It was a kind-hearted farmer in the Michigan fruit belt who turned the nozzle of the insect spraying



CUTTING WHEAT IN CANADA.

The weather is almost perfect to care for this heavy crop, and about a week more will finish it up and then for six weeks or more the hum of the thrashing machine will be heard in the land and not until Christmas will all the rice be stored away in the mills and warehouses.

Laborers are scarce and wages are good. We would be very much pleased for some of our good Nookers in the North to come and see this beautiful country with a view of locating among us. Our latchstrings are always out.

*Roanoke, La.*

\* \* \*

## ABOUT GINSENG.

GINSENG as a special crop is being advertised extensively all over the United States by the high-class

hose away from a plum tree in which a robin with appealing eye had its nest. The husbandman used the hose on all his other plum trees, but when he came to pick his crop, lo, the robin tree yielded fourfold that of the others. The kindly farmer saw a great light, and now says it would be well if every plum tree bore a robin's nest.

\* \* \*

"SAY, mamma," queried little Mary Ellen, "what's a dead letter?"

"Any letter that is given to your father to mail, my dear," replied the wise mother.

\* \* \*

THE unexplored antarctic region, which equals Europe in size, is the largest unexplored area in the world.



### "CHICAG'."

FROM a Chicago paper we extract the following that will interest Nookers:

Chicago is just 100 years old.

The population of the city is 2,231,000.

The area of Chicago is 191 square miles.

Three thousand one hundred and ninety-four men, inclusive, constitute the police department.

The city measures twenty miles from north to south.

During 1902 Chicago firemen saved the lives of 144 people.

The total mileage of water pipes now in use is 191,874 miles.

Including those of the trust, there are 1,224 retail cigar stores.

The total value of all the fire department property is \$2,090,560.

During 1902, 20,500 marriage licenses were issued by the county clerk.

Fourteen police officers are assigned to cover each square mile of the city.

Retail meat markets, of which there are 1,578, are scattered all over town.

Chicago's parks, seventeen in number, are collectively the finest in the world.

The total expenses for running the city of Chicago for 1902 were \$15,065,428.99.

The grocer is much in evidence, as there are 4,532 retail grocery establishments.

One thousand one hundred and ninety-eight men are employed in the fire department.

It costs Chicago \$20,000 a year to remove the snow from the principal business streets.

Forty thousand men call the cheap lodging houses "home" during the winter months.

The water works pumped and distributed 130,892,288,020 gallons of water during 1902.

Two hundred and forty-four subpostal stations, inclusive, are located throughout the city.

In 1901 the total grain shipments to Chicago amounted to 245,207,653 bushels, inclusive.

The longest thoroughfare in Chicago is Western avenue, which is twenty-two miles in length.

One thousand five hundred and twenty-seven miles of sewers were in operation Jan. 1, 1903.

Three thousand one hundred and seventy-five dressmakers are engaged in clothing Chicago women.

There are 5,802 saloons, 60 asylums, 76 pawnshops, 37 cemeteries, and 140 constables in Chicago.

Finely appointed office buildings to the number of 366 are conveniently located throughout the city.

Eleven thousand homeless men were given food and shelter in the municipal lodging house last year.

Chicago is rapidly becoming a musical center. Its orchestra is considered the best now in existence.

It requires the professional skill of 1,175 dentists to keep upwards of 2,000,000 sets of teeth in order.

The total expenditures for the city of Chicago for the three months ending March 1, 1903, were \$20,356,591.33.

In 1902 the clearings of the associated banks amounted to \$8,394,872,351.59; the balances were \$653,199,396.54.

Two hundred and ninety hotels cater acceptably to the large and increasing demands made upon them by visitors.

The grain—that is, the wheat, corn, oats, rye, and barley—received during the last year amounted to 185,537,374 bushels.

It required the services of 15,910 people to transact the city's business last year, for which \$14,675,847.93 was paid in salaries.

The total street mileage in a straight line would reach from Lake Michigan to the Pacific. The official total is 2,798.34 miles.

The flour received at Chicago during 1902 amounted to 7,395,207 barrels, of which 5,839,441 barrels were shipped all over the world.

There are ninety-four engine companies, five fire boat crews, twenty-seven hook and ladder companies, and four hose companies.

There are four elevated railway systems now in operation, which compare favorably with similar methods of transit elsewhere.

The profession of Blackstone evidently strikes the fancy of the ambitious Chicagoan, as there are fully 4,071 lawyers at present record.

There are 395 artists, 477 watchmakers and jewelers, 353 architects, 826 bakers, 1,920 barbers, 193 photographers, and 11 express companies.

As a port of entry Chicago collected \$9,565,452.96 in import duties last year. During the same period 7,179,053 tons of merchandise were received.

Within the confines of the city are to be found 780 churches, 29 convents, 21 libraries, 58 hospitals, and 292 public schools, attended by 275,000 children.

Chicago's admirable free bath system induced 208,539 men, women, girls and boys to experience the delight of a dip in Lake Michigan last summer.

Chicago's city council is composed of seventy aldermen, two of whom are elected by each of the thirty-five wards which constitute the city proper.

There are six railroad stations in Chicago, at which twenty-nine different railroads enter. At these stations 1,416 trains arrive and depart every twenty-four hours.

Five thousand one hundred and twenty-five fires occurred during 1902, involving property to the total value of \$112,998,325. The loss over insurance was \$513,628.

While Chicago's death rate is but 16.2 per thousand of population, there are 3,192 physicians, whose prescriptions may be prepared at any one of the 922 drugstores.

Twenty thousand manufacturing plants, with an invested capital of \$600,000,000 and paying employes \$200,000,000 in salaries, manufacture products to the value of \$1,000,000,000 annually.

Chicago is essentially a city of flats or apartment houses, of which there are 868. In addition to which there are 1,290 furnished room establishments, conveniently located throughout the city.

There are 630 laundries, 217 of which are Chinese; 62 chiropodists, 18 Chinese stores, 33 caterers, 757 carpenters and builders, 17 calciminers, 49 cabinet makers, and 113 building and loan associations.

Chicago's public library compares favorably with the leading libraries of the country. During the last year the library was visited by 121,239 people, during the same time 1,751,498 volumes were issued for home use.

It requires fifteen national banks, to adjust the financial business of the metropolis of the west, while thirty-six state banks and trust companies are at present bulging with the deposits of the prosperous, industrious and prudent.

The name Chicago has been evolved from Che-cau-gou, a name given by the Illinois Indians to a fort which in the early days was located on the Chicago river. Practically defined in plain English, Chicago means strong, mighty, powerful.

Dressed beef to the amount of 1,049,801,765 pounds, 909,918 cattle, 831,728 sheep, 1,251,798 hogs, 150,615 pounds of dressed pork, 382,498,069 pounds of lard, and 660,869,799 pounds of meats in various form were shipped out of Chicago during 1902.

\* \* \*

#### HOW CORN IS IRRIGATED.

BY S. Z. SHARP.

CORN is not one of the leading crops of most irrigated countries because other crops are more remunerative, such as alfalfa, potatoes, sugar beets, etc., but corn has uses for which scarcely any other cereal can be substituted, such as meal, poultry feed, and to finish fattening hogs, hence it is raised in considerable quantities. In all the mountain valleys of the arid regions the nights are cooler than in the humid valleys of the Mississippi and the Missouri, hence the amount raised

per acre is not as large in the former as in the latter sections, yet forty and fifty bushels per acre is not uncommon in western Colorado. The fact that it is always a sure crop if the farmer does his part, will to some extent make up for what it lacks in quantity.

The manner of raising corn by irrigation differs materially from that practiced in countries dependent on rain for moisture. "Listing" corn would not do here. Much of the success depends on the manner the ground is prepared before the seed is planted. It is a good plan to plow the land in the fall, letting the weeds germinate, then harrow and destroy them; this will leave the ground in fine shape next spring. Here is one way of planting for irrigating:

When the land is well plowed, harrowed and leveled, then it is furrowed out or creased about three and a half feet apart, then the farmer walks along this furrow with a hand planter and plants the seed along this furrow in a line about four inches away. The water is then let into the furrow and the ground is thoroughly soaked.

When corn is to be raised on a larger scale, then the land is plowed, harrowed, and leveled. Then it is creased and well irrigated and the corn is planted with a regular planter drawn by horses. The ground having been first irrigated, the corn will soon spring up. When it is of sufficient size the farmer cultivates it with a cultivator especially adapted to corn that is to be irrigated. A large shovel is attached to the side of the cultivator next to the corn row which makes a crease for irrigating and the water is turned in each time the corn is cultivated, or not, as it is deemed necessary. In most cases the corn is irrigated too much or too often. When once the ground is well soaked in the spring, more depends on cultivating than irrigating to make a good crop. Most farmers irrigate from three to five times in a season.

One of the advantages of raising corn by irrigation is, that it can be irrigated at its most critical period, that is when it is blossoming and silking. We have seen perfect forests of tall green corn, just out in tassel, all dried up in three days and all prospects of a crop made to vanish. The tassels turned white and the leaves of the corn were rolled together like cigars in that short period, but the farmer who irrigates his corn never worries about such a calamity. He is always sure of a crop.

*Fruita, Colo.*

\* \* \*

TRAIN robbers have invented a new way of securing money from railroads. They send a notice to the General Passenger Agent and demand a large sum of money or they will blow up the train. Thus far no serious damage has resulted but efforts have been made to carry out the threats.



## HOW THE INDIANS HUNTED THE BUFFALO.

Now that the buffalo is almost extinct it is interesting to read of the way the Indians hunted the animal. Gen. Burt, who spent years on the plains, writes of the methods of the red man.

A trip to the national zoological park at Washington with my little granddaughter a few days ago, where the scrumpy little bunch of buffalo were fastened up in a ten-acre lot, almost brought tears to my eyes, as I recalled the countless herds of these magnificent animals that roamed the plains in "the frontier days of long ago." I shall not write of their extinction,—that is a matter of history,—but it strikes me that the younger generation, and many of the older ones, would like to know something of the Indian mode of hunting these animals. About this time in the year, when the buffalo was at his fattest, preparations began for the "great fall hunt," which was made for the purpose of killing sufficient animals, not only to furnish dried meat for the next winter's supply, but heavy skins for tepees, parkies, saddles, etc., and lighter ones for clothing, bedding and for trade. Runners were sent out to scour the country for long distances, and seek out the most eligible situation for the hunting camp. It must be near water, of course; there must be plenty of timber, wherefrom to cut poles for the erection of the drying scaffolds; there must be level ground for stretching and drying the skin; and, above all, it must be in a region abounding with game.

The spot being selected, the whole band moved to it, lodges were pitched, scaffolds erected and everything put in order for work. The dog soldiers were masters then, and woe be to him who disobeyed even the slightest of their democratic regulations. If the game was not abundant, a few of the most sagacious hunters were sent out, who, taking advantage of winds and streams, set fire to the grass in such a way as to denude the prairies, except within an area of fifteen or twenty miles contiguous to the camp. A prairie fire on the middle or northern plains was not, as a rule, violent enough to be dangerous to animal life. The game did not stampede before it, as would appear from the pictures in the geographies, but got out of the way and collected on the unburned ground for the food supply, thus greatly diminishing the labor of the hunt. Other conditions being favorable, the camp was, whenever possible, pitched in a broken country, for the favorite and most successful mode of killing large numbers was by "the surround," and this was only practicable when hills and hollows, breaks and ravines, rendered the approach to the herd easy, and prevented other herds from seeing or hearing

the commotion and noise attendant upon its destruction.

All being ready the best hunters were out long before the dawn of day. If several herds of buffalo were discovered, that one was selected for slaughter whose position was such that the preliminary maneuvers of the surround and the shouts and shots of the conflict were least probable to disturb the others. A narrow valley with many lateral ravines was very favorable. If the herd was on a hill or otherwise unfavorably situated, the hunters might wait for it to go to water or by discreet appearances at intervals drive it to the best spot. During all this time the whole masculine portion of the band capable of doing execution in the coming slaughter was congregated on horseback in some adjacent ravine out of sight of the buffalo, silent and trembling with suppressed excitement. The herd being in proper position, the leading hunters tolled off the men and sent them under temporary captains to designated positions. Keeping carefully concealed, those parties poured down the valley to leeward, and spread gradually on each flank of the wind, until the herd was surrounded, except on the windward side. Seeing that every man was in his proper place and all ready, the head hunter rapidly swung in a party to close the gap, gave the signal, and with a yell that would almost wake the dead, the whole line dashed and closed on the game. The buffalo made desperate rushes, which were met in every direction by shouts and shots and circling horsemen, until, utterly bewildered, they almost stood still to await their fate. In a few moments the slaughter was complete. A few may have broken through the cordon and escaped. These were not pursued if other herds were in the vicinity.

The slaughter completed, the "soldiers" returned to camp to swell and strut, and vaunt each his own individual exploits, while the women skinned, cut up and carried to camp almost every portion of the dead animals. As soon as those skins were stretched, that meat cut up in flakes and put to dry, or in other words, when the women's work was done, another surround was made with like result, and this was continued until enough meat and skins were obtained, or until cold weather drove the Indians to their winter camp.

The weapon principally used in the surround was the revolving pistol, though some men used carbines and others bows. When bows and arrows alone were used each warrior, knowing his own arrows, had no difficulty in positively identifying the buffalo killed by him. Those were his individual property entirely, except that he was assessed a certain proportion for the benefit of the widows or families which had no warrior to provide for them.

If arrows of different men were found in the same dead buffalo the ownership was decided by their position. If each warrior inflicted a mortal wound the buffalo was divided or not infrequently given to some widow with a family. The head hunter decided all these questions, but an appeal could be taken from his decision to the general judgment of the dog-soldiers. When the general use of fire-arms rendered impossible the identification of the dead buffalo, the Indians became more communistic in their ideas, and the whole of the meat and skins was divided after some rule of apportionment of

meat was cured; then broken up and all proceeded in search of another herd.

The buffalo is the most stupid of any of the animal creation of which I have knowledge. If it sees or smells no enemy a herd will stand still until every individual is shot down. Probably from this very stupidity it was at some times the most easily stampeded or panic stricken of any of the plains animals. A herd which during one hour may stand and be shot at, may the next hour rush headlong over the prairie in the wildest, blindest paroxysm of fear, oftentimes without any assignable cause.



THRESHING SCENE IN CANADA.

their own invention. Only the lazy and poor shots are satisfied by this arrangement, but it was the only solution of the problem left to them.

In those portions of the plains where the depressions were too slight to favor the "surround" the arrangements were totally different. On discovering a herd the dog-soldiers were deployed in a wide semicircle and approached the unsuspecting animals at a slow walk. When the near approach of the line alarmed the herd sufficiently to start it on the gallop, a signal was given and the whole line dashed in at once, pursuing and killing the frightened animals until every pony was completely pumped. In such case the camp was a migratory one and pitched as near as possible to the scene of slaughter until the squaws "cleaned up" and the

#### LOOKING A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH.

"YES, sir, before we accept your donation we want to ask you a serious question."

"Go ahead. What is it?"

"We want to know how you acquired it."

"Acquired what?"

"Your money."

"But what difference does that make?"

"It makes just this difference. If you acquired it by what is known as questionable means it isn't nearly large enough. If it was made in a legitimate pursuit it is munificent. That's just the difference."

\* \* \*

"WE can do more good by being good than in any other way."



## NATURE



## STUDY

## AN EARNEST INDUSTRY.

THE *Saturday Evening Post* tells a good story about the naturalist who would serve as a model to the youthful Nook Nature Study people who may be discouraged under ordinary circumstances. The *Post* goes on to say that Dr. Wm. L. Ralph, zoölogist at the United States National Museum, is engaged on a publication designed to complete the great work undertaken by the late Major Charles Bendire, of the Army. The two quarto volumes on North American birds issued by Major Bendire, which are already regarded as classics in ornithology, represent the life-work of a brave officer who found time while in charge of Western garrisons to carry on valuable scientific studies.

Major Bendire had many exciting adventures both as naturalist and soldier. One of the most remarkable of these occurred one day when, riding horseback up the Rillitto Creek, he saw, circling above, a zone-tailed hawk. As the nesting-habits of this bird were not then known, Major Bendire watched carefully, and when it started up the channel of the stream he followed. When it finally lighted on a dead limb of a large cottonwood tree near the entrance to Sahuaritto Pass the officer was alone, five miles from his military camp, and in a region bristling with bands of hostile Apaches.

He was prompted at first to shoot the hawk in order to make certain of his specimen. Just as he was about to fire he changed his mind, placed his rifle on the ground and proceeded to climb the tree. It was a providential manoeuvre, for as he reached the nest he chanced to glance across the ravine and saw crouching at the edge of an escarpment a band of Apaches, fully armed. They had been watching him as he had come up the cañon and were waiting to get a dead aim.

To descend, secure his rifle and attempt to get away as quickly as possible, but without sign of haste, was the officer's chief concern. Imminent though his peril was, it could not overcome his ardor as a naturalist, and so before sliding down he secured the one egg in the nest, which by its bluish-white tint and general appearance he identified, even in that moment of excitement, as belonging to the species *Buteo abbreviatus*, which he had followed. That he might not injure the egg he placed it in his mouth. Glancing out of the corner of his eye, he saw the Indians craftily peeping over the rim of the ravine, their rifles cocked.

The soldier-naturalist reached the ground, picked up

his rifle, and stepping so that large trees screened him from the Apaches, he regained his horse and started toward camp.

Once on high ground Major Bendire spurred his horse to full gallop. Then the war-cry of the Apaches sounded, and leaping on their horses they gave chase. In all that exciting ride the soldier-scientist preserved safely in his mouth the precious egg of the zone-tailed hawk. By the time he reached the garrison, where he was safe from pursuit, he found that his jaws had set in such a way that the services of the surgeon had to be invoked to extricate the egg without breaking it. The operation was painful, and Major Bendire could have escaped the ordeal had he chosen even then to let the egg be crushed. This he would not under any circumstances agree to. Finally the egg was removed, and now forms a part of an exhibit in Washington, but with no legend to explain the unique and thrilling story of how it was secured.

\* \* \*

## WILD FRUITS OF OREGON.

BY RUTH E. ROYER.

THERE are many kinds of wild fruits which grow in Oregon; the greater part of which are berries. Wild strawberries ripen about two or three weeks earlier than the tame ones, and as they are the earliest fruit to ripen they are welcomed eagerly, especially by the children. Then follow the salmon-berries which are yellow, and shaped like the large red raspberries. They are not very palatable from the bushes, but are nice with cream and sugar. Wild blackberries and blackcap raspberries ripen together and are superior to the tame berries for canning. Thimble berries grow in profusion along old fences and around old, deserted buildings. The bushes grow from two to five or six feet high. The leaves are large and light green. The berries are bright red and fall off very easily. Salad berries grow on low bushes and the berries all grow on the under side of the stem. They vary in size from a small pea to half the size of a cherry, are dark blue when ripe, and very sweet.

I have heard that they are sometimes dried and used as a substitute for raisins. Jelly is also made of them. The wild cherry is very pretty to look at, but that appearances are sometimes deceptive will be proven to the person who is tempted to try them, for they are very bitter and are not used for anything.

The wild grape of Oregon is our emblem flower. It grows three or four feet high. The leaves are stiff and hard with sharp points on them somewhat like oak leaves. The blossoms are yellow and look somewhat like wild mustard from a distance. The grapes are very sour but are liked by some.

Then we have the common elderberry and red and black huckleberries. The wild currant bushes are beautiful when in bloom. The blossoms are red and bright pink. There are clusters of small flowers which make a large blossom on each stem. The currants are considered poisonous by many people.

*Damascus, Oregon.*

\* \* \*

#### SOMETHING ABOUT IVY.

MOST poisonous and most beautiful, winding its way all over the United States as far as Utah, is the poisonous ivy, a plant of the sumac family. The stem of this climber is of a tough and woody fibrous nature, thickly covered with hairy, tenacious tendrils, by which it climbs over stones, trees and fences. The leaves are composed of three leaflets and in June the plants put forth clusters of loose, greenish, opaque flowers, which later become a berry of a greenish white. When the ivy reaches the top of a support and has no hold for further upward growth, it pushes forth short, stubby arms in every direction, turning fence posts into grotesque yet beautiful plant-like forms. In the autumn the ivy beautifies the landscape with a riot of colors, from yellow through all graduations to a modest crimson. When the poison ivy is exterminated we will be rid of a pest, but our landscape will also lose one of its charms.

The poison of the ivy is exuded from the plant, an acrid, slightly volatile oil, which permeates the skin of the victim. Some people are so susceptible to the poison that a breath of wind from the plant is sufficient to start the torturing skin irritation. Other people seem to be immune, and can handle the plant with impunity. Even those who consider themselves immune had better be careful, however, or they will sometime experience the slight twinge on the skin which is a warning that they have been ivy-poisoned. Everyone, therefore, beware of the vine with a hairy, woody stem, three leaflets and berries of greenish white. If you have inadvertently got ivy oil on your skin, rub it off with dirt. Water will do no good.

\* \* \*

#### THE SNAKE AND THE MOUSE.

BY D. Z. ANGLE.

ONE day, a few months ago, my sister called me to the house to kill a snake. Responding, I found his snakeship located under the lower edge of the weath-

er-boarding against the cellar wall. But he was not there for nothing; for, to my surprise, I espied a mouse squeezed within spiral-like coils of the wily serpent, which I concluded was a garter snake, as it had broad, bright, copper and gray colored stripes running around its body. I hesitated as it looked a little like a benefactor slaying a mouse, as they are such pests. Snakes, however, are more loathsome and objectionable than mice, especially if they should do like the mice, come and live with us in our houses and barns. The snake made no effort to get away from me, in fact, was too much occupied with killing his mouse and unable to travel. So, having decided to despatch him, I fired a rifle ball through his brain and he immediately relaxed his hold on the mouse, which was already dead. This is the first mouse I ever saw killed by a snake and the first snake I ever shot.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

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#### VERY LIKE REASON.

THE crows and other birds that carry shellfish high in the air and then let them drop upon the rocks to break the shell show something very like reason or a knowledge of the relation of cause and effect. Froude tells of some species of bird that he saw in South Africa flying amid the swarms of migrating locusts and clipping off the wings of the insects so that they would drop to the earth, where the birds could devour them at their leisure. Our squirrels will cut off the chestnut burs before they have opened, allowing them to fall to the ground, where, as they seem to know, the burs soon dry open. Feed a caged coon soiled food—a piece of bread or meat rolled on the ground—and before he eats it he will put it in his dish of water and wash it off.—*John Burroughs in Century.*

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#### THE POLAR BEAR.

The polar bear will not wander very far from the ice oceans of the north. The result is that his habitat is extremely narrow, though it girdles the world in the arctic regions.

He wanders along all the northern coasts of the continents and the shores of the arctic islands. Peary has seen him on the edge of the most northern land yet discovered around the north coast of Greenland.

If we were to visit Iceland for a look at the polar bear we should have to go to the north coast to see him. The waters washing the other coasts appear to him a little too warm for comfort. This is natural, for the south coasts are under the influence of the warmer waters of the Atlantic, and the polar bear cannot understand why anyone should enjoy life in such an uncomfortably hot climate.



# THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

THE INGLENOOK is a publication devoted to interesting and entertaining literature. It contains nothing of a character to prevent its presence in any home.

Contributions are solicited, but there is no guarantee either of their acceptance or return. All contributions are carefully read, and if adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine, will be used. The management will not be responsible for unsolicited articles.

Agents are wanted, and specimen numbers will be supplied as needed.

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(For the Inglenook.) 22-24 South State St., ELGIN, ILL.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

Vergangene Zeiten kommen niemals wieder;  
Schön ist die Jugend, sie kommt nicht mehr;

Sie kommt nicht mehr,

Sie kommt nicht mehr,

Kommt auch nie wieder; schön ist die Jugend,  
Sie kommt nicht mehr.

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## CONFEDERATION OF CAPITAL.

LAST week, in the city of Chicago, there was a remarkable meeting. It was held at the Auditorium Hotel, and consisted of the representatives of six hundred employers' associations. The object of the meeting was to organize a combination to avoid destructive organized labor. One of the things they did was to issue a call to the manufacturing interests of any size or importance to have a meeting the last of October in order to effect a permanent combination. As near as could be gathered from the proceedings, which have been secret thus far, the intention is to put up a large sum of money for the purpose of meeting and combating the labor organizations when they reach an obstructive and destructive point.

Ever since there has been a boss and a laboring man, there has always been more or less friction between the two. The matter of wages to be paid and the hours of service constitute the usual basis of complaint. This thing has spread and ramified until every known guild of workmen has established a union and has its rules. It has attained such a degree of activity that no employer, and indeed no employed person, knows what is going to happen him next week. The employer may have a large contract to fill, which would be a matter of profit to him and indirectly to his hands. The union finds it out and thinks it is a good time to

stop work, and walk out with a demand for an increase of pay. This they do very often, losing their wages and crippling the interests of their employer. It has come to such a stage that no man, where labor is fully organized, knows, when he starts to build a house, whether or not he is going to get through with it without trouble. Where there are large manufacturing interests the strike ghost is always walking in the office. It has come to be unbearable and threatens to drive some very prominent and important industries out of the field entirely.

On account of this condition of things the employers have come together and will organize as thoroughly as the striking element and then will come trouble.

The INGLENOOK sympathizes with the laboring man and he is entitled to as much honor as the man who works in any other department of human activity, no matter what it is, but there is sense in everything, or the lack of it, and it may take bloodshed to bring the man who hires and the man who works to a just appreciation of their several rights.

The INGLENOOK counsels moderation and the exercise of hard common sense.

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## VISITING THE OLD HOME.

WHEN a boy has left his home surroundings, gone out into the world, and spent his early manhood in active life, there sometimes comes over him an overwhelming desire to get back to the scenes of his childhood. It is perfectly natural, and most people go.

If the Nook was giving advice about this thing of making a pilgrimage back to the old place, it would advise that the trip be not made. There are many reasons for this, but the main one is that it is better to go through life with a pleasant picture of early life than to be disillusioned. Perhaps no man ever went back to his early playground without going away saddened, and this is the truer when he has seen much of the world and has had a widely-extended experience.

The old house is in a sad state of repair, while the people who now live there let everything go to pieces so far as the old landmarks are concerned. The house is smaller than it used to be, the hill back of it is not as high, the creek is not so wide, and all the old animals and familiar sights and scenes are either so radically changed or have so entirely disappeared that the effect upon the visitor is a saddening one.

Moreover the boys and girls of thirty years ago have grown up, married, and moved away or settled down for themselves. These people will not know you, and if they do will care little for you. The little red schoolhouse is torn down and the teacher is dead long ago. A new set of children have come

on and you will not know them at all until you ask the names of their fathers and mothers, and it will all come to you like the awakening of a dream that you have passed out of the present life and are not in touch with what now is.

The tall hickory tree and the walnut trees down in the meadow will have disappeared, the swimming hole in the creek will be partly filled up, and there will not be a bird or beast or any living thing to greet you who knew you when you were young. Your picture of your early youth will be wrecked. It will be much better for you to leave it hang on memory's walls as it now appears than to go back home and have it all broken up.

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#### YOUR FRIENDS.

How many friends have you? The real thing is meant, not your raft of relations, but the people who would stand by you through thick and thin, and after the last had happened to you. It is a matter you have never really thought about, because there has been no real reason for you to think about it. It is understood that you have a lot of acquaintances, and possibly no end of relations, but that is not what is meant.

Suppose now that you had lost all of life that is worth having, that your property, your good name, your everything had gone, whether innocently or not, cuts no figure, how many of your professed friends would stick to you and stand for you? Of course you don't really know, but it has been the experience of those who have been through it all that at the very most no person has as many as half a dozen, and if there is one or two it is the average, or beyond the average. The Nook does not know from personal experience, but speaks from the experience of others who have been in the lowest depths. They unite in saying that no man has more than a couple of real friends when all is said and done. It is a sad commentary on human nature, if it is true, and those best qualified to know say it is true, that of all the friends, so-called, so few of them are the real thing.

There is a moral to it, too, and that is while we never know who these few are, it is well to treat all as though they were the treasured ones. It is better to overvalue the many than to underrate the few who are the refined gold when the time comes to test their relations to us.

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#### EVIDENCES OF CIVILIZATION.

THERE are a good many evidences of civilization taking hold of the public. One of them is the increase of moral sense in the direction of protecting helpless animals. A few years ago it was not deemed specially wrong to wear the whole or part of the

body of a bird as an ornament. Now there is a growing feeling against the idea that any bird should be murdered in the interest of fashion.

Then there is the feeling that it is better to study birds and animals at first hands with a camera than to go out and do them a death with a gun. The laws of the States in regard to cruelty to animals is another evidence that the world is growing better. A century hence people will wonder as much about the slaughter of animals in 1903, with guns, etc., as we do at the Christian bull-baiting of the Roman heathen.

Human slavery has received its death blow, and the whiskey traffic is doomed, it being only a question of time till it will not be sanctioned by the law. There are other signs of the awakening of a higher moral sense, and surely the world is growing better. It would be a pity if it were not.

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#### TEMPTATION.

Is there any man so strong that he is able to avoid temptation, or to not allow it to run into acts? Those who know much about human nature say that there are very few men who are able to successfully avoid the outcome of long continued temptation. It is true that all do not yield to the same inducement to err, but in some form or other nearly all, if, indeed, we may not say that all will in the long run go to pieces more or less. This is not a pessimistic view. It is not saying that all men are bad. It is saying that no man is perfect, and that the sin that does so easily beset us will, if we do not keep away from it, be the means of tripping us in the end. The only sure way to avoid the results of temptation is for us to keep out of its way, the farther the better.

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*The Inglenook requests every reader of either sex, who goes to school, either public or private, to send us on a postal card the name and post office address of the teachers of the school which they attend. There is a special reason for this which will be made public a week or so later and it is one in which every Nooker is interested. As a preliminary to this matter we desire the teachers' addresses. In a special way do we desire the names and addresses of the country school teachers. We mean by this the actual teachers and if the schools are not yet open and it is known who is going to teach, send us their addresses as well. We have something in contemplation that will be of interest to every reader of the Inglenook and will tell all about it in a week or so. In the meantime send us the postal card with the address of your teacher. In this way you may become an unconscious part in a great scheme which we have in mind and which will be of the greatest interest to every Nooker. Send us the names.*



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## GENERAL.

Mt. St. Helena was in eruption Sept. 15.

At Fergus, Minn., snow fell last Sunday.

A massacre of three hundred Jews is reported from Russia.

Our trade with the Philippines is growing and will continue to grow.

A big corn carnival is on at Bloomington, Ill. A very large crowd is in attendance.

Wm. J. Bryan, of Lincoln, Nebraska, is excoriating Roosevelt. It has not developed yet what Roosevelt thinks of Bryan.

Our Virginia friends will be glad to hear that the man who founded Bridgewater College paid the Nookman a visit last week.

One hundred and fifty men between the ages of twenty and forty are wanted by the United States as teachers in the Philippines.

The Civil Service examination will be at the Chicago post office Oct. 19 and 20. The salaries run from nine hundred to two thousand.

Pope Pius X has issued his first Encyclical. In it he urges the bishops to coöperate in the work of establishing an empire of the church on earth.

It is reported that the powers, Austria and Russia, have decided to interfere in the Bulgarian matter and come to the assistance of the Macedonians.

A severe storm passed two miles southeast of Princetown, Illinois, Oct. 4, killing three persons and destroying a large amount of farm property.

A young married woman, twenty-nine years of age, has been arrested in New York for embezzling fifty thousand dollars from the firm that employed her.

Four railroad laborers were killed and thirteen injured in the collision at the southern end of the yard tunnel on the Southern Pacific railroad near Chatsworth.

The Presbyterians and the Cumberland Presbyterians have been in session four days at St. Louis, Mo., trying to get united. The matter was referred to a Committee.

Canada is going to build a railroad running much farther north than the present Canadian Pacific. It will open up a wonderful country. It will extend from ocean to ocean.

There are three hundred thousand pupils in the public schools of Chicago; a great many more are in private schools.

The Kansas corn crop is said to be about seventy percent of a full crop. The governor of the State estimates that there will be about one hundred and ninety million bushels.

Tom Horn, a notorious cattle thief, will be his own executioner on Nov. 20, at Cheyenne, Wyoming. The gallows are so constructed that the condemned man springs the trap himself.

The Passenger Steamer, Erie S. Hackley, foundered in a furious gale in Green Bay, Wisconsin, last Sunday. Nine passengers survived. It is said to have been the worst storm for years.

Three Van Wormer brothers, boys, were electrocuted on the first of the month at Dannemora, New York. The three boys were executed for killing a farmer near Kinderhook, New York.

A band belonging to a theatrical company, while passing through the streets of Jackson, Miss., frightened a mule to death. The owner wanted and got one hundred and fifty dollars for the animal.

In Cincinnati, five hundred white and three hundred colored children, of the Lock Street Public School, engaged in a race riot, and the police had to be summoned to straighten them out.

A party, composed of about a dozen persons, all of the same family, or at least related, were run down by a Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington train. Five were killed and three others badly hurt.

Peter Elliott, an insane Swede from Minnesota, was arrested in Washington after a fight, while trying to see President Roosevelt. He had a revolver with him and would probably have made trouble.

The postal inquiry in regard to the frauds has reached an end. About thirty or forty indictments have been found, ranging from a former postmaster general down to the clerk, and embraced both parties.

A Chicago tailor has sued a woman for whom he made a suit, and which was refused because it did not fit. After the measure and before the delivery she had taken sick and lost thirty pounds. The tailor thinks he should not lose by it.

It is said on the authority of the president of the North Dakota Agricultural College that good corn can now be grown in Dakota. This has been brought about by planting quick maturing corns which the exigencies of the case demand.

There is quite a mix-up in the labor department of the government printing office and President Roosevelt is taking a part in it in the way of investigation, etc. It is said that there are several millions of labor votes dependent upon the decision in the case.

The American Pomological Society, which met at Boston in the early part of September, condemned the Ben Davis apple. The Ben Davis will not grow well in the east and does well in the middle and far west, and the western fruit growers are asserting its superiority.

F. S. Smith, of South Bend, Ind., claims to have invented something that will revolutionize mechanical engineering, and that in the future engines will not require boilers to generate steam. According to his statement there is no storage of steam, as it is used as fast as generated.

A Chicago Traction Company car was run down by a Wisconsin Central passenger train with the result that six were killed and as many more injured. It happened at Fifty-second Avenue, at half-past six, last Wednesday evening, and is another accident to the credit of the grade crossing.

Dr. Dowie states that, with the invasion of New York City, he expects to establish a Zion City somewhere on the Atlantic Coast, and another will be founded on the borders of the Pacific. From these cities and the one just north of Chicago, he expects to start out and conquer the world.

Senator Fairbanks, as soon as the regular session of Congress opens, will take up a matter in which he is much interested. The senator believes that the rural telephone will make it possible for the postmaster to open a special delivery letter and read it to the man in the country. It meets with much favor in his neighborhood.

Mrs. I. F. Guller has been indicted by the Macoupin County, Ill., Grand Jury for the murder of a six-year-old boy whose father was engaged to take charge of the Union Dairy Company's office in place of Mr. Guller. The post mortem examination of the boy's stomach revealed large quantities of strychnine, which the woman is said to have purchased from a local druggist.

An innovation in the telegraph business has been put into use on the New York Central and Hudson River railroad, between New York and Albany. By its means a single wire can be used for both telegraph and telephone messages at the same time. While the operator is sending a telegram at one end another person can be telephoning a message without the slightest interference.

The loan sharks, of Chicago, who advance money on salaries, are said to have about six hundred Chicago school-teachers in their grasp. They charge about five per cent a month on an average.

The people who have been threatening to blow up the Northern Pacific railroad unless they were paid a certain sum of money, carried out their threat. No harm was done other than several engines were wrecked.

On the schooner Amboy on the Lakes is a woman cook which the Seaman's Union declare to be in opposition to the rules. Four times this woman has been ordered off by the Union agents, only to be hired again. The men for whom she cooks are satisfied.

Little eight-year-old Anna Jedlicka was run over by a truck in the streets of New York City. At the post-mortem a twenty-five cent piece was found tightly clasped in the little child's right hand. She got the money a few minutes before she was killed and was on her way to buy a doll with it.

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#### PERSONAL.

Wilson S. Bissel, Cleveland's Postmaster General, is dead in New York, of cancer.

John D. Rockefeller, the multi-millionaire, has said to a Baptist minister that he has found great comfort in religion.

Miss Olive Backus, after forty-three years of service as a Chicago teacher in the public schools, has resigned and expects to live in California. She is seventy years old.

George Hendel, eighty-three years old, of Royal Center, Ind., has made arrangements for his cremation. He is afraid that he will be buried alive and wants to make sure of it.

Sir Michael Herbert, British Ambassador to the United States, died a day or two ago in Switzerland. He was sick only a few weeks, having taken cold which developed into quick consumption.

David Nation, the ex-husband of Carrie Nation, died at Medicine Lodge, Kan. He had been ill less than a day and died of hemorrhage of the stomach. He was divorced from Mrs. Nation and some very unpleasant criminations and recriminations passed to the public.

Rev. B. W. Bosworth, pastor of the Baptist church in New York City, is being criticised by his congregation for using custard pie as an illustration in his sermon. The congregation says it is not dignified, while the preacher sticks to it that it was all right.



## NEWSBOYS' PROFITS.

THE *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, writing about the profits of street merchants of youthful years, has the following to say:

The ten thousand newsboys of Chicago are the city's greatest moneymakers. In the loop district these gamins outclass the bank clerks, the messengers, the shop workers, and the stenographers almost two to one in the amount of their earnings. Scores of them make as much in one day as boys in other lines of business make in a week, and many of them do it by working half-days only.

The Chicago newsboy is a wonder. He sells more papers than a fellow tradesboy in any other city in the world. He makes more money than four-fifths of the people who buy from him, and, though educated in the street, his earnings would put many a college graduate to shame.

Scores of the gamins sell more than five hundred papers a day. Many sell more than one thousand daily. That is a business that would turn the head of the boy of any other city in the land. And he is the best newsboy in the world. He neatly folds the papers he sells; he doesn't try to "short change" his patron; he is as polite as he knows how to be to his regular buyers, and he knows the value of and guards religiously his chosen place of business.

To any worker five dollars a day looks like lots of money, but in the heart of Chicago there are newsboys who make that much every day. Some of them keep large families on their earnings, pay the rent, buy the clothes, bread, and beer for all of their name. Some of them have been making money at this rate for years. Some own their own homes, and all of them, obviously, own the streets in which they ply their business.

The newsboy, like the English sparrow, is a street dweller. He is saucy, chattering, and nervous, like the sparrow, but he is also keen, wily, energetic, and self-preserving. He works hard for every cent he gets and he never lets up as long as there is a paper to sell. Some of them are prodigal with their earnings when a crap game is going, but at other times they will fight five minutes for one stolen paper. He works hard all day, and when he sits down on the curb at night to count his money it is not of the sales he has made that he thinks, but of the sales that he missed.

Many of these boys, who make from \$3 to \$5 a day, have literally been reared in the streets. They have fought their way up from among their business rivals, and have fought away the competition of others until they are a part of the corners where they stand. Some of these corners have been held

for years by the same boys, or by boys of the same families.

These corners are considered the property of the boys, just as a farmer holds that his land is his own. Any encroachment by a rival means an appeal to the policeman or a hard fight for exclusive possession. Many boys know they can appeal to the policemen and get help. The corner newsboy who owns a stand and is a fixture is the policeman's friend, and a friend in more ways than one.

The policemen had a pay day last week. The newsboys knew it. The newsboys always know when the bluecoats have a pay day, for on that day the ragamuffins generally get their money back, and a little interest, too. It is not supposed to be known at headquarters, or any place else, but it is a fact that the newsies are money brokers to the police. There is a rule against assigning salaries to money sharks, but the police have found a way.

The other day, while the writer for the *Sunday Inter-Ocean* was standing on a downtown corner, talking to a newsboy of the prosperous sort, a crossing policeman came up and stood for a moment beside the news stand. After a moment he nudged the boy and slipped something into his hand. When the policeman had walked back to the crossing the newsboy dropped a quarter into his pocket and smoothed out a bill, and placed it in a small purse.

At the corner of Clark and Monroe streets a small Italian boy owns two news stands, and during the greater part of the day he watches them both and scurries back and forth across the street whenever a prospective buyer stops beside a stand. This boy is thirteen years old, and his average daily sales reach one thousand copies, on which he makes five dollars. He is one of the few silent newsboys. He rarely raises his voice to cry the papers. He has a long string of regular customers, as has every well-located newsboy in the downtown district. He "inherited" the stand from his father, who held down the corner until he earned enough money there to buy a Desplaines street saloon. Antonio is the boy's first name. He cannot spell his last name, and at different times he pronounces it in different ways. His family came from Italy three years ago. In the time since the business on the two corners of Clark and Monroe streets was started he has fed, housed and clothed a family and bought a saloon.

The newsboys nearly always have a monopoly of a corner so far as the news stands go. The boys who carry their papers under their arms, flip the cars, and dodge among the pedestrians on the sidewalks are not barred from competition with the owners of stands, and there is a sort of Free-

masonry among them that permits these non-descript "tradesmen" to go where they please.

The four corners of Clark and Washington streets are controlled by Patrick O'Byrne. He now looks more like a well-groomed business man than a newsboy, but he owes his prosperity and the five thousand dollars' worth of property he has accumulated to the news business. O'Byrne began selling papers on the southwest corner of Clark and Washington streets twelve years ago. He holds the record for sales, having himself sold twenty-two hundred papers in one day. He now sells, on all corners, twenty-five hundred papers daily. At one time—the day after President McKinley was shot—he sold more than five thousand papers.

From the newsboys' viewpoint one of the best stands in Chicago is in the approach to the Van Buren street station of the Illinois Central railroad. This stand is more affected by the vacation season than any other in the city, but in the dullest times Alex Mollard, the newsboy, sells seven hundred papers daily, on which he makes a profit of more than three dollars. In the autumn and winter his sales increase to from one thousand to twelve hundred daily.

One of the stands at Monroe street and Wabash avenue is owned by Frank Monoco, an Italian boy. His parents lived for awhile in Chicago, but returned to Italy. He sells eight hundred papers daily, on which he makes about four dollars.

At Madison and La Salle streets Joe Flanagan, one of the best-known newsboys in Chicago, has his stand. He has stood on the one corner continually for fifteen years. He now sells seven hundred papers every afternoon between 1:30 and 7 o'clock. He formerly remained all day at business, and his sales were then much greater, but he says he doesn't have to work so hard now, and that he doesn't intend to do it.

The number of newsboys in Chicago is much greater in proportion to the population than it was a dozen years ago. That is accounted for by the disappearance from the streets of the bootblack. The bootblack is never seen nowadays on the downtown streets, although there are four thousand of these boys in the shoe-shining establishments in Chicago.

The shoe-shining "parlors" ruined the trade of these boys. It took time to do it, but when men found they could get their shoes blacked without making a public exhibition of themselves, they forsook the boy with the box. The bootblacks used to make from three to six dollars daily, but when their trade began dying out they threw their boxes away and became newsboys.

The majority of the newsboys are Italians. Very few Americans are found among them. The American boy prefers to go into a business office as messenger at four dollars a week to standing on the corner and crying papers for as much per day. The American boy will deliver papers on a route, or will keep one of the stands in the outlying districts, but down town the Italian youngsters have a practical monopoly of the business.

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#### THE WEATHER.

ONE of the most confusing things to the average Nooker is the condition of the temperature over the country. It is true only in a general sense that the farther south you go the warmer it gets, and the farther north the colder. Taking the official weather reports of Sept. 23, we have the following: Out at Abilene, Kan., it was seventy-two degrees, as also at Medicine Hat, which is farther north. It was seventy-four at Salt Lake City and also at Vicksburg, Miss. Away up in the Dominion of Canada it was forty-four and the same at Marquette, and at Winnipeg, Canada: It was seventy-two at Los Angeles, Cal., Denver, Colo., and Memphis, Tenn. At Calgary, Canada, it was sixty, while at North Platte it was the same. Chicago registered fifty-eight, and Davenport, Iowa, showed fifty-six as also did Des Moines in the same State. Away down in New Orleans, La., it was only eighty, while it was seventy-eight up in Helena, Mont., and again only seventy-six at Atlanta, Ga. St. Louis registered sixty-six, El Paso, Texas, seventy-six, Nashville, Tenn., seventy-eight, while it was about seventy at both Norfolk, Va., and Oswego, N. Y.

Thus it will be seen that weather does not follow latitude very closely but that there are conditions altogether outside of the north and the south that influence temperature. There is nothing more conducive to equable temperature, whether for hot or cold, than the presence of a large body of water, which makes the overlying air of a common temperature. It serves to equalize the heat and cold. This accounts for the kind of weather they have on one side of a great lake where it is so much different from the other side. It is what makes the states of Washington and Oregon warm and Labrador cold.

It is also a further fact that down in the tropics, if you are on the top of a mountain high enough, and there are plenty of them, you would freeze to death if you stayed out over night unprotected from the cold. All these things should be taken into consideration in the selection of a home, and the official reports will tell the story correctly every time.

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M. CURIE, the discoverer of radium, has found that the rays of radium color glass a violet blue.



## GOVERNMENT SPIES.

THE *London Express* tells us how spies for the various governments operate in times of peace.

There are many things about each other which nations would like to know. In order to discover what they must know, but are not allowed to, civilized states employ military spies. They may be military or naval attaches, duly accredited to an embassy, or secret agents, who are sent to reside or travel in those districts from which information is required by the intelligence department. The work of the first class is not unimportant, but it is not risky. The officer may not overstep the bounds of common honesty, and rarely, if ever, attempts to achieve anything secretly.

He is closely watched and knows it. If he becomes a strong center of attraction he may divert the attention of watchers from some secret agent who is possessing himself of the particulars the attache is ostensibly so anxious to acquire, but is successfully prevented from securing. The attache is useful as a clearing agent. Spies become possessed of facts which are of no real value to those who employ them, but are assumed to be worth much to the agents of other countries, and an exchange of "pieces" is effected. Sometimes apparently useless information is sought simply for its exchange value. For instance, some years ago two British officers created considerable annoyance in Russia by their persistence in hanging about the district in which the autumn manoeuvres were to take place. They were invited to join the staff—the British attache was there—but this honor they declined.

Then representations were made at the British embassy, where the officers were unknown, and subsequently they disappeared for a time, only to be discovered at the end of the manoeuvres in one of the five great fortresses which protect the west frontier of Russia and the one that had been the center of the military operations.

Had these men been Prussian officers their position would have been dangerous and an unpleasant international incident might have occurred. The Russo-German frontier is nothing to Great Britain, neither is the Franco-German. We exchange the first "piece" with Germany for the second, and the second with France for a little bit of news about Russia in Asia which India believes to be important. And thus we get home.

Each country has its own peculiar sphere of interest to which it devotes its greatest attention. Great Britain has so many that properly speaking it has none. But India is always alarmed as to Russia, and agents—British and native—of the Indian department are ever busy seeking particulars likely to be of service when we have to defend an empire which

already in the military sense extends from Aden to Hongkong. Most of the Indian agents, in Russia, are officers of the Indian army, but, needless to state, they do not travel as such. Some affect to be tourists of an innocent but inquiring turn of mind; some go as commercial travelers; some lean to religious propaganda, while others collect curiosities.

These agents have been so energetic and so prolific in their disguise that in the south of Russia the bona fide commercial traveler excites suspicion. The Russians now insist upon all "commercials" being licensed and taxed; moreover, the intelligence department has found the orders for goods obtained by its travelers somewhat embarrassing.

As a buying agent the spy has also worked well. No Briton can now go across the Caspian to purchase skins any more than to sell hardware or even just to amuse himself, without his letters being opened and the company he keeps being carefully noted.

Elsewhere than in central Asia the inquisitive foreigner is likely to be detained as a suspect if found near a dock yard, arsenal, fortress, masked battery or military undertaking of any kind. The real tourist may excite suspicion, and no doubt many of the people arrested are innocent, but occasionally a spy is captured, and usually, of course, is liberated after inquiries.

Foreign consuls are apt to be much more energetic, emphatic and positive when a government agent is taken than they are when the innocence of the parties held is so apparent that it needs no proof. In ordinary circumstances, when the spy is known he thereby becomes innocuous, and he knows it. If discovered, the impolite Russian way is to forbid him to enter the country or to declare he came from a plague-infested port or that he is a Roman Catholic or a Jew.

The polite way is to offer him a guard or helpmate or companion. The spy is then shown what he must see and as soon as he has seen and reported, the various military dispositions are changed so that the information he obtains is worse than useless, being actually misleading.

The polite British way is to take the recognized spy around the golf links and give him pegs of whiskey and tell him soft stories as he sits on a stool enjoying (?) interminable regimental cricket, then to send or take him home a happy, talkative man, with nothing to tell. That is what happens when a Russian vessel calls at Perim "for water" or Russian officers show themselves curious as to the forts at Aden.

Many are the dodges resorted to by British agents in order to avoid being "spoofed" by their Russian hosts. Their common way is to hunt in couples, each independent of the other, so that if one is taken the other may still succeed in getting through with the work. This plan has other advantages.

The eastern races make adept spies. Russia's agents, when out of uniform, betray their calling by being so well informed, which is unusual in Russia, as it takes a clever educated man to detect them and there are few such among the class of people the agents frequent in the east, for they pretend to be merchants, veterinary surgeons, peddlers and even vagrants.

In the far east in the matter of espionage Japan has the game almost entirely to itself. A Japanese can readily become so good an imitation of the Chinaman, Manchou or Mongol, that the Russian cannot iden-

### CHINESE FIREMEN.

CHINESE firemen seem to be immune to the fierce heat of the fireroom on ocean steamers and can stand up to temperatures that would speedily prostrate white men. There are over sixty lines of European steamers trading with the far east. Out of this large number only three have European firemen and these have coolies to assist them.

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### A LONG WALK.

THE greatest distance ever walked without a stop



FORT WILLIAM ELEVATOR, CANADA.

tify him and the Chinaman who does will certainly not denounce him.

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### BURMAH'S QUEER TUG OF WAR.

IN Burmah the inhabitants have a novel form of the sport that elsewhere is commonly called a tug of war. In the Burmese game there is a rain party and a drouth party, who pull one against the other, the victory of either party being considered to have immediate results as regards the weather. The drouth party, however, obtain few victories, for the kind of weather they represent is commonly not so much desired as rain. In the face, therefore, of a strong public opinion the rain party are nearly always allowed to win, the palpable "roping" in the popular notion being generally followed by a fertilizing downpour.

in England was 120 miles, 1,560 yards. This feat was performed by Peter Crossland at Manchester and so little have other pedestrians cared to "go for" his record that it has actually been standing since Sept. 11-12, 1870.

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THERE are three waters in the State of Indiana which actually impart magnetic powers to needles, knife blades, and the like. And considerable quantity of one of these waters will deflect the needle of a compass.

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IN an article on "The Age of the World," Sir Edward Fry, the famous English geologist, declares that 450,000,000 of years must have elapsed since the existence of life on the globe.



### THE CLAY PIPE IN THE MAKING.

AMONG the little things seen in daily life about which most people know very little is the common, ordinary clay pipe. In almost every cigar shop window, in the mouth of every third laborer met, and even in the nursery, this snow-white little instrument of comfort and amusement may be seen, yet few know, for instance, that most of the clay pipes sold in this city of domestic make are manufactured over in New Jersey. Woodbridge is the name of the queer little town given over to this odd manufacture, and a trip through one of the factories of that settlement, to follow the pipe from the time it is dug as clay, to the time it appears ready for the market, is interesting.

Looking at the chunks and lumps of clay, as they are transported from the banks to the factories, one would hardly believe that the snowy, cheap little article could have been manufactured from material so different in color. The color of this clay, before it is burned, is dark gray, like cement. Nor is the process of manufacturing one of these pipes as simple as might be imagined from the absurdly low price.

As the clay comes into the factory it is divided finely and put to soak in water for ten to twelve hours. This soaking is to divide the clay to its smallest possible particles, so that in the ensuing process it will not cake or lump, and will work smoothly and evenly. This attained, the clay is put into a "pug" mill, where it is stirred by machinery until it gets stiffer and stiffer, until finally it becomes stiff as dough. In this state the clay is roughly molded into lumps and distributed among the pipe-makers, who begin the first step in the life of the humble creation.

Grasping a small chunk of clay in each hand, the artist begins to fashion roughly two pipes at the same time. Rolling the clay between a table and his palms, he quickly produces two carrot-shaped and pointed rolls that bear little or no resemblance to the article when it will be finished. With incredible speed fashioning of these rolls continues, for ahead of the expert is the problem of manufacturing something like seventy-five gross of pipes within the week. Then the rolls are put away to dry somewhat, and for ten or twelve hours they stiffen so that, once shaped, they will not readily fall to pieces. After that the clay is ready for molding.

The ordinary mold consists of two pieces of iron hinged on the side and opening like a sewing box. Most of the little factories have numerous molds, from the common, unadorned sort that comes in two pieces and is intended for the ordinary plain pipe to all sorts of elaborate patterns that come in six or eight pieces, and are made of brass and intended to fashion pipes in imitation of wooden models that happen to be in vogue. The pipemaker grasps one of the shapeless rolls, tilts

the fat end upward—which at once gives the suggestion of a pipe—and runs a wire through the pointed end, out of which the stem is to be pressed.

This roughly fashioned clay is then put into the mold, which is jammed shut, while at the same time a plunger is pressed to enter the mold and to press out the clay so as to form the bowl. With a dull knife the clay pressed out at the side of the mold is shaved off with a single lightning stroke by the expert, and then once more there must be a drying process, this time in a room heated to about 85 degrees, where, as before, the pipe is kept for twelve hours. Except that the pipe is of its original gray color and soft and supplied with the "burrs" where the molded ends are joined, it is now practically finished.

Then comes the process of shaving off the burrs. At this stage the pipe still retains considerable dampness, so that the clay may be cut smoothly, while at the same time a wire is again drawn through the stem, so as to insure proper draught. All is now ready for the pipe in its final state, except that it needs to be burned. For this purpose it is put into a cylindrical vessel twelve inches high and as much in diameter. This is known as a "sagger." Set one against the other, the pipes are adjusted solidly in the sagger, which will hold something like a gross of pipes properly packed. If the pipes consist of the more fancy designs—that is, merely pipe bowls that are to be provided with mouthpieces of wood or rubber—the saggings will hold as many as two gross of pipes. Nine of these saggings filled with pipes are known as a stand, and a medium-sized kiln will hold twenty-one stands and will burn them all at the same time. For five hours the heat in the kiln is kept at a moderate temperature. After that it is allowed to run up, until at the end of twelve or fourteen hours it is driven to a white heat, which gives the pipes their spotless white finish.

\* \* \*

### HARMLESS BULLETS IN FRANCE.

A BULLET that will not kill is a late invention in France, the country of bloodless duels. The bullet is made of wax and candle tallow sufficiently hard to retain form after leaving the pistol, but not hard enough to leave more than a grease spot on the clothing of the man at the other end of the range. In a duel, if one of the combatants is struck with a bullet, a little benzine will remove the scar, and the wounded man will have only the consciousness of defeat to bother him. This invention is likely to make the pistol supplant the sword in popularity in France as a medium for settling affairs of honor.

\* \* \*

THE smallest bone in the human body is the lenticular, seated in the human ear.

## ONE OF THE GRANDFATHERS.

BY SARAH MILLER.

PERHAPS a short sketch of the life of one of the oldest living members of the Brethren church may be of interest to the readers of the INGLENOOK.

My father, Marcus Cupp, the only surviving member of a family of ten children, was born in Pocahontas County, Virginia, May 26, 1811. When his parents moved to the place of his birth they had to carry their goods over the mountains on horseback, as the country was so wild and unbroken they could not get through with a wagon. His mother lived nine months at that place without ever seeing the face of another woman.

When father was three years old, the family moved to Rockingham County, Virginia, where they remained until 1846. During the winters father used to do a good deal of hauling, usually driving a four-horse team. In those days the wheat they raised was ground into flour at a mill near their home, where it was put into barrels and then hauled over the mountains to Richmond. It usually took eight days to make one trip, going and returning. Father remembers making sixteen such trips one winter. On one of them he slept out on the top of one of the Blue Ridge mountains and came near freezing to death.

In the year 1842 he made a trip to Peru and Rochester, Indiana, alone on horseback, a distance of about six hundred miles. This was no small undertaking at that time, when the country was almost a wilderness and the forests full of Indians. He met some of them on his journey, but they did not offer to molest him. On his return trip he had an experience which is still fresh in his memory. He, one night, took lodging at a lonely inn which stood on the bank of the Ohio river. It was a three-story building, and he was taken to a room in the third story overlooking the river, which washed the walls of one side of the house. He was somewhat uneasy, as he had quite a large sum of money with him, having expected to purchase land. So he slept lightly, and during the night he heard the door pushed open and a man softly entered the room. Father at once spoke and asked what was wanted. Upon finding his intended victim awake the man withdrew without answering. Some time after, the door was again opened and a man came in, but again silently withdrew when spoken to. Then father got up, placed a chair against the door and sat on it the rest of the night. He was very glad when morning dawned and thankful that he was permitted to leave the place unharmed.

When he was thirty-six years old, he emigrated to Allen County, Ohio, near Lima, where he afterward married Elizabeth Brower. To this union were born

ten children, nine daughters and one son. Five of the daughters died in infancy and the other five children are still living. Mother died in 1879.

In 1870 he moved with his family to Johnson County, Missouri, where he lived till 1875, then he moved to Wabash County, Indiana, where he still lives. Some years ago he made a visit to his old home in Virginia. While there he saw an old pear tree that stood in the dooryard when he was a boy and the sight of it recalled the time when he one night got up in his sleep and climbed up into it. When he awoke he found himself perched among its topmost branches.

At the present time father's hearing and his mind are good. He likes company and enjoys talking about old times. His sight has failed, but with glasses he can still read large print and spends part of every day reading his Bible. His general health is not very good but he is able to attend church frequently and sometimes goes to town. He has not voted at a Presidential election since the year Buchanan was elected.

During his life he has been a very industrious and hard-working man, and, though his day for hard work is past, he still likes to see others hustle.

He is of German descent. His grandfather and family came over from Germany and as far as known, this was the only Cupp family that settled in America. If this is true all the Cupps in the United States are descendants of father's grandfather, Marcus Cupp, after whom he was named, and so are all relatives of his. If any of them see this little sketch and feel like writing him, he would be very glad to hear from them. His address is North Manchester, Ind., where he is living with his children.

*North Manchester, Ind.*

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## A LEPROSY PATROL.

THE Hawaiian government employs agents who travel all over the island looking for indications of leprosy in remote places. Banishment is so dreaded that frequently the family of a leper will keep him sequestered for a year or two before discovery is made. A person who is supposed to have the disease is sent to the receiving station in Honolulu, where he is examined by five medical experts. If "a leper" be the verdict money, position, influence, race or color cannot change the decree which sends the patient to Molokai.

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## COAL AND OIL AS FUEL.

THE question of the comparative economy of petroleum and coal as fuel is one of locality. In New Orleans, San Francisco and Texas the saving in cost with oil is seventy-two per cent. In New York coal is sixty per cent cheaper than oil.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

### JANETTE'S HAIR.

O, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,  
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet,  
For the world to me had no daintier sight  
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white,  
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,  
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet,  
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your waist,  
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jeweled, and kissed,  
Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,  
It was sinewy, bristled, and brown, my pet,  
But warmly and softly it loved to caress  
Your round, white neck and your wealth of tress,  
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,  
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet.  
They were gray, with that chastened tinge of the sky,  
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,  
And they match with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette  
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,  
When the spring is young, and the roses are wet—  
With the dew drops in each red bosom set,  
And they suited your gold-brown hair, my pet.

O, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,  
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet,  
But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore  
The right to continue your slave evermore,  
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,  
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet;  
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,  
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone  
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

—Charles G. Halpine.

### HERE YOU ARE.

THERE are very few people who are familiar with the terms used on bills of fare, and for the benefit of the large number who are not familiar with the French language, or the lingo of the cook, we present here a short list of the commoner words and phrases in use. The study of these will enable almost any reader to understand intelligently what is on the bill of fare. The trouble about this matter is that the pronunciation cannot be given and should not be undertaken

without having first heard the correct way from some one who knows. However, as the matter stands, the Nooker who sits at a first-class hotel table will come pretty near to knowing just what he is ordering when he asks for *Café au lait*. The following list should be memorized:

A la, au, aux, .....	with
A beurre roux, .....	with browned butter
Au vert pie, .....	with sweet herbs
Au cressons, .....	with water cresses
Au jus, .....	in natural juice
Bavaroise, .....	Bavarian
Café au lait, .....	coffee with hot milk
Café noir, .....	black coffee
Champignons, .....	mushrooms
Crouton, .....	a sippet of fried or toasted bread
Croustades, .....	fried shapes of bread
En coquille, .....	served in shells
Entrée, .....	small made dishes served between courses
Entremets, .....	second course side dishes
Farcied, .....	stuffed
Foie, .....	liver
Fromage, .....	cheese
Homard, .....	lobster
Hors-d'oeuvres, .....	relishes
Huitres, .....	oysters
Laitue, .....	lettuce
Macedoine, .....	mixture of vegetables or fruits
Marinate, .....	to let stand covered with French dressing
Oeufs, .....	eggs
Pois, .....	peas
Poisson, .....	fish
Potage, .....	soup
Poulet, .....	chicken
Veau, .....	veal
Vin, .....	wine

\* \* \*

### AS SHE REMEMBERED IT.

THREE-YEAR-OLD Edna always had a verse ready to recite at Sunday School. One Sunday morning her mother asked her if she remembered the verse she had been taught for the day:

"Oh, yes, mamma!" replied the little one, "If you love me, keep my bananas!"

\* \* \*

A GOOD Nooker has been searching for a piece of poetry entitled, "The Man of Forty-nine," written by Lowell Reese, and cannot find it. Will some literary people of the Nook family tell where this poem can be had, or, if not too long, copy it and send it to the INGLENOOK?

## HER DRESS.

Take up the picture; gaze  
 On what she used to wear  
 In foolish, olden days—  
 See how she fixed her hair.  
 The things she wears to-day  
 Long hence may make men smile  
 A year from now we may  
 Laugh at this summer's style.  
 Take up the picture— ee!  
 And yet your father swore  
 A fond fidelity  
 In spite of what she wore.  
 Ah, lovely ones, I guess  
 'Twas God that made you fair,  
 And not the foolish dress  
 The world has made you wear.

—New York Herald.

\* \* \*

## HOW TO LIQUEFY GRANULATED HONEY.

A. H. SNOWBERGER, of Huntington, Ind., says that to liquefy honey, place the jar or vessel containing it in a larger vessel and put a piece of shingle, stiff cardboard, or some similar substance between the bottom of the two vessels. Fill the outer one with water to the top of the honey and put it on the back of the stove. Do not let the water get over one hundred and fifty degrees. In this way the flavor of the honey is preserved.

\* \* \*

## FLIES FEAR NETTING.

It is a curious fact that flies will not pass through netting, even though the meshes be quite large, unless there is a source of light, as from a window, behind it. Thus in rooms with windows only on one side, a net over the window will absolutely keep the flies out, although the meshes of the net may be an inch apart.

\* \* \*

By suspending an acorn or a chestnut by a piece of thread half an inch below the surface of some water in a hyacinth glass, and leaving it undisturbed, you will in a few months have an attractive and interesting object, for the nut will burst, throw out a root into the water, and shoot upward its straight and tapering stem with beautiful little green leaves,—a miniature oak or chestnut tree growing on your mantel shelf.

\* \* \*

What has the Nook to suggest in the way of declining an invitation to a worldly gathering that the church opposes?

Say simply that accepting would only make trouble for you, and that you decline with thanks, and let it go at that without further discussion.

## HOW MISSOURI APPLEBUTTER IS MADE.

BY MRS. N. J. ROOP.

APPLEBUTTER is not a Missouri dish. The Pennsylvania people have invaded the south and among other things they introduced, applebutter was one of them. They brought their big copper kettles with them, and this, with the native apples, made Missouri applebutter a possibility.

Years ago there was an abundance of sweet apples, but they gradually died out, there being little sale for them. In those days we made the cider on handmills and then boiled it down to one-half, then thickened it with subacid apples and the result was a delicious applebutter.

Now we go by weight and measure. If we want to make ten gallons of butter we measure twenty gallons of cider into a kettle, skim it as it comes to a boil, and as soon as it is reduced enough begin putting in quartered apples. The Nookman calls them "snitz," and there must be twenty gallons of them. When they are cooked smooth, we put in twenty pounds of sugar dissolving a portion in some of the butter dipped out. As soon as the apples are cooked it is ready to dip out, and the right way to do is to know just when there are eleven gallons of boiling butter in the kettle, and this, when cool, will measure about ten gallons and it will "keep" if you don't eat it.

*Warrensburg, Mo.*

\* \* \*

## SCALLOPED APPLES.

PARE and quarter tart apples. Put in the baking dish a layer of cracker crumbs, cover liberally with butter and granulated sugar. Then lay the apples with edges lapping and sprinkle chopped almonds over them. Then put more crumbs, butter and sugar, then another layer of apples, and sprinkle lightly with crumbs, butter, sugar and cinnamon. Bake until apples are done. Serve with cream.

\* \* \*

## SURPRISE CAKE.

BY MAUD E. SPITZER.

TAKE one large cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of butter, two and a one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and one egg. Put all in a pan together, sift soda and cream of tartar last. Mix quickly and thoroughly with the fingers spread.



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## FAIRIES' PAINT POT.

The fairies, with their paint pots,  
Came to our farm last night;  
They came along with old Jack Frost,  
Who dresses all in white.  
When they came from Fairyland,  
The good Queen Fairy said:  
The leaves have asked for autumn gowns,  
Of russet, gold and red.

So take the paint, good fairies,  
And make their dresses gay,  
And when you've finished all your work,  
Then stay awhile and play.  
Be sure you hasten home again,  
At earliest morning ray,  
Before the children's eyes uncloze  
Upon another day.

So, at the leaves' new dresses,  
The fairies worked all night,  
But at the earliest streak of gold  
They quickly took their flight.  
And when we rose at early morn,  
And looked across the lane,  
We knew they'd visited the woods,  
And hoped they'd come again.

\* \* \*

## DILLYDALLY.

DILLYDALLY was almost seven years years old.  
See if you can guess why he came to have such a funny name.

"O Dillydally! Where are you, dear? Run quickly with this pail to the grocer's and get it full of molasses, and don't spill a bit. I want it for—well, no matter. I want it."

That molasses was for molasses candy. His mother had just remembered that it was his birthday.

Dilly took it and ran out of the door. He was always quick enough at starting. His troubles came afterward. In the hedge by the garden gate he spied a yellow breast, and heard a sweet note that made him stop and see what the leaves hid. That took a minute.

"Oh, I must hurry!" he said, and started again, but this time Mister Toad hopped out in a friendly way to make him linger.

A dozen things stopped him. He had to play a game of marbles with some boys he knew. He saw a balloon up in the sky, and watched it till it was a speck like a black pin's head.

It was almost dark when he came in sight of home.

"O Dillydally!" said his mother, "where have you been all this time? It was your party, and all of the

little boys and girls I sent for had to go home, it grew so late. I had to cut the cake to give them all a piece, and there wasn't anybody to play games or anything! It was too bad!"

Wasn't it? Dilly thought so. A boy's birthday party without any boy to it!

"O Dillydally!" said his mother, sorrowfully, "why don't you earn a better name?"

Dillydally says he is going to. How do you suppose he is going to do it?

\* \* \*

## WHICH WAS WISER?

HARRY and Isabel were two tiny tots whose home was in Kansas City, and they were on a visit to Auntie Thornton, who lived on a big farm in Iowa.

It was the most wonderful place they had ever seen, where every meadow was a lawn, every bit of forest a park, and why should anybody laugh because they measured all distances by "blocks," for what other measures did city children know?

Uncle Thornton laughed so much over their queer questions and comments that Harry soon thought it wiser not to show that he didn't know it all, and that was how it happened that the laugh was on him the second morning after their arrival, when Uncle Thornton called: "Harry! Come, get up! It's time to go out and milk the geese!"

Isabel's small voice answered quickly: "O—h Uncle! Geese don't give milk!" But Harry promptly corrected her with, "Oh yes they do, Isabel,—just a little!"

\* \* \*

## EASY FOR JOHNNY.

JOHNNY had been told to write a short composition in which he should say something about all the days of the week. The little fellow thought a few minutes and then triumphantly produced this: "Monday father and I killed a bear, and there was meat enough to last over Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday."

\* \* \*

"Speak kindly to the little child,

Lest from his heart you drive away  
The light of love, whose visions mild

Are opening like the dawn of day;  
Force not one cloud across the heaven  
A God of love to him hath given."

## The Q. & A. Department.

What are the legal holidays?

Legal holidays depend upon the State, and are not by any means the same everywhere. The following list will help you to remember something about it:

January 1, New Year's day, in all States except Kentucky, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Hampshire and Rhode Island.

February 19, Lee's birthday, in five Southern States.

February 12, Lincoln's birthday, in five States.

February 22, Washington's birthday, in all States except Iowa and Mississippi.

April 8, Good Friday, in Alabama, Louisiana, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee.

May 30, Decoration day, in thirty-seven States, including this State and Kansas.

July 4, Independence day, by all the United States of America.

September —, Labor day, by forty-two of the forty-five States.

November —, general election day, in all States.

November —, Thanksgiving day, in all States. (It is not, however, in some States a statutory holiday.)

December 25, Christmas, everywhere and always and in each State.

✱

What class of articles go into the wastebasket?

No articles are ever thrown into the wastebasket anywhere, in any newspaper office. How the idea gained credence is hard to tell. When any writer contributes an article, however unavailable it may be, he may rest assured that it is not idly thrown among waste paper. The writer may want it back, or it may be needed for other purposes, and so it comes that the bogie of the waste basket is purely mythical.

✱

What is a good method to keep silver from tarnishing?

All silver articles will tarnish, and the best way is to keep them in daily use. In the stores, and among dealers, silver articles are kept out of the light, as a preventative, but there is no absolute and final way of keeping them always clean, though they are often covered, in the start, with an invisible varnish that protects them from the corroding influences of the air.

✱

What is the cause of the heavy fogs that sometimes hang over the earth for days?

They are caused by the same things that cause clouds, and often are nothing but clouds that settle on the earth.

Why are the trains spoken of as No. 1, No. 2, etc.?

All trains of whatever character, freight and passenger, receive numbers, which may or may not be consecutive. All trains that run one way receive even numbers and all run the opposite direction get the odd numbers. The idea is that they can be distinguished more clearly than by names. Railroad men, among themselves, almost invariably refer to trains by their numbers.

✱

Is irrigation necessary to growing rice?

If by this is meant whether water is necessary or not, such is the case, and all the ricefields are arranged so as to submerge the entire crop at a certain season of its growth. There is also what is called upland rice, and it does not require water out of the ordinary, though it has never figured much in the growth of the cereal.

✱

Is sugar used in the process of curing raisins?

No, never. A raisin is simply a dried grape. The sugary appearance is simply the sugar of the grape that has exuded from its skin in the course of the drying process.

✱

Would it pay a couple of girls to dry fruit, apples, say, for sale?

We think not. The factory product would be at least as good, and much cheaper.

✱

What causes the apple scab?

A fungus for which no cure, as yet, has been found. Its scientific name is *Cephalothecium Roseum*.

✱

Where are the Oklahoma land offices?

At Alva, El Reno, Guthrie, Kingfisher, Lawton, Mangum, Oklahoma City, and Woodward.

✱

Is the mail carried free on the railroads?

Indeed not. The government pays heavily for the service.

✱

When will the Louisiana Purchase Exposition begin?

It is scheduled to open April 30, 1904, and will close Dec. 1, of the same year.

✱

When did Robert Ingersoll die?

He died of apoplexy at his home in New York, July 21, 1899.



## LITERARY.

*The Review of Reviews* for October is at hand. The price is twenty-five cents, but it is worth more. In the *Review of Reviews* there are always articles that in and of themselves are worth more than the price. October's issue has for leading articles "The Macedonian and the Turk," by an American, born in Turkey. The future of Canada is an interesting study of our adjoining country that is forging to the front among the nations in a way that is going to make itself felt in this country in the immediate future. The New Education for Farm Children is a good article for the teachers to read. All through the publication is a lot of longer or shorter articles of interest to him who would keep abreast of the current doings of the day. The *Review of Reviews* is the scholarly man's magazine, but it is also a medium through which the average reader may fully keep even with the current of events. The Nook writes it as worth while.

\*

*The Arena* for October is before us. It is rather better than usual, and is worth the twenty-five cents it costs at any news stand. The *Arena* is academic in its character, and however we may dissent from some of its teachings, there is no doubt about the scholarly character of its output. This issue of the *Arena* is without its usual grist of so-called fiction and is all the better for it. The *Arena* is strong meat, but it may be just what you may be looking for. We reproduce the following from the publication for the benefit of any who may need it.

## THE UNFAITHFUL MESSENGER.

A certain man was made Ambassador of the Great King, and the messages of the King were delivered unto him.

Now this was a wise and prudent man: therefore, he said, "I will not deliver the whole of the messages, lest I run my head against a wall." So, where the King threatened, the Ambassador softened the threats: said he, "Such hard sayings will weaken my influence; and it may be that the King's business will suffer, unless, indeed, I am cautious."

But the King laughed when he heard what his servant had done and put him down from being his Ambassador. And those came after him that did deliver all the messages of the King.

BOLTON HALL.

New York City.

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THE *Era* magazine for October is before us. This is one of the best ten-cent magazines that comes to the INGLENOOK. The grade of its make-up is much higher than the average popular flashy magazine. It is one which we recommend to the Nook family. It occupies an intermediate grade between the more ex-

pensive high-class magazines and the cheap ten-cent publications. Every number has its articles that are of real and permanent value to the reader, while it is not wanting in fiction and lighter reading. What there are in the way of contributions are of the better class.

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*The Criterion*. This sterling monthly for October is entitled the St. Louis Exposition number, and is fully illustrated. It occupies a field of its own and in this day of strong competition between publications, the *Criterion* holds its own with decided advantage. If anyone intends to go to the great show he would do well to get this issue of the *Criterion* as it will give the reader a very good idea of what is expected to be done. It also has a list of the St. Louis boarding-houses, published by the Y. M. C. A., which will be very helpful to strangers. There are a great many illustrations of people interested in the Exposition in this number and on the whole it cannot fail to be of interest, as it is certainly of intrinsic value.

\* \* \*

## THE WORTH OF A "PULL."

A "PULL" is a thing seldom confessed. Men who record their own rise are not likely to avow any aid outside their own merit. Merit counts and always must count as a *sine qua non*. But when there are two fellows of equal merit, and one promotion, there is always some margin by which one is more acceptable to those in authority. This margin may be only personal manner and address; or it may be wide acquaintance which can be helpful to the business; or it may be money which he can invest in the business or wealth which he can influence; or it may be family and social strength: whatever it is, it is this margin that counts at the crisis when the choice is to be made; it is the everlasting law that "to him that hath shall be given," or, as David Harum said, "them that has gets."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

\* \* \*

## ADVICE OF A RAILROAD CONDUCTOR.

A CONDUCTOR in Kansas has prepared the following advice for his passengers: "Have no money transactions with strangers. Give your trunk checks to the baggageman, and nobody else. A gold brick isn't worth bringing home. Don't get off the cars while they are in motion. When a suspicious-looking man asks you if you have lost your pocketbook tell him you never carry one. Don't feel for it while he is looking. Have your ticket ready when the conductor comes along."

\* \* \*

"THE INGLENOOK is an excellent paper."—*Dianthe Churchman, Oregon*.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

OCTOBER 20, 1903.

No. 43.

## O THE SPLENDOR OF DAYS.

Sweet and shrill the crickets hiding in the grasses brown  
and lean

Pipe their gladness—sweeter, shriller—one would think  
the world was green.

O the haze is on the hilltops, and the haze is on the lake!  
See it fleeting through the valley with the bold wind in  
its wake!

Mark the warm October haze!

Mark the splendor of the days.

And the mingling of the crimson with the somber brown  
and grays!

See the bare fields turn their furrows to the shine and to  
the glow;

If you listen you can hear it, hear a murmur soft and  
low—

"We are naked," so the fields say, "stripped of all our  
golden dress."

"Heed it not," October answers, "for I love thee none  
the less,

Share my beauty and my cheer,

While we rest together here,

In these sun-filled days of languor, in these late days of  
the year."

All the splendor of the summer, all the springtime's light  
and grace,

All the richness of the harvest, crown her head and light  
her face;

And the wind comes sighing—sighing—as if loath to let  
her pass,

While the crickets sing exultant in the lean and withered  
grass.

O the warm October haze!

O the splendor of the days!

O the mingling of the crimson with the somber brown  
and grays!

\* \* \*

## JUST A THOUGHT.

*Laugh more and you will live longer.*

\*

*Some people never suffer defeat gracefully.*

\*

*Every one can master a grief but he that has it.*

\*

*If beauty is only skin deep it counts for a good deal  
after all.*

*Neglected duties bring regret.*

\*

*No man is too big for criticism.*

\*

*Pure thoughts make pure character.*

\*

*If you have nothing to say don't say it.*

\*

*Genius has more applause than money.*

\*

*Coming men are necessarily always on the move.*

\*

*A clear conscience never goes excuse hunting.*

\*

*The best time for prophecy is after the event.*

\*

*Faith without works is like depending on luck.*

\*

*If a man misses his high aim he is still a winner.*

\*

*Private bathing dresses are all right as far as they  
go.*

\*

*Reputation may be born in a day but character takes  
time.*

\*

*It may be very hard to be good but anybody can be  
kind.*

\*

*Bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with her  
ghost.*

\*

*Good health and good nature generally travel to-  
gether.*

\*

*If you want to listen to gossip it is always ready  
for you.*

\*

*One reason why so many marriages are unhappy is  
because the young ladies spend their time in making  
nets, not in making cages.*



## OVER IN GENEVA.

BY E. M. COBB.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1902, opened with a morning of rapturous beauty. A glimpse from our hotel window toward the Alpine king, brings Byron's words to me:

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,  
They crowned him long ago,  
On a throne of rocks in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow,  
Around his waist are forests braced;  
The avalanche in his hand."

It seemed as though we were in fairy land. Above us the bending canopy of heaven seemed to concentrate her richness of azure upon us and mirror herself in the beautiful lake at our feet, while the sky took special delight in giving the silver lining to each little cloud and a delightful whitening to the snowy plumes of the Alpine giants which surrounded Geneva. As the reflector concentrates the forces of light and directs it to one spot, so it seems nature has chosen this little city as a shrine of beauty, and endowed it with a splendor as it has no other European city.

Dr. Carney and I wandered out to the little village of Fernet, where the famous Voltaire had his home for some time. We visited the church which he dedicated to the God which he said did not exist. Oh! the illimitable power of God! To paint this sky, to chisel the sculpture of these hills, to turn the master mind of Voltaire like a weather vane in the morning breeze, from a skeptic to a believer.

But the beauty of this city is not all nature's handiwork. Nowhere in our travels did we find a city where so much painstaking care is given to the culture of the people. From time immemorial the training of character has been a leading principle of the Genevan people. Their public schools existed in the thirteenth century. Charles IV issued an edict in 1365 for a university, though it was not carried out. Versonneux is credited with the establishment of an institution in 1429 where grammar, logic, and other sciences were taught. It was not, however, until after the Reformation and under the influence of Calvin that the present college was founded in the building now known as the college of St. Antoine.

The Academy, now University, was created in 1559. Theodore Bèze was the first rector and it was from this remarkable little college, with its five professors that have risen these remarkable institutions which the world is glad to respect.

The little republic of Geneva with a population of, I should guess, one hundred thousand, spends about one quarter of its disbursements on public instruction. Where is a rival record? There are, I am told, fifty-six schools in the canton, attended by three thousand

children from three to six years of age. Primary instruction is free and comprises six grades. Each village in the republic boasts of an evening school.

The college founded in 1559 by Calvin is absolutely undenominational and open to students of every nationality. There is an annual attendance of twelve hundred pupils. The college leads to the university, and the college graduates are matriculated in the university. Education received here is far more cosmopolitan than that received in most European schools. Swiss educators keep themselves in touch with the ideas and principles of the leading nations. Education here is international and not provincial.

I am glad to say that there is a high school for girls attended by full twelve hundred. Their course of study covers seven years, and besides the usual branches such as Greek, Latin, Modern Sciences, Principles of Legislation, etc., they have Laboriousness, Consequences of Idleness, Devotedness, Dress, Proper Bearing, Decorum, Propriety of Speech, Order, Cleanliness, Punctuality, Foresight, etc. These latter subjects are taught by specialists. A full business course for the girls is also required and does not materially differ from our best ones in the United States.

The Canton of Geneva is literally netted with street car lines, and, as the government furnishes the school-books, there is no possible way to escape a splendid and accomplished education in Geneva.

In the list of special schools may be mentioned drawing, sewing, masonry, stone-cutting, carpentry, watch-making, agriculture, horticulture, dentistry, deaf and dumb, fine arts, industrial art, music, etc. The University of Geneva is the top rung of the ladder of education here. Theology, Law, Letters, Science, Medicine, etc., are abundantly provided for. It has seventy-two professors, and fifty-six private lecturers to administer to the intellectual wants of the thousands of students. Several times a week free lectures are given in the chapel of the University and they are regularly attended by thousands of people. Here is a real intellectual center. I have never seen anything like it before. In a city where public instruction has been organized for five hundred years and the University for three centuries, exceptional intellectuality must be the result.

Think of what Geneva has furnished the world. John Calvin, the founder of a religion. Two founders of empires,—Lefort and Cavour, twelve statesmen, Albert Gallatin being one. They gave us fifteen distinguished war generals, four civil engineers, seven financiers and one cardinal. There were seventy-four theologians who have printed books, thirty-one painters, two engravers, four sculptors and twenty-six musical composers. They made twenty-four translations of the Bible and sixty poets and forty-two writers known to fame. Six numismatists,

wenty geographers, fifteen jurists, twenty novelists, eighteen political economists and thirty-nine writers of history grace the record of this city.

Many others in all lines of thought and activity could be mentioned. What a record for her!

*North Manchester, Ind.*

\* \* \*

### A SUMMER OF WORK AND PLAY.

BY LAURA M. GWIN.

LAST June three of us went twenty miles down the Snake river to pack fruit and incidentally to get an outing. We pitched our tent under a large willow

Indians came in and furnished amusement for the crowd during the evening. We had a negro also who sang and recited for us. When the party broke up we all agreed that it had been our best one.

In front of our camp on the opposite side of the river was a high ledge of rock called Klootchman, from which years ago an Indian maiden jumped because she could not marry a white man. Everybody wants to climb this rock before leaving, so one morning we got up early, crossed the river, and climbed it before breakfast. When we reached the top we put up a flag and sang "America." When we returned to camp we had hearty appetites.

Sunday was a delightful day of rest. Sometimes we all took our lunch to a cool canyon and spent the day.



MISSOURI BUILDING, ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

on the bank of the river, and called our camp the "Wind et Willow." After the wind had blown our tent down twice we fully appreciated the Wind part. We cooked and ate in the open air and slept in our tent.

The packing was not very hard though at times it was tedious. Our packing house was on the river. We packed cherries, apricots, peaches, plums, prunes, grapes, etc.

But the work is not half the story; we had plenty of play too. There were nine packers and often while at work we would plan what we would do in the evening.

Some evenings we went bathing in the river, sometimes we rowed, then we had all kinds of good things to eat on the banks of the river as fudge, fish, corn, potatoes, melons and chicken. We had about a dozen people at the dinners including several boys. Saturday evening before we left we had our "big supper." We planned it for the beach but because of the rain we had it in the packing house. For the supper we had chicken, salmon, peach cobbler, pie, cake, etc. After all but two were seated at the table a couple of

In the afternoon we had Sabbath school, and in the evening we had singing.

When the first of September came we were glad to start for home. As the boat steamed up the river and we waved good-bye to those on shore we felt that we were leaving behind us a happy summer and those who would always be friends.

*Lewiston, Idaho.*

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### BANK OF FRANCE ENGRAVER.

THE engraver of the Bank of France is not to be envied in regard to the conditions under which he works. The bank is about to issue a new thousand-franc note, and the engraver has been working at the plates for the last eighteen months. Each morning he arrives at the bank, where a special room is reserved for him. Here one of the most trusted of the bank's messengers receives him, locks him in, and mounts guard outside the door. In the evening all the plates and accessories are put in a box, which is sealed up and transported to the vaults below, where it is locked up for the night.



## HUNTING THE WILD TURKEY.

BY W. B. HOPKINS.

I STATED in a former article that I came to Michigan in 1837. I remained a year and a quarter, and then went back to New York. During all the time I was here I did not see a turkey or hear of one having been seen. In the winter of 1843 I came here the second time, and from that time on, for fifteen or twenty years, they were quite plentiful. For some years there was no law against killing them, but at present there is an open and a close season.

A flock of twenty or thirty full-grown wild turkeys, a large proportion of which will weigh from twelve to fifteen pounds dressed and ready for the roast, is a sight worth going some distance to see. If you carry a good gun and are an expert to use it, you may be fortunate enough to carry a turkey home with you. But it is necessary, in the first place, to know that if you put a ball through a wild turkey, you are liable to lose him after all.

A wild turkey is proverbial for "carrying off lead," as the hunter calls it. Here are some instances that came under my own observation where they flew quite a distance after having been shot through the body. I shot one on the bank of the Grand river, and probably twenty rods from it. The turkey was running when I fired, and it rose and flew across the river. The river was frozen over and there was about ten inches of snow. The bank where I shot the turkey was high, but the opposite side was low, so I could watch it till it passed out of sight among the trees. After searching some time I found it dead, and it had not taken a step after it struck the ground. The ball had passed entirely through its body. I shot one and only one turkey off its perch. There were two of them on the limb of a tree on the bank of a river. I fired at the largest. They both flew out across and then down the river. I watched them until one dropped as though it were a stone. On examination I found it to have been shot through.

A young man from New York was anxious to try his luck in hunting the wild turkey. I piloted him where I thought they could be found, but we spent some time in hunting without finding any game. After a while I told the man I would try my turkey-caller. This is made of a bone of a turkey's wing and an expert can so nearly imitate the turkey as to deceive them. Having secreted ourselves, we commenced to call. I had called two or three times when I heard an answer. We kept this up, I calling and the turkey answering alternately, until the bird came into sight. Every time I called it would come a little nearer until finally it refused to be enticed any nearer. I then told the man he had better shoot, which he did, after taking deliberate aim. The turkey flew

and was soon out of sight. On going where it had stood we found a streak of blood in the snow, a rod or more in length, and then an occasional drop extending farther in the same direction. We followed this as long as we could find drops of blood, and then as nearly as possible in the same direction. After a while we found him in the snow with his throat cut as neatly as if done by a knife. He had flown till the last breath, and the last drop of blood had left him. It is not difficult to get a shot at a wild turkey, provided you find a flock of them.

You may approach within twenty rods of them before they fly. But they don't stop and wait for the hunter to shoot them. A wild turkey is never still more than a second at a time when foraging, and that is nearly all the time between dawn and darkness.

In conclusion I wish to say if a man shoots a wild turkey, and has reason to think he has wounded it, and it flies out of sight, he should find it if possible, to preclude the chance of its starving.

*Crystal, Mich.*

\* \* \*

## THE CHANCES OF WORKING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY ANNA GNAGEY.

A GREAT many Nookers say they would like to come to California if they knew they could get work. I want to say right here if a person wants work he can get it, but I think it costs more to live here than it does in the east. One can get board and room from \$4.50 to \$6.00 per week. In this part of the country nearly everybody works by the day, that is, nine or ten hours, and not from five o'clock in the morning until eight or nine in the evening.

The common, every day laborer, doing all kinds of ranch work, cultivating, irrigating, picking fruit, etc., gets \$1.75 a day but boards himself, and always carries his lunch. Wages in the packing house are from \$1.75 to \$3.00 per day. The carpenter gets from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day, and he is hard to get at this season of the year, as there is a great deal of building and most of them have work ahead for a couple of months. Stone masons, bricklayers, and plasterers get from \$5.00 to \$7.00 a day. Most of them are union men. I think painters get from \$2 up. In my judgment a teamster has about as good a show as anyone. He can get from \$3.50 to \$4.00 a day and if he takes care of a ten or fifteen acre ranch he can get \$40 to \$50 per month.

As stated before we have been here nearly two years, and have always found plenty to do. At present we are taking care of a fourteen-acre ranch, at the edge of lovely Arcadia, and think we have a pretty good thing of it. There are nearly all kinds of fruit. We

get free all the fruit we want. I have had some kind of fruit ever since spring. We also get our fuel which is quite an item, good wood ranging from eight to eleven dollars per cord, and our house rent, which would be fifteen or twenty dollars. We have a large ten-roomed house and get twenty-five dollars per month in cash. We have things about our own way. One thing is good; when the day's work is done there are no chores to do. We do not keep a team. Whenever we have use for a team the landlady furnishes it.

During the peach season we have been kept quite busy. We wish the Nookers had some of our fine peaches. Peaches here are plenty but the cream is a little scarce.

Women have it better, as they usually get their board, that is they work by the month and get well paid, usually \$20 to \$30 per month. A sister of mine was head manager in a laundry, this summer, up at Lake Tahoe, and received \$30 per month, board, room, and washing.

Here at Monrovia the common laborer in the laundry gets \$1.25 a day and boards himself. In the cities girls work out by the hour and get from fifteen to twenty cents per hour. Teaching is a paying business, wages ranging from \$50 to \$90 per month.

If you have a pleasant home and no reason for a change, you had better not come to California, because you may not like it as the climate, country, etc., are so different. If one has friends here, gets acquainted and accustomed to the country, ten chances to one, he will like it.

We love the Sunset State with its beautiful flowers and fruit, the tall Eucalyptus trees, the many vine-clad hills, the long summer sunshiny days, and cool nights.

Now, dear Nookers, if you ever come this way, you want to visit the lovely Arcadia and the Haven ranch and you will not be surprised why we like it in the Golden State.

*Arcadia, Cal.*

\* \* \*

#### IN THE RESTAURANT KITCHEN.

DOUBTLESS a good many NOOK readers have wondered what the kitchen of one of the small restaurants so common everywhere in the city looks like. Looking over the bill of fare it would appear that there should be, according to the number of dishes listed, quite a lot of ready-made articles of food in the rear.

The actual facts are that the kitchen itself is often not any larger than the one at home where with one, or at most two assistants to wash the dishes and do the menial work, the cook, oftener a man than not, concocts all the dishes that may be ordered from the bill of fare. Suppose now that you ordered vegetable

soup. The waiter takes this order back to the cook who lifts the lid of a big boiler of clear soup, made by boiling bones, scraps of beef, chicken, mutton, veal, and all that sort of thing. Out of this vessel he dips the bowl full of soup and puts into it a little of the boiled vegetable which he is serving for that day. He gives the whole thing a stir and there is your vegetable soup. For all the orders for soup the cook goes to the same big boiler and when he has largely filled the bowl with this foundation he completes it with just whatever soup you have ordered. If it is macaroni he dips down into the boiling water and forks out a few strings into the bowl, if it is tomato soup a little of the contents of tomato soup from an open can completes the order.

But it is when the meat is ordered when the cook's strong points are brought out. Roast lamb and roast mutton come from the same piece, and by a little sauce or some jelly so will roast venison. Roast ribs or roast loins comes from the same piece of beef, and it depends more on the carving than on anything else. Veal is veal, or it is chicken or chicken salad, or turkey for fricassee.

When it comes to the desserts the distinction between fruit cake and plum pudding is simply whether it is served hot or cold. Tapioca and sago come out of the same dish.

Take it all around and this condition is just as satisfactory as cooking these articles straight out, and the customer never knows the difference. We often hear it said that everything tastes alike in a restaurant, and there is a good deal of truth in this statement, and the reason therefore is evident when you consider the facts in the case.

\* \* \*

#### ELECTRIC FANS.

PEOPLE do not want the guard on an electric fan placed where it can do any good. This is the remarkable statement of a St. Louisan who manufactures fans. He explains that the danger side of a fan is the back of it, where, because of the shape of the flukes and the direction in which they turn, one might very easily lose a finger. But people will have none but the guard in front, where the flying fan, instead of drawing objects toward, casts them off. Notice the electric fans about you, and see if they are not equipped with a guard in front and nothing of the kind behind.

\* \* \*

#### USE STONE ANVILS.

So little have the industries of India been affected by the British occupation that the native smith still forges locally made iron on a stone anvil within eighty miles of the town of Simla.



## WINDOW DRESSING BY WOMEN.

A CHICAGO paper tells of women's doing the work of window dressing, that is, the arranging of goods for sale, in the big show windows of the stores.

There is one calling in Chicago which man has lorded over and regarded as all his own for many years. He has felt free from the encroachments of women in this field, but again woman has foiled him and entered the sacred domain. The trimming of the large show windows on State street, upon which thousands of dollars are spent each year by the large retail merchants, is a task which woman was supposed to be entirely unequal to, but those who have judged her so will perhaps be surprised to know that at last woman has added this to her many other occupations.

It is only within the last year that this change has come about and to be sure there is only one woman in Chicago who is regularly engaged in trimming State street windows. Many of the men in the profession, doubtless, know nothing about her work, but nevertheless she is there and she is there to stay, and her success but proves that there is room for women in this great advertising feature of retail stores and doubtless will open the way for many of her sisters.

Man's principal objection to women as window trimmers is the female dress. He says women would be almost hopelessly handicapped by skirts, as it is necessary for the expert window trimmer to bend, crawl, creep, climb, hang, jump and do many other gymnastic feats not down on the physical culturist's category. With feet padded like the asphalt worker's on a new boulevard, he must make his way across the window, carefully picking his steps lest the miscalculation of a half inch bring ruin to some part of his display. Literally he must walk on eggs. He gets into and through impossible places and assumes wonderful attitudes and positions. All this, he says, in woman is impossible because of her dress.

Almost anyone who has watched these nimble workers, busy as bees, in the great State street windows will almost agree with the masculine partisan in these objections, but there are other ones which he urges and which some of them think more important than the first. Woman, he says, is neither versatile nor artistic enough to make a success of window trimming. At first this may seem a paradox, but nevertheless the masculine window dressers are sincere in the opinion. They say woman would do well enough on certain lines, such as dress goods and other materials familiar to all of the feminine sex from their early years, when they played "dry goods store" with the contents of the

household rag bag. But when it comes to dressing windows with the general run of stock and getting up original displays, some of which may be the first and the last of the kind ever made, with nothing to guide her but her own intuition and artistic sense, they say woman would be woefully lacking.

There are other objections urged against women by the men in the profession, but these are the principal ones, and the men seem to think they are insurmountable. But, of course, it is only the men who would think them insurmountable; woman never could and she hasn't. Indeed, she has looked upon them as prejudices, not as objections. And she has set about breaking down these prejudices with such good result that a recent visitor to Chicago from Paris, who had passed through London, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and other eastern cities, acknowledged that creation of her genius which appeared in the window of one of the large State street candy stores was the most attractive and artistic he had seen in all his travels.

The woman who arranged this display was Miss Sallie Minor, who bears the proud distinction of being the only woman regularly employed as a window trimmer on State street. Miss Minor was formerly manager of a store in Streator, Ill. Five years ago she came to Chicago and secured employment with the firm she now works for as a designer of artistic creations in boxes, baskets and other receptacles for the sale of candy. Part of her duties was to assist the man who had charge of the window display. So well did she profit by the experience thus gained that when the man retired from his position Miss Minor was given full charge of the work.

"Whatever one is forced to do one can do," said Miss Minor, in talking of the objections that have kept women out of the field into which she has made a successful entrance.

"That has always been the motto of my life and that's why I am here. Though it is sometimes embarrassing to be alone in a big window, ordering assistants around and doing the other duties that the position exacts, still I see no reason why women should not do this kind of work. I have no doubt that there are many women working in the big downtown stores who are as capable as the men to trim the big show windows. All they need is the opportunity and when that comes women will get into the work.

"Certainly women are artistic enough and I do not see how anybody can accuse them as lacking anything on that score. A great deal of the knack of the business can be gained by experience, of course, but first it must be born in one. Unless one has a natural taste and adaptability for making

pleasing and artistic effects one will be disappointed.

"As for a possible hindrance in female dress to the prospective woman window trimmer I have never experienced any difficulties along that line. I can see how there could be a possibility of that in some of the State street windows, but, as I said before, whatever one is forced to do one can do, and if it ever becomes necessary I would not hesitate a minute about going into any window in Chicago and I believe I could trim it as well as any man with equal experience and resources.

ried when she was 127 and died when she was 128. Dr. Dufournel married at 116 and became the father of two children and died at 120. Marie Priou reached the age of 158. A woman of Metz, the mother of twenty-four children, died at the age of 100. Surgeon Politman celebrated his one hundred and fortieth birthday. Patrick O'Neil buried seven wives and died at 120, and a Norwegian peasant is recorded as dying at 160 and leaving two sons, one aged 108 and the other only nine summers. Robert Taylor lived to be 134 and died of excitement on receiving the picture of



A HORSE RANCH IN CANADA.

"Yes, I believe I am the only woman who trims State street windows. I have not heard of any other, though I think there are many who get up displays in other parts of the city. If there is another one on State street I have not heard of her and should certainly like to meet her. It is all a matter of opportunity and I think there are many women fully capable of doing the work as well as it is done at present by the men."

\* \* \*

#### PERSONS WHO LIVED LONG.

THE late Pope Leo had a long life, but compared with the ages of others who had gone before him he was comparatively youthful at his death. Thomas Parr and Henry Jenkins are, respectively, credited with the ages of 152 and 169. Jeanne Serimphan was mar-

ried when she was 127 and died when she was 128. Queen Victoria signed by herself. An Irishman named Brown, who was a habitual drunkard, lived to be 128; he had a daily jag for ninety years. Durond d'Estivel of Cahors lived to be 128. A woman of 124 drank strong coffee in great quantities all her days, while a man of 114 lived on fruit, chiefly melons, and chewed lemon peel.

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#### POWERS OF LIQUID AIR.

A BALL of India rubber immersed in liquid air becomes brittle and if dropped to the floor breaks like glass. A lead ball when put in liquid air acquires elasticity and will rebound like the rubber ball in its normal state.

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THE first application of X-rays to industry is in tanning leather.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## HAPPY IN CAPTIVITY.

"ARE wild animals happy in captivity?" said Keeper Jack Lover of the zoological gardens, in answer to a question asked by a visitor. "Well, at first thought it may sound strange, but they are happy and some of them are very, very happy.

"It seems to be the general opinion that when the liberty of an animal used to a free life in the wild woods is taken away that the animal will pine away and die. That's a pretty bit of sentiment, but apparently it's all wrong. You would naturally think that a wild animal in captivity would become dangerous and cranky, but such is not the case. They become gentle and mild under the tender treatment they receive and seem to know that everything that is done for them is for the best.

"Take the monkeys, for instance. They look very unhappy, don't they? Why those little imps play from morning till night, and they're as cheerful as larks, excepting when they are ill. Go in the bird-house and listen to the songs, the chirps, and trills; then look around for an unhappy bird. Watch the bears play and the leopards and other members of the cat tribe roll over each other like little children on a nursery floor. Why, even Bolivar has a little joke once in a while, such as breaking down a brick wall or twisting an iron bar out of place."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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## REASONING POWER IN ANIMALS.

ANIMAL intelligence, though not necessarily higher in degree when they are acting as our servants and not for their own ends, is then very much more easily approached and understood by us. The "point" is a curious example of an action in which instinct and reason meet. The stopping of the dog, however it began, has by training and heredity become instinctive. The dog, even when quite a puppy, stops when it smells the game and remains almost paralyzed, its impulse to rush in and seize it being checked by a strong instinct to stand still. Yet the dog, after he had accompanied his master and had game shot over him, is quite aware that he is a half controlled "medium," and while still under the dominating "pointing" instinct will look round imploringly to his master to urge him to hurry up if the scent tells him that the birds are moving. A border line action of a different kind is the squatting of young birds. It is a per-

fectly reasonable precaution. Keeping still and lying low are not characteristics peculiar only to Br'er Rabbit, but it is most remarkable to see the way in which tiny peewits or little teal, hardly bigger than a fluffy bee, lie down, put their little chins flat on the ground and remain motionless for minutes to avoid being seen.

\* \* \*

## HOW THE ANT RETIRES.

OF course ants go to bed and if you watch them you may see them do it.

An ant hill, you know, is made of tiny pebbles, which are piled about an entrance hole.

At night the ants take these pebbles in their mouths and, carrying them to the hole, pile them one upon the other, as men build a wall.

After the hole is filled up, except one tiny place at the top, the last ant crawls in and with her head pushes sand up against the hole from the inside, thus stopping it up entirely. Then all night not an ant will be seen, but about eight o'clock next morning, if one looks very closely, one may see a pair of tiny feelers thrust out through the chinks between the stones. Then an ant pushes its way out and begins to carry the pebbles away. Just behind the first comes another, and another, until the whole family comes journeying out. But an ant does not sleep through the whole night; she takes a nap two or three hours long.

She does not have to undress, but whenever she gets tired she lies down on the ground, curls her six legs close up to her body and goes to sleep so soundly that you could brush her with a feather without waking her.

When she has had her sleep out she gets up, stretches her legs and yawns, just as you or I might do. Then she washes herself carefully all over.

After that she is ready for her day's work again, and a busy day she has, too—tending the babies, making new rooms or getting food for the big family.

\* \* \*

## NEATNESS OF BRUTES.

HENRI CHOUPIN, a French naturalist, draws attention to the fact that animals as a rule are wonderfully neat and far excel human beings in this respect. It has taken men, he says, several centuries to learn the virtues of neatness and cleanliness, whereas animals have apparently always possessed them. At any rate, they were certainly the first to use soap, sponges and tooth brushes.

"From time immemorial," he continues, "animals have cleansed themselves, using their tongues as brushes, their saliva as soap, their tails as towels and dusters and their claws as combs. Moreover, many of them take a cold bath whenever they have an opportunity; indeed, the apes go as far as to boycott those among them who do not take proper care of their bodies. Another singular fact about the apes is that those among them who have handsome beards never plunge them recklessly into a river or pond, but delicately sprinkle them with water. Buffon had a chimpanzee who always rinsed his mouth before drinking and I have heard of a female orang-outang who was an adept in the use of a toothpick. A fly after it is decapitated generally spends some seconds in brushing its neck and shoulders with its legs, but even the most zealous advocate of cleanliness will hardly claim that its object in doing so is that it may present a suitable post-mortem appearance."

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#### GOLD FISH CAUGHT IN NEW YORK.

FEW persons are aware that most of the goldfish sold in the United States, excepting those bred in captivity, are caught in the streams of New York State. Two ponds in the City of Brooklyn furnish thousands of them every year. They are caught by the children with crooked pins and twine for fishing lines. There was once a pond in what was known as Bay Ridge that was full of goldfish, but this is now covered with buildings. In the Croton watershed and in the Bronx many thousands of them are caught every year. The lakes of Central Park and Prospect Park swarm with them, but there they are not permitted to be molested. The fish are generally caught by using bread for bait. It is known that goldfish originally came from China and it is regarded as somewhat of a mystery how they should have come to so populously inhabit the water of New York State.

\* \* \*

#### THE FROG'S FEEDING.

MR. FROG has an enormous mouth for his size, and if we were to put a finger inside it we would find that he has a row of teeth in the upper jaw and that his soft white tongue, unlike our own, is attached in front and is free behind. When he wishes to catch any insect he throws out the free end of the tongue, then draws it in so rapidly that it is difficult to see whether he has been successful or not. As the tongue is coated with a gummy fluid, the insect sticks to it and is carried back into the mouth which closes upon it like the door of a tomb. Frogs, however, are not limited to one mode of feeding. They often leap open mouthed upon larger prey, which includes, besides insects, small fish, mice, small

ducklings, polliwogs and tiny frogs.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

\* \* \*

#### ENORMOUS STRENGTH OF MUSHROOMS.

A CURIOUS instance of the wonderful force exerted by growing vegetation is related in the *Gardener's Magazine*. This force seems all the more remarkable when exerted by light and unsubstantial mushrooms, but does not appear so extraordinary when caused by the expansion of a hard wood tree. Some half hardy annuals were sown in a frame just cleared of a winter crop in the gardens of an English park and the lights closed to hasten germination. Some days afterward signs of cracking were observed in the brickwork, and gradually a block weighing in the aggregate one and one-half hundred-weight was pushed out of position. After cutting out several bricks a mass of mushrooms was found three pounds, three ounces in weight growing in the center of the wall. The mycelium had run freely in the mortar and on the inner face of the bricks.

\* \* \*

#### THE PANAMA SILK TREE.

ONE of the greatest curiosities of the Panama isthmus is the vegetable silk tree. It is a plant that grows from fifteen to twenty feet high, and in appearance does not differ greatly from other trees, but the inner bark is a perfect silky fiber, long, smooth and strong. The natives separate it by some method best known to themselves, the process somewhat resembling that of beating flax. When once it is separated and spun into threads, it can be woven into a fabric so closely resembling silk that it is difficult for any one not familiar with it to distinguish between the two.

\* \* \*

#### IRON AS FOOD FOR HENS.

AN Italian authority finds that when hens are fed on food containing a large percentage of iron the eggs also reveal the presence of iron in the very digestible form of the albuminate. Such eggs exert a tonic effect on persons who eat them. The case illustrates the fact, that all eggs are not alike by any means and that, according to the food fed, they may vary greatly in dietetic value and effect.

\* \* \*

#### ROOTS PENETRATE ROCK.

THERE is a tree just beyond the New England railway arch on the Middlebury road in Connecticut which has grown through a solid rock many tons in weight, making a large fissure which would require a dynamite explosion to duplicate.



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## WHY NOT SMILE?

Smile, once in a while,  
'Twill make your heart seem lighter,  
Smile, once in a while,  
'Twill make your pathway brighter.  
Life's a mirror, as we smile  
Smiles come back to greet us;  
If we're frowning all the while  
Frowns forever meet us.

—Nixon Waterman, in "In Merry Mood."

\* \* \*

## THE SETTLEMENT.

THERE is a deep-seated feeling in the hearts of all, no matter what their belief or lack of it, that somehow, somewhere, all things will be evened up. The thought is often expressed by those who show no trace of religious feeling in anything. A wrong is done, and the word passes that the one who did it will get his pay in kind for it. And it is true.

Now the further facts are that as far as we are able to see, this settlement often does not come in the lifetime of the individual to blame. If one person murders another the law very often steps in and has the man legally choked to death, and we say that he has paid the penalty. But what about it if he has committed a dozen murders? He can not be hung till he is dead more than once, and he escapes the full penalty of his crime. He escapes a large part of it, because he is beyond the reach of human law. This all goes to show that the complete settlement of accounts involves action wholly beyond us.

This element of time in the adjustment of rights and wrongs often puzzles a good many thinking peo-

ple, especially the young and the immature. They see things going on wrong, and see no settlement in sight, and often evil seems to thrive more and do better than good. Now how about the settlement? The mistake consists in not regarding the element of time in the right light. All right and all wrong are finally rewarded as they ought to be, but the great Judge of the World has not only all the time there is, but an eternity back of it. In the end, in the long run, there is a settlement.

A very common illustration of this failure to see immediate results is in the case of the young person who sees wickedness thrive. One man works steadily at some commendable calling. He is seen by the boy coming and going to his field of labor, and he appears as though he was getting the worst of it right along. On the other side is a man engaged in selling whiskey, drinking and gambling, and doing everything bad that can be well imagined. Yet he thrives, apparently, wears good clothes, lives on the fat of the land, and is a living refutation of the statement that wickedness always comes to some bad ending. This sort of thing has turned the edge of many a boy's religion.

Now then pass over forty years, and what do we see? The boy is an old man, and he has seen the rum seller die poor, and unregretted. The humble working man is also dead, but he died in the bosom of his family, and he had the respect of all who knew him. It took half a lifetime to work out, but it did, all the same, and there is not a reader past fifty who has not seen it in the case of some of his acquaintances who burned their candle at both ends. But there are cases where the bad man died at home, rich and well off in this world's goods. What then?

It is only a matter of more time, that is more than we are able to see, and the whole matter is equitably adjusted. It may not appeal very strongly to the young observer who forgets, if he ever thought about it, that God Almighty is not hampered by the limitations of time. If we were far enough on we could see that it has all come out right. It is right because it is God's way.

Then there is another side to it, and it is often as much of a riddle as the other. Here is a person who is doing good, has been doing it all through life, and yet dies unrewarded. It is often seen in the case of some woman who unselfishly gives her life for a lot of worthless children who look for it as though it were their right that their mother should slave away her life for them. While they are out carousing around she is at home waiting for them. It comes to be a common thing, and is the expected. Then she dies, apparently unrewarded. It doesn't look just.

Right here is where our faith comes in. As surely as evil is worked out, so sure is it that no good ever passed without a compensation out of all proportion to the earning. Nothing good ever dies. Nothing good is ever lost. It may not show up in our time, but come it does, much surer than that the tree an idle hand has planted shelters many when the hand that planted the seed has passed over. This would be a sorry life were it otherwise. And what a blessed thing it is that the settlement is ever on the side of mercy. Justice there will be, but it will be more mercy than justice. Were it otherwise who of us should see salvation?

So let us take heart, for as God lives while there is no evil that will go unpunished, there is no good we ever did or ever will do that will pass unnoticed. Somehow and somewhere there will be a settlement, and matters will all be righted and truth and goodness will triumph and around the throne with Christ as the central figure love and peace will shine triumphant.

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#### THOROUGHNESS.

THE other day we had a talk with a large manufacturing establishment in the city of Chicago about stenographers, and the head of the concern remarked that it was possible to secure the services of hundreds of young men and women, the vast majority of whom had to be watched in their output. They either misspelled their words, paragraphed wrongly or they made nonsense out of sense, and generally failed to measure up to the real requirements of a stenographer and typewriter. Now the INGLENOOK has before this made frequent references to the desirability of people becoming thoroughly qualified before they undertake a job. There is always room for him who knows and he never need go place hunting once he is thoroughly reliable and his employer knows that when he is in a hurry he need not go over the work a second time to correct any errors found in it.

In addition to thorough qualification and preparation for the work of a stenographer there is a still higher grade of work. Take, for illustration, when the chief finds before him in the morning a pile of a hundred letters on a hundred different topics, each one requiring an answer. He glances over this pile, pencils on the margin one or two words, as the case may be. These words may be simply "Yes," "No," "Regrets," "Please," or the like, and then passes the entire batch over to the secretary, who writes out a perfect letter of answer embodying the idea of his chief, and these go out without ever being read, and not in one instance out of a thousand is an error made. There are people who do this and the man or woman who can do it need never go hunting a position.

There is but one step higher and that is that the chief need not read the letters at all, but the stenographer reads and answers them on the typewriter without the in-between shorthand. It is not expected that any boy or girl can do this in the start, but whoever can do it young or old, is worth pretty nearly his weight in gold. This can never be acquired without a thorough familiarity with the elements of the English language and in its closely related branches. The moral of the whole story is, make yourself fit before you can ever hope to reach these higher levels.

\* \* \*

#### FORGIVENESS.

WE are told that as we forgive so shall we be forgiven. It is an eminently fair proposition that as we treat others so shall we be treated. We should not ask of others what we, ourselves, do not give to those who ask. But the general view of forgiveness may not be clearly understood. While we may hold no grudge against the sinner we are not enjoined to run after him, to assure him of our readiness to let him out of the consequences. The instructions in Matt. 18 are applicable to the instances where the trespass is against the individual personally. Let us illustrate this point.

If you live in the city of Chicago, and one of your own household of faith trespasses against you, that comes within the scope of Matt. 18, but to make the sin or trespass of the multitude your own matter of adjustment is necessarily impossible. The real Christian will not wait to be visited when a wrong is done. As soon as conscious of it steps will be taken to remedy it.

\* \* \*

#### FLYING MACHINES.

FOR untold centuries it has been the dream of men to have some means of navigating the air. A great many experiments have been tried, most of them containing the seeds of failure within them and doomed to disappointment. However, one of the most famous of the world's scientists has tried the matter near Washington, D. C., and although backed up by an appropriation of \$50,000, a flat failure is the result thus far. That the machine would not fly does not mean that the idea is an impracticable one, for the time is coming beyond all question when man will navigate the air the same as they now do the water.

Of course it may not in the same way, but all the same too many men are working at it, and the interests are too great, not to succeed. It is not nearly as impossible in its outlook as telegraphy or the phonograph or the telephone would be to one who did not know that they were practicable. Flying may be deferred for some years but in the end it is a sure thing.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## GENERAL.

The yellow fever is at Laredo, Texas.

The agricultural papers are recommending that seed corn be selected now.

The sheep butchers have demanded an increase of twenty-five cents per day.

The western railroads are stocking up with coal in anticipation of a strike in the coal regions.

They have been having tornados out in Kansas. Several have been killed and injured.

The possibility of a strike on the Street Railway system of Chicago is troubling the managers of the lines.

South Bend, Ind., is to be the center of a veritable network of trolley lines if merger projects amount to anything.

The judge of the Indiana Supreme Court says that a man may believe in signs, omens and witchcraft and that not prove him insane.

The Chicago Furniture Manufacturers' Association is having trouble with its wagon drivers who have demanded an increase of fifty cents a week.

Dr. Andrew D. White, recently ambassador to Germany, says that the possibility of a war between this country and Germany is too remote for consideration.

A financial organization in Europe finds itself possessed of \$12,500,000 Confederate States bonds, still unpaid. All they are worth is what they will bring as curiosities.

The International Typographical Union is endeavoring to establish an eight-hour day beginning Jan. 1, 1905, in all the printing, book, and job houses throughout the country.

A gold watch saved the life of Lucilla Cox, of Hancock, New Hampshire, the other day. Her husband discharged a rifle at her at short range and the watch stopped the ball.

The Afro-American Equal Rights league of Illinois, whatever that may be, met at Springfield the other day and condemned Booker T. Washington as being too much in politics.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen met last week, in Chicago, and, after a long series of conferences decided to demand a uniform scale of pay east of Chicago, including the New England States.

Prof. Langley says that he is not discouraged by the result of his flying machine experiment which resulted so disastrously. He expects to try it again.

Rev. John Watson, Ian Maclaren, author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," has printed an article in which he says that the world is on the eve of a great religious revival.

At the last accounts Russia is likely to get into trouble with Japan. Japan is reported as having issued an ultimatum which will either bring peace or war within a few days.

A full-sized ostrich at the Pasadena ostrich farm, California, seeing some men at the top of electric wire poles, became frightened and dashed himself against the fence until he died.

Senator Platt, of New York, the colleague of Senator Conkling, of political memory, is now seventy years of age, but he will marry Miss Lillian Janeway, a lady said to be thirty-six years old.

Eight special trains carried the restoration band of Dowie's church to New York. These people are called restorationists and there are several thousand of them. They expect to convert the city of New York.

There was a raging torrent due to overwhelming rains at Patterson, N. J., that threatened to sweep away cities all over the east. There are many homeless people and the loss mounted up to over two millions of dollars.

They are having a lawsuit in Chicago between a woman who ordered a suit made by a tailor and afterward got sick, and the clothes failed to fit her. They have been having the clothes in court trying them on and trying to settle whose fault it is.

A prairie fire started early in the morning of Oct. 7, three miles north of Grainfield, Kans., and destroyed much wheat. This fire is in the neighborhood of Quinter, Kans., where many good Nookers reside. We hope that their wheat will not be burned.

On Oct. 9, a very severe storm swept all the country along New York and the eastern Atlantic coast generally. It was so severe that trains failed to make connection, and all along the coast there was a high wind and much damage resulted therefrom.

A Chicago paper, commenting on the examination of teachers that go to the Philippines, says that the applicants should beware of the move. Many of those who have gone have found the temperature ninety degrees at Christmas and on the Fourth of July more than they could bear. Moreover, the pay of \$900 to \$1200 per year is not in United States money but in silver, according to this paper.

Contrary to previous statements the apple crop is said to be of more than ordinary quality and quantity.

They are having some very serious floods in England. Rivers are high and in many places have broken their bounds.

There is an extraordinary group of solar spots now visible in the sun, the largest group discovered in the last ten years. They are being observed by astronomers to notice whether any effects are resultant.

The Grand Trunk railway at Chicago, has discharged all its women stenographers and typewriters. Too much gossip about their matrimonial chances during the office hours, and too much candy and gum led to the change.

Mrs. Milton Foster rode fifty miles in a buggy last week holding the dead body of her baby in order that burial might be had at her home at Rockville, Ind. The child died when the mother was visiting with friends in the city.

Peter Jansen, of Jansen, Nebr., has purchased fifty thousand acres of land in Canada. It is located in the Saskatchewan valley. Mr. Jansen is a Mennonite, and intends locating a Mennonite colony on his new purchase. He is very favorably impressed with the country.

A new law passed by the last legislature of Indiana is likely to cause the dismissal of one hundred or more school-teachers afflicted with tuberculosis. The new law forbids hiring a person so afflicted. The increase of consumption in the schools during the last years is reported at ten per cent.

J. H. Powrie, of Chicago, claims that he has discovered a method of taking photographs in colors. This has been sought for by artists for many years, and while it is true that Mr. Powrie may have discovered the correct method, yet there must be a doubt attached to it until it is fully proved.

The New York Court of Appeals, on Oct. 13, handed down a decision that dependence upon faith healing for sickness is criminal negligence. It appears that J. Luther Pierson, a faith cure party of White Plains, N. Y., had a sixteen-months-old adopted daughter who died of bronchial pneumonia without medical attendance.

Prof. Langley's airship upon which he has spent years of scientific study and for the construction of which the United States appropriated \$50,000, has proved an utter failure. Thus far all efforts of the character have resulted in failure although it is almost morally certain that success will eventually crown our efforts in that line.

John Hire, twenty years old, at the St. Charles Roman Catholic church, in Philadelphia, during communion service, grabbed one of the collection baskets and ran. Service was brought to an abrupt close and the majority of the worshipers took after the thief who was caught and an hour after the capture was on his way to prison to serve a year's sentence.

Andrew Marks, a farmer of Pennsylvania, and his son Selin went to New York suffering from hydrophobia. Last June a mad dog bit one of Marks' children who died of hydrophobia. Before his death the father and brother Selin kissed him and were bitten by the boy with the result that the parent and son think they have the rabies themselves.

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#### PERSONAL.

Former Postmaster General Bissel died in Buffalo last week.

Oct. 14, Grover Cleveland arrived in Chicago and many dinners and receptions awaited him.

Earl Ellsworth was sentenced the other day in McHenry county, Ill., to the penitentiary for life for his part in the murder at Woodstock, Ill., in 1902, of his father, mother, and their boarder, Amos W. Anderson.

A baby was born to Mrs. Chas. Fuller with a full set of teeth above and below. These teeth cut and mangled the infant's tongue so as to make their extraction necessary. The teeth were pulled by a dentist and the baby will recover.

Vesta Tilley ordered a special train from South Bend to Chicago, where she has a theatrical engagement. Instead of wanting a fast train she agreed for a special to which a freight would be considered fast in comparison. It is expected to run the train ten miles an hour.

Anna Treischman visited her brother in prison at Hazleton, Pa., and watching her chance slipped her hand through the grating, and turned the key on the outside enabling him to escape. She is now locked up in the cell her brother occupied. He was a deserter in the United States Navy, and was in prison awaiting trial.

Chiquita, the tiniest midget woman in the world, is in St. Vincent's hospital, at Erie, Pa., hovering between life and death on account of a Cæsarian operation performed last week as a last resort to saving her life. The physicians say that the operation was entirely successful and that she will recover. The baby was dead.



## OLD MONEY.

EVEN money wears out and has to be replaced. The New York *Tribune* tells something about it.

Uncle Sam has made millions through the efforts of people to place money where thieves cannot reach it, and the redemption division of the treasury reveals many interesting stories of "lost wealth."

Only a few weeks ago E. E. Schreiner, chief of the division had a novel experience. He was forced to make an examination of a dog's stomach to satisfy himself that it contained the remains of a twenty-dollar bill which the canine had chewed up. The dog's stomach was sent to Mr. Schreiner accompanied by a letter in which the writer stated that his dog Fritz had swallowed a twenty-dollar bill while he was playing with him. The aforesaid Fritz was not regarded by the owner as being worth twenty dollars, so he was shot and the stomach sent to the treasury department to see if the bill could be put together sufficiently to be redeemed. With the assistance of the experts in the division of redemption the badly-chewed-up bill was taken out, and it was redeemed at its face value.

"And this is the way we have to go about getting money together to redeem it," said one of the experts. "It comes here in every shape and not infrequently entirely out of shape, and it sometimes takes the greatest care and most delicate work to get it in such condition that we are able to satisfy ourselves that some effort is not being made to swindle your Uncle Sam out of good money. We have our rules for redemption, and these rules are strictly adhered to.

"Somehow calves appear to have the inside track of all other animals for destroying money and they literally eat it up when they get hold of it, while goats give the stuff a 'lick and a promise,' so to speak, and it is found in large pieces when sent here for redemption. Goats do not chew it up fine, like some other animals. It is not often that dogs get hold of money, but frequently pigs and hogs make sad havoc with a roll of bills. Of course, the best thing to be done when a bill is eaten by an animal is to get the mass out as soon as possible, being careful not to let it dry before being sent here. It is safer to allow us to do the taking apart of the pieces. Whenever there is a reasonable doubt about the genuineness of a bill or its denomination that doubt is in favor of the party making the claim.

"Here are the rules, briefly, for the redemption of mutilated money: For a piece of currency greater than two-fifths and less than three-fifths of the original note, one-half the face value of the note

is given. For a piece as great as three-fifths the whole value of the note is given. For a piece two-fifths in size of the original nothing is given. But this last provision is limited by the law which gives discretion to the treasury department to give full value for a note if the owner can prove to the satisfaction of the authorities that the note or the missing part of it, was destroyed. This last provision opens the door to possible fraud and many are the efforts made by dishonest persons to take advantage of it. The fragments of money which come here for redemption are turned over to an expert and sorted out under the microscope for identification. They are picked apart and each piece assigned to its place like a puzzle. This is usually done on glass and the pieces are placed between glass, so that they can be measured in order to ascertain how much of the note is there.

"Unless there was the most perfect system here we would be frequently taken in by dishonest persons. A fellow in Kansas sent in the halves of some small bills, with the edges nicely charred, accompanied by an affidavit that he had put the money in his pocket, hung his coat on a fence and that the coat had been burned. It happened that the other halves of these notes had been redeemed for a money broker in New York more than two years previous, and the Kansas fellow was arrested and fined one thousand dollars. A Chicago man sent in fragments of two twenty-dollar bills and one ten-dollar bill, with an affidavit saying that the other halves had been destroyed. With the same mail a Chicago banker sent the other halves. It was proved that the fellow who made the affidavit was a swindler, and he got two years in the 'pen.' There have been a number of cases of this character. We keep tab on every bill which is redeemed or sent for redemption, and that is the way we keep from being bunkoed.

"It is not only mutilated money that comes here, but dirty and worn money of all kinds—after it is so badly worn that it will not pass current. This last class of money is placed in the hands of experts to decide whether it was issued by the government and should be redeemed at its face value or whether it is the work of counterfeiters and should be rejected. It is not to the discredit of the division and the experts to say that some bogus money has got past them and has been detected in one of the offices to which it had been sent for further examination.

"Decidedly the larger part of the money sent here for redemption has been damaged by fire, the parlor stove being a great source of loss, people sticking rolls of bills in these places for safe keeping and neglecting to remove them before building fires.

Railway wrecks cause sometimes great loss of money by the burning of mail and express cars, but in such cases it is not difficult to have every dollar redeemed if only small portions of the notes can be found. A few bits, so hopelessly charred as to seem to the ordinary eye but a small accumulation of ashes, may be redeemable for thousands of dollars. Morsels no larger than your finger nails are every day redeemed for the face value of the notes they represent. All that is required is sufficient evidence to show that the originals have been destroyed.

"Uncle Sam has made a great deal of money by his paper cash that has been accidentally destroyed. Every cent that is not handed in at the treasury for redemption is so much in his pocket. Take, for instance, the first issue of fractional currency

In 1870 a treasury commission appointed by congress made up its mind that \$8,000,000 had been lost or destroyed and congress accordingly turned that amount out of the \$10,000,000 appropriated for redemption of the fractional notes over for the payment of pensions. Since that time experts have concluded that not more than \$1,000,000 has been lost and destroyed and that \$14,000,000 yet remains outstanding."

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#### DANGEROUS SYMPTOMS.

THE story is told of a Scotch preacher who gave his people long, strong sermons and delivered them in a remarkably deliberate manner. One Sunday he asked a friend who was visiting him to occupy his pulpit in the morning.



EDUCATION BUILDING, ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

which was put out in 1863. Out of the five-cent notes more than forty-five per cent has never been asked payment for. The same is true of thirty per cent of the ten-cent notes, twenty per cent of twenty-five-cent notes and eleven per cent of the fifty-cent notes.

"It is shown by the figured treasury totals that of the \$20,000,000 worth of these notes first issued more than \$4,000,000 still remains in the clothes of the government. Four subsequent issues of these small notes ran the total up to \$447,000,000 and more than \$11,000,000 additional has not been called for, leaving Uncle Sam \$15,000,000 ahead of the game on fractional currency. These small notes were easily destroyed and lost, especially during the war times, and millions are now in the hands of curio collectors and individuals who keep them.

"An' were you satisfied wi' my preaching?" asked his friend as they walked home from the kirk.

"Weel," said his host slowly, "it was a fair dis-coorse, Will'm; a fair dis-coorse, but it pained me at the last to see the folk looking so fresh and wide-awake. I mistrust 'twasna sae long nor sae sound as it should hae been." \* \* \*

THE automobiles that run like a freight train through the public highways are coming in for a great deal of adverse criticism on the part of the public. It appears that some of the drivers of the "devil wagons" as they are called, think they own the whole road.

\* \* \*

FRANKLIN FARREL, the son of a millionaire, has gone to work in his father's foundry to learn the business from the ground up.



## HOW TO TELL PURE HONEY.

BY A. H. SNOWBERGER.

EVEN chemical analysis sometimes fails to distinguish pure from impure honey, and it is said that so eminent a scientist as Prof. Wiley, of Washington, D. C., failed a few years ago on some samples brought to him. As I now remember it he pronounced some adulterated samples as pure, especially those mixed with cane sugar, while those which were adulterated with glucose he analyzed correctly.

It is very difficult to detect the adulteration when pure cane sugar is used, but glucose, in any proportion, can be detected by tasting, by those who know. Speaking on general principles, all comb honey is pure flower honey but it may be of a poor quality, but it is nevertheless pure. Notwithstanding the assertions to the contrary, no artificial comb honey has ever been produced, and feeding artificial mixture to bees to have them store it in the combs can be made profitable from the financial standpoint.

Such extracted honey will be pure honey if granulated. The extracted honey takes longer time to granulate than adulterated. When honey is granulated, or candied, it is a pretty sure indication that it is pure although it is not always first-class in quality, and this applies only to honey that is put up in such a way that the air has access to it. If honey is sealed air-tight, it will not granulate. Adulterated honey can never be told from pure honey by the looks of it. If you see a jar labeled pure extracted honey, with a piece of nice comb floating in the liquid, it is almost sure to be adulterated, and the principal part of it is glucose, the small piece of comb being often dry and put in for deception.

Summing it all up I see no sure way of telling pure honey except by chemical analysis, and even that has not been infallible. While glucose may be detected by testing, any pronounced flavor such as that gathered from clover, basswood, catnip, peppermint, etc., can be largely mixed syrup and granulated sugar and the adulteration cannot be detected by tasting, and it is often difficult to be detected by analysis.

*Huntington, Ind.*

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## GROWING CROPS.

PROBABLY nine-tenths of the NOOK family are directly engaged in growing crops of some kind, while every reader is more or less interested in it, directly or indirectly. Now the remarkable fact about plant culture, or the growing of the crops, is that although thousands of years have passed in actual farming, nobody has, as yet, learned exactly how the best results may be brought about, and when it comes down to the

fundamentals nobody knows how the crop is made at all.

The ordinary farmer goes out early in the morning with his team, plows the soil deep, harrows it well, and, if he has it, has either turned under a good crop of stable manure or broadcasted it over the surface and harrowed it in. He then plants his seed, and if wind and weather keep step with his crop, and he cultivates it properly, he will get a good return and be called a good farmer. Yet, outside of his work practically he may not be able to give a single intelligent reason as to how the result has come about. He has done the best he knew and so gets a good crop.

Now science steps in and attempts to tell just how the thing was done, and remarkable as it may seem there are very few principles that have been established by science that are perfectly general in their application. The fact is we know so little about what is going on in nature right under our feet. Artificial fertilizers have been used for years with more or less good results, and yet often their application fails to produce the desired results, without our being able to tell why such is the case.

While a large part of the success of the farmer is due to the mechanical preparation of the soil, yet that is not all of it by any means. The available amount of plant food and the conditions of its assimilation are, in general terms, what will make the crop. In nearly every soil the plant food is there but it may not be available, and in every soil, even where it is available, the conditions may not be favorable for its assimilation and the result is an indifferent crop, or perhaps a total failure.

Take the soil of a country that is irrigated and it contains in unmeasurable quantities all the requisites of plant food. When water is turned on the crops planted in that soil it does not produce better final results than crops growing in similar soil under natural humid conditions. This would seem to indicate that the solvency of the plant food in the soil is not all that is required for the best results.

Nature's chemistry always seems to work best and every Nooker who can hit these natural conditions will be sure of a good crop, whether he knows anything about the chemistry of it or not. If he has had a heavy crop of clover which he turns under and then plants it in corn, and the rain comes at the right time, he will have a big corn crop, even though he may not know what the reasons are that have brought about the result.

It is the domain of science to invade the underworld where the roots lie, ascertain what is going on there, and endeavor to reproduce those conditions artificially, which the farmer has brought about by accident, but the remarkable part of it all is that with the thousands of years of agricultural experiment, by un-

old millions of people, the whole wide world over, we know so little about what is going on right under our feet in the open field.

\* \* \*

#### WAGES EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE following extracts from a roll of the expenses of Edward I, at Rhuddlan castle, in Wales, in 1281 and 1282, may perhaps amuse, as showing the rates of wages paid to different workmen, tradesmen, etc., at that period.

Rhuddlan castle was the headquarters of Edward, during an insurrection of the Welsh, under Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, at which time it had many additions made to it.

Paid to Master Peter de Brompton for the wages of 100 carpenters, each receiving 4d per day, and their constable receiving 8d per day, of which five are overseers of 20, and each receives 6d per day for his wages.

To two smiths, one receiving 4d per day, and the other 3d per day for their wages, from Sunday, 23d of August, to Sunday, 12th of September.

Two shoeing smiths by the day, at 3d.

Paid to 47 sailors of the king for their wages, seven days, each receiving per diem 3d, except seven, each of whom received 6d per day.

Paid to Geoffry le Chamberlain for the wages of 12 cross-bowmen and 13 archers for 24 days, each cross-bowman receiving by the day 4d, and each archer 2d.

Paid to one master mason, receiving 6d per diem, and five masons at 4d, and one workman at 3d.

Sunday next, after the feast of St. John Baptist, paid to 22 mowers, each receiving 1¼d per day.

\* \* \*

#### TEACHING PARROTS TO TALK.

In reply to the query, "How do you teach parrots to talk?" a bird dealer said:

"I allow my parrot some proportion of their native food—bananas, palm nuts and the like. I begin by instructing them to pronounce one word, allowing them two days to master it, and gradually increasing their vocabulary to three or four words. I then make sentences of words that are easily joined together. It takes a male bird at most two weeks to master half a dozen short sentences in one language. The females are not so quick at grasping a word or sentence as the males are and so they require a day or two more of tuition.

"In teaching a parrot, an important secret is to demonstrate the meaning of the word or sentence, if possible, so that it will seem to speak intelligently. For instance, pulling a newspaper from my pocket, I will say 'What's the news?' or, taking out my watch, 'What's the time?' The parrot will soon learn to suit the word to the action.

"In teaching the bird to greet a visitor on the proper occasion with 'How do you do?' I repeat the words on entering its presence. To make him say 'Must you go? Good-by!' I rise from a chair, pick up my hat, and while leaving the room repeat the words. That is my method."

\* \* \*

#### SAVES TROUBLE.

ONE of the most unique business enterprises in this country was established not long ago by three Pittsburg women. Something like a year ago Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, Mrs. Maud P. Kirk and Mrs. Grimes rent-



RESIDENCE OF J. S. KUNS, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ed a house in one of the best residence sections of Oakland and began to prepare and deliver what they called a "ready to serve" dinner. A patent "buffet" was constructed which would retain heat for hours. In that ingenious contrivance these dinners were served. They were guaranteed to remain fresh, appetizing and hot for three hours.

Success was theirs. Housewives soon took notice. In a short time those who had heretofore had much trouble in getting a cook ordered the meals from these women. The "ready to serve" dinners proved a quick and easy way out of her dilemma and the ever-troublesome cook was done away with.

The "ready to serve" dinner business is a new feature of nearly every city in the United States. San Francisco and fashionable Paris have soundly established cooking establishments on the same basis and it has become very popular. The three women realized a surprisingly large sum, it is said.

\* \* \*

DR. CHAS. GARDINER, of Emporia, Kans., one of the best known and most successful physicians in the west, dropped dead from heart failure, Sept. 2, just after performing an operation for a patient. The patient nearly died for lack of attention on account of the physician's death.



### HOW IT FEELS TO BE SCALPED.

A TRUE account of the man who was scalped and lived to tell the story has been filed with the Nebraska State Historical society, and the indisputable proof is a wrinkled scalp in a hermetically sealed case. It is one of the curiosities in the museum of the Omaha public library.

The scalp once adorned the head of William Thompson, and was torn from its natural resting place in an Indian attack on the employes of the Union Pacific railroad Aug. 6, 1867. The attack was made a short distance from the present site of Kearney, Neb., and in that city lives Moses H. Sydenham, veteran journalist, who printed the first newspaper in the State, and he is the authority for the authenticity of the incident.

In a personal interview Thompson described to Mr. Sydenham his sensations while the scalping knife of the savage was removing the scalp.

Thompson was one of the five men ordered out of the Plum Creek station on Aug. 5 to repair the telegraph line a short distance from Kearney. On the afternoon of the next day they encountered the savages. The first suggestion of danger was a pile of ties on the railroad track.

"They had no sooner stopped the handcar," said Mr. Sydenham, "than rifle shots were heard and bullets whizzed by them. The prairie grass along the Platte river seemed alive with Indians, all in war paint. These rushed upon the five linemen, who aimed a few shots at the Indians and then ran for cover.

"A shot from one of the pursuers hit Thompson in the right arm, but he kept on running. Finally he was felled from a blow with a tomahawk. For a few moments he lay stunned, and then he recovered sufficiently to realize what the Indian was doing. He determined to remain perfectly quiet, and to this decision he probably owed his life.

"With the deftness of an expert," Thompson said, "the savage grabbed my scalp lock in one hand, cutting around it again and again until the edges of the skin were loosened. Then he tore it free. The sensation was about the same as if some one had passed a red-hot iron over my head. After the air touched the wound the pain was almost unendurable. I never felt anything that hurt so much. I had to bite my tongue to keep from putting my hand on the wound. I wanted to see how much of the top of my head was left."

"The Indian left Thompson and hurried on in pursuit of the others. Just as he turned to go he tucked the hair of the scalp under his girdle. In his hurry it was insecurely fastened and fell into the grass. The piece of scalp was just about as big as a man's hand. In the distance the Indians pursued the flying linemen. Just as Thompson prepared to crawl into the grass

he was roughly seized, a hand clutched his hair again, and once more he felt a knife. He felt that another Indian was scalping him. After removing a couple of inches of the scalp the Indian rushed on.

"To the pain of the wounds was soon added the torture of thirst. Thompson felt dizzy and unable to rise. He heard the Indians moving near him. He lay perfectly still and saw that a freight train was approaching in the distance. The Indians had placed ties on the track. Thompson dared not try to flag the train, which was steadily approaching. It crashed into the ties and the Indians surrounded the defenseless train crew. Several cars and the engine were derailed. The Indians found a barrel of whiskey among the freight, and as darkness came on Thompson heard their frenzied yells. They fired the derailed cars, and from the grass Thompson saw the fireman and engineer thrown into the flames.

"In the darkness Thompson picked up the scalp lock and crawled away. He met a rescuing party from Omaha in the morning. The charred bodies of the fireman and engineer were taken from the debris and conveyed to Omaha. None of the other linemen or members of the train crew could be found. They were never heard of again.

"When Thompson arrived in Omaha Dr. R. C. Moore took charge of the case. Antiseptic surgery was then unknown, and there was great danger of blood poisoning. However, the wound was done up in sweet oil, and soon healed.

"Thompson went to Melburn, England, as soon as he recovered. A few years ago Dr. Moore received a letter from him. Thompson said that he was getting old, and few people believed the scalping story. He wanted to know if the doctor wanted a slight token of the case. Dr. Moore replied in the affirmative, and soon after he received the dried and wrinkled scalp. He recognized it at once, and has given it to the Omaha public library.

Mr. Sydenham regards the incident as worthy of permanent record, as Thompson is the only man in the history of the State who has survived a scalping experience. His account has been given to J. Amos Barrett, secretary of the Nebraska State Historical society, and will be kept among the records in the library building of the State University.

\* \* \*

### SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR HAIR.

SOMEBODY asked in the NOOK about hair and its diseases, and here is an interesting and scientific talk about something that concerns all of us.

When hair falls it is generally because the little cells at the roots are dried up. Very often the roots get dry from excessive heat. In hot weather the hair will fall and after violent headaches, when the scalp will become heated, it will also fall. Fevers burn out

the roots and sudden shocks cause the moisture to leave them.

To restore the oil to the roots is the only rational way and so hot is the head that it immediately absorbs the oil that is fed to it, leaving the scalp as dry as before. The oil must not touch the hair, but must be fed to the roots after the hair is parted off, so as to expose the scalp in white lines. It takes an hour to treat the whole head, but it well repays the time and trouble.

Dandruff is traced to various causes. It is an unpleasant feature of the head and no sufferer but wants to get rid of it. Dandruff really comes from some irritation of the scalp. It is always worse where the hairpins are placed and it is bad indeed when the hair is tied with a string in the hairdressing, for the head becomes greatly heated under the cord and the scalp is irritated.

Shampooing the hair to take away the dandruff is the most natural thing to do. The dandruff disappears and the head is temporarily clean. But the next day it begins to come back and within a week the head is almost as bad as ever.

There are two species of dandruff—the dry kind, which flakes off on one's clothing, and this is the kind of dandruff from which men suffer and which makes bald heads; and another kind of dandruff, which is the oily sort, which clings to the scalp and looks exceedingly untidy.

Both kinds will yield to the same treatment. The head must be gently massaged with almond oil or with castor oil and the dandruff let alone. Next day the head can be washed in plain soap and plenty of water and after the rinsing the oil can be massaged into the roots again.

To perform this task part the hair down the middle, dip two fingers in the oil and run up and down the parting slowly, but touching it in little spots.

Part another strand and without dipping the fingers again spat this new parting. Keep on this way, seldom touching the fingers to the oil unless they are so dry that they must be renewed. There are cool hands that are specially fitted for this, while other hands are far too hot and feverish to carry the oil well.

There would be few bald heads among men if this course were pursued; and men who have grown partly bald can call the life back to the roots by trying this method.

If a man's pate has grown shiny, showing that the roots are dead and buried, there is nothing to be done. The head is bald for all time, but if the hair is only thin and not really dead as to the roots, it can be made as heavy as ever. Men who are bald on top can keep from getting bald on the sides by treating the roots carefully.

The worst thing a man or woman can do is to

shampoo the hair frequently. Once in three weeks ought to be often enough, and the man who has formed a habit of rubbing his wet hands over his head in the morning when he is washing his face will be rewarded by a bald head long before his time.

\* \* \*

#### SHIP FRUIT WITHOUT ICE.

THE first car load of fruit to come across the country without ice arrived in St. Paul from San Francisco a few days ago. It was a car of oranges shipped by the new process of confining the fruit in a dry atmosphere of medium temperature, charged with anti-septic germicidal gas. The fruit is said to have arrived in first-class condition. It is maintained that the percentage of loss was much smaller than on fruit sent in refrigerator cars. The two days' time necessary for the restocking of refrigerator cars was saved by the new process. The effect of the treatment of the fruit in the car is to destroy the germs in the atmosphere and on the fruit and, by the gas uniting with exuded juice, form a germ-proof coating which protects the fruit and keeps the juices from further evaporation.

\* \* \*

#### ENGRAVING GLASS WITH GELATINE.

A SINGULAR property of gelatine, when spread upon glass, has lately been experimented with by the French chemist, Cailletet. When a thick layer of strong glue, that has been allowed to dry upon a glass surface, is detached, it carries off scales of glass and leaves designs resembling those of frost on the window-pane, says the *Keystone*. Polished marble and quartz are similarly attacked. With glue containing six per cent of alum Monsieur Cailletet produced five designs, resembling moss in texture. Hyposulphite of soda and nitrate and chlorate of potash, added to the glue, produce analogous effects. The glue while drying exerts a powerful mechanical strain.

\* \* \*

A CHINAMAN named Wong Lung, of Boston, Mass., shot and killed a fellow countryman and wounded two others. The peculiar part about it was that Lung wore a coat of mail consisting of several sheets of pliable steel woven together and covered with fine silk. It was fitted with shoulder straps, and weighed about six pounds.

\* \* \*

PRACTICALLY all the railroads that center in Chicago have issued orders that total abstinence is essential to employment. Not only is the use of liquor forbidden but tobacco comes under the ban, and its use around the stations, especially cigarettes, is prohibited. With some of the roads the orders against tobacco are almost as severe as whiskey.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

### THE FIRST GRANDCHILD.

"Grandmother!" called the farmer, and there came  
Out from the vine-wreathed porch a blushing dame,  
Surprised and eager at the new, strange name.

The clock within rang forth the chime of eight.  
"A message? Read it—quick—how can you wait?"  
Her husband, smiling, leaned upon the gate.

At arm's length, holding in his hand  
The crisp white sheet, while he the writing scanned,  
Then read once more with voice almost unmanned:

"Thy granddaughter salutes thee, 'Baby Bell'—  
Mother and child, thank God, are doing well."  
A moment's silence on the proud twain fell.

She broke it soon. "Grandfather, I congrat—"   
"What me!"—the good man cried, lifting his hat—  
'Grandfather'—me? I hadn't thought of that."

—Annie E. Preston.

\* \* \*

### TALK TO THE GIRLS.

BY LULA C. MOHLER.

BEING my father's housekeeper, and having been left to this duty by my mother leaving us on that last, long journey, I am in a position to know how little the older women seem to like to visit us young girls. I don't know if you would call it selfishness, but they seem to be afraid their visit with the girls will not be pleasant. They think, "I used to enjoy visiting there, but now there isn't anyone there but that young girl and she doesn't care for my company and I wouldn't enjoy talking to her, so I'll just go to see Mrs — and enjoy my visit more."

I want to say any young girl enjoys the society of any woman who makes herself agreeable, and the "older girls" could transform this world to a world of more noble women if they would help other girls besides their own. There would be much less reason for the many satirical things said of women's peculiarities and faults, and more of her gentle, noble ways, if only the girls were helped to make a good woman, in the best sense of the word, by the friendship of some good older woman. Girls like friends among women besides their mother.

Seems to me that Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster has the ability to get into the "girl spirit" that is a gift beyond price. She doesn't lecture; but is a friend of the girls. Any woman who would love young girls, and want to be their friend, and get into, and share

their life, and satisfy their restless yearning for life and pleasure by giving them their womanly counsel in helping them to the best way to find their pleasures and diversions, would have more friends and admirers than in her girlish dreams she had ever hoped to win.

Wherever girls and women are gathered together it is rarely, if ever, that the women talk very long with the girls. And they wonder why they giggle so much, and talk of such idle things. Girls want to be lively and care-free, but if some of those women would talk to, and come to them, some would talk as entertainingly as they could wish, and the others wouldn't be so empty-minded if they were in the society of kind, agreeable women.

It really seems as if there is a gulf between mothers and other women's girls. They live as comrades with their own girls, but don't seem to know how to win the love of other girls.

*Leeton, Mo.*

\* \* \*

### WHAT GOES TOGETHER.

SOMETIMES the cook hardly knows what goes with the leading dish of the day, and here it is, in the main, from a Chicago caterer for the benefit of the NOOK family.

CORNED BEEF—Serve cabbage, carrots, beets, parsnips, potatoes, turnips, pickles.

ROAST BEEF—Serve beets, beans, macaroni, potatoes, boiled rice, squash, turnips, or any vegetables that are in season, horse radish, mushroom sauce.

BEEFSTEAK—Serve beans, corn, potatoes, parsnips, squash, tomatoes, or any other vegetable in season. Slices of lemon impart a pleasant flavor.

BIRDS of any kind—Beans, baked macaroni, mashed potatoes, turnips, currant or other acid jelly.

CHICKEN, BOILED—Lettuce, boiled rice, parsnips, potatoes, tomatoes, turnips, currant jelly, cranberry, celery, or oyster sauce.

CHICKEN, ROAST—Beans, beets, celery, corn, onions, baked potatoes, squash, and any vegetable in season, currant or other acid jelly. Cauliflower is especially nice with fried chicken.

CALF'S HEAD—Beans, dandelion, celery, macaroni, horseradish, parsnips, potatoes, spinach.

DUCK, ROAST—Baked macaroni, corn, beans, onions, mashed potatoes, boiled rice, squash, apple sauce.

FOWLS, ROAST—Beans, corn, celery, onions, potatoes, squash, sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce.

GOOSE, ROAST—Beans, baked macaroni, onions, mashed potatoes, boiled rice, squash, turnips, apple sauce.

GAME—Acid jelly, potatoes, tomatoes, spinach, salads.

FISH, BAKED—Beans, corn, lettuce, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, squash, drawn butter or Hollandaise sauce.

FISH, BOILED—Potatoes, squash, turnips, tomatoes, horseradish, lemon, tomato sauce, or tartar sauce.

FISH, FRIED—Cucumbers, potatoes, tomatoes, squash, horseradish, sauce tartar.

LAMB, BOILED—Asparagus, peas, potatoes, spinach, turnips.

LAMB CHOPS—Asparagus, lettuce, potatoes, pickles, sweet potatoes, turnips, tomato sauce.

LAMB, ROAST—String beans, corn, green peas, potatoes, summer squash, turnips, mint sauce.

MUTTON, BOILED—Baked macaroni, mashed potatoes, mashed turnips, currant jelly, mint sauce.

MUTTON CHOPS—Lettuce, potatoes, turnips, sweet potatoes, pickles, tomato sauce.

MUTTON, ROAST—Boiled onions, mashed turnips, mashed potatoes, asparagus, cauliflower, spinach, green peas, currant jelly. Salad is served with it by the English.

PORK, ROAST—Onions, boiled rice, potatoes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, squash, apple sauce, fried apples. With pork sausage serve fried apples or apple sauce.

SWEETBREADS—Peas, asparagus, cauliflower, tomatoes, macaroni and cheese.

TURKEY, BOILED—Lettuce, parsnips, potatoes, turnips, currant jelly, oyster, cranberry, or celery sauce.

\* \* \*

#### TOOTH PASTE.

PRECIPITATED chalk, eight ounces; white castile soap powder, four ounces; orris root powder, four ounces; oil of sassafras, forty drops; oil of bay, eighty drops. Honey sufficient to form paste.

\* \* \*

#### HAVE KEEN SMELL.

THE aborigines of Peru can in the darkest night and in the thickest woods distinguish respectively a white man, a negro and one of their own race by the smell.

\* \* \*

#### HOW ABOUT THIS?

Do ladies violate the law,  
When autumn rides afield,  
Or when the winter days are raw,  
By carrying arms concealed?

#### QUINCE JELLY.

BY MYRTLE SPRENKLE.

AFTER having selected your quinces, wash them nice and clean and remove all imperfections. Quarter them, but do not remove the peel or core as most of the mucilage is immediately beneath the skin and in the core. Allow sufficient water to cover them and cook until soft. Cool and strain the liquid thoroughly.

Take one and one-half pints of granulated sugar to one-half pint of water and one pint of the quince liquid. Boil it rapidly and test often, until the desired consistency is reached.

The glasses should be thoroughly cleaned and heated ready to pour in the jelly. When done pour in the jelly and let cool. Then melt your paraffine and pour over the top.

*Baltic, Ohio.*

\* \* \*

#### LEMON CAKE.

BY ELSIE SANGER.

TAKE one-half cup of butter or lard, two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in three cups of flour. Add a few drops of vanilla if desired. Bake in layers. Icing: Take the juice and grated rind of two lemons, two cups of pulverized sugar, two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat well together. Then cook five or ten minutes, spreading the same between the layers and the outside of the cake.

*Bays, W. Va.*

\* \* \*

#### GRAPE PIE.

BY MYRTLE SPRENKLE.

TAKE grapes for as many pies as you desire. Boil them, and, when cool, strain as you would for jelly.

For each pie take one pint of the strained grape juice, one tablespoonful of corn starch, and plenty of sugar to sweeten. Boil the whole and when cold pour in the baked crusts. Then cover with whipped cream and serve.

*Baltic, Ohio.*

\* \* \*

#### BUTTER PIE.

BY CARRIE HUFFMAN.

FOR two pies take two eggs, one cup of granulated sugar, two tablespoonfuls flour, piece of butter the size of a walnut, two cups of milk and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Place in the crusts and bake to a nice delicate brown. Remove from the stove as soon as the custard thickens to prevent its becoming watery.

*Onward, Ind.*



# Aunt Barbara's Page

"S-H-H-H!"

My maw—she's upstairs in bed,  
 An' It's there wif her.  
 It's all bundled up an' red—  
 Can't nobody stir;  
 Can't nobody say a word  
 Since it come to us.  
 Only thing 'at I have heard.  
 'Ceptin' all It's fuss,  
 Is "Sh-h-h!"

That there nurse, she shakes her head  
 When I come upstairs.  
 "Sh-h-h!" she sez—'at's all she's said  
 To me anywheres.  
 Doctor—he's th' man 'at brung  
 It to us to stay—  
 He makes me put out my tongue,  
 'Nen sez, "Sh-h-h!"—'at way!  
 Jest "Sh-h-h!"

I goed in to see my maw,  
 'Nen climb on th' bed.  
 Was she glad to see me? Pshaw!  
 "Sh-h-h!"—'at's what she said!  
 'Nen It blinked an' tried to see—  
 'Nen I runned away  
 Out to my old apple tree  
 Where no one could say  
 "Sh-h-h!"

'Nen I lay down on th' ground  
 An' say 'at I jest wish  
 I was big! An' there's a sound—  
 'At old tree says "Sh-h-h!"  
 'Nen I cry an' cry an' cry  
 Till my paw, he hears  
 An' comed there an' wiped my eye  
 An' mop' up th' tears—  
 Nen sez "Sh-h-h!"

I'm go' tell my maw 'at she  
 Don't suit me one bit—  
 Why'd they all say "Sh-h-h!" to me  
 An' not say "Sh-h-h!" to It?

—W. D. N.

\* \* \*

## TEN YEARS OLD.

TEN years sounds quite old to most little folks, and when Florence reached her tenth birthday, she thought it the most important birthday she had ever had.

If you had known Florence, I am sure you would have liked her, for she was one of those quiet, lovable little girls who always make friends wherever they go.

There were many things about Florence that made her friends love her. She was always so unselfish. She shared her toys most willingly with all her little

playmates, and when she had anything to divide she would always offer you the "biggest half," instead of keeping it for herself. She was a very thoughtful little girl, too, and when papa came home she would always have his slippers ready for him so that he might rest his feet; and when she saw her mother was tired, she would ask if she could not wipe the dishes, or clear off the table, or arrange the flowers, or do something to help her.

I would not have you think that Florence was a perfect little girl. Oh, no! She had her faults, and among them was a hasty temper, that sometimes made her do and say things that she was sorry for afterwards. But she knew that this was something that she must strive against, and she tried very hard not to let her temper get the better of her.

Florence had heard that one thing to do on your birthday is to make good resolutions. She asked one day what "resolution" meant, and her mamma said it was a promise made to yourself.

On her tenth birthday Florence slipped out into the garden, and there she made her birthday resolution. What do you suppose it was? Why, it was simply this: That, with Jesus' help, she would try to keep her temper better than ever before.

I think that was a good resolution to make, and I am sure that the Savior helped Florence to carry out that promise which she had made to herself, because she did not trust to her own strength, but looked to him for help. There is no one who can help us to keep the good resolutions we make so well as Jesus our Savior.

\* \* \*

"WHEN Leland Howard was a little boy," a Rockford old resident said the other day, "he stopped on the street one afternoon to watch an old woman take snuff. Snufftaking was a thing he had never seen before, and he didn't know what to make of it. When he got home he said:

" 'I seen a funny thing to-day.'

" 'What did you see?' someone asked.

" 'Why,' said the boy, 'I seen an old woman chewin' tobacco with her nose.'"

\* \* \*

## MISTAKEN LIBERALITY.

The man who likes to give advice,  
 Must sing a sorry song.  
 He is forgot when things go right,  
 And blamed when things go wrong.

—Washington Star.

## The Q. & A. Department.

Does taking a publication from the post office after the term of subscription has expired make the party liable to pay for it?

In some states it does and in others not. Some publishers of questionable morals send their publications after the term has expired and then they try to collect by law. The circumstances attendant upon the matter will largely govern the liability. The INGLENOOK never does anything of the kind. If a copy comes to you, you can take it and never pay for it, as it has been provided for by some one else,—it is a sample copy, or sent of our own free will, without any catch in it whatever.

✱

Can I buy a watch complete at the Elgin Watch Factory?

The Elgin watch factory does not retail its watches to individuals and it does not make cases at all. Making the works of a watch and making its case are two different industries. There are two case factories in Elgin and one watch factory. While they go together in practice, in business they are separate. At some places the cases and watches are made under the same management but not at Elgin.

✱

Would it pay to raise hops in the eastern part of the United States?

Hops demand a certain kind of soil and certain conditions that are not found everywhere and it may be that they would do well in your neighborhood and they might not. The hop will grow everywhere for domestic purposes but to go at it commercially demands special conditions that may not be present with you.

✱

What is the difference between a peach and a nectarine?

About the only visible difference is that the peach is downy on the outside while the nectarine is smooth. They are not often seen in the east although they grow plentifully in California. They do not stand shipment well. They have a very distinct peach flavor.

✱

Do savages have laws?

Yes, all the wild people the Nook knows about, and it knows a number, have very stringent unwritten laws, mainly about property and personal injuries.

✱

Did St. Paul found the Christian church at Rome?

No, clearly not. His letter to the Romans shows that.

Is a machine made or a hand made article the better, a watch, for instance?

The machine does things invariably the same, once it works correctly, and is not liable to the variations the hand work is sure to have. Hence we would say that a machine made watch is better than a hand made one.

✱

Is the canned salmon found in the stores cooked before it is canned or afterward?

The raw fish is cut up into suitable sizes and the pieces plugged into the cans and cooked and then the cans are sealed. This is why the bones of the canned salmon are soft.

✱

Is there such a thing as red snow, and if so what is the cause of it?

Yes, there is such a thing, and the red is caused by a minute plant, unicellular in character, and of a bright red color. The color runs through the snow, often for many feet.

✱

Is the sun losing heat?

It is said that it is but owing to a remarkable law of heat not as fast as might be imagined. As the sun sends out heat it contracts, and the process of contraction recreates heat and thus there is not sufficient lost to make it appreciable.

✱

Where is mercury found?

It is not found at all, unless it is in the sense of iron or gold being found. It is distilled from a red-dish mineral called cinnabar, found in different parts of the world, but the bulk of it comes from Spain.

✱

Will the large Bermuda onions seen at the grocery stores grow in this country?

They may grow to a certain extent but will not produce their kind. It is useless to set out such onions for seed purposes.

✱

What has become of the hymns of the early church?

It is altogether likely that some of these have been retained by the Catholic church but it is impossible to identify them.

✱

Is the Persian language a thing by itself?

Yes, Persia has a distinct language.

✱

Who is United States ambassador to Russia?

Robert S. McCormick.



## SUNSTROKE.

BY W. B. HOPKINS.

SINCE reading the article on Sun Stroke in a late INGLENOOK, I feel like giving an account of my own experience.

It was in harvest time some twenty years ago. I had a small field of wheat, six or seven acres, which I thought I could harvest without help. So, at the proper time I took my grain cradle and hand rake and commenced work. After cradling around, I would rake and bind. After working that way an hour or two, I began to feel a lassitude coming on which increased until it was impossible for me to cradle more than six or eight rods without stopping. Then in order to rest, I had to lie down on my back with my head lower than my body. After remaining in that position a few minutes I would cradle again. I worked that way till noon, and managed by hard exertion to get to the house.

I did not want to eat and was not thirsty. At this stage my father came for me to help him stack a small amount of hay. I told him how I was. My father thought if I would drink some cold water I would feel better, but I did not want any water. I went and helped him and managed to get back home and on the bed. A physician was then sent for, and he was soon at my bedside. After looking at me for a few minutes, without saying anything, he said, "Well, Hopkins, you are cooked clean through." He then prepared a dose and gave it to me.

The next day I walked five miles to a drug store, kept by a physician in whom I had great confidence, and told him I wanted the best he had for my case. He gave me a bottle of medicine. I used it and the third day I commenced my harvesting again without any further trouble.

*Crystal, Mich.*

\* \* \*

## THE SACRED SCARAB.

THE sacred scarabæus was for many centuries venerated by ancient Egyptians, a cult shared recently by Hottentots and akin to that of the holy cricket of Madagascar.

In explanation of this Thespesian said, "The Egyptians do not venture to give form to their gods; they use symbols of occult meaning." A black and a golden green beetle were both regarded as emblems of Ra, the sun god; of Ptah, the creative power, and of rebirth, resurrection and immortality.

Every beetle was held to be male and self-produced. Its thirty toes symbolized the days of a month, and the pellet of dung in which it rolled along its eggs was a type of the movements of the sun.

In Egyptian philosophy the sacred scarab is spoken of as the first living creature that sprang from the mud of the subsiding Nile. It was closely connected with astronomy and used as an amulet of sovereign virtue for the living and the dead.

\* \* \*

## THE PHONOGRAPH AND ITS VOICE.

THE phonograph is another machine whose performances, remarkable as they are, fall far short of its promises.

It was predicted that, for example, it would perfectly preserve the timbre of singing voices and thus enable posterity to enjoy the peculiar qualities which discriminate the cadences of Patti from the broader but less birdlike glides of a contralto, the silvery strains of a high tenor from the rotund sonority of an equally famous bass.

But from the throat of the phonograph all voices have a metallic tang in common which deprives them in almost equal degree of precisely that indefinable trait which constitutes individuality, which differentiates one soprano from another, one baritone from another and which, in fact, is the essence of pure vocal quality.

\* \* \*

## PERFUME.

TIME was when a woman used any perfume which pleased her, in and out of season. Then came the craze for associating some particular perfume with oneself, so that every article of personal use or wear, from the note paper to a handkerchief, should exhale one's personality, so to speak, in terms of white lilac or peru d'espagne or crab apple. Now fashion has gone a step further and evolved a charming plan of using certain scents with certain clothes and on certain occasions, being careful only that it shall all match. In consequence a large stock of fashionable perfumes adorns the dressing table of the woman of fashion, and odors are made a subject of as much study as stocks or lingerie.

\* \* \*

## JUST AS SIMPLE AS SIMPLE CAN BE.

WILL some of our mathematically inclined readers please state the correct solution of the following problem which is bothering a few millions of people just at the present time. What is the simplest solution? There is no catch in it. Here it is: Mary is twenty-four years old. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann?

Easy as easy can be. Send in your answers.

\* \* \*

A SINGLE modern railroad rail of one hundred pounds to the yard weighs just one ton.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

OCTOBER 27, 1903.

No. 44.

## ONE BY ONE.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

One by one the sands are flowing,

One by one the moments fall;

Some are coming, some are going;

Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee—

Let the whole strength go to each.

Let not future dreams elate thee,

Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)

Joys are sent thee here below;

Take them readily when given—

Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee.

Do not fear an armed band;

One will fade as others greet thee—

Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;

See how small each moment's pain;

God will help thee for to-morrow,

So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly

Has its task to do or bear;

Luminous the crown, and holy,

When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,

Or for passing hours despond;

Nor, thy daily trial forgetting,

Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,

Reaching heaven; but, one by one,

Take them, let the chain be broken

Ere the pilgrimage be done.

❖ ❖ ❖

## JUST A THOUGHT.

*The more some people talk the more trouble they make.*

❖

*You can always tell a weak man by the number of his excuses.*

❖

*Those who complain most are nearly always complained about.*

*Zeal without knowledge is worse than dynamite.*

❖

*Marrying grass widows will not necessarily keep your grave green.*

❖

*Godliness is simply to do good to everybody, that is what Christ did.*

❖

*You will be fortunate if you cut the word revenge out of your vocabulary.*

❖

*A man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the king's.*

❖

*Popularity is good enough for people but character only is considered by God.*

❖

*Popularity is no evidence of merit, else the devil would be a great personage.*

❖

*Letting the family do all the work and the man doing the rest is not a fair division.*

❖

*Truth and politics are not often found together traveling in the same automobile.*

❖

*Job was all right, but he never had to wait for a train that was two hours late.*

❖

*The pen is mightier than the sword, but the blue pencil beats both in the Nook office.*

❖

*The Nook would like to know what the average eighteen-year-old thinks he knows.*

❖

*Apparently, the memory of some people is but a row of hooks to hang up grudges on.*

❖

*Nature has sometimes made a fool; but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making.*

❖

*A little more thought about repentance would do quite as much good as consecration talk.*



## TO CATALINA ISLAND.

BY ANNA K. GNAGEY.

WE have been in California for about two years and never had a more pleasant outing than the one we took this fall. On Aug. 29, a family party left for Catalina Island, first going to Los Angeles and then to East San Pedro where we boarded the large steamer, "Hermosa," for Catalina. A run of two hours and a half over the briny deep brought us to this beautiful island. Quite a few got seasick though we did not. There were a good many old soldiers on board, who made short speeches and made things interesting for the time. A long time before we reached the island the high mountains could be seen, and it was inspiring to see land, especially to those that were seasick. Within these mountains is nestled the little city of Avalon, which we saw while yet at sea. We also saw many little sail boats in the bay.

Avalon is a very clean and pretty little town. The people are of the better class, and are kind and courteous. The water in the bay is very still, there being no breakers, making it nice for bathing, swimming, boating and fishing. This is quite a fishing place and has some fine specimens. We saw a jewfish that weighed three hundred pounds.

We enjoyed the bathing very much and think if we could have stayed longer we could have learned to swim. We took three trips out in the glass-bottom boats to the marine gardens, which are something that must be seen to be appreciated. The wonders of the sea are many, such pretty kelps, moss-covered rocks and flowers, and many fish, such as the large goldfish, electric rock-bass, mackerel, etc. We saw schools of thousands upon thousands of little fish.

The first trip we took was out to the "Seal Rocks," where one can see the brown and white animals lying on the rocks sunning themselves. When we get within twenty feet of them they raise their heads, make a hideous noise and lie down again. Our next two trips were out to Moonstone Beach going out about five or six miles each time, where we got some fine specimens. I think the marine gardens are rather prettier this way, and we get a fine view of the island as we pass along. The scenery is indeed very pretty. We pass Mr. Banning's home which is nestled among the hills. It can also be reached by a tunnel through the mountains. The Banning Co. owns nearly all the island.

We took a walk up the South mountain and the sight that greeted our eyes was grand to behold. We look in an easterly direction and the mighty deep stretches out before us as far as we can see, sailing vessels dotting it here and there. On the other hand are the majestic rocks and mountains, below us the pretty town of Avalon.

The island is twenty-two miles long and seven miles wide. A great many sheep and goats feed upon the hills. We left for home on Sept. 2nd and had rather a rough sea so that we had to close the cabin doors to keep the water from splashing in.

If you ever get to California do not miss the trip to Catalina.

*Arcadia, Cal.*

\* \* \*

## MAKING YARNS.

A GREAT many people have no doubt often wondered who it is that writes the cheap, yellow covered novels found on the newspaper stands, and which are perused so eagerly by the half-grown boys and girls.

It seems almost incredible to a man of scholarly or thoughtful taste that any person, able to write a book at all, should give himself up to that sort of performance, and yet it constitutes a very large part of the literary output of the hour.

One reason why this thing is done, and perhaps the main reason why this alleged literature is foisted on the public, is for the same reason that any other product is marketed, to wit: to make money. There is a demand for this stuff, it sells, and there is money in it, and that is reason enough why there are publishers ready to make it.

These dime novel publishing houses employ a staff of writers to do this work, and they may be, and usually are, that class of people who have never seen a cowboy, and know absolutely nothing of the far west, in which most of their scenes are laid.

It is not necessary that those books be written in pure English, nor is it essential that they be accurate in geography or chronology. What is wanted are quick action and thrilling events. Whether or not the story is within the pale of possibility does not enter into consideration. What is desired is something that will induce the twelve-year-old boy or girl to part with their nickel in order that they may read the story of "Dead-eyed Dick" or "Scout Jones."

These stories, after they are written, are hardly ever re-read or edited by the writers. They are turned out with great rapidity and are sold off-hand in enormous numbers.

The regular writers, or the ones who make these stories, are in the habit of turning out about one a week, or sometimes one in two weeks, dependent upon the size of it and the demands of the occasion. Should there be an event of national importance, such as a declaration of war between the United States and Spain, inside of a month a dozen stories would be on the way describing events that never happened, nor by any possibility could they have happened. The boy sees the story on the news-stands at the street corner, and is bound to have it, and does get it.

They are not literature in any sense of the word, and are turned out by the tens of thousands, simply for the purpose of selling. The making of them pays better than writing for high-class magazines or even for books of permanent value. This is why there will always be people found ready to do it, as long as there are publishers to pay for it, and they are willing to pay for it as long as they can find buyers.

As to the moral effect of all this kind of thing, there can be but one conclusion, and that is that none of it is of any real value to the reader, and that the vast majority of it is not only of immediate harm, but likely to be conducive to boys running away in an effort to

other clays with a solution of tannin in water he obtained surprising results. The strength and plasticity of the clay are increased, and the tendency to shrink and warp is greatly reduced. In this process sun drying is far superior to burning, and in ten days the clay is better tempered than in months or even years by the old processes.

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#### TRAIN ACROSS CONTINENT BREAKS ALL RECORDS.

IN his vain race with death to reach the bedside of his daughter before she died, Henry P. Lowe, chief engineer of the United States Steel Corporation, broke



MACHINERY BUILDING, ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

imitate the vicious and worthless characters that go to make up the story they have read. The real cure for the situation does not lie with the publisher's refusal to send out such stuff, but in the preparation of a higher class of literature told in sufficiently racy ways to call the attention of the boy reader from the vicious to the instructive class of reading.

\*\*\*

#### A HINT FROM ANCIENT EGYPT.

MR. E. G. ACHESON, of Niagara Falls, while he was searching for the best clay to make crucibles, read the statements in the fifth chapter of Exodus about the use of straw and stubble in the manufacture of ancient Egyptian brick. He procured some straw, had it boiled, and mixed the dark red liquid thus obtained with clay. He found that the plasticity of the latter was greatly increased. Investigation showed that tannin was the active agent, and when he treated

all records of trips across the continent. His special train made the run from Chicago to Los Angeles, 2,256 miles, in 53 hours. This is nearly five hours better than the best previous record. Mr. Lowe's train made an average speed of 42 miles an hour, including all stops.

The total distance traveled by Mr. Lowe from New York to Los Angeles was 3,230 miles. The running time consumed, including all stops, was 70 hours and 40 minutes or one hour and twenty minutes less than three days.

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THE Pennsylvania railroad carries more freight than all the lines combined of any other nation in the world.

\*\*\*

IN 1850 there was not one mile of railway in Wisconsin, Tennessee, Florida, or anywhere west of the Mississippi.



## THE CHINAMAN'S CHILDREN.

Ask the average missionary in the Chinese quarter of an American city whether the almond-eyed grown-ups care for their children, and he will answer in a voice of mingled astonishment and sadness:

"My dear brother, these people come of a race who sell their girls as slaves. How can they love their children?"

A Chinaman is not in the habit of taking a white preacher into his confidence. Both the missionary and the layman must judge the Chinaman by what he shows them—a stolid, inscrutable countenance and a tongue that is well bridled. Once in a rare while, however, a white devil comes along to whom the Chinaman will reveal his tender side. He may be moved to do this for many reasons—the white man can speak the language of the Flowery kingdom; he has protected the laundryman from a crowd of nagging boys. It is to men of this sort that such stories of the Chinaman's love of his offspring are told as that one which has a rich and influential merchant of New York's Chinatown for its hero.

This particular merchant came from China some twenty years ago. From the day he started in ironing shirts prosperity followed him, and soon he was able to set up as a merchant in Mott street. Then, as time went along and his savings grew, he began to look around for a wife. He found her in the belle of the colony, and soon thereafter the street was merry with wedding festivities. For five years the merchant and his wife were childless, and then one morning when the man went to his store to serve his customers with tea, his face was filled with a great joy.

"It is a son," he told them.

A little over a year ago, when the boy had reached his sixth year, there suddenly overtook him what his father had offered up many a prayer in the Joss House to avert—a spinal disease that was hereditary on the father's side. Chinese doctors were called in, one after another. They could bring no relief. Then, although he was a good Buddhist, the father turned to American physicians, but they, too, shook their heads. "Your son will not live the year out," they said. The merchant was beside himself with grief. Money he had a-plenty, but only one son—and the boy was all the more precious to him because the mother had died while giving him life. How to save the child was the one thought that ran through his mind.

At last there flashed to his memory a day when, far up in the interior of China, far away from his home in Canton, he stood with his father in a great rich, black field at the foot of a towering mountain. His father had taken him there that they might gather certain roots with which to cure the child of his father's

brother, who lay ill with some spinal complaint. And as they gathered the roots his father had told him that those same roots had been used in the family for generations and had never failed to cure the trouble.

He committed the boy to an aunt's care, and a few days later, when he had received his return papers, he was speeding across the continent for China. In four months he was back in New York. In the meantime he had gone to Canton, spent days in a river boat, then traveled on foot many miles until the field where the wonderful root grew was reached. He brought back great bundles of the herb and a certain kind of ginseng for giving strength to his boy after the other root had accomplished its purpose.

He returned to find the child all but dead. He saw that quick work was necessary and he wasted no time. Straightway he set to work and shaved down root after root, and then, when he had the right quantity, he made a bath of it. Into this he placed the wasted little body of his son, and after the prescribed length of time put the child on a bed again. This treatment the father kept up for two weeks, and after each bath the child seemed to take a firmer grip on life. Then one day the native doctors were called in.

"Wonderful!" they exclaimed. "The boy is all but well again."

To-day the boy is running around the streets of New York's Chinese colony as healthy and robust as any boy can be. But not one of the many white customers of the father's tea store know how the cure was made possible by parental love. They only know that he was cured—the father shows them an inscrutable countenance when they speak of the lad's remarkable recovery.

The doctors at a certain hospital in New York can also give testimony concerning parental love among the Chinese. Some few months ago a boy from Mott street, Lu Long How by name, went up-town to visit a cousin who runs a laundry. While there he accidentally backed up against a red hot stove, and before he could move, his back was badly burned. The boy was taken to the hospital, where, despite all that could be done, the burns would not heal and the child's life was despaired of.

"The only thing that will save him," the doctors told his father, "is skin grafting." After the Chinaman had grasped what skin grafting meant, he put a hand to his throat and the next moment was standing naked to the waist before the doctors.

"Take the skin off there," he said simply, pointing to his own back. And the mother, who was present, quietly made a similar offer. The next day nine square inches of skin were removed from the woman and eleven inches from the man, and neither would allow cocaine to be used to deaden the pain.

"It was one of the finest cases of nerve sustained

by parent love that I have ever known," said one of the surgeons who performed the operation. "And I am happy to say that the parents got their reward—Lu Long was sent back to them well and sound."

To him who knows the American Chinaman well, their love of their sons and daughters is also displayed in their every day solicitude for the health of the youngsters. "He who lets his children be weaklings is a weakling in his love," is a rough translation of a Chinese proverb.

In their effort to keep their children strong and healthy the parents of Chinese colonies, notably those in New York and other Eastern Cities, have set a play hour for the little ones. As a result, long before white boys and girls are beginning to rub the sleep out of their eyes of mornings, the yellow boys and girls of Chinatown are romping up and down the streets in all the abandon of happy childhood. This very early play hour—in summer it is 4:30 o'clock—is due to two things. The parents like the streets to be clean and also free of vehicles when their offspring romp; and at such an hour no white devil with a little black box is likely to be slipping about in an endeavor to point the eye of the box at the children.

Here, with the fresh morning air tossing their little pigtailed about, and urged on by the grown-ups to healthful exertion, Wan Sing, Lee Yow, Fong Dow, Lee Chung, Lee Mow and their little sisters, Wan Hong, Nee Ngod, Huey Chow, Dung Mann, Nom Kong and many others with equally funny names, play the favorite of all their games—"saunka." And it is a favorite with the parents, too, for it means running and lots of it, and that in time means healthy boys and girls.

"Saunka" is a fascinating game to a yellow boy or girl. First a little girl is chosen and stood in the center of the street. Then four boys are stationed around her as her guards or officers—two in front and two behind. Next, the remaining children divide equally into two bodies, and each lines up opposite the other on the curb. After all are in their places the score keeper, usually an older person, claps his hands or says "go" in Chinese, and the head of one column runs in a straight line toward the little girl, who is called queen, in the center of the street. He tries hard to touch the queen, and maybe he does, but more likely the officers who face him shove him out of reach of the queen. They do not use their hands, but their bodies to do this.

Next, the head of the opposing column tries to do the same thing, and the two officers facing him likewise endeavor to keep him from accomplishing his object. So it goes down the line, everybody taking his turn at trying to touch the queen. Twenty touches are usually tried for. At the end of that time the score keeper announces which side has the most touches,

and then the victors bear off the little girl to be their queen. As many as fifty children often take part in the game, but no matter if there are only enough for four on a side the game is played regularly whenever the weather will permit.

But while "saunka" is similar in many respects to not a few running games of American children the Chinese boys and girls at play differ from Yankee youngsters in that they do not carry teasing to the point of making any one feel hurt or cry. Indeed, the little yellow rompers often maintain an amusing dignity through it all. The most a boy does in the way of devilment is to sneak up behind a girl and tickle her on the ear, or get off another boy's slipper and make him run barefooted after it.

\* \* \*

#### PURSER HAS TRYING POST.

THE purser of an Atlantic passenger steamship has anything but a happy lot, especially on outward bound trips from American ports. From his title one would think he had only to look after the finances of the vessel, but in reality his office, so conveniently and picturesquely situated at the top of the grand staircase (which in boats of less magnificent proportions would be simply termed the "companion") is really as busy a bureau as any in Chapel court or Wall street. It is no doubt legitimate enough to expect the purser to be quite *au fait* with the monetary matters, to explain to the Britisher the difference between a dollar and a crown, or to the American that the greenback, that useful but unsavory medium of exchange, is treated with scorn and contumely in Europe, but Americans are par excellence the interrogators of the world and to them the purser is simply a walking encyclopedia.

He is expected to tell them all about the ship—that's right enough—but they want to know all about the passengers as well—who they are, where they have come from and where they are going, how much they are worth and any little tit-bit of news about their social life. He is also asked about every hotel, beginning at Liverpool and ending at Rome, the best shops whereat to purchase different articles, who will give the best discount for cash, where the questioner's wife can best be rigged up in European fashion and the most likely resort at which his daughter might run across some impecunious scion of British nobility.

\* \* \*

THERE is a great deal of talk every year about moving the crops, car famines, and the like, yet the farm products are only one-ninth of the country's freight. Mines furnish more than half.

\* \* \*

THE earliest railroads were designed to be toll ways on which any man could run his cars on his own schedule. That arrangement did not last long.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## A NEW DEPARTURE.

THE management of the INGLENOOK magazine intends introducing a new departure in its make-up. The attention of every reader is called to it as it is something that is of universal interest, and the good that will accrue to everyone who will follow the matter up is far above computation. In brief, the INGLENOOK intends to establish a systematic course in Nature Study.

For some years back the love of Nature Study has been growing. There are now naturalist societies and Nature Study clubs and organizations all over the United States, and it might be said, all over the world. Boys and girls are learning that taking a gun and going out to kill things is not as profitable in any sense of the word as going out afield with a note book to study the life history of the wild folk in fur and feathers. It is just as much better than the killing practice as love is better than murder. The present make-up of the INGLENOOK family is such that it will measure to the highest standard of morals and intelligence as may be found anywhere. This magazine's constituency has more practical knowledge of things in nature than that of most any other magazine. The reason for this lies in the fact that the INGLENOOK family mainly live in the country. They are in touch with bird and beast, with the fish in the brook, and the insect in its home, with the wild duck when it comes to visit us in spring and when it bids its good-by for the far south. From the time our country readers first opened their eyes on this bonnie world of ours until the present time, they have seen the lower orders of creation and have become their friends. They have learned to love them, and know their life history. It is an unhealthy boy or girl, man or woman who does not love and cherish the presence of the lower orders of creation. In fact, the man who is cruel to animals is a bad man.

Now while our people know bird and beast, fish and insect, they do not, as a rule, have the naturalist's accuracy of knowledge. Every country boy has seen the rabbit's footprints in the snow, and a good many youngsters, as well as oldsters, have gone out of a Saturday when there was a "rabbit snow" and returned having bunnies by the heels and having had a so-called good time. Now most of these people will say that a rabbit is a rabbit the world over, yet right in our own country there is a kind of rabbit that swims like a duck and is just as much at home in

the water as on the land. Out in the west is the clumsy, awkward, jackrabbit that never saw enough water to swim in if he wanted to, and so on through the various different kinds of rabbits.

Now what the INGLENOOK expects to do in this Nature Study is to take up some one animal and tell its life history and everything about it, that may be known, in such a way that everybody who can read will understand. The INGLENOOK prides itself on telling things in an interesting way. All his life the editor has been more or less of a naturalist. He has come to love animals alike in the small as well as in the large. No naturalist is ever a cruel person. You may not have thought of it in that way, but it is the truth. He is a naturalist because he loves that which he studies, the little creatures of water, field and air.

Our thought has been as follows. Wherever the INGLENOOK goes, in every school, including everybody who is able to read, we would like to organize an INGLENOOK Nature Study club. It will be as good as a term at a scientific school, and it will be as interesting as a novel. The stories of the lives of these so-called wild creatures will be told in such a way that everybody will be interested from the little one who can just spell her way through up to the old man whose hair is gray.

We have had printed a beautiful charter, showing birds and insects in the margin, giving the name of the club, its location and officers, and this we are going to send free to the secretary of every INGLENOOK Nature Study club throughout the length and breadth of the land. All you have to do in order to organize your Nature Study club is to interest your teacher by showing this article, and all who would like to join the club will get together, elect a President and Secretary and make a list of the names of the members, and the secretary will then send this list to the Editor of the INGLENOOK, and in return there will be sent a handsomely printed charter, giving the name of the club, location, and officers, and this can be framed and put up in the schoolroom if desired. It will not cost anybody a single cent. The whole project is intended to advance the love of nature and to forward study along its special lines. The more we know of animals the kinder we feel toward them, and the more we come to love them. There is no more beautiful sight in nature than when some animal seems to know intuitively that a man or woman, boy or girl, is its friend and in the love that knoweth no fear comes to such people. There are, and have been, people who can go into

the forest and sit down at the root of a tree and bird and beast will come to them in friendly manner. Such a man was Thoreau, a literary naturalist, and the only account he could give for it was that he loved everything in the woods and field.

The plan we have in view for this is to take some one particular subject, deal with it thoroughly and exhaustively in one issue of the INGLENOOK in the department set apart for this work. In the next issue another subject will be taken up.

Out of the thousands and thousands of people who will read the INGLENOOK, some important feature may be known to one that is not known to the others. These people will be good enough to write the INGLENOOK what they know, to correct errors that may have crept in, and thus all will be the richer and no one the poorer.

It is not meant by this that those who are not in school may not also be benefited. In fact, they not only may do so, but we urge that they organize a club, elect the officers and proceed as before stated and they will be listed and a charter sent the secretary. The names of the organizations should read something like this, "The INGLENOOK Natural History Club of Newberg, Pa.," or "The INGLENOOK Natural History Club of Nampa, Idaho" and the clubs will be numbered from Elgin.

Another thing! A recent test of the comparative knowledge of readers along the line of Natural History development showed that we have some thorough Nature Study people in the INGLENOOK family and we know that they will be glad to lend a hand in this movement and send in their suggestions and contributions. We are always glad to receive suggestions for the betterment of the INGLENOOK.

Moreover every INGLENOOK Natural History Club will be likely to get some outside publication sent them and there will not be the slightest difficulty in forming collections in every school where there is a club. These may be apart on shelves. Sometimes exchanges can be made. Let us take the boys and girls on the coast of North Carolina who have a club organized, and they will have some curio which they can send to the club in Washington on the Pacific coast, and if you are in doubt as to the name of any plant, or insect send it in to the INGLENOOK and we will have it named for you. We don't know it all but we can find out from those who do know.

It will be the biggest and grandest thing we have ever undertaken, and if we mistake not the make-up of our readers it will be taken up immediately and much good will result therefrom. And now remember this one thing. It is the old, old story, over and over again. We have had it before, and we are going to have it again. People will delay this business until after the work is started and then they will want back numbers.

Don't ask for them. We don't print more than we need. If you don't want to break into the course, start now. We are going to open in a week or two. Get ready, organize your club, and whatever you want to know correspond with the Editor of the INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill., about it.

Both boys and girls may belong to one club or they may have two and have a little friendly rivalry. There are Nature Study clubs and Nature Study societies and institutions to teach nature but some of them are of the most expensive character. Ours will be free.

And now the first thing to do is to get your teacher interested, organize the club, and get ready, so that no one will miss any of it. We announce it ahead so that we can all be ready to start in together. Everybody speak at once through the mails, and let it come to the Editor of the INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

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#### OUR NATURE STUDY CLUB.

WHEN we first thought out the Nature Study Club idea we wrote to some friends and high officials asking them their opinions about it. We submit a few of them below to give an idea of how it impresses some people:

From the State Superintendent of Public Instruction,  
Springfield, Illinois.

I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 5th, inst. I am in full sympathy with every intelligent and well-meant effort to help improve the quality of Nature Study in the schools. It seems to me your plan cannot fail to be a very taking "New Departure" for the Inglenook magazine.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) Alfred Bayliss, State Superintendent.

From D. L. Miller, Mt. Morris, Ill.

The study of nature, as you propose to enter upon, will appeal to all who love God and all that he has created. When Jehovah looked upon all his creatures he said they were good. To know more of our dumb friends is to have a higher conception of the power of God as manifest in all his creatures. I am of the opinion that your Nature Study Clubs will, as they come into closer touch with the birds, animals and insects, learn to be less cruel and more considerate of them.

(Signed) D. L. Miller.

From the State Superintendent of Public Instruction,  
Lincoln, Nebraska.

I am in receipt of your letter of the 5th, inst., relative to your intention to publish in the Inglenook a course in Nature Study. I think your plan is an excellent one and I hope it will be successful and appreciated.

(Signed) W. K. Fowler, State Superintendent.

From E. M. Cobb, College Corner, Ohio.

The project is just the thing. We need lots of it.

(Signed) E. M. Cobb.

From Lee A. Dollinger, School Examiner, Miami County,  
Ohio.

Replying to yours of the 10th, inst., concerning the Inglenook Nature Study work, I will state that I am in



hearty sympathy with your project and shall, at an early date, take the work up with my high school pupils.

(Signed) Lee A. Dollinger.

From N. J. Miller, Professor of Science, Mt. Morris College, Mt. Morris, Ill.

I am very glad for your plan of organizing Nature Study Clubs. It is in keeping with the spirit of the times, fills a genuine want and an unique place. Desirable intelligence, love and good must necessarily come from it. It gives me pleasure to recommend it.

(Signed) N. J. Miller.

From Daniel Vaniman, McPherson, Kans.

The Nook's coming Nature Study should be hailed with joy by every Nook reader because of the good it will accomplish in the advancement of kindly feeling and treatment of all God's creatures as well as enlarging the scope of useful knowledge to be gathered from an immense field of observation and study.

Sixty years ago when I was a boy about nine years old people were much more cruel to birds and animals than now. It was common among the boys of my neighborhood to kill birds with stones and arrows from our bow-guns and with bullets just to be killing them, and woe be to the ground squirrel that happened to come in sight of the boys who were out, even on Sunday, after some amusement. I well remember seeing a large boy throwing a stone at a cow's horns just to show how straight he could throw. These were not considered bad boys either, they only lacked proper teaching. It was no rare sight sixty years ago to see hogs with ears torn off, or cows with tails torn by dogs that were put after them, not by boys, but by men who ought to have known better. All this is changed now through better teaching and by laws against cruelty to animals.

There is, however, much room for improvement yet. I can think of no more helpful possibilities along this line than the Nature Study soon to become a prominent feature of the Inglenook. Camera, book and pencil are so much better to go afield with than the stones, arrows and bullets of sixty years ago. (Signed) Daniel Vaniman.

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#### MANUFACTURING AND INTRODUCING A NEW MEDICINE.

NOBODY knows exactly when the first patent medicine was put on the market nor by whom it was managed. To-day there are so many of them that it would be difficult to enumerate them. In conversation with a gentleman who is successfully engaged in the business, we learned the following, which may be of interest to the Nook family. One of the first requisites in putting a new medicine on the public is its actual merit. While it is true that anything, meritorious or otherwise, can be foisted on the public, unless it has something back of it besides advertising, it will not have an abiding success.

There are many new medicines that will do at least part of what is claimed for them, and the next thing in order, is to advertise them before the public. This is done in various ways, but in order to meet the requirements, no man should think of exploiting a medi-

cine before the public without an expenditure, for advertising purposes, of not less than \$100,000 to \$150,000. This advertising is mainly done as follows: If the medicine appeals to a class it is usually advertised in the class publications. Naturally the proprietors of a medicine intended for children would not advertise their wares in a hardware journal, but in the class of publications taken by mothers. If it is a remedy intended for the general public, newspapers, magazines, etc., are used, and in extensive deals, this advertising is generally placed by firms whose business it is to advertise such things. The proprietor outlines to the firm what he wants, that is the size of his advertising, where he wants to put it, what class he wants to reach, and then agrees with the firm about the amount of money requisite to cover the entire ground. The agency does all the rest, having arrangements with the papers and magazines on its several lists.

The most effective advertising is a matter of doubt. Some prefer the street cars, some huge posters on the dead walls, others magazines, and still others prefer the weekly country newspaper. A great deal will depend upon the character of the proprietary article brought before the public. In fact, everything will depend upon the judgment and skill with which the advertisement is placed.

Answers to advertisements begin to come in coincident with their publication, and then again the return may run on so long that nobody knows when it will end. If the article is sold in the drug stores a large amount of the advertising is on the counter, literature which the druggist has often given you, and which is furnished in connection with the medicine which he usually buys from the jobber, the man to whom the manufacturer sells in bulk.

Once advertising stops the result is very much like the shutting off of steam in a locomotive, the train stops in a very short time. So also in the case of advertising a proprietary medicine. When the advertising stops the sales stop. There is probably not a single medicine on the market, and indeed it might be said there is not one, which is not more or less sold by extensive advertising; and it is stated by those who are in the business that an article of merit, once advertised and then allowed to go down, can hardly ever be rehabilitated with selling qualities under the same name.

In the expenditure of money for the presentation of a new medicine before the public as much as half a million of dollars might be spent with profit in advertising, provided intelligence characterized the general advertising scheme. Different manufacturers take different methods, from painting the side of a barn to sending to the home, through the mail, in a neatly printed pamphlet, and it is probably not too

much to say that one hundred thousand dollars, put into advertising, judiciously applied, will invariably bring profitable returns no matter what the advertised article may be. But, as stated above, if well advertised and it has inherent merit, and the advertising is kept up, the owner or owners are sure to reap a continuous golden harvest.

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#### FROGS A FAVORITE BAIT.

THE angler going out for a day's or a week's fishing will commonly take his frogs with him and he should know how to select them, for upon his choice of bait will depend largely his success as a fisherman. The inexperienced man wants as much frog as he can

In color the frog should be green, with a white belly, and a slight tinge of yellow about the throat. The frog with the brown back and yellowish belly will be taken by the bass if there is no other frog to be had, but the green ones are strongly preferred.

The meadow frog, either green or brown, is of the right size, but its coloration is too faint. The bright green tree frog of slender shape is an excellent lure but it is a poor swimmer and soon drowns. The general rule in selecting frogs is to get them as small as possible and as green as possible, and when a man has done this he cannot go wrong.

In keeping frogs on long railway journeys and for days after the fishing ground is reached many men make the mistake of giving too much moisture. It is



ILLINOIS BUILDING, ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

get for his money—all sizes of them sell at twenty-five cents a dozen—so he will take the biggest in the box, which is a mistake.

In choosing frogs the angler should remember that the smaller the better. This is true even of frogs not larger than the first joint of a man's thumb. Some men contend that these are too small to attract sufficient attention and that the bass cannot see them a sufficient distance away, but a bass in common bass water will see a frog of that size at a distance of twenty feet and hit at it, too, if it is hungry.

The small frog casts better, going out well with the line and striking the water with little splash to alarm the fish, and, what is more important, the bass takes it in at one gulp, permitting an almost instant reefing in of the hook instead of swimming and toying with it for one hundred yards to release it altogether if the point of the hook is discovered. The small frog from an inch to two inches long hooked through the lips just behind a small spoon makes the most fatal of all baits in July and August.

true that marsh frogs live in water, but they do not seem to need it in captivity.

The frogs will live longer and remain stronger if kept in a dry basket and wet thoroughly by dipping the basket in the lake three or four times a day. They should not have wet moss under them or over them. Frogs will live surprisingly long when piled five and six inches deep in a basket, but they must be kept dry.

A very good contrivance is a long dry goods box with a hinged top, set so that its lower end is in the lake and two-thirds of it on dry beach. Frogs in this can have just as much or as little water as they choose, and by looking into the box its owner will see that nearly always the frogs are gathered at its dry end.

Frogs do not need food in captivity; at least not within such time as an angler has use for them. They will live comfortably enough without food for two weeks and at the end of that time be apparently as strong and fat as when captured.



# THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

THE INGLENOOK is a publication devoted to interesting and entertaining literature. It contains nothing of a character to prevent its presence in any home.

Contributions are solicited, but there is no guarantee either of their acceptance or return. All contributions are carefully read, and if adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine, will be used. The management will not be responsible for unsolicited articles.

Agents are wanted, and specimen numbers will be supplied as needed. In giving a change of address state where you are now getting the paper, as otherwise the change cannot be made. Subscriptions may be made at any time, either for a year or part of a year. Address,

Brethren Publishing House,  
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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

## BE FIRM.

Be firm; one constant element of luck  
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.  
Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,  
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip.  
—Holmes.

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## OUR NATURE STUDY CLASS.

IN another part of the INGLENOOK will be found outlined a projected Nature Study Course for the ensuing season. As this is something new to most of our readers we will explain that the idea is by no means a new one but has been in active operation for many years but nearly always hitherto it has required attendance at an expensive school and costly books and apparati were necessary to the course.

It is the object of the INGLENOOK to bring the elements of Nature Study to the individual instead of having him come to them, and it is of such a character that every country school can have its Nature Study Course without in any way interfering with the regular studies, and yet be the means of wonderfully broadening the learner's knowledge of the things in nature and putting him in touch with the work of the Naturalist. The boy or girl who does not love natural history has something wrong somewhere, because it is only a healthy boy's and girl's work.

We advise the following in every school wherever the INGLENOOK goes. Let a lot of them unite into a club and send a letter to the Editor of the INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill., and if they would like to enter the charming circle, we will send them a charter and then they can start in with the first in the INGLENOOK work.

The teacher of every country school, if he or she be

of ordinary intelligence, cannot fail to see the advantages that would accrue from this work. There will be instructions how to press plants and flowers, how to catch and preserve insects, and how to skin birds and animals for mounting, and how to arrange them. There is no reason why every country school should not have its little natural history collection and watch the development of the pupæ or the chrysalis, that may be readily found everywhere, into the butterflies they are destined to bring forth. The great feature we have in view if the teacher is intelligent, which the Nook teachers are, or they would not be Nookers, is in the way of exchanges. The secretary of the local Natural History club can readily find the address of any other Natural History club in the United States by simply asking, and then a system of exchanges can be begun, that will, if intelligently and persistently carried out, make each country school a veritable museum of the commoner things in everyday life. The school boy far down in the southwest may not know what a fern is, but he knows all about the horned toad, while the boy in the school back of Johnstown can get ferns anywhere, but never a horned toad. Now it will be entirely possible to effect an exchange for the simple postage each way. The course will be so arranged as to match the average season and along towards spring we expect to take up flowers and plants in such a way as to make it a matter of the most intense interest.

The first thing to do as far as the reader is concerned, is to organize his Nature Study Club, elect a secretary who will advise us what they have done and how many there are so we can print the address and number of members on the charter and assign a number by which it will be known. It is a chance that does not often come to the country schoolhouse and ought to be taken up in every direction.

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## GET FIT.

A YOUNG person seeking employment, especially when not well fitted for anything, may be asked what he can do. Often he is apt to say that he can do anything. Now this is not true, never was true, and never will be. Nobody living can do "anything." Very few people can do one thing superlatively well. The young man or woman seeking employment should remember the fact that getting a position is like having something to sell. If he enters the presence of a prospective customer he would only be making a fool of himself and his business by stating that he has everything. It is precisely so in offering to sell his time and ability. He is lucky if he is able to do any one thing passably well.

Usually, if confronted with the fact that he cannot do "anything," he hedges by saying that he "can learn." The facts are that not one employer in a

thousand has either the time or the disposition to go into the school business. The world is full of people who know, and no employer wants to "take a child to raise." No, first get fit; the fitter the better, and then go confidently to a possible employer and say that you can do that one thing as well as anybody, and perhaps better than most. Such people are sought out, and never need hunt for a place.

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### THE SPLUTTERMAN.

DID you ever notice how two persons did the same work? One of them gets along smooth and easy. He is never hurried, always has time, and is not in the habit of begging his pardon, telling over and over the same old lie that he "hasn't the time," when he has all the time there is. He is systematic, and never allows his work to run him,—on the contrary he runs his work.

The other kind of man is the splutterman. He is always and forever in a splutter and a stew. He does less than the quiet man, is always on the run, never catching up, and always behind. He talks a good deal about how busy he is, and never feels quite as well as when he is handling half a dozen irons in the fire, only one or two of which is hot. He can't do anything on time, and while he gets through, in the end, he makes it mighty uncomfortable and unpleasant for all around him.

Now just what ails the splutterman, the deep down cause of his being a splutterman, is in his moral make-up. He has not acquired the habit of finishing things he has begun, and has taken on the mix-up method of trying to do half a dozen things at once, something nobody ever succeeded in doing well. Then he works with his mouth too much. If he laid hold of a thing and stuck to it till done, talked less and worked harder, more would be done, and it would be better done, and he would be in greater demand than he now is. Now, in which of the two classes do you belong?

\* \* \*

### YOUR COPY.

IN the *Chicago Daily Tribune* the question is asked by someone whether an editor has the right to change an article handed to him for publication. The editor of the Chicago paper says that in ninety-five per cent of the cases where a copy is handed to a newspaper and is altered, the alterations are made for the sake of brevity, and in other cases errors of grammar are corrected. The contributor has often reason to be grateful for the changes which are made. Correspondents persist in sending such long letters that if one or two of them would be printed unabridged little space would be left for other correspondents. It is sometimes necessary to change the communication by substituting a

sentence for a paragraph, a word for a phrase. Again, correspondents occasionally wander away from the subject or repeat themselves and in such cases the repetitions are stricken out.

If a letter is received at the Nook office with the request that it be printed word for word, it will either be so done or returned to the writer if it cannot go in as presented. As a rule, however, the average man or woman writer has sense enough to know that the editor knows better what he wants in his paper than an outsider. The INGLENOOK has had very little trouble along these lines.

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### THE USELESSNESS OF IT.

WHAT is the good of revenge? What does it settle? It is useless to deny that most of us have more or less of it in our make-up, and often the chance is treasured for years, and then shows itself. Now let us reason a little together about it.

Some one does you an injury, and watching your chance, you repay him in kind. What happens afterward? Does your act wipe out his? Certainly not. Does his ill deed seem less because he is the recipient of another? Is anything settled? Assuredly not. What, then, is the use of revenge? There is absolutely none whatever, and no person can repay in evil kind and still be a Christian. The whole tenor of the Christian religion is in the direction of forgetting, and rendering good for evil. There is a use in that, and it needs no explanation.

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THE INGLENOOK is in receipt of frequent inquiries in regard to purchasing books. In reply to all these inquiring friends, we would say that the Brethren Publishing House can get any book published anywhere, and will be glad to do so. The INGLENOOK is always glad to answer questions, but after all another department does the book buying, and you might as well address the House direct.

The Brethren Publishing House puts out a very neat catalogue containing descriptions of books that are for sale. This catalogue is sent to all who ask and if you will order it it will come to you and from it you can make your selection.

\* \* \*

THE attention of our readers is directed to the different premiums we expect to give away this fall to every subscriber to the INGLENOOK. These little books are of the utmost compactness and as far as they go are complete along their lines. Make up your mind which one you want so that when the canvasser comes around, or when you renew your subscription, you will be able to say just which one you prefer. The book is free. We make it a present to you and one goes to every new and old subscriber.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

### GENERAL.

The Goulds now control the Denver & Rio Grande railroad.

Congress, in extra session Nov. 9, will consider the commercial treaty with Cuba.

Up to this writing there is nothing specially new in the war outlook between Japan and Russia.

There has been snow at Plattsburg, N. Y., Oct. 18. The mountains in that vicinity are white with snow.

A Chicago woman has been employed to teach dress-making at the Ruskin University, at Glen Ellyn, near Chicago.

Extensive trust companies in Baltimore, with liabilities amounting to ten millions of dollars, have failed, and other financial troubles are in sight.

Japan is trying to avert war with Russia, and to that end is endeavoring to exact pledges from the Czar that he will keep hands off Corea.

At Clarksburg, W. Va., one hundred students and the faculty of Broadus college are confined and quarantined on account of smallpox at the institution.

In Minnesota there is a plan placed on foot to introduce agriculture in the rural schools. A bulletin has been prepared and published for the use of teachers.

Some of the Canadian officials are angered at the ward of the Alaskan Boundary Commission and are taking high ground against it. All the same the treaty stands.

European authorities say that there are more than ten million Jews in the world and that over half of these are in Russia. There are a million in the United States.

Report has it that there is going to be another Zion city in Northwestern Dakota, it having been reported that Dowie bought thirty-two thousand acres of land for this purpose.

A Missouri Pacific passenger train from Kansas City, ran into an open switch in the Joplin, Mo., yards, colliding with the rear end of a freight train, injuring fourteen persons.

At Aberdeen, Washington, an extensive fire caused four deaths and the loss of one million dollars. Ten blocks were wiped out of the middle of the city, which was mostly of wood.

The truant officer of Topeka, Kans., notified the city school superintendent that there are five thousand children of school age, who are not attending the city schools.

An Omaha judge has declared that the whipping post ought to be introduced in Nebraska. He has been worked up to that point by the frequent divorce cases that come before him.

The preachers at Rockford, Ill., are planning a congress of religions to be held at Rockford in November. They are modeling it after the method of the World's Fair Congress.

At State and Washington streets, in Chicago, a high-heeled shoe worn by a young woman caught in the cable slot and a train was stopped only two feet from her. Another lesson against the folly.

One day William J. Bryan is said to have declared that silver would no longer constitute a political feature in coming campaigns, while the next day he denies it and says that it will be a question.

The Women's Business Club, of Denver, Colo., has opened a crusade against "mashers" in the streets. The organization will prosecute the men offending and will print their pictures in the newspapers.

Forty-eight sailors, who were shipwrecked, in Northern Canada, at Fort Church, started to cross the country, and traveled nearly six hundred miles before they reached civilization and were taken care of.

Rev. W. A. Bartlett has taken the ground, in a speech at Manchester, N. H., that lunches served at prayer meetings and evening services, and all efforts along that line, are vain, as an effort to win people

The annual offering of "Peter's pence" was collected last Sunday in all the Catholic churches in the Chicago diocese. It is the first since the selection of the new Pope. The purpose was to make it as large as possible.

A convention of negro miners from Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky held at Terre Haute, Ind., adopted resolutions disclaiming against all organizations which drew a color line. It has not developed yet what the white unions have to say about it.

Senator Platt who has recently been announced in the INGLENOOK as going to marry a widow much younger than himself, fooled the public the other day by marrying her at the hotel and leaving the curious parties to gather around the church where the announcement made public said that the ceremony would take place. They will live at Washington at the Arlington hotel.

*The Morning Advertiser*, of London, announces that beyond all question the decision of the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal virtually concedes the American case. For some time there has been a dispute between Alaska and the Northwest Territory. We hope this will settle it forever.

From the newspapers it appears that Dowie's campaign in New York does not start out very auspiciously. The newspapers are working him up and if half what they say is true the crusade is a practical failure. The meetings are characterized as being a long way below a standard circus.

The Ohio State Board of Health requests the Secretary of State to take steps to prevent the sale of toy pistols and other appurtenances used on Fourth of July. The death record last Fourth of July shows that six hundred persons were killed, one hundred made blind, and a thousand others injured.

People who are in the habit of trying the nickel-in-the-slot machines would learn something from the machine that was captured by the police the other day in Chicago. It was found to be equipped with a system of batteries and plugging which made it impossible for any of the larger prizes to be won.

A. H. Minassian, of Chicago, was arrested the other day charged with embezzling \$6,600. He says that he wore a \$15 suit and spent nothing on himself beyond practical necessities, but his wife went to the store and ordered gowns which cost \$200 which he had to pay for. That was the story that caused his fall.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road are investigating what may prove one of the most extensive cases of forgeries the company has ever experienced. The regular pay checks of the company have been duplicated and cashed all over the country. They are endeavoring to find out the origin of the fraud.

Out at Waterloo, Iowa, the business men served a banquet to the League of Iowa Municipalities in the "Dry Run Sewer," an immense storm drain constructed to protect the city from floods. The drain is 3,585 feet long, 12 feet high, and 12 feet wide. Four hundred feet of the sewer was set apart for the feast, the table seating 350 persons.

A thousand-dollar suit of damages has been filed against the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway, by Lewis Green and his wife, because of a delay in transporting them a distance of five miles last January. They engaged to have their buggy sent in a box car and were to occupy it during the journey. The train was thirteen hours in making the trip and they almost froze to death. The car was locked and they were unable to get out.

MR. GEORGE McDONOUGH, of Omaha, and the Editor of the INGLENOOK expect to be out in Oregon and Washington about the time the readers of this issue of the INGLENOOK are scanning these news pages. The Editor has in contemplation the description of the Northwest coast for the benefit of those Inglenookers who have never been up in that section. The Nookman would be very much pleased to see all the readers of the INGLENOOK in the two States, but, traveling the way he does and as fast as he does, it is hardly likely that the pleasure will be granted him.

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#### PERSONAL.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, a society woman, of Chicago, is sick in Paris.

Ex-President Cleveland had a good time in Chicago last week among his many friends in that city.

Edward H. Strobel, by advices from Washington, D. C., has been appointed the confidential adviser of the King of Siam, and will leave for his new post in a few days.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, of New York, says that the "400" is too few. She believes there are more people than four hundred who constitute good society in New York.

Ex-governor Drake, of Iowa, states that he will give \$5,000 to start a Bible college in India. He has already contributed that amount for similar colleges in China and Japan.

Charles Jacobs, of South Bend, Ind., eloped with Mrs. Charles Beuster, of Niles, Mich. He then settled with Mr. Beuster by paying him fifty dollars and everybody was happy thereafter.

Chas. E. Wood, of Talmage, Nebr., wears a gold plate in his mouth with a false palate attached to remedy a physical disability. The other day he swallowed this and it required an operation to get it out of his throat.

Eighteen-year-old C. S. Leonard, of East Orange, N. J., was employed as a messenger boy by Haskins & Sells, a business house of New York City. He forged two checks, one for \$75,500 and the other for \$2,576, and then disappeared. He has not yet been overhauled.

Miss Frances Pettit, of Galloway, N. Y., had a breach of promise suit brought against one by the name of Tittimore. She showed by her diary a record of 1243 kisses. She recovered a judgment of three thousand dollars which she was unable to collect. The other day she was married to another man.



### BIRDS MAKE APT BEGGARS.

SEVERAL kinds of birds besides parrots can be taught to speak amusingly and pointedly, as the following instances will show:

A cockatoo kept in a barber shop in London has been taught to plead feelingly and persistently for the "lather boy" at Christmas time by reminding customers not to forget the contribution box. Few, it is said, leave without dropping in a copper, the bird's shrill reminder being incessantly repeated during the busy hours. Last year the lucky apprentice found nearly ten dollars, chiefly in coppers, within the receptacle. Before the bird was taught its catchy phrase not one-third of the amount fell to the lad's share. Just as a parrot knows that by repeating his lesson his reward takes the shape of a piece of sugar, so this cockatoo seemed to understand that each customer should patronize the box, those making for the door without recognition being notified in shriller tones than usual to "Remember the boy's Christmas box."

In a South London hostelry a parrot takes charge of a collecting box for the lifeboat fund. Callers are reminded to "Remember the lifeboat," and it is said the box is well noticed through the bird's loquacity.

A London beggar, nearly blind and a cripple, found his parrot more useful than the usual dog. The bird presided over a box fixed on a tripod stand, fearing neither dog nor mischievous street boy. Both knew better than to meddle with Poll, one experience of her razor-sharp beak being sufficient to insure future good behavior.

"Pity the blind!" she cried, in doleful tones; and though she would grab severely at the fingers of a tampering person, to the donor of a coin she remained quietly on the perch, rewarding him with a loud whistle and a solemn "Thank you!" The mendicant's wife was responsible for the bird's education. Morning and night the woman guided her husband to and from his pitch, throughout the day feeling sure that Poll was sufficient protection. The man regularly took about \$3 a day, the bird being, of course, the chief attraction, its quaint ways enforcing attention.

Well-trained starlings talk with wonderful clearness. One used to go round perched on its youthful master's shoulders, soliciting contributions for the Indian missionaries. The writer forgets the exact phrase employed, but the boy's box always contained more money than those of his schoolfellows. Consequently he carried off many handsome book prizes for his pains.

Going the rounds with a cheap Jack, a handsome raven used to impress onlookers with the fact that "Things are going cheap to-day," varying the speech by asking, "Who'll buy?" Now and again his master would throw on the floor an inferior piece of crock-

ery with a loud crash, when the raven exclaimed dismally, "Another gone smash," or "We're going to the dogs." Its owner said the bird was worth ten dollars a week to him.

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### A SIBERIAN MAMMOTH.

THE huge body of the Siberian mammoth which was discovered in the summer of 1901 has now been erected in the museum of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg. The unique interest of this discovery lies in the fact that though many fossil remains of mammoths have been found and other preserved bodies of mammoths seen no body so complete as this one has ever before been brought home to civilization. The hide, hair, eyes, flesh and bones of the mammoth brought home by Dr. Otto Herz are all marvelously preserved by a set of circumstances similar to those which have given us the actual feathers of the extinct moa bird and the bony hide of the mylodon.

In this case the perishable flesh has been preserved by means of a most perfect freezing and "cold storing" process. When first seen by the Cossack Jawlowsky the mammoth was nearly covered with ice, and it was owing to a slight melting of the surface that a clear space enabled him to see the strange, hoary relic of the vanished age glinting through the ice.

The discovery was promptly notified to St. Petersburg by way of Yakutsk and Dr. Otto Herz of the imperial museum was immediately sent with a numerous party to procure if possible the body entire. To accomplish this he was given a company of cossack troopers commanded by a lieutenant and fifty horses for transport. A tremendous journey over trackless mountains and swamps was undertaken and the spot finally reached. To quote Dr. Herz' own words, he says:

"We were at a loss to proceed further, for the maps of the district are not detailed, and we found ourselves in the midst of a vast number of exactly similar ice mounds. Finally, however, my nostrils detected a strange odor, and it occurred to me that it might be the flesh of the monster which had become uncovered and was decomposing. By dint of walking in the direction whence the smell seemed to come I finally located the grave. In my excitement I ran the last mile of the way against the fast-increasing stench. At the grave I found a faithful Cossack, who for fifty days had stood guard over the carcass at the command of his superior officer. He had covered it entirely over with dry soil to a depth of three feet, but even through this protection the smell made its way."

Dr. Herz describes the long hair and thickness of hide of the mammoth and how the stomach was found full of undigested food. The attitude in which he

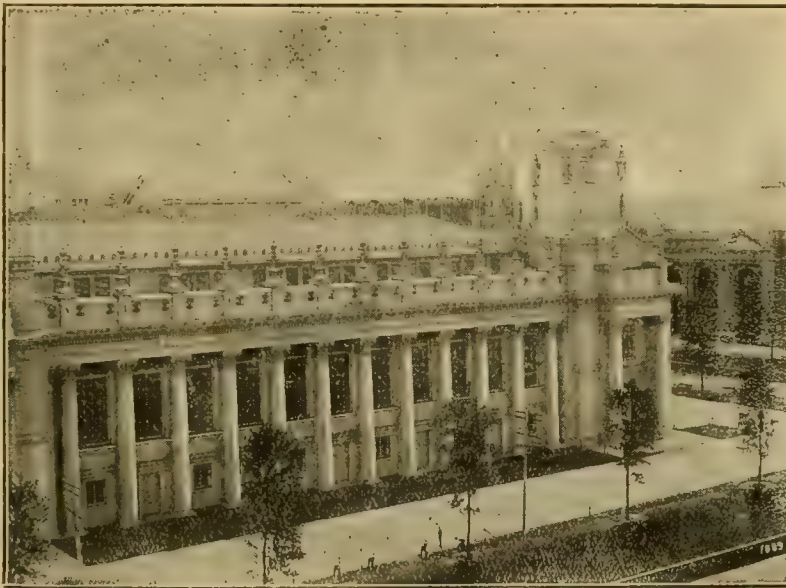
was found shows that he met his death by slipping on a slope, for his rear legs are bent up so that it would be impossible for him to raise himself. Dr. Herz writes:

"The impromptu grave into which the animal plunged was made of sand and clay, and his fall probably caused masses of neighboring soil to loosen and cover him completely. This happened in the late autumn or at the beginning of winter, to judge by the vegetable matter found in the stomach; at any rate, shortly afterward the grave became flooded, ice following. This completed the cold storage, still further augmented by vast accumulations of soil all around—a shell of ice hundreds of feet thick inclosed by yards upon yards of soil that remain frozen for the greater

operators find that after they have worked at a key for several years their forearms and their fingers lose that flexibility that is essential to musicianly work on the piano. As many of the men are fond of music and have pianos of their own they find it hard to be cut off from the enjoyment of the music they could make for themselves if it were not for the strained conditions of their muscles.

There are few other lines of work that incapacitate a man for picking out the sharps and flats, but the telegraphers say that they know few men in their ranks who can use a piano with any effect.

When they sit down before one their first impulse is the old impulse that operating the key gives them. They want to use that finger that they use in sending



ELECTRICITY BUILDING, ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

part of the year. Thus the enormous carcass was preserved for how long no one knows, through hundreds of centuries perhaps, until not so many years ago some movement of the earth spat forth the fossil mausoleum, leaving it exposed to sun and wind until gradually, very gradually, the ice crust wore off and revealed to the passing Cossack the long-hidden treasure."

Russia is not the only country which has recently become enriched with new mammoth remains. America has recently carried out some well-organized expeditions for the particular purpose of obtaining fossils that should throw light on the extinct mammoth of that country.

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#### HOW WORK KILLS MUSIC.

DID you ever hear of a telegrapher who could play the piano? If so, how many? Not how many pianos, of course, but how many telegraphers. Telegraph

messages and they find it difficult even after they struggle for a long time to make themselves players of more than ordinary attainments.

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#### JOHN BULL'S VAST MERCHANT MARINE.

OFFICIAL statistics for 1903 show that the British have 336 steamships of over 500 tons, against 59 German, 34 American, 30 French, 16 Japanese and 10 Russian. Of steamers of over 7,000 tons 119 are British, 15 German, 7 American, 4 French and 2 Russian. Of huge ships exceeding 10,000 tons 48 are British, 26 German, 7 American, 2 French and 4 Dutch. Nearly half of the 17,761 steamships and 12,182 sailing vessels in the world are British.

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THE first railway not built for steam cars was made to haul granite for the Bunker Hill monument, in 1826. It was three miles long.



## HOW THE TEN CENT STORE MANAGES.

By F. Murphy, Manager of one of the Stores.

THE Nookman has asked the writer a question which has seemed to greatly puzzle the minds of many. "Where do you get all the goods to sell for five and ten cents?"

For the benefit of the INGLENOOK family I will try and put you on to as many tricks of the trade as I dare.

In the first place let me say that it is no small undertaking to secure these goods at the right prices and at the right season of the year.

We must buy at this time of the year the goods which are in demand, such as winter underwear, heavy hosiery, mittens, holiday goods, toys, etc. It is easy enough to go to Chicago and buy all these goods of a jobber, but when you ask his price it is an entirely different story. As a rule the goods we retail at ten cents will cost you nearly that amount if purchased through a jobbing house, to say nothing of the freight from him to your home town.

In order to secure the values which the buying public of to-day expect for ten cents we are obliged to go direct to the manufacturer and often buy enormous quantities, even more than we want, and more than our trade demands, in order to get the price.

Fully half of our business is done with manufacturers in foreign countries. Germany, Austria, Holland and France supply the world with toys, china and notions, and Germany is really the market for these goods. In order to get our toys and china at the lowest figure possible we must import these goods direct, pay the inland freight from maker to the seaboard, pay the ocean freight, marine insurance, duty, banker's commissions, besides the freight from the port of entry, whether it be Boston or Newport News, to us. These goods are always bought in foreign money.

In the matter of underwear, mittens, hosiery and other domestic goods, quantity usually rules the price. If a manufacturer of underwear, for instance, has on hand at the end of his season, a quantity of goods which he may have to carry over into another year, he will invariably make a price low enough to clean out the entire lot and will not sell at this price in small quantities.

We also have contracts with several mills to take all the "seconds" they may have during the year. By "seconds" we mean the goods which have either become soiled by coming in contact with the oily parts of the machinery or that have been torn in the machines. These goods are often made to retail at from fifty to seventy-five cents a garment, but on account of being slightly damaged are put in as "seconds" and sold to us. In this way they do not come in contact with their regular trade with the dry goods mer-

chant and therefore do not injure the sale on their regular goods.

Glassware is a very important department in a five and ten cent store. The bulk of it is the product of factories located in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and within the last ten years, or since natural gas has been so plenty, many glass factories have located in Indiana and Ohio.

Earthenware, or white table ware, has always claimed as its home East Liverpool, Ohio. The bulk of this class of goods is made there because it requires a certain kind of clay, which is found there in large quantities.

The greatest puzzle seems to be where and how we get the enormous values in graniteware to sell at a dime. There are fully two dozen factories throughout the eastern and middle states that make the granite-ware and they are practically one concern, combine, or trust. The prices to the dealer therefore are very high and very firm. In the manufacture of granite-ware a large per centage is imperfect either by a blotch of thick coating or a piece which has been chipped off in the handling. These goods cannot be sold as first quality, so they are boxed up and shipped to one firm in New York, one in Cincinnati and one in St. Louis, and there they are auctioned off for what they will bring. These goods are often bought by the car load by us and the shrewd housewife is quick to recognize their superiority when placed by the side of tinware at the same prices.

Hardware, notions and handy and useful items for the kitchen are sold in large quantities every day at a five and ten cent store because they are well displayed and sold at half the prices asked in the regular hardware stores. These goods are manufactured mostly in Connecticut and Massachusetts.

Candy, which is one of the greatest items in our stock, is the one which is the most difficult to get. It is necessary for us to contract the entire output of three factories to supply our syndicate of stores and often during the holiday season we are caught short of these goods.

Jewelry comes in the greatest quantity from New Jersey and Massachusetts. Here we find the market for cheap jewelry which is controlled by several Jewish houses.

For the thousand and one other items which go to make up the stock of an up-to-date five and ten cent store we are compelled to look in almost a thousand and one different places and keep on looking until we succeed in finding the right items at the right prices, and while we make a good profit on our goods, the best part of it is, our customers get the benefit of our efforts in this direction, because no matter what the goods are bought at they are never sold for more than ten cents.

## WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE OLD MAIDS.

BY MARGARET BAKER.

THERE are as many kinds of old maids as there are oak trees, and there are over forty varieties of them. According to history Jephthah's daughter ended badly in not being allowed to marry. Among the Jews a single woman was to bewail her lot, because if she married she might become the mother of the much looked for Messiah. The ancient Persians believed the men and women who died single would be unhappy in the next world.

There are many celebrated spinsters of history. Hannah More, the author of numerous works, died at

Many single women take up a profession. Many are doctors, many are lawyers. The schoolmarm seems to be often an old maid. There comes to mind one maiden lady who taught school forty years. She helped support others. She was a cold, learned woman, whom none could approach. One day she surprised her friends by saying. "I have had a dreary, lonely time. I have had no love in my life." Such women are seldom met, who have never had a lover.

We have most of us met the young girl old maid. She dresses gaily, and sometimes paints her eyebrows and lips. Then there is the prude, who acts as if a poker were run down her back whenever a man is about. There is the old maid who tells of the many offers she has refused, because she could not love a



A RAILROAD BUILDING SCENE.

the age of eighty, having realized over \$150,000 by her writings, and leaving about \$50,000 to charitable bequests. Elizabeth Carter died at the same age as Miss More. She was well versed in Latin, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Arabic, Hebrew and Portuguese. She is noted for her translation of Epictetus. Maria Edgeworth the celebrated Irish novelist died at the age of eighty-six.

The day is past when the single woman has to depend on her male relatives for support. She can support herself to a fair old age, then retire to some Old Ladies' Home, if she can do no better.

An agreeable spinster, if she is self-supporting or has some means, always ends well, and makes herself useful. Many of the institutions for the care of children, and for the poor are in charge of noble old maids.

man. There is the romantic old maid who keeps old letters and dried flowers in her trunk. She gets them out on rainy days and weeps over "what might have been." Perhaps the writer was killed in the war, but more likely he married another thirty years ago.

Fortunately there are many old maids just like other people. They have had their troubles, but they think more of helping others in trouble than telling theirs. They try to make the world better by having lived in it.

*Belleville, Ill.*

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THERE are 183,000 miles of railway mail service in the United States, but this distance is considerably surpassed by the mails, carried on horseback or by wagon. The quantity of mail so carried, however, is comparatively trifling.



## ALL BUT TALK.

THE *Scientific American* describes some wonderful machines of the past.

Few persons in the mechanical world have not heard of the automatons of the Famous Neuchatel mechanicians of the eighteenth century. Most people would not know where to find automatons of Jaquet-Droz. They are said to be in Russia, in England, and scattered here and there throughout the world. But the most remarkable of these masterpieces are in the possession of Henri Martin of Dresden, where they are the admiration of all those who happen to visit Dresden and are able to examine them. According to the information kindly furnished us by Mr. Martin, the automatons are in good condition and work as well as at the time when Jaquet-Droz exhibited them to the sovereigns of France, Spain and England, though now they must be put in operation by hand.

One of this wonderful man's clocks went for a long time without being rewound. This kind of perpetual movement was produced by different metals expanding and contracting at the same temperature. Another clock, without being touched, answered the question, "What time is it?" It must be presumed that the breath of the questioner was sufficient by a delicate combination to put the mechanism in movement. Still another exhibited the hours, the minutes and the seconds, the center of the dial indicating the course of the sun through the zodiac, and the four seasons and the different phases of the moon in perfect accord with its evolution.

The dial was lighted at the time of the full moon and the stars appeared and disappeared at the required intervals. This artificial firmament was covered with clouds if the weather was unpleasant or lighted if it was clear. As soon as the hour was struck a chime was heard. It played nine different melodies, to which an echo responded. A lady seated in a balcony holding a book in her hand accompanied the music with gesture and look, from time to time took a pinch of snuff and bowed to those who opened the glass door of the clock. When the chiming was ended a canary, standing on the hand of a child, whose gestures expressed admiration, sang eight different airs. A shepherd came in his turn and played on the flute and two children danced around. Suddenly one of the children threw himself on the floor in order to make the other lose his balance and then turned toward the spectators, pointing at his companion with his finger. Near the shepherd a lamb bleated from time to time and a dog approached his master to caress him and to watch over a basket of apples. If any one touched the fruit he would bark until it was put back in its place.

He presented one of his clocks to King Ferdinand

VI, who was so delighted that he refunded the expenses of the journey and paid in addition five hundred louis d'or. The king assembled his courtiers in order to show them his acquisition. Among the automatons was a clock with a shepherd playing on his flute and a dog guarding a basket of fruit.

"The dog," said Jaquet-Droz, "is as faithful as he is well behaved. Let your majesty put him to the proof by touching one of the fruits in the basket." The king endeavored to take an apple, but the dog immediately threw himself on his hand, barking so naturally that a hound present in the room responded with all his strength. The courtiers thought that sorcery was at work and fled precipitately, making the sign of the cross. The king and the minister of marine were the only ones to remain.

The latter asked the shepherd what time it was. As he did not answer Jaquet-Droz remarked smilingly that he probably did not understand Spanish and begged his excellency to address him in French. The question was repeated in that language and the shepherd replied immediately. The minister was frightened and he, too, hurried away. In consequence of this seance the Neuchatel artist, fearing that he might be arrested by the inquisition and burned as a sorcerer, begged the king to invite the grand inquisitor to be present. Jaquet-Droz took the clock apart in his presence, piece by piece, showing him all the springs and explaining to him the action of the train. Probably the inquisitor understood little or nothing of the matter; nevertheless he announced the fact publicly that he discovered no magic and that the mechanism was moved entirely by natural means.

Three of these automatons, whose perfection exceeded everything which had ever been known in this class of work, are the young musician, the draughtsman and the writer, a young woman, seated at the harpsicord, executed several pieces of music with dexterity, without any person touching the instrument. The draughtsman, seated on a stool, made drawings with a pencil, sketched them correctly, and then shaded them. From time to time he raised his hand to examine his work the better, corrected some defect and blew the dust from the paper. Henri Louis, having gone to Versailles, exhibited his automatons to the king. The draughtsman, to the amazement of the court, sketched the portrait of the French king with a laurel wreath on his head.

Jaquet-Droz went over to England, he placed the draughtsman before the king, and soon the hands of the automaton were actively at work, but the surprise of those present was boundless when they beheld, not the image of the king of France, which they had expected, but that of the English monarch. Of course, the portraits were not finished productions, but presented a general resemblance.

The draughtsman of Jaquet-Droz was not, however, the most remarkable of the works created by the inexhaustible genius of this artist. Let one judge from the writer, seated before an isolated desk, without contact with any person. He would dip his pen in the inkstand and write without dictation, slowly, it is true, but distinctly and correctly.

Each word occupied a suitable place at the desired distance from the preceding. When a line was finished he commenced a new one, leaving between them the necessary space. The movements of the eyes and of the arms and hands were admirably imitated. The writer might even be interrupted. He stopped in the middle of a word if asked and wrote another.

The means used by Jaquet-Droz for securing this result have remained unknown. The courtiers, scientists and the most skillful mechanics have vainly sought to penetrate the mystery. It is needless to say that the writer performed only in the presence of Jaquet-Droz, which involves the idea of some action exercised by this artist. It has been supposed that he made use of a magnet concealed in his shoes or clothing. This idea was suggested by his habit of walking back and forth and turning sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other while the automaton was writing, thus perhaps being able to attract the hook toward the wheel with the aid of a magnet and cause it to return by the same force. The lords of the court endeavored, by means of other magnets of great power concealed in their clothing, to disturb the working of the apparatus by their attitudes and movements, but in vain. The automaton wrote with the same accuracy. The writer is still in existence. It continues to write, provided the hook and the wheel are kept in action by the hand. The motive force used by the artist is a secret which unfortunately has been buried with him.

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#### MANY USES OF THE POTATO.

TO-DAY Germany fairly rivals Ireland with its potato crop and outdoes most other countries. Fully an eighth of the arable land of the empire is planted to this nutritious vegetable. Half the large yield is used directly as human food; a considerable other portion is given over to fattening stock. There still remains an enormous surplus after that, however, and it is the success with which the Germans have met in turning this surplus into manufactured products that is most remarkable.

Among these manufactured products are starch, glucose, potato flour, dextrin and starch sugar, each of which appears prominently on the list of German exports, all together contributing large sums every year to the profits of German manufacturers and exporters.

But the alcohol which the Germans make from the potato is the most valuable and wonderful product of all. This is a light producer and fairly rivals the electric current, it is said.

The apparatus for its practical use includes lamps, chandeliers, street and corner lights, in which alcohol vapor is burned like gas in a hooded flame, covered by a Welsbach mantle. So used, potato alcohol is described as burning with an incandescent flame equaling the electric light in brilliancy. Indeed, we are officially told now by our consul general at Berlin that potato alcohol is competing with gas and electricity with increasing success every year.

In the problems of heat and power production, too, the lowly potato has been brought into use, and the alcohol from it has been applied to warming and cooking stoves, to steam locomobiles, to threshing, grinding, fuel cutting and other agricultural and mechanical appliances. The advantages said to be found in its use are immediate readiness for operation dispensing with coal, water and firemen; freedom from odors and danger of fire, and greater economy of maintenance. Possibly there is some exaggeration in these claims. But figures given plainly show that the potato, as cultivated in Germany, has produced a real competitor for at least benzine and petroleum for motor purposes.

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#### THE LITTLE ONES.

SOMETIMES the comment on younger brothers and sisters is delicious. "Why does not baby speak?" puzzled one small girl. Later, dissatisfied with her mother's answer, she produced her own. "I know, the things that baby saw in God's house before she came to live with us were so wonderful that she cannot speak about them. She's got to be quiet—till she's forgotten!" "Baby's broken a hole in the sky, and come through," was the explanation of another, aged three. Jack, rather older (aged eight) was a student of "ruling passions." "Oh! mother's been getting bargains again!" he said in all good faith upon being shown his twin baby sisters. Enid and Edith were at a loss for a game. "Let's play at being at home," said Enid. "We'll have a day." "But what does that mean?" begged Edith. "What is a day?" "Oh! don't be stupid," said Enid. "All fashionable people have days. God's day is Sunday, and mother's day is Tuesday!" "Is the gentleman in the sailor-hat an apostle?" was the comment of another child on the saint in a church window.—*London Spectator*.

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TRAINED falcons, to carry dispatches in time of war, have been tested in the Russian army. Their speed is four times as rapid as that of carrier pigeons.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

Said a young and tactless husband  
To his inexperienced wife:  
"If you would but give up leading  
Such a fashionable life,  
And devote more time to cooking—  
How to mix and when to bake—  
Then perhaps you might make pastry  
Such as mother used to make."

And the wife, resenting, answered  
(For the worm will turn, you know);  
"If you would but give up horses  
And a score of clubs or so,  
To devote more time to business—  
When to buy and when to stake—  
Then perhaps you might make money  
Such as father used to make."

\* \* \*

### SOME TERMS.

FOLLOWING are some of the technical definitions and practices of the cooks. They are what are referred to in the better class of cook books. Broiling consists of cooking over a glowing bed of coals. Steaming is cooking in a steamer or in a double boiler. Stewing is cooking slowly in water below the boiling point. Roasting is cooking before a glowing fire. Baking is cooking in an oven. Frying is cooking in hot fat deep enough to cover the article to be cooked. Sautéing is cooking in a small quantity of hot fat. Pan broiling is cooking in a hot frying pan or griddle with little or no fat. Braising is a combination of stewing and baking. Fricaseeing is a combination of frying and stewing.

By common usage anything cooked in a pan over a fire is said to be fried, but the word is not a good one and would convey the wrong idea to the professional cook, while steak put in a pan and no fat or very little, if any, and cooked therein is said to be pan broiled and so on. It is well to learn these words, and what they mean, as it is just as easy to use these words right as wrong.

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### EGG SHAMPOO.

In beauty culture, as in many other things, it is often the simplest remedies which are best.

It is only in rare and special cases that we need employ chemicals or expensive mixtures. As a usual thing the best tonics and "restorers" are those nearest to the hand and—cheapest.

For example, none of the shampooing mixtures that are so widely recommended—and, be it observed, their name is Legion—are quite so beneficial to the hair and scalp as those which number among their ingredients a fresh, well-beaten egg.

Few things are capable of adhering with more tenacity than the raw contents of an egg; hence it is of the utmost importance that, after using an egg shampoo, the hair be soaped well and rinsed in many successive waters—as many, indeed, as may be needed to make it perfectly clean and smooth.

Glossy it is practically sure to be, if the double operation of shampooing and rinsing has been correctly performed.

\* \* \*

### HOW TO CUT SANDWICHES.

"MEN who cut sandwiches for a big picnic must have just as much knack and experience in the business as men who open oysters on the river boats," said a man who recently supplied seventy-five thousand sandwiches at two days' notice for a political picnic to the wives and children of the voters of a New York district leader. "It took seven men to do that job in the time allowed," he said, "and they hadn't any time to spare at that. I paid them by the hundred, the man who did the most work getting the most pay. When they were all through there were not enough scraps of bread and meat to fill a tin pan. That is the secret of cutting sandwiches—to avoid waste. There is such competition in the business that we are obligated to work on low margins."

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READERS of the Bureau Drawer will please notice the list of books for premiums in another part of the INGLENOOK. Every family in which the INGLENOOK is read can have one of these books free. Pick out the one you want so as to be able to tell the canvasser when you subscribe or when sending in for yourself. They are all good books but it will be observed that they cover different subjects.

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THE registrars of the departments in France have notified parents that the only names which can legally be given to children are those included in the church calendar and the names of illustrious men, ancient and modern.

## IN TEXAS GARDENS.

BY W. E. WITCHER.

HERE at Manvel, Texas, we can gather from our ardens green peas, okra, turnips, beets, green onions, lettuce, and all such vegetables. This has been such an exceptional year that we have made but little garden. We are now setting out cabbage, onions, lettuce, and beets for winter garden truck. Radishes are sown as soon as the fall rains set in, usually about the first of September, and will be as crisp and sweet as spring grown ones. Onion seed, if sown in the late summer, is now ready for transplanting, and onion sets of the winter varieties are now ready for the table. Cabbage that has been transplanted will be ready for the table by the middle of November, and we can have green peas by the same time.

*Manvel, Texas.*

\* \* \*

## GIRLS TO CARRY MESSAGES.

GIRLS and men, many of them past the age of thirty, are being employed by the Western Union Telegraph company and the Missouri District Telegraph company in Kansas City to carry their messages. Unable to secure boys enough to meet the demands of the business, the companies were compelled to hire girls and men.

To-day eighteen young women, ranging in age from sixteen to thirty-five years, and forty men, from the ages of twenty-one to sixty-seven, are carrying the messages.

The lack of boys was caused primarily by the opening of school. Out of one hundred and fifty boys, the customary messenger force of the Western Union company, more than seventy-five quit work to go to school. Forty tendered their resignations in one day.

\* \* \*

## ORIGIN OF "GRASS" WIDOW.

"WHY should a woman separated from her husband be called a 'grass' widow?" asked a young man of the antiquary. "The term 'grass' widow," the latter answered, "has nothing to do with the herbage on our lawns. 'Grass' is a misspelling, sanctioned by custom, of 'grace.' In the past, when divorces were rare, a woman separated legally from her husband was called a 'viduca de gratia' by the Roman church, and the French called her a 'veuve de grace.' The meaning of both terms is the same, 'widow by grace.' We took the 'veuve' from the French and translated it properly into 'widow,' but the 'grace' we incorporated into our language, misspelling it in the process. You would be technically correct in writing 'grace' instead of 'grass' widow, but it is probably that no one would understand what you meant."

## SUGAR-CURING PORK.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH VANIMAN.

IN sugar-curing meat for one hundred pounds of pork use the following mixture. One-half ounce pulverized saltpeter, four quarts of salt, add two pints of brown sugar, one pound of black pepper. Mix well and rub on the hams and meat while warm, rubbing it in thoroughly, especially at the ends. Put the meat on a board so that the pieces do not touch each other. Leave for five days and then repeat the operation for as much longer. Then pile up these pieces and leave them for ten or twelve days after which they are ready to smoke.

*McPherson, Kansas.*

\* \* \*

## COCOANUT CAKE.

BY CARRIE HUFFMAN.

CREAM well together two cups of soft white sugar and one-half cup of butter, add the well-beaten whites of six eggs, one of cream, two and one-half cups of flour, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Icing. Take two scant cups of granulated sugar and one-half cup of water. Boil without stirring until it thickens when dropped into water. Have the whites of two eggs beaten and ready on a large platter, and pour the hot sirup over them. Stir until cool, and add shredded cocoanut.

*Onward, Indiana.*

\* \* \*

## A PLAIN PUDDING.

BY CARRIE HUFFMAN.

BEAT one cup of sugar and one-half cup of butter to a cream. To this add three well beaten eggs, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and three cups of flour. Steam one hour.

Sauce for pudding. Take one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour with one-half cup of cream and water enough to make sufficient quantity. Flavor with nutmeg.

*Onward, Indiana.*

\* \* \*

## EASY CAKE.

THIS cake, as its name implies, can be quickly and readily made. It will be found very palatable. To be at its best it should be eaten fresh, but not warm. Sift together one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sugar, and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Fill a half pint cup one-third full of melted butter. Add to it two unbeaten eggs and fill the cup with milk. Stir all into the sifted flour and beat for a moment. Bake in shallow pans.



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## A SURE CURE.

When I'm cross or just perverse,  
My punishment is left to Nurse.  
When I get too much for one  
Mother says what shall be done.

But when I'm bad as bad can be  
I'm sent into the library,  
And my papa does something then  
That makes me very good again.

—Selected.

\* \* \*

## THE STORY OF TOMMY GOPHER.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

A DREADFUL thing happened. I should say it began with a cloud-burst, for the first I knew, torrents of water came running down the front hall-way of my little house. I ran for the back door, when lo! another drenching flood met me. Choking and gasping, I floundering about, and at last managed, half dead, to get up the passage to the outside.

A great shout greeted me, I was quickly caught up, by a boy in a red waist and white trousers. I had never seen a boy so closely before, and with my fright and drenching, I was so weak I made little resistance. He held me firmly, while his companions raised such a pow-wow I thought I was sure to be killed on the spot. But presently they started off. My captor carried me cuddled close to him, and several times he smoothed my wet coat softly with his fingers.

After we had gone a long distance, they slipped me into a box covered with a wire screen. There was some clover in the bottom. I was very thankful when they set the box in the sunshine, where I was soon warm and dry and quite myself again. They brought me water, and some corn. At first, I hid under the clover when they came near; but I got over that. Once, I dared eat when the boy with the red waist was watching. He put his face close to the screen, and said some soft, cooing words I couldn't understand. I was quite over my fear of being killed.

But I was lonely, and always thinking of my mother and the little house. My limbs ached for a good race, and the soil of the clover field under my feet. So, one still night, I crept cautiously along the screen. Joy! There was a tiny break! With teeth and claws I worked desperately, and soon found I could squeeze through. Away with a bound I went!

Sometimes I hear the voices of boys in the clover field. I always run, but I'm not afraid,—that is, not

much. I love my freedom; but the boys are not so bad to live with, after all.

*Elgin, Ill.*

\* \* \*

## THE ASTER'S COMPLAINT.

BY KATHLEEN O'CONNER.

DELLA sat out in the hammock one night just before bedtime. She was looking at the pretty white asters in the bed, and after a time her head drooped over on the hammock pillow. She was drifting off to dreamland, when she heard a voice that called her attention. It was the white aster talking to the yellow chrysanthemum across the walk.

"Dear me," it said, sadly, "in a day or two my flowers will all be dead."

"It is sad to think of the beautiful flowers falling to pieces," said the chrysanthemum. It had just begun to blossom, and need not think of losing its flowers for more than a week.

"It isn't that," said the aster. "It's that I want to be of some use, and here I am fading away in solitude. Why doesn't that little girl pick my flowers and carry them to her grandmother, or to her mother, who has been sick several days, and would so love to look at me?"

"Yes," said the chrysanthemum, "it is very strange that people do not think of these things as they should. I suppose there isn't a flower in the world but that wishes to be of use, and people won't let us."

"I will," cried Della. "I will pick the white asters and put them in mamma's vase right away, and I'll take some flowers to grandma, and to all the sick folks I know right away in the morning."

The white aster looked up and smiled, then it was very quiet until Della heard papa say, "It's time for my little girl to wake up and go to bed."

Della got up drowsily, wondering when she had gone to sleep. The next morning when she went to gather the flowers, the white asters were still smiling.

\* \* \*

## A TRYING QUESTION.

If turkeys were tall as telegraph poles,  
And ten times broader and fatter,  
Who'd do the carving  
To keep us from starving,  
And what could we use for a platter?

—Anna M. Pratt.

## The Q. & A. Department.

What are the Alabama claims?

They are claims for damage preferred by the United States against Great Britain for losses caused during the civil war by the Alabama, the Confederate cruiser. The claims are based upon the fact that the Alabama was fitted out in British ports. The sum awarded was \$15,000,000, and it was a case of pay or fight.

✦

What are the Casas Grandes?

An extensive ruin about one hundred and twenty miles south of the United States boundary line in New Mexico. They are very large houses with thick walls and four and five stories high. The word Casas Grandes also applies to several other places similar to the one mentioned.

✦

Who were the Siamese twins?

Two men born in Siam in 1811. They had a Chinese father and a Siamese mother. They were joined together and could not be separated without death to both. They married sisters and the one survived the other two hours and a half.

✦

What is the East India company?

East India Company is the name of various mercantile associations formed in different countries in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for the purpose of conducting a monopoly of the trade with the East Indies.

✦

When did the Roman literature start?

It is a well known fact that it was in the year 240 B. C. that the first connected Roman writing was executed, and it was a drama played on the stage.

✦

Where are the Navigators' Islands?

A group of thirteen islands but little more than barren rocks. They are about four hundred and twenty miles northeast of the Fiji islands. They are mainly uninhabited.

✦

What is the Holy Governing Synod?

It is a religious organization composed of the highest ecclesiastical authority in the Russian church.

✦

Is northern Idaho a country adapted to fruit?

Yes, that country is good for fruit, and fruit is grown there and shipped out.

Will the Nook please tell from what asbestos is manufactured?

Asbestos is a mineral dug from the earth, and is found in many places. Its value depends upon the length of its fiber. It comes in blocks from which long silky threads may be stripped, and there is no limit to the possible separation. The finer threads are ground up and in the arts it is a very valuable mineral, and is used mainly around heating plants to prevent absorption or radiation of heat.

✦

How does the native growth in an irrigated country get along without water?

The plants that grow wild in an arid country are adapted to their conditions which exist prior to vegetation. Vegetation gradually overran the country there in the shape of short grass, sage brush, or the like, and these plants require very little water. As a rule the arid country plants, with the exception of those introduced, are very easily destroyed, and, in fact, do not stand humid conditions very well.

✦

How were the ancient mummies made?

The process varied somewhat in different parts of Egypt and at different periods. Bitumen played considerable part in the preparation of the mummy as also did turpentine. Various different ingredients were used by different people but they seem to have been successful in preserving the body. The best results in embalming have been lost to the present knowledge.

✦

What became of the Alabama, the Confederate cruiser?

She was built at Burton Head, in England, and was sunk by the Kearsarge off Cherbourg, in France, June 19, 1864.

✦

How did the Sultan become to be called the "Sick Man of the East?"

The term was first used by the Czar of Russia in conversation with a British Ambassador.

✦

Did Col. Colt invent the revolver?

Elisha Collier patented a revolver in 1818, while Colt's patent was granted in 1835, but Colt's weapon was the first marketed.

✦

Who is president of the St. Louis Exposition?

Hon. David R. Francis, and his address is St. Louis, Mo.



### OUR PREMIUMS.

WE take pleasure in announcing to the readers of the INGLENOOK that we will send every subscriber, old or new, on receipt of his subscription for the year 1904, a copy of any of the following named books. Their description is printed and some of them are really valuable. These books retail for ten cents per copy and have been selected with reference to the wants of nearly everybody, in all the walks of life. These books are paper bound in pamphlet form, double column, and some of them containing a large amount of information hardly possible to find elsewhere. They are printed on good paper, in good type, and every one of them will be of more or less value to the recipient. They are edited down to the simple facts in the case and there are no flourishes, and each one is written so it will be understood.

A book will be sent to every subscriber on receipt of his subscription, and he can make choice of which one he wants. The books are up-to-date, and it will be an advantage to have them about anyone's house. Here are the titles from which you can choose and which will help you in your selection. Only one book can go with each subscription, although the magazine may be sent to one name and the book to another:

#### Everybody's Law Book.

By John L. Shirley. Double column, as all the books are, sixty-four pages. This book consists of such brief forms and points of law that every reader ought to know. On pages 24, 25 are forms for contracts for the sale of goods, contracts for property, etc. On pages 26, 27 are forms for deeds, on page 45 the law on mortgages, on page 46 forms of mortgages, and so on through the entire book. "Everybody's Law Book" is an excellent thing in its way, and it will be a valuable book in every house.

#### How to Train Animals.

Sixty-one pages. This tells about methods of training horses, hogs, and other domestic animals, and some that are not domestic. It will be interesting reading. On page 41 the methods of training the educated hog, sometimes seen in shows, are explained. On page 51 the art of training birds is taken up, and so on. A book of this kind would please a boy all to pieces.

#### The Practical Poultry Keeper.

This is an up-to-date poultry book of sixty-two pages, which tells about all the poultry raising, and has illustrations showing the different varieties of fowls. It tells how to make poultry houses and how to care for them and all about feeding and rearing poultry. On page 43 there is an article on "How to Start a Hennyery," followed by one on "Preparing Nests for Sitters." On page 49 it treats on the dif-

ferent diseases of poultry, as "Gapes" and "Feather Eating," etc. It also describes in full how to raise chickens, and all of this will be of great interest to the reader.

#### American Family Cook Book.

There are 64 pages of solid recipes covering nearly every phase of cooking. On page 23 we find "Tomato Sauce," "Baked Tomatoes for Breakfast," "Potato Snow," "Potato Balls," "Fried Egg Plant," "Horseradish Sauce," and "Potato Puffs" treated. From one end to the other it has nothing but recipes, and while no book is likely to ever equal the "INGLENOOK Cook Book," the "American Family Cook Book" is full of good recipes from one end to the other.

#### How Women May Earn Money.

There are 59 pages of this and every woman, anywhere and everywhere, who wants to make money herself will find a number of methods and ways, some of which she never dreamed of, and all of which will be of intense interest to every reader. This is the little book that we advise for the Nook women. It is really a very interesting thing. On pages 30, 31 the following are treated: Mushrooms, Cooking for Grocery Stores, Washing Fluids, and Canvassing. On pages 44, 45 are Carpet Weaving, Selling on Commission, and Massage.

#### New Designs in Knitting and Lace Making.

Sixty-four pages of instructions from one end to the other. The INGLENOOK man touches this book very lightly because he does not know much about it, but evidently it contains instructions which are helpful to anyone who is interested along this line of work. It may be just what you are looking for.

#### The Practical Guide to Floriculture.

This covers the whole ground for planting and cultivating flowers. It shows their pictures and tells how to take care of them. It describes many flowers and tells how to grow them and how to look after them. On pages 34, 35 "The Propagation of Plants" is spoken of. On pages 36, 37 the "Soil for House Plants" is described. On page 38 you will find a description of "The Plant Enemies." It is a first-class little book and people will be benefited by reading it, if they are fond of flowers.

#### The Ready Reference Manual.

Here are 64 pages of the odds and ends of information hardly accessible elsewhere. Page 22 is given over to the "Value of Foreign Coins in the United States Money." On page 37 it tells about "How to Get Patents." Page 43 treats on the "Use of Common Names of Chemical Substances." Page 45 has "The Mottoes of the States," "Dying Words

of Famous Persons," and so on through the book. It is a sort of a hodge-podge of information, valuable in its way.

**The Practical Horse and Cattle Doctor.**

Forty-four pages of horse and cattle treatment. It is probable that this book covers the whole ground of the horse and cattle ailments, so far as the layman ought to treat the case. On page 21 "Chronic Rheumatism" and "Inflamed Tendons" are treated. On page 25 "Parasites in the Horse's Skin" is taken up. On page 29 "Shoeing" is treated. About everything that comes over the horse and cow is discussed in this little book, and it will be of great advantage to have it about the house.

**The Scarlet Letter.**

Those who are inclined to literature will find here 54 pages of a complete reproduction of Hawthorne's celebrated romance. It is a standard classic and for people who have never read it it will do no harm.

These books have been chosen not for their looks, nor for their size, but the character of their contents, and any reader will find in them practical help that will be hard to find elsewhere.

Remember that it is not looks or bulk that we consider in connection with these books, but it is their practical usefulness, and although the Nook is worth several times what it costs by itself, we intend to give you one of these as a premium and give one to every subscriber, old and new alike. You say which one you want and give us your address and we will see that the books get to you in the course of a short time. It will take a week or so for the book to reach you after the order comes to the office. We do not print these books and they are sent from the publishers on our order.

If you are in doubt about what one to take, we would say for the grown women, "How Women Earn Money," for the boy, "How to Train Animals," for the man, "Everybody's Law Book," for the housewife, "The Cook Book" or "The Poultry Keeper," for the reader of the home, "The Scarlet Letter," for the hired man, "The Horse and Cattle Doctor," for the girl, "Guide to Floriculture" or "Knitting and Lace Making." "The Ready Reference Manual" is everybody's knowledge box. Take your choice, they are free to every Nooker.

\* \* \*

A FEW people will get this copy of the INGLENOOK and are not, as yet, subscribers. We would be glad to have them examine it carefully and remembering that it is a weekly, send in their subscriptions at once, noting what is said about picking out a book listed in another part of the magazine.

# Remember

## These

## ... Facts !

FIRST—The Inglenook is a good, clean, instructive publication.

SECOND—Whoever fails to have it come to them next year will miss a whole lot more than it costs.

THIRD—The Inglenook Nature Club Department will be of intense interest to all who love animals.

FOURTH—It is a good thing. Tell your neighbors about it.

FIFTH—Having the 'Nook about the house will go a long way toward keeping the children at home, instead of their running around, you know not where.

SIXTH—There is no better present than the 'Nook. A book or a toy is laid aside, but the 'Nook keeps on coming along every week in the year. Remember that !

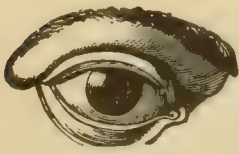
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EIGHTH—The 'Nook is worth while, and you want it anyhow.

NINTH—You don't want to miss what we have in store for the coming year, and which we are not telling about now.

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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER 3, 1903.

No. 45.

## MOTHER'S FOLDED HANDS.

We did not know how infinitely tender

Were those dear hands till all their task was done.

We little thought what service they could render,

Nor counted their sweet duties one by one.

But O! how fondly comes the recollection

Of faithful ministries to love's demands!

How sad the thoughts that now to deep affection

Recall the kindness of those folded hands.

Dear mother-hands that ne'er were known to falter.

Though weary with the tasks that filled the day,

Not even our ungratefulness could alter

Their tender touch that wiped our tears away.

How oft at night, ere to her eyes came slumber,

Those hands were clasped while soft she breathed a prayer!

For us she prayed. May those petitions number

Increase of joys for her in regions fair.

Once they were soft and lily-fair in whiteness,

When youth's sweet garlands they were wont to twine.

They plucked love's blossoms then with airy lightness

And fashioned flowery wreaths of dreams divine.

But pressing cares soon banished fancy's pleasures

And duty beckoned onward through the years.

Still, in minor strains of life's sad measures,

She looked up, hopeful, smiling through her tears.

We loved her! O we loved her more than dearly!

But did not often think to tell her so.

Death came at last to make us see more clearly,

And we can only pray that she may know—

That she may know we loved her as no other

And miss her, ever miss her more and more.

O beckoning hands! Heaven's fairer still since mother

Awaits us there upon the shining shore.

\* \* \*

## JUST A THOUGHT.

*A hit in time saves nine.*

\*

*Never look a gift wheel in the tire.*

\*

*It is a very long worm that has no turning.*

\*

*A day of borrowing is a week of sorrowing.*

\*

*A handful of wit is worth a bucketful of brag.*

*Unless you seek an opportunity you will never find it.*

\*

*If you want to move the world get a move on yourself.*

\*

*The loudest and longest talkers are usually heard the least.*

\*

*Keep pegging away and success will stop with you.*

\*

*It is always braver to have forbearance than it is to fight.*

\*

*Think of your own faults and you will talk less of others.*

\*

*Beware of the man who agrees with nobody, or everybody.*

\*

*Revenge may be sweet at the start but in the end it turns sour.*

\*

*There is not a minute in all our life that we can afford to lose.*

\*

*One great secret of success in life is to be ready when the time comes.*

\*

*Better believe the good in others rather than what is said bad about them.*

\*

*The world owes you just as much as you can knock off of the tree yourself.*

\*

*The most positive man is sometimes the weakest and poorest in judgment.*

\*

*What a wonderful world this would be if we all did what we knew to be right.*

\*

*The tradesman who delivers goods on Sunday will be hard to reach next winter's revival.*



## STRANGE INSURANCE.

As the Nook is a publication that stands for information that you would not get otherwise, we take pleasure in presenting to our readers the following account of strange insurance. A writer in the New York *Tribune* describing it, tells about the subject as follows:

An elephant the other day died from heat prostration on a train. This elephant was not insured, but there is no reason why it should not have been, for within the last year or two the dictum, "Nothing is impossible in insurance," has become almost literally true; and to-day there are several houses besides the Lloyds in London that will issue almost any kind of insurance that one desires.

Do you own a valuable horse, or bird, or dog, and would you like to insure it? You can do so—for a week, for a year, or for life.

Are you a pugilist, about to fight an important battle, and do you wish to be insured against defeat? The insurance is yours for the asking, provided that you are willing to pay a rate based on your past performances.

It is the purpose of this article to describe the strange insurances that the twentieth century has introduced—insurance such as the average man would swear did not exist.

The treasure house of oddities in insurance is the English Lloyds. Lloyds is a kind of insurance exchange. It is a house composed of a great number of independent insurance brokers. These brokers, when a policy of some novel nature is asked for, share the risk of it. They go on it, to the number of twelve or fifteen, each for a small portion of its total, and thus a new chapter is added to the history of insurance, a new set of risk statistics is formed, and no broker runs the danger of incurring a heavy loss.

There is a company in Pennsylvania that issues upon animals life insurances that are similar in every way to the life insurances which men take out. This company's inspectors and examiners go from place to place, studying the horses, the cows and the dogs that are to be insured. The men also make photographs of the subjects. These photographs prevent fraud; they make a dead animal's identification perfect; they make it impossible for any dishonest person, foisting a worthless carcass on the company, to collect the insurance upon some valuable animal that is still alive.

An animal insurance agent said the other day:

"I have issued policies on horses, dogs, cattle, chickens, sheep, elephants, lions, bears, eagles, giraffes, alligators, snakes, parrots, and a hundred other creatures. I have two ways of issuing a policy.

"Suppose, for instance, that Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt is going to send a team of coaching horses

abroad. His agent comes to me and says he wishes to insure the horses during the passage over. I ask him what sum he wants the policy made out for, and I set him a rate based upon the character of the boat on which the horses will sail. The rate varies from 2 up to 5 per cent, according to the boat's speed, record and safety. If my terms suit the agent, Mr. Vanderbilt's policy is made out. No exhaustive examinations are gone through, and no precautions against fraud are taken. In a policy of this kind I work on what is termed a 'moral risk.' Knowing my patron. I know it is unnecessary to guard against fraud, for the reason that fraud would be beneath my patron. Practically all animals of value that cross the ocean are insured.

"In the other kind of policy, the policy issued to unknown men, I take every precaution. I make a thorough examination of the animal that is to be insured; I test its lungs; I take its age; I note down all its peculiarities of color—a star here, a patch of brown there, a white stocking on the right foreleg—and, finally, I make its photograph. Then I issue my policy, never for more than two-thirds of the animal's full value, and at a rate of from 5 per cent up.

"The rates in animal insurance are at present high. This is because one of the biggest live stock insurance companies in America failed a few years ago. This company was a mutual concern, and its offices were in Philadelphia. I believe that nearly every live stock owner in Pennsylvania had his animals insured in it. Its rates were disproportionately low.

"The reaction from that fatal error in rates is now evident, and to take out a life insurance on an animal to-day is an expensive thing.

"Valuable race horses, as they travel through the country for the various race meetings, carry insurance. Their policies, though, are not for life, but for six months or a year. The rate they pay is, on the average, 10 per cent. Thus a \$5,000 policy on a horse costs \$500 a year. The rate, you see, is high. The policy, though, is a good one. It is payable for death from any cause. Should the horse, for instance, be shot on account of injuries received from a fall, the full amount would be paid its owner, the same as though the animal had died a natural death.

"Tropical animals are insured, as a rule, only during the journeys that they make. An elephant, a lion, a tiger, a giraffe, say, will be insured for its trip across the Atlantic to America. The Lloyds issue most of these policies. They run from one half of 1 per cent up to 8 and 9 per cent, according to the nature of the animal, and the character of the voyage it is to take.

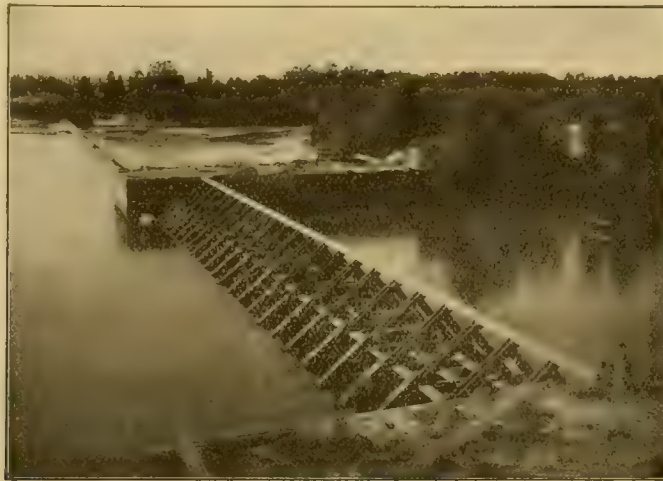
"Here is a table of the animal insurance rates—a table referring only to animals upon voyages," and the agent read the following list:

Rate per cent of policy's total.		Rate per cent of policy's total.	
Lion, .....3	Tiger, .....5		
Giraffe, .....6	Sheep, .....3		
Orang outang, .....5	Hog, .....2		
Bear, .....2	Dog, .....2		
Elephant, .....3	Rhinoceros, .....5		
Horse, .....3	Buffalo, .....4		
Snake, .....4	Eagle, .....5		
Cow, .....3	Vulture, .....3		
Bull, .....4	Ostrich, .....4		

"These rates," said the agent, "have been used with profit to the insurance companies in a number of cases. They are rates that take for granted the circumstance of good weather, a good ship and healthy animals in their prime. A winter voyage will raise the rate; age or illness in the animal raises it; a slow

in Washington. He had some crude petroleum from a Texas well and was putting it through various processes, more for amusement than for anything else, when he noticed that the liquid resulting from a certain "reaction" had a powerful odor. It was too strong to be agreeable to the nostrils, but he moistened a bit of paper with the fluid, and, waving it in front of his nose, perceived immediately that the smell was that of sandalwood oil. He had obtained, quite by chance, an artificial oil of sandalwood—impure, it is true, but easily susceptible of purification by refining.

The discovery is believed to be of great value commercially, but Dr. Day has too much scientific business on hand to bother with exploiting a synthetic perfume, and makes the world welcome to his lucky "find." Inasmuch as the oil can be got from petroleum in endless quantities at a very cheap rate it is like-



TAKING WATER FOR IRRIGATION PURPOSES IN CALIFORNIA.

or unsafe boat raises it. I have seen a cargo of animals shipped from Algoa bay to New York under the best conditions at the low insurance rate of one-half of one per cent, and I have seen another cargo of the same sort of animals shipped to New York under less favorable conditions at a rate of 8 per cent.

"In England, all live stock is registered. Hence, over there it is difficult to cheat the insurance companies. In the United States registry is not compulsory and cheating is an easy thing."

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#### MAKING SANDALWOOD OIL.

ONE of the most valuable of oils, both to the perfumer and the pharmacist, is that extracted from sandalwood. Its discovery is due, like many others of importance, to accident, says the *Saturday Evening Post*. Dr. David T. Day, of the United States Geological society, was making some small chemical experiments the other day on the mantleshef of his office

ly to drive the ordinary sandalwood oil, which is obtained by distillation from the weed, out of the market.

The destructive white ant of India and China, which devours nearly everything save metals, will not touch sandalwood, and that is one reason why so much of it is made up into caskets, boxes and similar articles that come from Asia. Most people are familiar with the agreeable perfume of boxes made of this material.

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#### MUST PAY RENT FOREVER.

IN Cuba there is no such thing as "the last resting place," unless the grave rent is kept up with regularity forever after death. Rent is charged on the quarters occupied by the dead the same as by the living, and when the payments on the sepulchral abode are not forthcoming, the tenant is ousted with as little ceremony as a delinquent would be evicted from a modern Chicago flat, and the person ejected from the Cuban grave has absolutely no say-so in the premises.



## INDIAN COOKERY.

THE Indian, being human, must eat, but his method of cooking is something that the average white woman would hardly take to kindly. Dr. Andrew Burt, of the United States army, tells something of how it is done.

The American newspaper of to-day makes a practice of publishing occasionally a suggested menu for the morrow's meals. The American home contains from one to a dozen cook books, from which to make up the dishes which please the palate of the household, but what of the Indian? It strikes me that little is known of the food of the red man, certainly as it was prepared in the "frontier days of long ago," and is the same to a large extent to-day.

Unless able to rival the fasting powers of Dr. Tanner, a vegetarian would have little chance of survival among Indians. In their natural condition the sole diet of the plains Indians for at least nine months in the year is the flesh of animals, and though they prefer it cooked they are by no means averse to it raw.

In camp the duty of cooking is usually devolved on the oldest or least favorite squaw. There is no variety of style, no French methods, no necessity for titillating appetites already over-keen. A pot full of meat and water is put on the fire and boiled, but there is no definite point in the cooking process when the food is "done." If an Indian is specially hungry, he may commence on the contents of the pot by the time they are fairly warm. Generally, however, it is allowed to boil until the head of the lodge intimates that he is hungry, when the pot is set off the fire, and each crowding around helps him or herself with knives or fingers, sometimes with a huge stick, cut in the shape of a ladle. Among the more advanced tribes tin plates are now frequently used, and sitting around on the beds or ground, the diners are helped successively by the old squaw who does the cooking. This is considered the civilized, the "tonish" way, but is not much liked, the helping squaw being always suspected of favoritism. There is no fault finding about the cooking, and whether "half raw" or "done to rags" no objection is made, provided the meat be of good quality and sufficient in quantity.

The Indian knows the choicest tidbits of every animal, and just how to cook them to suit his taste. The great fall hunt yields him the fullest enjoyment of his appetite, for then he not only has his choice of the more savory parts, but, the women being employed in other work, it is not derogatory to his dignity to cook for himself.

In butchering the women cut the meat as closely as possible from the bones, but leaving on and between the ribs many a glorious mouthful. Marrow fat is believed by the Indians to be especially good for the hair,

and during the feast the greasy hands are constantly wiped upon and passed through his long tails.

The Indian is an enormous feeder. But that corroborative evidence is so easily obtained, I should hesitate to give details of his wonderful capacity of stomach. In the course of a night of feasting, dancing and story-telling, an average Indian will consume from ten to fifteen pounds of meat; and if he has abundance of food, and can make selection of the parts to be eaten, he will swallow, without indigestion or other inconvenience, not less than twenty pounds. Even in their wildest state, all the Indians I have ever known use salt with their food when they can get it. The advanced tribes take generally to condiments, using considerable quantities of both red and black pepper. The liver of a very fat elk will not unfrequently become broken by over-heating in a long chase. This, with the contents of the gall-bladder sprinkled over it, is one of the most delicious of all morsels to an Indian palate.

Dog flesh is regarded by the Sioux as almost a sacred dish, being reserved only for feasts on occasions and ceremony, or when desiring to do special honor to a distinguished guest. When very fat, wolf is considered nearly, if not quite, as good as dog. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes only eat dog when forced to it by hunger.

The Comanches are extremely fond of horseflesh, preferring it to beef or even buffalo. In their rambles about the camp the boys kill, with their arrows, a good many birds, rabbits and other small game. The larger portion of these are eaten by the boys themselves, but many are taken to camp, where they are eagerly pounced upon by the mothers, whose special prerogative they seem to be. Some few animals and birds were protected by superstition—though this was not strong enough to amount to absolute prohibition. They could not be eaten by the Indian under ordinary circumstances, but this did not prevent his eating them when the circumstances were extraordinary. But all this is gone. Religion, superstition, public opinion, even self-respect, all give way before the cravings of an empty stomach.

Except in the item of a general uncleanness, which was common, the whole matter of the Indian food supply has undergone, within a few years, a complete change in most of the Indian tribes. Government has made prisoners of the Indians, confining them on reservations, has allowed white men to kill off the game supposed to be protected to them by laws, and now starves them with insufficient appropriations.

What was mere uncleanness in the Indian's day of plenty has degenerated into squalor. The Indian who, only a few years ago, contented himself with nothing but the very choicest portions of animal food, now eats any and everything. Dogs, wolves, reptiles, horse-

flesh all go to appease the gnawings of his stomach. Some tribes cultivate small patches of corn, vegetables, pumpkins and melons. They are, however, generally eaten before they are ripe.

The Indian may become civilized under the kind treatment of Uncle Sam, but I am afraid it will slowly lead to his extinction and wipe off the earth a typical race.

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#### SOMETHING ABOUT GINSENG.

THE INGLENOOK has been in receipt of a good many letters in regard to ginseng and the process of cultivation. A number of advertisements have appeared in the high class magazines from time to time offering seed and roots for sale and giving information that is very enticing in its make-up and character, and calculated to make people invest their money in the seeds and roots of the Chinese plant. The plant is regarded by the Chinaman as a panacea for pretty nearly everything that may overtake the yellow man. As far as Americans have been able to discover the plant is practically useless as a medicine. The *Record-Herald* of Chicago has taken the matter up and tells us something of interest in regard to the new money-making agricultural venture.

Those persons who have been attracted by the advertisements of ginseng dealers will do well to remember two things: When seed is planted it lies dormant in the ground for eighteen months, and it will be from five to seven years before a crop of roots can be gathered. When wild roots are transplanted less time is required, generally about four years, but the ground in the meantime is entirely profitless. The amateur ginseng grower must therefore have great patience.

The prices paid for ginseng in the United States during eight years from 1889 to 1896 inclusive ranged from \$2.42 for fair in 1894 to \$4 for choice in 1890. The average prices paid since 1858 were \$1.51. Although these figures give a good general idea of the prices obtained, they take no account of the locality from which the root was obtained. H. L. Pence of New York has given the government Department of Agriculture the following prices paid by him for fall dug ginseng in 1897:

Lowest. High.

New York, Vermont and Canada. ....	\$3 00	\$4 75
Northern Pennsylvania and northern Ohio, 2 80		4 50
Northern Indiana and northern Illinois,....	2 75	4 25
Michigan and Wisconsin, .....	2 60	4 00
Iowa and Minnesota, .....	2 50	3 75
Western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio,...	2 70	4 00
West Virginia and southern Ohio,.....	2 60	4 00
Southern Indiana and southern Illinois,....	2 50	3 75
Missouri and Arkansas, .....	2 50	3 75
Virginia and North Carolina, .....	2 40	3 50
Kentucky and Tennessee, .....	2 25	3 25
Georgia and Alabama, .....	2 25	3 25

The cultivation of ginseng is not difficult. It may be cultivated in the forest, in the garden, or in the orchard. In the forest the seed may be sown in any secluded place without elaborate preparations, and it may be left to nature and time to produce a crop of roots; but this is a slow process and more or less precarious on account of the danger of the seed drying. It is better to sow in a bed prepared in the woods, to furnish protection from the browsing and trampling of stock, and to transplant from this bed to other forest beds or to plats prepared in the home acre.

Suitable woods not being available, any light, friable garden soil will answer the purpose provided ample shade can be obtained. In the absence of trees a very good shade may be formed by erecting lath roofs over the beds. For the sake of economy and for convenience in handling these may be made in square sections as wide as the length of a lath, having slits about half an inch wide for the passage of light between the slats.

The seed should be sown in drills two or three inches apart, the seeds being set singly at distances of about an inch below the surface. An area of about twelve square feet is ample for sowing an ounce of seed. After sowing the bed should be covered with a muck of leaf-mold mulch to the depth of perhaps an inch and this strewn with brush to catch leaves, which will act as a protection during the winter. In the spring the brush may be removed.

The beds will not demand any special care beyond the removal of the weeds and the application of a top dressing of well-rotted horse manure in the autumn after the tops have died down. No stirring of the soil or other cultivation is practiced. The seed bed is used merely as a nursery in which the plants remain two seasons and from which all the other beds are stocked in the autumn, when the roots in older beds are harvested.

Ginseng seed will stand freezing, but if allowed to become dry is killed. To prevent this it is best to store the seed by stratifying in a mixture of carefully sifted loam and leaf mold. The box containing the seed and soil may be kept in any place where it will not dry out, as freezing really helps to keep it in good condition.

All cultivation must be done by hand. When the roots are ready to be dug for market the greatest care is required in taking them up not to bruise or scratch them. They must be washed by hand and carefully dried. The root loses about two-thirds in weight by the drying process, which is conducted in a series of pans or iron trays in a sort of chest supplied with dry, hot air. After drying the roots are then trimmed and polished and afterward returned to the dryer for final curing. They are then packed in paper in wooden boxes, vermin-tight, and are ready for the market.



### THE OLD-MAID AGE.

A FEW years ago twenty-five was regarded as the age at which a woman became an old maid.

The limit has now been set at thirty. In other words, at thirty is the imaginary line which separates the term of spinsterhood into halves, the first stage being that of eligibility to matrimony and the second that of forced or voluntary resignation to single blessedness.

Although the cry of "old maid" may still be heard, it has ceased to alarm. Indeed, there are no old maids in the sense in which the expression was once used, and the idea that marriage is the chief aim of woman no longer exists in the minds of sensible people.

Nor is a woman supposed to have lost all power of attraction because she has entered her third decade. Balzac has laid down the theory that a woman at thirty is at her most fascinating and dangerous age, dangerous, that is, to the hearts of men.

She cannot boast, perhaps, of a long train of admirers. Partners at balls are less persistent and fewer in number. The delicate aroma of flattery has become fainter, and now and then a very young man may make her feel like her own grandmother by asking advice about his love affairs. Nevertheless, many women who have entered the thirties are the center of a drama upon which the curtain is not likely to fall for many a year.

In all womanly honesty, it may be, she revels in her part of heroine, and in the disturbances and agitations of which she is the cause. This kind of woman, as Landor puts it, "warms both hands at the fire of life."

It is not only a fact that women marry later in life than they used to, but it is equally true that everywhere the more mature woman is to the fore. The young and inexperienced bud has ceased to be the reigning queen of the hour. She has been forced to yield her place to the maturer woman, the woman of broader experience and wider knowledge.

As a matter of fact, the woman of thirty or thereabouts often has a feeling which is akin to pity for the sweet young thing of eighteen—a feeling which would doubtless surprise the wide-eyed girl in muslin and blue ribbons, who thinks the whole world lies at her feet.

"One thing I am thankful for," says the bachelor maid, "and that is that I am no longer a bread-and-butter miss.

"There is no period of her existence, I think, where in woman appears to less advantage. It is almost impossible for a girl of eighteen not to be conscious, and she has so little knowledge of the world that she is unable to hide her awkwardness.

"It is amusing, even pathetic, to see the efforts of the poor thing to appear natural and at her ease and to say her little say without betraying that she has prepared it beforehand."

A word to the glorified spinster of to-day—let her take her stand boldly, firmly. Let her never pretend to a day less than her years really number. Let her look as pretty as she can and as young as she can and as long as she can.

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### WHEN WOMAN PROPOSES.

IN England leap year is supposed to confer upon the fair sex the privilege of choosing her life partner for better or for worse, but the custom is more honored in the breach than in the observance. The gypsies, especially in Hungary, enjoy and make a very extensive use of the right at all times in accordance with an ancient custom. Thus a marriageable young gipsy girl in the land of the Magyars as soon as her heart is smitten takes good care that the smiter shall hear of the havoc he has wrought and have a chance of consoling her. With this praiseworthy object in view she has a love letter indited, places a coin in a piece of dough, bakes it and throws the cake and billet-doux during the night into the bed-chamber of her bridegroom elect. Then she possesses her soul in patience and awaits developments.

The Burmese maiden begins her marriage campaign at a much earlier stage. In order to get together a goodly gathering of young men from whom to choose she places a lamp in her window at night—it is known as "the lamp of love"—and entices all those youths who are candidates for the order of Benedict. In sunny Andalusia the peasant girl whose heart has been stolen by a stalwart young husbandman prepares a tasty pumpkin cake and sends it to his home. If he eats it—and the Andalusian girls take good care to make it highly edible—the pair are forthwith betrothed.

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### DRIED SUGAR BEETS—A NEW INDUSTRY.

THE enormous production of sugar beets in Germany, which has been more than the refineries could use, has led the government to devise some means for making use of all the crop. The dried sugar beet is the result, and promises to reduce the importation of corn to an extent equal to the production of the new food. It sells for \$1.19 per 100 pounds, is very nutritious and is used for stock in place of grain.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* says the process, which seems to be a well-guarded secret, is a success and one factory alone has already produced 3,300,000 pounds the first season.

## THE WEARING OF MOURNING.

BY MARGARET BAKER.

THE wearing of mourning is a fashion or custom that seems to be disappearing. The wearing of black has a very depressing effect on the wearer. Crape is not worn now.

The ancient Greeks wore white as mourning, as do the Chinese. In England olive green is worn as half mourning. In France young children of but two or three years of age are put in mourning for their parents. A lady lost a babe an hour old. She put on deep mourning for a year. Another lady, the mother of a large family of children put on mourning for a dead dog, and was very angry at her friends for laughing at her. In Spanish America the rules for

American lady dressed in blue. They remarked to each other as they left the house, "She cared nothing for her brother."

It seems almost as if one must put on black even against one's will after a death. If you live in a German community you are made to feel you are showing no respect to the memory of the departed.

Perhaps it is better to wear black. In that case the black should be plain as possible. It ever keeps the funeral before the wearer. If we are what we claim to be, and have hope in Christ and know our dear ones are only gone to a higher realm why should we mourn? Why should we speak of the dead when they are living?

"Loving friends! be wise; dry  
Straightway every weeping eye;  
What you left upon the bier  
Is not worth a single tear;



HAYING IN CALIFORNIA.

mourning are very strict indeed. When a person dies all the pictures and looking-glasses in the parlor are covered with white cloth, black ribbons are tied across them. All the women of the family put on black. They must never be seen out of the house for three years, unless to attend church to pray for the souls of the departed.

One family in Caracas, Venezuela, had three beautiful young girls. They were kept in mourning by deaths in the family fifteen years, and by that time they were too old to go in society in the tropics. The men wear mourning a short time, but they can go and come as they please. It is the women who must be uncomfortable.

When a person has died in Caracas the friends of the family call for some weeks after dressed in deep mourning. The wife of the United States Minister received news of the death of her brother. At once the Venezuelan ladies put on their black and called. Much to their surprise they were received by the

'Tis a single sea-shell, one  
Out of which the pearl has gone.  
The shell was nothing—leave it there;  
The pearl—the soul—was all is here."

*Belleville, Ill.*

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## CAUSE OF COLD WEATHER.

THE theory is being advanced that the abnormally cold weather that has prevailed during our more recent summers is due to the unnatural production and appropriation of electricity, and it is pointed out by many that as the utilization of electricity has increased our hot summer weather has diminished.

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BEAUTIFUL souls often get put into plain bodies, but they cannot be hidden, and have a power all their own, the greater for the unconsciousness of the humility which gives it grace.—*Louisa M. Alcott.*



## NATURE



## STUDY

## THE NATURE STUDY CLUB STARTED.

THE INGLENOOK Nature Study Club has taken form and color first in Ohio. The Covington High School has responded with a class whose names are given below. It must not be understood that we can print all the names that come in, but we set this forth to show the interest taken by a live school. This thing can be repeated, and ought to be, in every school in the country and doubtless will be in many of them. The officers and members of the INGLENOOK Nature Study Club, of Covington, Ohio, are as follows: President, Harman Maier, Secretary, Prof. Lee A. Dollinger, Covington, Ohio.

## Members' Names.

Branson, Arthur	Landis, Emma
Bitner, Jacob E.	Link, Leo
Boulton, Cal R.	Lehman, Katie
Brinkman, Alma	Mittler, Paul
Buchanan, Alpha E.	Minton, Russel
Boggs, Magaret	McMaken, Rettie
Boggs, Pearl	Miller, Alvin
Bartmess, Treva	Marlin, Hugh C.
Bartmess, Harry	Metzger, Clara E.
Cassel, LeRoy	Maier, Harmon
Colbert, Pearl	Minton, Willie
Conway, Clarence	Minton, Melville
Carson, Mary	Maier, Alice
Dollinger, Ruth I.	Maier, Sarah
DeBra, Dorothy	Maier, Ursula
Draving, Lilly	Patterson, Ida
Deeter, Ruth	Popp, Blanche
Deeter, Calla Lily	Renche, Mellie
Darst, Lester	Stoltz, C. F.
Falknor, Agnes	Stokes, Bertha
Folker, Lova	Sifford, Gertrude
Flammer, Folsom	Shaw, Roy W.
Fletcher, Bertha	Smith, Joe Z.
Hammel, Daisy	Shuman, Helen
Hoover, Mary	Tucker, Mayme
Hoopes, Roy	Templeton, Margie
Himes, Alice	Whitmer, Mary
Johnson, Ethel	Whitmer, Minnie
Johnston, Harry	Wright, Scina
Jones, Theodore	Whitney, Elsie
Jones, Clarence	Warner, David
Karn, Anna	Wine, Alice
Kendic, Mabel	Yount, Lucile

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## OUR INGLENOOK NATURE STUDY CLUBS.

THOSE who read the commendations of the INGLENOOK Nature Study Club in last week's Nook will see how widespread the interest is. State Superintendents of Public Instruction, private and country

school-teachers, and the press and pulpit alike endorse the idea. The outlook is that there are vast possibilities in the project. It will be as good as a term at school to those who study the work as it goes along. We will have, as suggested by one of the writers of this issue, lessons on common everyday topics from the mold on the apple pie to the forests of the farm on the hillside.

The thing needed just now are the organizations in the schools reached by the INGLENOOK. Let the readers of the INGLENOOK who go to school speak to their teachers of the project, and organize an INGLENOOK Nature Study Club whether common, high school, or collegiate. Some of the best colleges in the country are interested and will have classes, and there is no reason why the little red schoolhouse, away back in the mountain, or the little white one away out on the prairie, should not follow the Nature Study Course as well as the college or the city high school. Let everybody take hold of it and, in the interchange of knowledge, we will all be the richer and none the poorer.

At the present writing, and at first for a while, these organizations will come free and easy to those who enter them as charter members. In fact, it does not cost them a cent. Later on, when the thing takes on its grown form, it will not be so easy to get in.

In an especial way do we ask for contributions for this Nature Study Department. We do not want any long-winded articles, and will not print them no matter who writes them. You can state a scientific fact on a postal card by divesting it of all its verbosity and simply getting down to facts.

We would like to see a museum in every country school all of which can readily be had by systematic exchanges between the different clubs of the country through the INGLENOOK.

The first lesson will appear in the course of a week or two and the leading subject will be the rabbit, the common, cotton-tailed "bunny" of the fields. Of course, it will not all be about the rabbit but it will be first because it is a form of life so universally diffused. Try and answer the questions some of which are easy and others intentionally difficult. There will be some pretty big men write for the Nature Study pages as we have arranged with them to this end. It is going to be worth your while to follow this thing.

From Prof. W. L. Eikenberry, Scientific Department,  
St. Louis High-School.

"I think the Inglenook Nature Study idea is commendable. I shall endeavor to assist in every way pos-

sible. I suggest that you do not restrict the department to the study of animals. An appreciation of our common wild flowers and trees, together with a movement toward the preservation of wild flowers is worthy of attention. A little attention to forestry, of late becoming so important, would be well placed, especially if the study took the direction of farm forestry."

(Signed) W. L. Eikenberry.

From H. J. Harnly, Professor of Natural Sciences, McPherson College, McPherson, Kans.

"Your advance sheet and circular letter concerning Nature Study Clubs is before me. I want to say that I am entirely in favor of such a department of the Inglenook and such clubs.

I would that every boy and girl might be transformed from a murderer of nature to a lover of the same. Anything that has for its object such a transformation has my hearty approval and coöperation."

(Signed) H. J. Harnly.

From Eld. D. L. Mohler, Leeton, Mo.

"Your idea of forming Nature Study clubs in the schools is an excellent one. We need to get the children into closer touch with Nature in her varied forms. God has written two books for us, the book of Revelation and the book of Nature, and why so many people rightly cling to the book of Revelation and discard that of Nature I cannot understand. Get the boys and girls, during the character-forming period, deeply interested in nature, and kindness to lower animals, and the effect will show in beautiful colors in after life. I have seen it tried. I know that the tendency is that way. It is astonishing with what avidity they will avail themselves of the opportunity for such study. I have sometimes dismissed school for a while on Friday afternoons to let the children gather wild flowers and plants to study. How their eyes would sparkle at the chance! They could be good boys and girls without trouble then. Try it, teachers. The plan is all right. Help it along. May God bless the effort."

(Signed) D. L. Mohler.

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#### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

IN last week's NOOK Daniel Vaniman, in connection with the INGLENOOK Nature Study Club, refers to the change that has come over public sentiment in the past fifty years. He quotes the cruel and heartless methods of a past generation and refers to the better ways of to-day. It is all true, what he says, and it is a good thing that it is true.

The NOOK knows that the presence of animal life endangers the lives and comfort of people at times, and that the condition should be changed, violently, if necessary. The thing objected to is the exhibition of useless cruelty toward any created thing. The person who is cruel to animals cannot be a Christian, no matter what he professes. He is not a good man who hunts or scares birds or beast without cause. And yet it is part of the devilishness of human nature to let fly a stone at a bluebird perched on a fence post.

And how many people there are who so treat their domestic animals that the dumb brutes run at the sight of them! It is all wrong, utterly indefensible on any ground.

It appears to the writer that a few pictures will be shown in the centuries to come illustrating the savagery of the people of the year 1903. Of course he does not *know* this, but the tendency is all in that direction. One will be that of a man going out into the field to slaughter and maim birds in the name of sport. Another will be a butcher shop where the food from killed animals is sold.

The Nookman is no food crank and buys at a butcher shop, but all the same he recognizes that the trend is altogether away from eating animals. The time is likely to come when people will live on fruits, cereals, nuts, vegetables, and the like, and not on dead animals. It will be a part and parcel of the development now going on in the direction of allowing living things their own pursuit of happiness in their own way. The world would be better off if nobody knew how to shoot a gun or needlessly cripple or kill any animal.

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#### YOUR NATURE STUDY CLUB.

THE work need not necessarily mean that you are to be a student at some school. The minimum number of members, in order to get a charter, is placed at five. If there are five persons able to read and understand what they are doing, that number can organize a club, select one of their number President, and another Secretary, and advise the Editor of the INGLENOOK and a charter will be sent them. If desired other members can be added from time to time.

As all the transactions with the local club will be through the Secretary, the one filling that position should be the responsible one of the number.

The individual reader will be also much interested, and is invited to follow the course throughout. Everybody, whether member of a club or not, can ask questions, and is cordially invited to do so. Any subject of general interest may be suggested as something to be treated in the course. Brief communications are also desired. It will be seen that there is left room for that in the pages set aside for this Department. But the main thing desired is an organization, as that will open up a wider field. Take the matter up at once.

\* \* \*

#### A CANINE MAIL CARRIER.

IN 1745 a dog carried the mail in Maine between the old fort which then stood just below Berry's mills, a few miles out of Bath, to Portland and return. The mail bag was a small yellow pouch fastened under the intelligent canine's neck and attached to his collar.



# THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

THE INGLENOOK is a publication devoted to interesting and entertaining literature. It contains nothing of a character to prevent its presence in any home.

Contributions are solicited, but there is no guarantee either of their acceptance or return. All contributions are carefully read, and if adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine, will be used. The management will not be responsible for unsolicited articles.

Agents are wanted, and specimen numbers will be supplied as needed.

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22-24 South State St., ELGIN, ILL.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

"Life is only bright when it proceedeth  
Towards a truer, deeper life above ;  
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth  
To a more divine and perfect love."

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## THE INGLENOOK NATURE STUDY CLUB.

It will be a desirable thing for us to have the names and addresses of those who belong to the Nature Study Club for the reason that we may want to send them something personally, through the mails, instead of addressing the secretary of the club. So when a list of names is sent in making application for a charter do not fail to send in the addresses of those who are members of the club.

The question will also arise as to how many are necessary to make a club, and in answer thereto we have decided that five may enter upon the work and from that on up to as many hundreds. The members of these clubs may be active in the way of participating in the study, or they may be honorary or silent members as their business interests may dictate as being for the best.

A good deal of the projected work will be done along the lines that are of direct interest to farm people as well as for the town dwellers. A good while before spring comes, if we are able to carry out our present intentions, we want to take up something about the way plants grow, and point out a systematic course of observation that cannot but leave the investigator better for having known it. Some of the best known scientific men of the world will appear from time to time in our Nature Study and the effort will be to reduce science to everyday apprehension and to tell things in such a way that they can be understood.

The heavy scientific part of it will be largely left out, if not altogether so, while only the facts will be put in the simplest language and all explained thoroughly well.

Nobody is too old to be benefited and the privilege of asking questions, which will inure to every member of the organization, may be of inestimable value. To meet the requirements of the case the two present pages of the INGLENOOK will be expanded to four pages while all the other prominent features which have made the magazine so interesting will not be curtailed in any way but will continue with improved excellence in the future.

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## "GREENIES."

A BUREAU DRAWER girl writes that she is going to the city for a while and she regards herself as a "greeny," and would like a word of help to overcome the trouble if possible. The Nook willingly takes this up and hopes what it says will be of help to her and to others.

In the first place it is not possible for anybody anywhere to go into a strange city and not appear as a stranger. The INGLENOOK will even say that those people whose duty it is to travel continuously from place to place cannot adapt themselves to their surroundings at once. If our girl will remember the fact that, in her home town, she is able to tell a stranger as soon as she sees one, she will understand how it is that in a city the size of Chicago, she will be known as a stranger as soon as the resident people set eyes on her. This is true of everybody, for the reason that it is not possible for anyone to acquire that ease and grace of action and movement that come only through perfect familiarity and knowledge of one's surroundings.

There is something about the move of the native, his ease and certainly of action that is born only of perfect familiarity with what he sees. He goes along the streets, turning corners, dodging street cars and passing show windows, with a certainty simply because he has done it thousands and thousands of times before. If you take this man away from his native city and put him down in another, the only difference between him and the "greeny" is that he will learn it somewhat quicker than she will.

It is possible to stand on one of the street corners of Chicago when crowded to a jam, and detect nine strangers out of ten as they pass by. It is not in their dress or their manners that the distinction will be found, but the way they handle themselves in a strange place.

Of course there are people who are utterly ignorant of every common convention and these would be awkward anywhere, but if our girl can go to her home town, swing round from store to store, stopping here

and there, speaking to this one and nodding to that, she will find that when she goes to a strange place, she will have to begin all over again and learn her surroundings. It must be done by both the cultured girl and the most ignorant one. There is no help for it and it is not at all to anybody's discredit that it is so. It is just as easy to spot a stranger in a great city as it is in a small town. It comes from the way he handles himself.

On the other hand the Nook recommends to the girl that when she goes away to some city she does not appear to "know it all." If there is anything to see that she wants to look at, let her stop and look. If a merchant has put his goods into a show window, they are there for the purpose of having the public see them. If there is anything that attracts her attention let her stop and take it all in, staying just as long as she wants, and then going on to the next place. Not in one case in a thousand will she meet with anything but courtesy, if, added to her external view, she steps into the store and asks questions about what she sees. The storekeeper has his stuff in the window for that very purpose.

Moreover, our inquiring friend will find that she will get along much better if she will tell the people, with whom she is in conversation that she is a stranger and not up to local ways. In practically every instance with reputable people, and she has no business with any others, this introduction will guarantee her all the help at their command. Just the same as a stranger would be properly directed and courteously answered in her own home town, so she will be treated when she goes to the city. The INGLENOOK does not advise any loud mouthed demonstration or foolishness, but if she will go about seeing what there is to see and ask what she does not know about, she will have lost the "greeny" feeling about the second day that she is away from home. This thing of being "green" is only a relative matter anyhow, nobody knows it all.

\* \* \*

#### THE DOWIE CRUSADE.

THE world has not seen the like of the Dowie crusade in New York City in modern times. In many respects it is most remarkable. Here is a man who, single-handed, has brought about a religious organization numbering thousands. He has acquired vast wealth and has successfully stood up against Chicago, and those who know the city at all know what that means. It will not do to say that Dowie is an ignorant impostor, for he is neither ignorant nor a fraud. He is a good deal more.

Whatever his faith or practice may be the Nookman does not know. But there is something that does appeal to our admiration, and that is the courage and executive ability of the man as shown in this crusade.

Here is a man with thousands of followers who believe in him implicitly, seemingly not finding sufficient scope in Chicago, moving over three thousand strong to New York. It is no half crazy Peter, the Hermit of the Middle Ages, but a well matured plan backed with endless money, and run on as strict business lines as a section of the United States army.

The intention seems to be the conversion of New York to his ideal of Christianity. It is to be a house to house canvass, preaching, praying, on a general revival plan. Chicago is bad enough, and New York is worse. What the result will be nobody knows. It is going on now. The work of the Zionist is on, and we will keep the Nook family posted as to the outcome.

\* \* \*

#### LOOKING AHEAD.

DID the intelligent Nooker ever think what would happen and what he would see were he able to come back to this world after he had been dead for five hundred years? The man of five hundred years ago, were he able to come to us to-day, would not know the meaning of half the things he saw. The very simplest things of our life would be a matter of utter astonishment to him. In the first place he would not be able to talk to a man of his own race and would not be understood, nor would he himself understand what was said to him. He would be surprised beyond measure to see a man take his teeth out of his mouth and put them back. He would not know the meaning of the telegraph, the telephone, the automobile, wireless telegraphy, and the onrushing train would scare him to death. As it would be with him of long ago so it would be with us in the long time to come.

We have not, by any means, reached the end of our inventive genius. In fact those who know say that we have not fairly begun, and if nothing comes over the human race in the next five hundred years, could we but take that step forward we would be brought in contact with things utterly beyond our knowledge, and of which we can not form any opinion at present. There is hardly anything imaginable in the wildest dreams of romance to-day that might not be commonplace facts in five centuries to come. Perhaps from some high coigne of vantage we may be able to see it and know then as we are now known.

\* \* \*

It is a pleasant sight to see anybody thanking God, for the air is heavy with the hum of murmuring and the roads are dusty with complaints and lamentations.  
—*Spurgeon.*

\* \* \*

WE should better understand one another if we did not wish to compare ourselves with one another.—*Goethe.*



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## GENERAL.

Miss Alice Roosevelt spent her first day in Chicago as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Preston Gibson, 471 Elm St.

President Roosevelt preached a sermon to seven thousand persons in an open air missionary service at Mt. St. Albans, Sunday afternoon.

It is generally believed at Pekin that the conflict between Japan and Russia is near. It is reported that Japan has completed her plans for war.

The end of the natural gas supply of Wabash, Ind., is said to be near. The gas failed the other morning while hundreds were preparing their meals.

A sensation has been started in New York by Dr. Dowie admitting that he does not have a right to the name Dowie, nor does he know who his father is.

The order to remove stands and booths from sidewalks in Chicago is being rigidly enforced. As a result of one day's work of the police nearly seventy stands were removed.

An African Prince, the son of King Lewanika, is to attend school in Kansas. The king has one son in Australia, two in England and one in America to learn the ways of this country.

The stock of gold in the United States treasury is \$1,277,362,655 of which \$654,811,716 is in the treasury at Washington. No nation in the world has such a large stock of the yellow metal.

Japan gains a point with Russia. The Russian minister at Seoul, Corea, has recognized the illegality of the action of the Russian authorities in preventing the landing of troops at Yongampho.

Steamer "Saubert," destroyed by boiler explosion after twenty hours' battle with the storm on Lake Superior. Captain and one sailor drowned. Fourteen men saved by steamer "Yale." Loss \$92,000.

An attempt was made to kill President Diaz, of Mexico, Oct. 27, by a man of the lower class. He approached a car in which the President was riding and began firing, but none of the shots took effect.

A Madonna, exactly three hundred years old, which art critics say is of great value, was found by Wm. H. Hurn, of Hamilton, Ohio, a shoe merchant, in an accumulation of old possessions of the family. Critics claim that it was painted by B. Legur, in Paris, in 1603.

A convict in Sing Sing prison for twenty-nine years was pardoned recently. He is sixty-two years old and the sights and improvements in New York City since he had his liberty was something wonderful to him.

The trades organizations, of Chicago, are preparing for a great struggle in the courts. Rand, McNally & Co., have sued the striking press feeders for \$20,000 damages. There are always two sides to a question.

President Roosevelt was 45 years old Oct. 27, and received many beautiful reminders of the event from every part of the country. Hundreds of letters and telegrams were received congratulating the president.

The high rate of speed, 130 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, was attained by an experiment made with an electric car at Berlin on the Merienneldeh-Sossen line. This line has an elevated track from which the cars hang suspended.

Eight large piano plants have quit Chicago, and moved to the country towns since the last strike. Labor conditions are such that manufacturers will not stay where they are at the mercy of irresponsible labor leaders.

A strike, because of a woman cook on board the steamer "Alva," at Cleveland, Ohio, was made and every man from the engineer down quit his post and declared they would not go back until a man was substituted.

The condition in Macedonia is getting desperate. Thousands of people are rendered homeless because of the raids made by the Turkish troops. A call has been made on the Red Cross Society for the relief of the Balkans.

The post office at Superior, Wis., was robbed of \$15,000 worth of stamps on Oct. 21. The vault was opened without the use of explosives. At the same time a safe in the postmaster's office was untouched and contained a large amount of currency.

A gigantic "graft" in western lands is being unearthed which causes the "hot air" affairs in the Post Office Department at Washington, D. C., to pale into insignificance. It involves money making transactions to the extent of between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000.

The Dominican Government, in blockading Puerto Plata, sent a warship to prevent landing at the port. The first vessel was a Cuban mail steamer, the second was an American mail steamer, and it is reported that a full explanation for the act will be demanded by the State Department at Washington, and, during the meantime, a cruiser will be dispatched to prevent further disturbance with commerce.

An error that may cost his life. Dr. L. D. Rood, of Des Moines, Iowa, accidentally inoculated himself with anti-tetanic serum while attending a child who was dying with lockjaw. The doctor expects to be dead in one week.

The sheriff, at Denver, Col., has placed two large gatling guns around the jail in order to resist a rumored attack on the jail to release Thomas Horn, who murdered the son of Kels P. Nickles, and is condemned to be hanged Nov. 20.

William Jennings Bryan, the Nebraska orator, may lose \$50,000 through a legal blunder in the Bennett will. Mr. Bryan was to have received as a bequest \$50,000, but the three witnesses testify that they were not asked to observe Mr. Bennett sign the will. Mr. Bennett also willed \$100,000 to be distributed to colleges.

E. L. Wentz, a young Philadelphia millionaire, disappeared mysteriously in the mountains of Wise county, Virginia. Over a thousand men have been searching the mountains for four days. No clue has been obtained. The missing man's brother has offered a reward of from \$5,000 to \$25,000 for the return of the lost man.

The toy pistol must go. During the last year over four hundred deaths occurred by the use of the toy and the larger cities are passing ordinances prohibiting the sale, loan, or furnishing to any minor a toy pistol, gun, or fowling piece. The Chicago City Council is making it a penalty of not more than \$100 for each offense.

A wild engine accidentally started from Beloit, Wis., on the North-western Railroad, and narrowly escaped collision by the quick wit of a telegraph operator. As the engine dashed by he heard the express train report northbound at Caledonia, and just had time to notify Caledonia so that the operator boarded last car of express as she was pulling out.

At Lakeland, Fla., the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Saunders was rescued from the claws of a monster buzzard. The bird was seen flying about a foot from the ground with a bundle tangled in its claws and it was unable to rise any higher. Two men driving in the outskirts of the city rescued the child and found it had only a few slight bruises.

A monument was erected to the memory of Shabbona, the famous chief of the Pottawatomies, at Morris, Ill. Shabbona aided the whites in their contests with the other Indians, and was the great orator of the Red Men in the last great council held east of the Mississippi, which took place with the agents of the government in 1836. He died in Morris in 1859.

It is reported that Maj. S. W. Campbell, agent of the La Ponti Indian Agency, declares that the servant-girl question of the Northwest will be solved to a great extent, as many Indian girls are now doing housework in good families and, in every case, are giving great satisfaction. The girls are thrifty, quick to learn, and eager to acquire a thorough knowledge of house-keeping, and are very neat.

Rev. Wm. Upcraft, a pioneer Baptist Missionary, has severed his connection with that society and in company with his wife only will enter Thibet. No missionary has ever gone into this country and it is at the risk of their lives that they make the attempt. The missionary society refuses to be responsible for their safety. Thibet is one of the least known countries of the world because of an unwritten law of its people that no stranger shall be allowed among them.

Donald Turney, ten years old, of Woodstock, New Brunswick, Canada, while traveling with his mother fell from the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe fast train No. 1, two miles west of Marceline, Mo., while the train was going at about a mile a minute, but he rolled down a steep embankment and received only a few bruises. The boy was picked up by section hands and put on the fast mail to join his mother in Kansas City.

Patrick Mahoney, a farm hand near Derby, Conn., aged fifty-six years, has worked thirty-two years on farms in the neighborhood, and during that time has saved \$5,200, although he never received more than \$12 per month. He will take his earnings and go home to Ireland, where he expects to live without working. He used neither tobacco nor liquor. The only weakness he has his friends say is his liking for lemon candy.

The Secretary of the Interior, at Washington, has forwarded the Secretary of the Treasury his estimate of the appropriations necessary to conduct the affairs of the Interior Department for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905. The estimate is \$156,000,000 which is about three millions less than the current year. The reduction in the pension estimate is due to a calculation of deaths of pensions by the Commissioner of Pensions.

There has been disorder in the Dowie camp in Madison Square Garden because of the thousands of people who through curiosity wanted to see the "prophet." According to the estimate of the police 30,000 people tried to gain entrance and about one-third had secured entrance when Dowie ordered the doors closed. This caused trouble among the other 20,000 and four hundred police were unable to cope with the crowd. Men and women were knocked down and trampled upon.



### ERRORS ABOUT TEMPERANCE.

STRANGE how errors once fastened on the public stick in the public mind. Take the case of the cowboy. The easterner thinks of him as a mounted terror, shooting up the town. The Yankee suggests a lank, tobacco-chewing sharper talking in a nasal twang. The southerner a broad-hatted, dueling, mint julep drinker. What are the facts about the latter? The *Washington Post* says as follows about the South:

A revision of opinion is due among the newspaper editors and other citizens of the North who have for years been nursing the notion that the resident of the South is in his normal mood and condition only when on intimate terms with the seductive mint julep or some other form of intoxicant. Novelists, magazine writers, newspaper correspondents, and raconteurs have left the fixed impression that a portion of each Southern gentleman's day is religiously devoted to a convivial effort to encourage the output of the nation's distilleries, the most famous of which are located in the Southland. In view of this false education, the country will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that there are 3,000 more saloons in New York city alone than there are in the entire South, and that, if the lower class of negroes be eliminated, the temperance sentiment is stronger in the South than in any other section of the country. The *New Voice*, a temperance organ, furnishes the following summary of the liquor regulation laws in six of the Southern states:

"Texas—One hundred and thirty-six counties have total prohibition; sixty-two counties have partial prohibition, and forty-six counties have unrestricted sale of liquors.

"Tennessee—Out of 5,500 cities and towns in the State only eight have unrestricted sale of liquors. In only twelve of the ninety-six counties can whiskey be sold legally.

"Kentucky—Forty-seven counties have total prohibition; fifty-four have partial prohibition and eighteen have unrestricted sale of liquors.

"Arkansas—Forty-four counties have total prohibition; two counties have partial prohibition and twenty-nine have unrestricted sale.

"Mississippi—Sixty-five counties out of seventy-five have prohibition, and out of 200 legislators all but a dozen or less have signified their approval of a referendum for State prohibition.

"Georgia—One hundred and three counties out of 137 have prohibition.

It is interesting to note in this connection that Kentucky and Tennessee, the homes of the largest distilleries of the country, have adopted exceedingly stringent laws relative to the sale and consumption of intoxicating liquors, and the *New Voice* is authority for

the assertion that the laws in the South are much better enforced, in this respect, than in some of the New England States, where prohibition laws have been on the statute books for half a century. The entire South, according to the *New Voice*, is tending toward a stricter enforcement of its laws regulating the liquor traffic, while in the Northern States, particularly in the large cities, there is a constant increase in drunkenness, due to lax enforcement of the laws upon dwellers in the tenements, "canrushers" and the lawless classes that congregate in the hoodlum districts. In the South the better class of citizens, always in the majority, make a special effort to prevent the sale of liquor to the negroes and in districts where excessive drinking is almost invariably followed by an outbreak of lawlessness.

\* \* \*

### ENGLISH AS THE WORLD'S LANGUAGE.

THERE is a significance, more important and far-reaching than appears on the surface, in the announcement that the English language is to be the medium employed in the arbitration of the Venezuelan dispute at The Hague court. It has so long been the custom, still very generally in vogue, for such exchanges to be carried on in French that French has become recognized as the diplomatic tongue, the language to be observed in international courts and in the interchange of communications between nations. The first radical departure from this rule was in 1889, when English was used in the international parliament that settled the Samoan dispute between England, Germany and the United States.

The growth of the United States as a world power has undoubtedly had a greater influence in this step toward making English the universal language than any other cause. This nation is now an interested party in any disputes that may arise in the Pacific. She has her interests in China, by reason of the united action of the powers during the Boxer revolt, and her position as arbitrator and peace preserver in South America has become more pronounced with the development of that continent and its extension of trade and commercial relations with European countries. More people speak the English language than use any other tongue spoken in Europe or on the American continent. Russia, it is true, has a larger population than the United States and Great Britain combined, but millions of her citizens do not speak the Russian language. Aside from other considerations, there is a force and directness of plain United States English that are not found in any other tongue, and international relations are now such that plain, direct, concise terms are needed to avoid complications. The adoption of English as the diplomatic language is but a natural step in the right direction.

## DOWIE AS A FINANCIER.

SOME future historians will take up the case of John Alexander Dowie and decide how much of his power was due to his qualities as "prophet" and how much to his unique abilities as a financier—to what extent he swayed men by sentiment and to what extent by his control of economic forces.

Unlike any of the ancient prophets to whom he says he is related, Dowie does not hold riches in light regard. They preached and taught free of charge and with no thought of laying up treasures on earth. Dowie's propaganda has been largely acquisitive. It has resulted in the establishing of a bank, a lace factory and a municipality. It has evolved a business and industrial enterprise in the form of a religious sect. The personal or magnetic qualities by which Dowie has held his followers together and caused their number to increase are no more remarkable than the skill which he has shown in building up and strengthening

al powers as a teacher but his prodigious retinue, his guards, his silken robes and his ability to finance a religious pilgrimage on such an immense basis. Had he gone to New York without these accessories he would hardly have created a ripple of excitement.

In this day of dollar measurements even our prophets—and very queer prophets they are—have their ability judged by the money test. From this point of view, however, as when they make broad their phylacteries and enlarge the borders of their garments, ostentation rather than devotion shines forth. It is a pity to dim the effectiveness of the teachings of ancient and less gaudy prophets by a haze of dollar marks.—*Chicago News.*

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## HIS CAUSTIC RETORT.

THE bishop of Durham is a clergyman noted for his brilliancy, geniality and wit, and Rear Admiral



CALIFORNIA COMBINED HARVESTER.

his institutions financially. There has been no urging of his followers to sell what they have and give to the poor. They have been urged to sell what they have, give to Dowie and invest their all in his enterprises. The liberality with which they have given and the faith with which they have invested would alone suffice to mark him as a personage of more than ordinary attributes.

His hold upon the people who have accepted him as the veritable incarnation of Elijah has been demonstrated in many ways. The bare fact that he has succeeded in getting between 3,000 and 4,000 of them to leave their homes and go in a body to New York is alone a truly astonishing proof of his domination over men. It is necessary to note, however, that it is Dowie of the bank and the lace factory and not Dowie the prophet that has aroused all New York to wonder. The thing which has stirred the east in his present tour is not his gift of "prophecy" nor his inspiration-

Charles S. Cotton of the United States navy, who has been entertained abroad with marked splendor and heartiness, was accorded the pleasure of sitting beside him one evening at dinner. Near the bishop there was a millionaire manufacturer, a stout man with a loud, coarse laugh, who ate and drank a good deal and who cracked every little while, a stupid joke.

One of this man's jokes was leveled at the brilliant bishop of Durham, whom he did not know from Adam. It was enough for him that the bishop's garb was clerical. Here was a parson; here, therefore, a chance to poke a little fun at the parson's trade.

"I have three sons," he began in a loud tone, nudging his neighbor and winking toward the bishop, "three fine lads. They are in trade. I had always said that if ever I had a stupid son I'd make a parson of him!"

The millionaire roared out his discordant laugh and the bishop of Durham said to him with a quiet smile:

"Your father thought differently from you, eh?"



### PRIVATE CARS.

In the minds of ordinary persons private cars, with their sumptuous furnishings, are an extravagance of the very rich, or vehicles for presidents and directors of railroads to travel over the country in an elegant leisure.

As a matter of fact these private cars are a great investment for the railroad companies. In many instances they pay for themselves over and over again. Where there was one private car ten years ago there are twenty to-day. From luxuries they have become a medium of saving of time and a business gain. All the important lines keep five or ten private cars, and they all bring good profit.

The private-car system was introduced when the theatrical stars jumped in and got more than the cost of them in advertising. The private cars of Mary Anderson, Patti, and Langtry attracted attention all over the country. One of the first men to gain in the business end of a private car was C. W. Bunting, a Western millionaire. When a critical friend said to him that \$2,500 was a great deal of money for even so rich a man as he was to pay for "just ridin' round in his own car," he replied that it had paid for itself in less than two months. Scores of rich men could say the same thing to-day.

A. J. Cassat, who rides from Philadelphia to New York two or three times a week, says the amount of work he and the assistant heads of the departments accomplish between the Broad street station and Jersey City during the journey more than pays for the cost of the car. At the Philadelphia centennial, in 1876, two primitive private cars and one Pullman car were regarded as the wonders of the exhibition. To-day similar cars would be regarded as fit for a small road in one of the South American republics. But they set the ball rolling. The best private cars of to-day cost anywhere from forty-five thousand to fifty thousand dollars, and offer every reasonable luxury to ten, fifteen, or twenty occupants.

Rich men who might be expected to use private cars never do. Neither Mr. Morgan nor John Jacob Aster owns a private car.

The handsomest private cars in the world are owned by Adolphus Busch and Charles M. Schwab. Busch received his as a present from friends. Mr. Schwab's is now, built at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, and is one of the most luxurious things on wheels. It is seventy feet long, including an observation compartment of twenty feet. The ceiling is hand painted. The furniture, which, like the general appearance of the car, is in Louis XV period, is all hand made. Each of the brass bedsteads in the two staterooms cost one thousand dollars.

To hire a private car costs from thirty-five to one

hundred dollars a day, not including food or transportation charges. A private-car trip from Chicago to New York means an expenditure of nearly one thousand dollars, yet a large number of men make it every month. Private cars, or even special trains, are so common now that other travelers at the stations scarcely notice them.

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### MARBLES FROM ITALY.

VISITORS to fine country estates must have observed in recent years the increasing use of Italian garden marbles as features of landscape architecture. Such marbles have been even more noticeable of late in some parts of this city lining the sidewalks adjoining certain establishments which deal in art works and "antiques," both real and imitation. These displays include well curbs, fountain basins, wall fountains, garden benches, vases, sarcophagi and an extensive variety of stone or marble lions—rampant, passant and couchant, with and without heraldic shields, and with expressions ranging from benign placidity to snarling ferocity.

A representative of one of the firms dealing most largely in these articles, when approached for information on the subject, said that they were all imported from Italy, and that regular importations of them began only about five years ago. Previously such objects were imported only on special commissions. A steadily growing demand for them had been caused by the increase here of large and handsome country estates, with a consequent demand for such ornaments by landscape architects, who often found their use at certain points of much value in carrying out some desired effect. The demand, it was said, had increased largely within the last three or four years, and in the last two years the marbles had arrived in quantities. There are only two firms in New York which import them extensively, but they have also been imported of late by a house in Chicago, which supplies them for fine estates in the West.

The proportion of genuine antiques among these works is confessed to be very small. Such genuine pieces as reach here are very seldom bought through European dealers, but are usually obtained by the importers directly from some bankrupt Italian family, which is compelled to part with some of its possessions, and so sells its garden marbles. Italians, the importers said, are the cleverest "fakers" of antiques in the world. They employ expert marble cutters and have close copies made of the fine works of art on private estates, especially in the neighborhood of Florence, Naples and Venice. Copies are also sometimes made of pieces in museums, but not so often. While the antique works are usually of the white Carrara marble or the pinkish Verona marble, the copies are chiefly

of Sienna marble, Istrian stone or a hard cement which closely resembles stone.

A variety of processes are skillfully used to give the imitations the desired antique effect. Among these are judicious hammering to remove any sharpness of outline, the use of acids and other chemicals, exposure to rain which has dripped against iron and burial of the object for a time in the earth. They do draw the line at stone and marble lions, however, as these are too plentiful and nearly all are admittedly copies of antiques at garden gateways and palace entrances. It is said that only some six or eight pairs of genuine antique lions have ever been brought from Italy to this country, but more have been secured for England and France.

A fair copy of a good work of art is far from cheap, even when sold by a reputable dealer for just what it is. The importer who has been quoted showed to the writer a copy of an antique marble garden seat, with a beautifully executed dance of bacchanals on the back, and said the price was \$2,500, for which it could be sold without difficulty. Near by stood two small Byzantine columns, from near Rome, which were declared to be genuinely old and to be worth \$600. But for the fact that it would be hard to make use of them effectively, the price would be \$1,000. A well curb, elaborately carved, was said to be the largest ever brought to this country, having an inside diameter of six feet and a rim a foot in width. This was pronounced an antique and to be worth \$3,000. The well curbs brought here are generally filled with earth and used in country places as jardinières.

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#### AMERICAN NAMES.

AN observing person writes to one of the New York papers asking how many streets and buildings there are in London named after Americans. This sarcastic query is followed by the suggestion that Americans shall name their streets, hotels and public buildings for Americans, and not for some foreigner or other.

This is in some respects a good suggestion. In too many parts of the country the original Indian names of rivers, lakes and mountains, musical and significant, have been discarded for some English or American name not half as becoming. Often the people have followed the plan suggested by this observer, and named their streets, and the places round about their city, for the men prominent in local affairs, or for some man of national importance admired by the majority of the people. Hence we have a great duplication of names in places widely separated from one another. It has often happened, also, that the settlers, as they moved farther West, fondly called their new homes after their old homes, and even named the streets and avenues after those which they knew in

childhood. These things are matters of taste. American taste is improving. There are fewer Smithvilles and Magnolia Vales on the map, and more towns known by the simpler names of their founders.

But as for the naming of hotels after the famous hotels in the Old World, there is nothing to make a fuss about so far as that is concerned, and that is really the way in which foreign names are most commonly used. It may well happen in the future that the American hotel will surpass in excellence the English or French hotel of the same name; and, in fact, some of them do now. Let us be tranquil.

\* \* \*

#### ENGLISH CLOTH.

A TAILOR was discussing the superiority of English to American cloth. "This superiority, say what we please to the contrary, does," he declared, "exist, especially in trouserings—in those fabrics, as strong as a board and as soft as silk, for which we don't hesitate to pay eight dollars a yard. English trouserings are better than ours for the same reason that Bavarian beer is better than ours; they undergo an aging process which we don't use because we want to keep turning over our money fast. The wool used in these fabrics has aged three, four and sometimes even five years. A manufacturing firm buys it, washes it and stores it in well-lighted and dry warehouses for six months. Then it is taken out and washed again, afterward being returned to its storage rooms for another half year, and so the process goes on till the wool has been freed from all life and from all impurity. This wool weaves into a cloth that is strong—without being harsh—a cloth that is at once thick and firm and soft and that won't shrink. We could make in America just such cloth; we have the skill and we have the machinery and the materials, but we are not willing in this country to lock up money for three or four years, and that is what must be done in the making of the best fabrics."

\* \* \*

#### CHILDREN DO LIE.

Do children lie? Yes; constantly, persistently and universally, says the *Kindergarten Magazine*. A child does not tell the truth because he could not. He does not know the truth, and his approximation to the truth is very much vaguer than ours. And there are certain qualities of his mind which make it inevitable that he should pervert the truth. In the first place, truth is synonymous with knowledge. He does not know what truth is. In the second place, and it is the same with us, children gradually approximate the truth. They have their ideas of truth. In the third place, the child's imagination drives him often to tell what is not true.



## SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

SPONTANEOUS combustion is something that Nookers have heard about but few people have ever really seen. Here at the Publishing House last year a great pile of coal in the rear end of the building, under a roof, caught fire and it necessitated the taking out of the whole pile to get at the fire at the bottom. It had undoubtedly ignited spontaneously and would have burned everything up had it been allowed to go on.

A Chicago newspaper, in describing the way it works, says that when a man on a cold winter morning has wrestled with refractory coal in a range which will not light up satisfactorily in spite of all the coaxing possible to artificial means, the idea that the same coal, left to itself on a big coal dock, may take fire of itself and burn with a fierceness that only a city fireboat may extinguish, becomes a statement to the doubter that is not easily verified by the layman.

It seems that the particular screenings which show such readiness to spontaneous combustion are made up of a soft coal having a maximum of oil in it. The screenings range in size from buckwheat grains to lumps that are an inch square. Ordinarily a pile of the size of two hundred tons and more is most liable to heat to the point of taking fire, and a pile of two hundred tons may be fourteen feet high and fifty feet in diameter as it lies on the docks.

Ordinarily the point of spontaneous combustion is at the center of the pile and close to the base. Such a pile may have been on fire several hours before the fire is discovered, and, as the coal all round the burning center is ignited from the burning gases, the disposition is to char the coal and to make a wall of hard coke all around it. Technically, within the definitions of the Chicago fire department, the blaze is a fire and as a fire it becomes at once the field of endeavor for the crew of the Illinois. The only way of reaching the seat of the blaze is to back the fireboat into the salt dock slip and turn the four inch nozzle toward the pile of smoking coal.

"The heavy stream strikes the pile at the ground level," said Capt. Burroughs of the Illinois. "The first effect is a ripping up of a black column of coal screenings and the caving in of the walls of coal on each side of the chasm and from above. The water in a few minutes has been forced into the crevices of the pile and it humps up perhaps four or five feet.

"When the water strikes the hot coke lining of the firepot inside the pile there is an explosion and another and another, some of them enough to heave the pile and to be heard two or three blocks away. They are dull, heavy rumblings in the main, and the whole dock section shakes from them.

"The biggest job we ever tackled there was in a pile of coal sixty-five feet high and fifty-five feet

through. We turned the after nozzle against the pile and went at it. In twenty minutes we had cut through to the fire and put it out. The action of the water in such work is to displace the particles of coal in the direct line of the water, throwing them up and out, and when a cut has been made to some depth there is enough water slushing backward to carry away with it the coal screenings that have been undermined. This coal will come back with a washing wave that carries much of the coal into the waters of the slip, but much of this seeming waste is recovered afterward by means of dredges. The fireboat is the only logical means for putting out the blaze in these piles. To attempt to dig through to the fire with shovels would be worse than nothing, for the reason that uncovering the fire would release it and at once make it unmanageable. The water boring through a pile puts out the fire as it goes."

According to Capt. Burroughs, these fires, having come to be regarded as a feature of soft coal screenings in dockyards, are likely to discourage the use of screenings in Chicago and thereby lessen the smoke nuisance to that extent. The insurance companies have been taking cognizance of these blazes in the yards, and the increased risks because of the piling of screenings have influenced a number of former dealers in the commodity to give up the screenings trade. The price of the stuff ranges somewhere around two dollars a ton, and there are few steam plants in Chicago which can burn the stuff. In burning it the coal has to be coked in the front of the furnace fires and moved backward as it burns. In the ordinary boiler furnace which has a sharp draft a big proportion of the coal would be thrown out of the smokestack.

"I once asked Supt. John Connery just what the loss was on one of these fires," said Capt. Burroughs. "This was before his yard gave up dealing in the screenings. You may imagine how surprised I was when he turned to me and said: 'Loss? Why, man, it is a gain; this is washed coal when it is piled, and when it has been on fire and you fellows come around and wash it again it is worth more money than it was before.' And he was not joking, either; only he forgot that if he had paid the city's bill for the work he probably would have found that the fire was a loss, all right."

Not many years ago the scientists were both affirming and denying the possibility of spontaneous combustion. That a body of matter, heating from its own centers to the point of taking fire, should afterward burn to ashes was a proposition rejected of the majority. But that coal screenings on the docks at the mouth of the river do take fire in this manner is a fact not to be denied.

"Perhaps few men would care to speak with finality on the point," said Chemist J. E. Moore of the Hunt

laboratory. "In a general way, however, I would say that the term spontaneous combustion is a misnomer in its general application. Mill dust, for instance, has been said to explode of spontaneous combustion, whereas it is almost a certainty that mill dust explodes only when a flame is applied to it. The same may be said of mine dust.

"As to the fire in a pile of coal screenings, we know that these piles do take fire of themselves. I should say that in all probability the oxidizing of the sulphur in the coal causes the heat. Gases would be liberated in the mass, but gases will not take fire without the introduction of a spark, so that the fire may be supposed to begin in the matter, perhaps in some of the oily substances within the coal. As to the temperature at which ignition takes place, not even a guess could be made; it would depend upon the element most inflammable in the matter. In soft coal, however, it might be supposed that this point of ignition would be low in the Fahrenheit scale."

\* \* \*

#### FISH EATERS ARE LEPROUS.

THE most interesting subject which was considered at the concluding sittings of the British Medical association at Swansea was "Leprosy; Its Cause and Treatment." The discussion was opened in the tropical diseases section by Jonathan Hutchinson of London, who said that the government in south Africa, acting on the advice of medical men, was at present arresting every leper and sending him away to Robben island, which was, in effect, a desolate prison.

The evidence against the contagiousness of leprosy was sufficiently strong to make the medical profession declare that it was a gross injustice to imprison a man or woman for life because he or she showed signs of that disease. In the course of a long address Mr. Hutchinson advanced the propositions that an overwhelming body of evidence was opposed to the belief that leprosy spread by any ordinary mode of contagion, such as by contact, clothes, bites of insects or wounds; that hereditary transmission, if ever it occurred, was rare; that communication through eating food contaminated by the leper's hands occurred occasionally, but was by no means frequent; that the facts pointed to leprosy being caused by some article of food; that there was no food which could be reasonably suspected excepting fish, and that the very excessive prevalence of leprosy in certain fishing districts was a fact strongly in favor of the fish hypothesis.

A large number of Norwegian lepers had lived out their lives in the western states of America and in no single case had leprosy spread from any of them. In England he supposed there were at least one hundred lepers who were not observing any special precautions.

Dr. Marcus Fernando of Colombo opposed the views of Mr. Hutchinson. The idea that leprosy ran in families, he said, was corroborated by the number of instances in which more than one member of a family was a leper. His experience in Ceylon led him to believe that there could be no doubt that leprosy was contagious.

\* \* \*

#### MOVING OBJECTS.

CAN objects float down stream faster than the water? This apparently absurd question is seriously answered in the affirmative by Howard A. Coombs. The fact that objects floating in running water may move faster than the water itself was first noted, according to Mr. Coombs, by an officer in the British army, General Sir Samuel Bentham, and his account of how the matter was brought to his notice is to be found in his letter, published after his death. Says Mr. Coombs: "When he happened to be at a river town in Siberia he heard the statement made that some iron, which was to be sent down the river, would arrive at its destination sooner if larger and heavy barges were employed in place of lighter and smaller boats.

"Sir Samuel maintained that it would make no difference in the time whether large or small boats were employed, but he failed to make any impression upon the Russians, eminent engineer though he was, because they said they knew better from experience. Both parties were obstinate and Sir Samuel left without an opportunity of putting the matter to a test.

"About a year later, however, it happened while he was descending the River Angora that he noticed that the bark he was in, which was being propelled by the current only, was traveling much faster than the pieces of wood and other debris floating on the surface of the stream. He says: 'I was astonished at this phenomenon and presently recollected my dispute with the people at Nigni Faghil. He then proceeded to experiment, embarking himself in a small boat, for one thing, which was rapidly left behind by the larger vessel. The cause of the difference in speed was not in the depth of the draft, for the barge or 'bark' was very shallow, being flat-bottomed. He finally reasoned as follows. 'Rivers consist of water running down an inclined plane by the force of gravity. Were it not for the resistance the water meets with in the bed of the river, as well at the bottom as at the sides, the water would run down infinitely faster. Bodies floating on this running water are acted upon also by the force of gravity; they have a tendency to move.'"—*American Machinist*.

\* \* \*

M. WEALAND, of Ponca City, Okla., writes the Nook of an eleven-year-old boy, Harry Harris, who preaches like a regular preacher of older years.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

### SAREPTY BROWN.

Th' purtiest woman in this town  
Is little old Sarepty Brown.

I know she's wrinkled, gray an' bent—  
An' some folks sez she gossips, too;  
She knows who's come an' knows who's went,  
An' what they did or didn't do—  
But, say, when maw was sick that spring  
With typhoid fever, S'repty Brown,  
She come an' shouldered ever'thing.  
When maw got up, w'y she was down!

An' when Mort Perkins' little girl  
Got sick that time, an' like to died—  
Yes, sir, Mis' Peters'd clipped a curl  
To 'member her, an' cried an' cried—  
Sarepty Brown, she nursed all night  
An' day an' night an' day again,  
An' never rested, when she might  
'A' sort o' idled now an' then.

An' that's the way, where folks is sick  
Or sorrowful, or in distress,  
Sarepty Brown, through thin an' thick  
Can find some way their lives to bless.  
An' people sez 'at when she bends  
An' holds her hand against their brow  
It seems like when a angel sends  
A healin' balm to cure, somehow.

I ain't no preacher; got no creed;  
Ner artickles o' faith; but, say,  
God knew what all us folks'd need  
An' sent Sarepty Brown this way.  
I can't see any wrinkled face  
Or faded hair; when I see her  
I see th' golden glow o' grace  
Right straight fum glory, I do, sir!

Th' purtiest woman in this town  
Is little old Sarepty Brown.

\* \* \*

### THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

THE INGLENOOK is in receipt of an inquiry that properly belongs to the Q & A department, but the question is too comprehensive to permit of the brief answer that usually belongs to a question. A woman with two children wants to know the cheapest and best stuff to feed them. She is in very limited circumstances and wants to keep the children at home and has not at her command either the means or the facilities for feeding them that which usually characterizes a well-to-do home. Now, what shall she give these children that is cheap and satisfying. In answer to the above question the INGLENOOK would say

that the majority of Nook readers might treat this question lightly, because they have never been brought face to face with the conditions presented. It is not only an exceptionally important one for the woman but for thousands and thousands of others.

It would be surprising to the average Nooker to know the amount of study that scientific men have put on this question. The correct and available solution of it means the difference between keeping the family together and breaking it up and sending some of them to the almshouse.

The INGLENOOK editor once read a book for which he has been searching for many years since. It represented a woman situated just as our querist is and who solved the problem for herself. Being an exceptionally intelligent woman, after she had completed her experiment satisfactorily and settled on the cheapest and most filling food, she wrote a book giving her experience. It was most interesting. This was the substance of it. After trying pretty nearly everything she settled down to buckwheat cakes and black molasses as being the cheapest, and having the most satisfying qualities.

This may help out our querist, and, in addition, it may be said that if nuts are cheap, such as peanuts and other domestic nuts, she will find in them an opportunity to make tests at low prices and doubtless with good results. In an article in a recent *Scientific American* upon this subject it is said that peanuts at seven cents a pound will furnish one thousand "calories of energy." The article also says that dried beans at five cents a pound will supply for ten cents three thousand and forty "calories of energy." It would seem from this that beans and a few of the cheaper cereals would answer the purpose. The INGLENOOK will add for the benefit of the Nook public that when an Indian runner starts off to travel, running a hundred or even two hundred miles, if at all available he fills himself up with black walnut kernels.

Summing it all up, the INGLENOOK recommends trying the cheaper cereals, not the manufactured ones but the actual unprepared cereals, wheat, corn, etc. in as many forms as might be suggested, accompanied by a sweet, the cheapest of which would be black molasses.

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### CLEANLINESS AND ARSENIC.

IN Styria and Carinthia there is much arsenic eating among the peasants. The women take it to give

themselves a good complexion and to make their hair fine and glossy. The men take it because they believe that it gives them wind in climbing in the chase after chamois. There is nothing of this sort in Cornwall and Devon.

In Styria and Carinthia it is known that an arsenic eater can never be broken of the habit and that if arsenic be compulsorily kept from the eater death rapidly ensues. It is believed in the Tamar—and this is perhaps true—that an arsenic worker is fit for no other work. He must remain at this occupation. Health and breath fail him at all other employments. Eventually it may be that chronic arsenical poisoning ensues. But this may be staved off, if not wholly prevented, by scrupulous cleanliness, by care taken not only to wash in the “changing house,” but to bathe freely at home. As one of the foremen said to the writer, “Against arsenic the best antidote is soap taken externally.”

\* \* \*

#### WHY COOKS DRINK.

“DRUNKEN cooks,” said a housekeeper, “are often heard of, but you rarely hear of drunken chambermaids. Do you know why among female servants only the cooks fall victims to the habit of alcohol? One reason is that so much alcohol is used in modern cooking. Sherry, port, brandy, liqueurs, a dash of one and a tablespoonful of another, go into countless dishes, and the cook is constantly surrounded with intoxicants. She begins by swallowing a wineglass of sherry after she has put some into a soup, and from sherry she passes on to liqueurs and to brandy. Of course I don’t mean that all cooks do this, but I do mean that you will find cooks who drink where you won’t find intemperate chambermaids or parlor maids. I have heard of cooks so crazed for drink that in the absence of anything better they would swallow glassfuls of vanilla extract. Hence if you would avoid putting temptation in any one’s way use no alcohol in your cooking.”

\* \* \*

#### WOMAN'S WEIGHT AND HEIGHT.

5 feet	1 inch.....	120 pounds
5 feet	2 inches.....	126 pounds
5 feet	3 inches.....	133 pounds
5 feet	4 inches.....	136 pounds
5 feet	5 inches.....	142 pounds
5 feet	6 inches.....	145 pounds
5 feet	7 inches.....	145 pounds
5 feet	8 inches.....	149 pounds
5 feet	9 inches.....	155 pounds
5 feet	10 inches.....	162 pounds
5 feet	11 inches.....	169 pounds
6 feet	.....	178 pounds

#### CANDIED ORANGE PEEL.

BY GRACE GNAGEY.

BOIL orange peel in several waters until tender. Then put on the same allowance of sugar as you would to make preserves with a little water added and let boil down. After it has boiled down put on a platter and put in the oven to dry. It is then ready to eat. It is good to use as a confectionary or in cake instead of dried citron.

*Glendora, Cal.*

\* \* \*

#### CREAM CAKE.

MIX two cups of flour and two level teaspoons of cream of tartar and one of soda; make a well in center, into which put one cup of sugar, one of sweet cream, one egg and small teaspoon salt; mix all quickly together, flavor with teaspoonful lemon, put in pan to bake. Adding a cup of raisins or currants makes a nice cake pudding to eat hot with sauce. Sour cream can be used instead of sweet by omitting the cream of tartar and using two eggs instead of one.

\* \* \*

#### PLUM PUDDING.

MIX together one quart of fine soft bread crumbs, one-half of a cupful of chopped suet, one-half of a cupful of sugar, one cupful of raisins, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of mace, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves, three well-beaten eggs and one cupful of sour milk. Turn into a buttered mold and steam for three hours.

\* \* \*

#### TOMATO SOUP.

FOR an old-fashioned tomato soup, take one quart can of tomatoes, or its equivalent in fresh tomatoes, and one quart of beef stock. Cook slowly on back of range for an hour. Rub through a sieve. Season with pepper, salt, a dash of onion juice and a little butter. Thicken with a tablespoonful of flour stirred smooth in a little cold water. Stir constantly until it comes to a boil and serve at once.

\* \* \*

#### CRUST FOR TARTS.

RUB one teacup of lard into three teacupfuls of flour and pinch of salt. Beat the white of one egg slightly, add five tablespoonfuls of water to it, and mix it into the flour. Do not mix more than necessary, and it will be a flaky crust.



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## HOW TEDDY WON THE BATTLE.

TEDDY had had a severe cold for a week and had been looking forward to the next week when he could go out and coast on the hill with the other boys.

Monday morning dawned clear and bright, but Teddy awoke with a cough which sounded like croup.

"No coasting to-day," father said, and father was a doctor and knew what was best for little boys.

Teddy stood in the hall, his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets.

"No coasting!" he exclaimed, and tears of disappointment shone in his eyes.

"Not to-day," father replied as he went out.

Not a sound came from the hall after that, and mother turned at length, wondering if her son was crying his sorrows out alone, for he always came to her for comfort.

"You just keep still, you old Satan. You needn't think you're going to beat Jesus. I guess not. You tempted Jesus once and he wouldn't yield. And I'm trying to be like him, and I'm not to yield, either. I will not sneak out and take a ride. Mamma would look so sorry, and she'd always remember how I disobeyed father. No, sir, I'm not going to listen, so hush up."

This is what mother heard as she reached the hall door, and she slipped quietly away.

\* \* \*

## WHAT A BOOK SAID.

ONCE on a time a library book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold, as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with a your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the

corner of my leaves, but have a neat little book-marker to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day; and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

\* \* \*

## HE'D BEEN TO MARKET.

ARTHUR was one of the little unfortunate army of five-year-olds that live on Fifth avenue, where he has everything to his heart's content except mud pies and things a boy's heart really craves. Not long ago one of Arthur's uncles bought a country seat on Long Island—barns, horses, cows, chickens and other royal conveniences included. Recently Arthur was allowed to visit the "farm" and to inspect the same at his leisure. One of the first things he saw was a strange creature on two legs, with wings and a mania for scratching gravel.

"What's that thing?" he asked.

"That's a chicken," was explained.

"Oh, no," he said incredulously. "You can't fool me; that thing's got feathers on it."—*New York Times*.

\* \* \*

## FOLLY NEEDED PUNISHMENT.

RUSSELL KING of Senator Fairbank's office staff has a very sweet little daughter, who, like many another little girl, possesses a great liking for jelly. The other day Mrs. King made a glassful of jelly and placed it in the pantry to cool. It proved a load-stone of attraction to the little one, who could not resist the temptation, when her mamma's back was turned, of putting her finger in it. She quickly withdrew it, as it was still very hot. Dancing with pain she exclaimed:

"Mamma, if I do that again I'll spank my ownself, you bet I will!"

\* \* \*

BECAUSE a man who sells fruit is called a fruiterer, it does not necessarily follow that a man who rents a flat is a flatterer.

\* \* \*

If you really want to work for God, you will never be out of employment.

## The Q. & A. Department.

How did our names originate?

This cannot be answered in a few words. It is likely that originally names were given based upon some personal characteristics or likely some surrounding things. These afterward were further distinguished by the addition of son or the like, and in many different ways changes were wrought. There is too much to it to answer in this department.

✱

What is mythology?

Every country has its legends, myths, and folk-lore stories which have been handed down from previous generations, and mythology is the term denoting these legends. There is hardly such a thing as the science of mythology. It is a general term for everything of its character.

✱

What is Great Circle sailing?

Great Circle sailing is the navigation of a ship from one point to another along the circles that may be found on globes. Great Circle sailing is practiced in order that vessels bound to the same places may follow a common course and thus be able to help one another should trouble arise.

✱

What is the origin of gypsies?

They are regarded by ethnologists as descendants of some Hindoo tribe. As a people they are well preserved and very few of them show traces of mixed blood.

✱

What is an opera bouffe?

It is a French phrase for a comic opera which is a mixture of the latest and most frivolous music with spoken dialogue. It depends as much on its talk as on its tunefulness.

✱

Are the Bedouins a nation or a tribe?

Bedouin is a general name for the wandering Arabs in distinction to the Fellahin, who dwell in the towns. The wild Arabs or Bedouins are divided into tribes.

✱

Why was Frederick the Great so called?

He was called Great because he was great in every way, as a soldier, statesman, and author.

✱

To what country does Egypt belong?

It is a dependency of Turkey.

What is the Black Forest?

A mountainous region in the eastern part of Baden and the western part of Wurtemberg. It does not refer to a single forest but to a section.

✱

When did Napoleon die?

May 5, 1821. He was buried at Longwood, St. Helena. His remains were afterwards removed, by permission of the English government, to Paris.

✱

What is the Bertillon system?

It is a system of measuring criminals for the purpose of identifying them. It was devised by Alphonse Bertillon, a Frenchman.

✱

What are the Bad-Lands?

Certain lands in the northwestern part of the United States without any natural vegetation. The surface is worked into various fantastic forms by erosion.

✱

Who are the Flagellants?

Religious persons who believe that whipping themselves for discipline would appease the divine wrath. Some of them are Catholic and some not.

✱

What is the Bible of forty-two lines?

An edition of the Bible printed by Gutenberg between 1450 and 1455. It contains for the most part forty-two lines to the column which gives it its name.

✱

When was Alaska purchased?

It was purchased by the United States for \$7,200,000, by a treaty in 1867.

✱

Are nails ever made out of cast iron?

For certain purposes nails are sometimes cast, but not often.

✱

When did Henry Ward Beecher die?

March 8, 1887, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

✱

Is Sarah Bernhardt married?

Yes, considerably so.

✱

When was the battle of Gettysburg fought?

From July first to third, 1863.



## LITERARY.

*Everybody's* magazine is before us. This November issue is a good one. The pictures are as good as any of the other magazines, and it might be said that, viewed from every angle, there are perhaps no other similar publications that surpass it in excellence. In many respects it is a great deal better than a good many of the popular ten-cent outputs. In this November issue is an article on Dowie and Dowieism that will delight the souls of his opponents. The writer assails the man and his religion in a drastic way, but in the end explains little of his real power. If you want a good ten cents' worth of good literature *Everybody's* is the magazine to buy.

\* \* \*

## ANN'S AGE.

BY EMMA CARSTENSEN.

 $x = \text{Ann's age.}$  $y = \text{difference in their ages.}$ 

$$2x - y = 24$$

$$x - y = 12$$

$$y = 24 - x$$

$$x + y = 24$$

$$x - y = 12$$

$$x + y + x - y = 24 + 12$$

$$2x = 36$$

$$x = 18 \text{ Ann's age.}$$

Twice Ann's age minus the difference in their ages equals 24 years. Ann's age minus the difference in their ages equals 12 years.

The difference in their ages equals 24 years minus Ann's age. The difference in their ages plus Ann's age equals 24 years. Ann's age plus the difference in their ages plus Ann's age minus the difference in their ages equals 24 years plus 12 years or 36 years. Twice Ann's age equals 36 years. Ann's age equals 18 years.

*Elgin, Ill.*

I beg to offer following solution to the simple mathematical problem in the NOOK, of Oct. 20:

$$24 \text{ divided by } 2 = 12 \text{ Ann's former age.}$$

$$24 - 12 = 12 \text{ Twice the difference between their ages.}$$

$$12 \text{ divided by } 2 = 6 \text{ Difference between their ages.}$$

$$24 - 6 = 18 \text{ Ann's age.}$$

—A. A. Loomis, Columbus, Ohio.

Arthur Culler, of Elgin, says Ann is 16 years old.

Grace Beam, of Boucher, Pa., says Ann is 12 years old.

H. H. Ritter, of Acton, Okla., says that Ann is 18 years old.

W. W. Wray, of Warrenville, Ill., says that Ann is 18 years old.

Mark Early, of Elgin, says Ann is 18 years of age.

Jos. Sniteman, of South English, Iowa, says Ann is 18 years of age.

Bessie Wysong, of Nappanee, Ind., says that Ann is eighteen years old.

Maynard S. Grossnickel, of Oregon, Ill., says that Ann is 18 years old.

H. Fercken, writing from Mt. Morris, says that Ann's age is twelve years.

Mary I. Senseman, of Covington, Ohio, works out arithmetically that Ann is eighteen years old.

\* \* \*

## TOAD AND NOT A TOAD.

One of the queerest reptiles in the world is the horned toad of Arizona. In the first place, though it looks like a toad and is so called, it isn't a toad at all but a lizard. It lives nowhere save in the desert and lives on hard shelled beetles and other insects.—From a Recent Inglenook.

Dear Nook:—

But he does live elsewhere. He lives in our gardens and is a good beetle fisher. We encourage him all we can for he is a helper in the good work of plant preservation.

Yours truly,

M. M. Eshelman.

THE above is a comment on a recent statement in the INGLENOOK. It was written near Los Angeles, California. It is true enough, but is not that neighborhood the desert? That it is made to bloom as the rose is due to man and water. Take away the man and the water and the desert returns. The horned toad knows a good thing when he sees it and stays. However, the term desert is a very elastic one, and is susceptible of misconstruction. In many a place in California one can see the garden on one side of the fence, and the desert on the other.

\* \* \*

## THE EQUITY SUPPLY CO. OF CHICAGO.

IT is not the INGLENOOK way to promote the interests of any organization intended for personal profit, by notice in the body of the magazine, but as a matter of news and for the information of the general public, we would call attention to the business of the Equity Supply Co., of Chicago. These people are out with a new catalogue, neat and up-to-date. This company is managed by our own church people, and as far as the writer knows, the business is as "straight as a string." If you want to buy anything by mail you might as well get it through our own people as through strangers. The Equity people will do the right thing by you.

We notice in the catalogue a lot of Inglenook cook stoves. They ought to be all right, and doubtless are.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER 10, 1903.

NO. 46.

## I WONDER.

BY J. C. STUART.

I wonder if all of the sunlight of life  
Will fade in the gloaming, when shadows are rife?  
If all the splendor of life's early day  
Will pass with the even and fast fade away?  
The sun sets in glory that flames in the west—  
I wonder if life, at its closing, means rest?  
I wonder if those who are lonely while here  
Find—sometime and somewhere—companionships dear?  
If those who so often have journeyed in night,  
Will—sometime and somewhere—be walking in light?  
Some lives are so clouded; the sunshine they miss;  
I wonder if God will be mindful of this?  
I wonder if, after the swift-flying years,  
There cometh but gladness—no sorrow, no tears?  
If hearts that have ached with the keenest of pain  
Will master the purpose? That it was not vain?  
The weak ones who struggle; the weak ones who fall;  
I wonder if God will be mindful of all?  
I wonder if life is but seeking for self,  
Or living for something much higher than self?  
If troubles that come are but lessons to learn?  
If somewhere our spirits will nevermore yearn?  
Some lives are but pleasure; some lives are but woe;  
I wonder about it and—sometime—I will know.

\* \* \*

## JUST A THOUGHT OR TWO.

*To be trusted by a child is a great compliment.*  
\*  
*A girl isn't scary because she jumps at a proposal.*  
\*  
*Very often the bride's father is the most cheerful man present.*  
\*  
*It's enough to turn one's stomach to see a woman hugging a dog.*  
\*  
*It is enough to make some babies cry to hear that they look like their father.*  
\*  
*When people ask for advice most generally they seek confirmation of their own opinions.*

*Leisure and loafing are only two terms for the same thing.*  
\*

*If you were born in a barnyard you have to scratch for a living.*  
\*

*Said the old fish to the little fish, "All are not flies that flutter."*  
\*

*In the race of life it does not take poverty long to overtake laziness.*  
\*

*You may not get there if you try, but never will unless you do try.*  
\*

*A truly great man is always in sympathy with the common people.*  
\*

*Jumping at conclusions is all right when the conclusions are there.*  
\*

*A fawning man would flatter a Klondike burro, if he carried gold.*  
\*

*A busybody wears out not only her shoes but the patience of the pious.*  
\*

*Some people do not care what happens only so it does not happen to them.*  
\*

*Every effort is not crowned with success, and many of them do not deserve to be.*  
\*

*Ten cents in your pocket is worth a dollar in the pocket of the fellow who owes you.*  
\*

*When your girl begins to advise you about spending your money you better be a-thinking.*  
\*

*Men are like matches. They have to be rubbed against hard places to make them any good.*  
\*

*A coquette is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf,—but the thorns are reserved for her husband.*



## MOURNING.

BY LIZZIE FORNEY.

IT may do for unbelievers to dress in mourning, but for Christians who are supposed to be subject to his pleasure it is all mockery. I once knew of an old saint who, when he knew that he was about to be called home, told his family not to wear mourning for him. He said, "Do not show grief when I will be enjoying such perfect bliss." I have seen such foolishness by some people who were wearing mourning that I have been thoroughly disgusted. Judging by their clothing they were utterly miserable, but if their actions were taken into consideration they were happy indeed.

Several years ago, while living in Kansas, an old man accidentally shot himself. I was not acquainted with the family but I went to the funeral. His widow was dressed in the deepest mourning but she never shed a tear and one looking at her face told me that no emotion stirred her feelings. I once knew a man who lost his wife and, before she was dead for three months, and while still wearing crepe on his hat, he was paying attention to a young widow.

If one has black clothing it is all right to wear it, and if it is some other color it is just as good. The fashion of seeming to mourn for a specified time is all wrong. While we cannot help missing our loved ones we ought to remember that God is able to take care of them. It is by his power that they were given to us and it is by the same power that they are called away, so the best way is to cheerfully give them back to him and to know and rest assured that all will be well.

Let us suppose that a large company has gone on a long and perilous journey and on the return some reach home sooner than others. We watch them go in and know that they have been given a grand welcome but what would we think of stopping and bewailing their absence from the tiresome journey. That is the way I look at it. But, you say, we ought to show respect for the dead. That is true but may we not show a better light by trusting God with their welfare?

*Phoenix, Arizona.*

\* \* \*

## MEMORIAL CUSTOMS.

IN Wales, when a young girl dies, her coffin is wreathed with flowers, and the youth and maidens plant white roses over her grave. The graves of little children are covered with lilies and snowdrops, and those of maturer years have roses placed about them.

In Turkey the virgin who dies has a rose sculptured at the top of her monument. The Chinese scatter roses above their dead and mingle with them the lycoris and anemone. Tripolitans place about their dead roses, myrtle, jessamine and orange flowers. In far-off Persia the basil tuft waves its fragrant blossoms over tombs and graves. In Egypt the basil tuft is also esteemed, with the lotus, lily and rose. In Germany and Switzerland the dianthus, pink, myrtle and orange blossoms are placed about the dead. In Norway the fir is used to protect the released soul from evil spirits. In Italy the periwinkle is dedicated to the graves of little children. The Mahometan matrons repair at stated anniversaries with fairest flowers to sweeten the sad grave. The grand tombs are often splendidly illuminated, but the meanest heap of turf has also its visitors to chant a requiem, light a little lamp, suspend a little garland, or drop a rose as an affectionate tribute to departed love, separated friendship, or the memory of the unknown in their "Cities of Silence."

The ancient Jews pulled grass as they turned away from a new-made mound and threw it behind them, saying, "They shall flourish out of the city like grass upon the earth," to show their belief that the body, though dead, should spring again as grass. The asphodel and mallow were planted in all ancient cemeteries, as it was popularly believed that they nourished the dead.

The North American Indians attribute a funeral character to the fragrant flowers of the sacred Champak. The Flathead mother buries her child in a cradle hung from the branches of the sobbing pine, its foster mother, so her sad heart believes, or when trees are not near, she digs a grave and above the leveled earth lays the little toys and scatters over it some bright berries.

A distinctly American custom is that of decorating the cross in memory of the unknown dead. There is something tangible in the mound above the pulseless heart, though the heart never throbbed the quicker for your coming, but in the history of the world there is nothing to parallel the simple pathos of that cross, with its outstretched, suppliant arms telling the mute story of the thousands who must sleep "unknelled, uncoffined, unsung," till time shall be no more.

\* \* \*

## THE INDIAN WAY.

THERE are many Indians in British Columbia and some of their customs are very strange. Their methods of courtship, according to a gentleman well acquainted with their ways, are quite contrary to the usual manner of procedure. When a young

man takes a fancy to a girl and desires to make her his wife he goes to the house of her parents and squats down just inside the door. With his blanket wrapped about him he remains for four days and nights without eating or drinking. During all this time no member of the girl's family takes the slightest notice of him. The only difference his presence makes in the house is to cause the parents to keep a bright fire burning all night. This is done so they may readily perceive that he takes no advantage of his proximity to the girl to make love to her. On the fourth day, if the suitor is acceptable to the parents, the mother asks some neighbor to tell the youth that he will be acceptable as a son-in-law. They do not speak to him or give any sign of their favorable feeling

the third morning. This is done, not by word of mouth, but by the elder members of the family coming and sitting around the fire he has built and warming their hands over it. He is invited to breakfast and the news of his good fortune soon spreads among his friends.

\* \* \*

#### SCOTCH FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

SOME curious funeral customs still prevail in the south of Scotland. At Annan, in many cases, the funeral of a departed relative is intimated and friends invited by the bellman going round from door to door telling the people of the event. Of course, he does not ring his bell when on his melancholy journey. At Langholm at the funeral the relatives of the deceased



AN ARTESIAN WELL IN CALIFORNIA.

toward him, for at this stage of the proceedings it would be highly improper to have any communication between the contracting parties. The neighbor who breaks the news to the young man cooks him a meal from provisions in the home of his future mother-in-law so that he can end his long fast and go on his way rejoicing.

If he is rejected he has to go away hungry. If his suit is unfavorably received the young swain does not abandon his cause at this stage of the courtship. He goes to the forest early the next morning and cuts a quantity of firewood of the kind most esteemed by the Indians, takes it to the home of the girl's parents and starts a fire for the inmates. If the parents are serious in their objection to him they take the burning wood and throw it out of the house. Still undaunted, the youth repeats this performance on the second morning, and again on the third. Unless there is some unusually grave objections he will be accepted on

are grouped together in front of the house when the cortege departs, and the other mourners go up to them, and one by one they give a sympathetic shake of the hand.

\* \* \*

#### BRAIN WORK AND HAIR.

EVERYTHING physical being equal, it is established that the man who is engaged in professional work will grow gray sooner than will the man who earns his bread by the literal sweat of his brow. Thus by implication the man who has more and harder brain work than another—more worries, more troubles, more difficult thoughts, less vitality in proportion—this is the individual and the profession that soonest are marked by gray hairs.

\* \* \*

THE Australian colonies have a greater railway mileage, in proportion to population, than any other part of the world.



### CARBON.

PROF. EDGAR LARKIN, of Lowe observatory, has an interesting article on carbon in the *Chicago Tribune*. Carbon is so common that we do not give it the attention its importance would suggest.

An impenetrable mystery hovers round about carbon; at present it is the enigma of science. It is archaic and eternal, omnipresent and primordial. The spectroscope, that marvel of all ages, shows carbon glowing in the sun at white heat; and we know that it burns—that is, unites with oxygen in our bodies—thus keeping us alive, by the evolution of heat. Carbon is the concentrated life of nature.

You can get equal quantities of carbon for one cent or one million dollars. To strike up a bargain, it would seem that the investment of one cent would be the wisest. Turn up the wick of an oil stove too high, put a tea kettle in the flame, and you may secure on its bottom all you want of almost pure carbon, which poses under the name of lampblack. If you want the same weight of pure white carbon it may be had in the shape of a diamond for a million or two. Lampblack is soft, fluffy stuff, while diamond, the same crystallized, is the hardest body known and the most difficult to melt; yet electricity is able even to make diamonds liquid.

Carbon is found pure in the diamond, nearly pure in graphite, the material in our pencils, for some inscrutable reason called "lead" pencils, in charcoal, coal and coke, in petroleum, and a hard variety inside retorts used for making common illuminating gas. The latter is powdered, mixed with molasses and forced under great pressure into rods employed in electric arc lamps in city streets. Carbon filaments are also placed in incandescent light bulbs, the reason being that carbon is the most difficult substance to melt. Thus, if the most refractory metals, such as platinum or steel, be used in arc lamps, they would instantly melt and drop into the earth. And steel filaments in bulbs would become liquid, fall on the glass and melt their way through.

All animals and plants contain carbon in their tissues; it is in the air, in the earth and is now seen in the comet at present passing through the constellation the Great Bear.

The carbon in the comet is not free, but is joined chemically to hydrogen, in a body called a hydrocarbon. The comet came from the appalling depths of space on a visit to the solar system. It will soon wheel around the sun and fly away never to return. But where did it get its carbon? For the spectrum of a comet shows light like that emitted

by common gas, which is known to be made of carbon and hydrogen.

Hydrogen is always present in the most primitive forms of nebulae in space, and in the latent sun. Hydrogen is ever present near the "beginning" of cosmic evolution, and has a strong affinity for carbon, with which it combines in many proportions.

In the World's Fair, Chicago, there was shown quite a large cube of jet black carbon, the exact quantity in the body of a man weighing 150 pounds.

Meteors also from the depths of space bring carbon to the earth and sun. Those that reach the earth have in several instances contained carbon in the shape of diamonds—not very popular, however, being black, but good to cut glass with.

Of all conceptions that can fill the mind with sublime thoughts, the white hot liquid carbon envelope of the sun is the most impressive. Carbon was seen in the vast explosions round about the sun in the total solar eclipses of May 28, 1900, and May 18, 1901. It is now thought that the entire sun, 866,000 miles in diameter, is surrounded by a sea of liquid and gaseous carbon in a state of excessive turbulence, upheaval and unrest. Vast jets of hydrogen and carbon are seen to rise with immense velocity to heights of from 25,000 to 300,000 miles. Since it requires the most inconceivable heat to keep carbon liquid, the fact appears that when at altitudes of 200,000 or 300,000 miles gaseous carbon would become condensed into liquid drops. These, then, would be liquid diamonds. They would fall back toward the awful solar heat and be turned to gas again. Thus there is an oscillation of carbon drops all round the sun, a veritable hail of liquid diamonds. At present diamonds and soot are waiting to be explained.

\* \* \*

### MINES OF RICHEST GOLD.

It is probable that at the coming session of congress a movement will be inaugurated for the removal of the Navajo Indians from the great reservation in northeastern Arizona. For years men who wish to make fortunes in mining have been looking with longing toward the lands held by this tribe and it is now hoped to interest President Roosevelt in a plan to set aside certain valleys in partition to the Indians and throw open the mountains to the prospectors.

There has always been resentment among the citizens there because one of the richest parts of the territory was set apart for the redmen. This feeling has not been diminished by the fact that the chief men of the Navajo tribes and their so-called princesses exhibit at the settlements at times

bridles, saddles and clothing weighted down with gold and silver which they admit have been taken from mines on the reservation.

Far away in the middle of the tract they hold can be seen a high mountain which shines brightly on a sunny day as it rises abruptly from the plain and tradition that comes from the Indians says that in this are found rich veins of silver. It is called Silver mountain because of this fact. On a clear day it can be seen for one hundred miles in Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado, and many are the men eagerly hunting for gold and silver who have looked at it and wished that they might explore its recesses.

The Navajos, however, are extremely jealous of their land. They have been approached at times by men who wished to buy the privilege of exploiting their mines, but the head men of their tribes have always placed an emphatic veto on all such schemes. They have said constantly that if the white men should once learn of the riches in the mountains they would take away the land from the Indians. In consequence the only trading that the tribe does with outsiders is in the Navajo blankets, which are woven by the women. The gold and silver they mine are beaten into fantastic shapes with great skill and worn by the tribesmen. When the Navajo takes a trading pilgrimage, however, he lays aside his riches and appears only in clothes of white cotton stuff, using one of the blankets made by the squaws to keep him warm. Asked of his wealth, he draws himself up to his full height of six feet or more and gives reply with a contemptuous stare.

There are traditions about men who have ventured to explore the Navajo country and get some of the gold that is believed to lie in the beds of the streams. There is one that a prospector once did find the mines of the chiefs and returned to civilization with a burro laden with gold, which brought him thousands of dollars. He fell into the hands of the gamblers and lost his money and set out again to duplicate the feat. Within a month a Navajo came to Flagstaff wearing a hat like that worn by the prospector and persons who visited the agency told of other Indians who had a saddle and other possessions that seemed very similar to those that had been taken away by the venturesome prospector. Nothing was ever heard of him and the Indians always professed ignorance of any visit when asked about his fate.

\* \* \*

#### WEALTH TIED UP IN DIAMONDS.

It is astonishing how much of the world's wealth is locked up in diamonds, things which are of no

earthly use to anybody except for the mere purpose of ornamentation. The money spent for diamonds every year would build fleets of peace and war, equip and pay armies, almost wipe out poverty in city slums, endow hospitals and schools, build railroads and create great libraries. Every now and then some American woman has trouble with the customs authorities over the duty on jewels, the value of which represents a sum sufficient for an ordinary man to raise and educate a large family of children.

Millionaires and crowned heads possess diamonds which represent idle wealth sufficient to build whole streets of model tenement houses for the poor. The diamonds belonging to the German empress are valued at \$1,250,000.

The crown jewels of England, largely made up of diamonds, exceed in value \$15,000,000. The imperial crown alone contains 2,783 splendid diamonds. Besides this the king and queen possess diamonds to the value of about a million more dollars, which are their private property. The crown jewels of Russia represent about \$20,000,000. No one knows just how much the diamonds possessed by the Sultan of Turkey are worth, but they represent many millions. Many native princes in India own diamonds of great value. The gems of the gackwar of Baroda, consisting largely of diamonds, are valued at \$15,000,000. Among his treasures is a carpet made entirely of diamonds and pearls, all matched and blended. Many churches, too, in the old world are rich in diamonds. The largest diamond in the world, the Excelsior, found at Jagersfontein in 1893, is so valuable that a special syndicate has been formed to stand the expense and risk of cutting it.

A large part of the world's gold, too, is locked away in royal treasure houses in the form of dishes or ornaments. In the Kremlin are many great gold dishes so heavy that a strong man cannot lift them and many millions of dollars' worth of gold made into ornamental forms. The gold dinner service at Windsor castle is valued at \$4,000,000 and a golden peacock with jeweled tail there is valued at \$400,000. In the treasure house of the Sultan at Constantinople are tons of gold plate and great golden bowls filled to the brim with rare pearls. Gold in every form, which the ingenuity of man has been able to invent, is scattered about in splendid confusion in the palaces by the Bosphorus. The shah of Persia has golden ornaments and diamonds stowed away in his palace which, turned into money, would enable him to build railroads and open up his country to civilization.



## ABOUT PEARLS.

MORE than a million dollars' worth of pearls have been taken from the Black river in Arkansas, but the river now is as clean of wealth as a whistle; pearling there is done. Barely a clam rests on the sandbars that stretch across the bottom of the stream, like the rungs of a giant ladder.

What is true of the Black river is rapidly becoming true of all the pearl bearing rivers in the Mississippi valley. The pearling industry there is dying. This is particularly true of Arkansas, Wisconsin and Iowa.

The preservation of the clam, the source from which came all this wealth, has been entirely disregarded. The economic sense is lacking. Pearling has been carried on without method or reason; there is no law to regulate it. Anyone at any time may fish as many clams from the water as he likes without regard to the size, the apparatus he uses or the spawning season. Congress has tried to interfere and the legislatures have been busy with measures regulating the industry, but without avail.

Fresh water pearls come in clams. They are formed by a nacreous substance poured on a grain of sand that gets into the shell. The clams are of all sizes and description, but they are usually about as large as a man's palm. The shell is thick and black and rough. They are found on all varieties of river bottoms from deep, thick mud to hard, white sand and gravel, and in all depths of water. The extent of the pearl country is large; it takes in the Mississippi river from LaCrosse, Wis., to New Orleans and reaches out into the bystreams and tributaries of the big river for hundreds of miles.

Primarily this territory is divided into two sections, each section has its market center and around it are clustered the richest pearl fields. The northern center is at Prairie du Chien, Wis. This center is for Mississippi pearls and is the seat of the richest territory around. All pearls along the Mississippi river from LaCrosse to Muscatine, Iowa, are brought here for appraisal and market.

Maurice Brower, one of the largest buyers in the local markets, declared that the total production for 1901, which was the best year in the record of the industry, was more than one and one-half million dollars. Because of the falling off of the clam supply he said not more than one-half million dollars or \$600,000 worth were found in 1902, and according to present indications 1903 would not produce much more than half that amount.

The other pearl center in the United States is at Newport, Ark. This city is situated in the very heart of the richest pearl fields of the New World. More than three-fourths of the entire output to-day is found within a radius of thirty miles of there. It is the mar-

ket for pearls found in the White River, which is producing practically all of the best found south of Prairie du Chien. The products of the fisheries have built its banks, laid out its streets and made wealthy its inhabitants. All the products of the Black River, the richest pearl river at one time in the United States, have passed through it.

Pearling is strongly individualized. The method is crude and has changed little for centuries. It is usually carried on by two men in a skiff, with the aid of tongs or shoulder rakes. The tongs are about seven or eight feet long, and are operated like oyster tongs. The fisherman gropes along the bottom of the stream with them, pulling up whatever gets into them. The rake is operated in much the same way. The instrument is something like an ordinary garden rake, only larger and has a longer handle. A wire screen from the top of the rake prongs is attached to the handle, forming a sort of scoop. The rake is dragged along the ground, catching clams and forks on each side of the boat, on which the dredge rod rests, the hooks swinging freely. While the clams are being taken from the hooks the other is being dragged and is ready to be hauled in by the time the first is stripped.

Often when the clams are abundant every hook will have one on it, and two or three and sometimes four are frequently caught on one prong. When the beds are compact one man can take eight hundred to a thousand pounds of mussels in a day, and a case is reported where 2,200 pounds were obtained by one man in ten hours. The average daily catch, however, is about six hundred pounds.

When a boatload of clams has been obtained, or when night comes, the fisherman rows ashore and dumps his catch into bins built on the bank of the stream. After he has obtained a sufficient number of shells, or when the weather is stormy and disagreeable on the river, he boils them out. This is done by shoveling them into a large metal boiler and building a fire beneath.

The boiling out process requires only a short time and is for the purpose of opening the clams so that the pearls may be found. When they are thoroughly cooked the shells spring open and expose the clam. The pearl is found in the muscle of the clam or between it and the shell. Oftentimes it is attached to the shell, but very frequently it is not, and great care is required to see that it is not lost in the process of boiling and assorting. The water in which they are boiled is carefully strained, and all of the meaty parts of the clam are pinched to see that a pearl is not missed.

Although extremely commonplace in detail, the opening of a shell is attended with great emotions. Any one of the pile of clams before the pearler may contain a fortune for him. As he reaches for one after another of the bivalves hope bobs again into his

heart, and as his hard, horny hand closes over the shell preparatory to opening it he feels a little thrill and his blood goes a little faster through his veins.

Pearling as an industry in the United States is of comparatively recent origin, dating back to about 1897. Previous to that time there had been local outbreaks of the pearl fever in about every state in the Union. The first large pearl ever found in this country was picked up at Notch brook, near Paterson, N. J., in 1857. It weighed ninety-three grains and was sold by Tiffany & Co. to the Empress Eugenie.

The one pearl, however, was practically the limit of the New Jersey fields, though some smaller ones were afterward found in that State. Then occurred at broken intervals, from 1860 to 1897, excitement due to the discovery of the gem in Ohio, Tennessee, Wisconsin, Arkansas, along the Mississippi valley and even up into New England and New York State. None of these

are drilled and returned again to Paris, stamped as Oriental pearls. Being thus classified, it was easy to pass them on Americans traveling abroad at exorbitant prices. Even New York importers have been large buyers of these pearls, believing them to be Oriental.

\* \* \*

#### ART IN CRACKS.

A NUMBER of newspapers have published photographs showing the ceiling of the Sistine chapel at the vatican with the glorious frescoes of Michael Angelo, all seamed with cracks, as demonstrating the alarming condition of the ceiling of the chapel, and the urgent necessity of repair.

While it is quite true that the latter are needed, the seams shown in the photographs have nothing whatsoever to do with it. They are not real, but only apparent, and constitute a sort of artistic joke on the



KEEPING BEES IN CALIFORNIA.

so-called discoveries ever panned out and after a brief local excitement, the bubble invariably burst. In the Mississippi section, however, there was always a well grounded feeling that pearls were plentiful there.

Until the Black river gems began to be put into circulation the American variety had never borne much of a reputation and the popular prejudice against them has not yet been entirely dissipated. As the Arkansas gems found their way to Paris, however, it was seen that they compared favorably with the famed Oriental variety. Indeed, in some few cases they excelled. And since then the European dealer has been quick to take advantage of the low price. He has also taken advantage of the popular prejudice of the wealthy American, who believes that everything that is absolutely correct and artistic must come through the European market.

He will purchase the domestic product at a ridiculously low figure and send them to India, where they

part of the world-famed painter, who, when he completed the frescoes, seared them all over with painted cracks, which look terribly real from a distance. The story goes that the architect was so given to boasting that the roof, which he had built for the Sistine chapel, would defy time that Michael Angelo painted the fictitious fissures in order to humble the pride of the unfortunate man.

\* \* \*

#### THE OLDEST COLLEGE.

THE College of Confucius, the old university of China, has, for 3,000 years, borne the name of Kwot-sekier. Its main building, the finest temple of Confucius in China, has 300 columns in its court, on which are engraved the names of its 60,000 graduates.

\* \* \*

JAPANESE is the latest language to be added to the list taught at the University of Chicago.



## NATURE



## STUDY

## PUSSY AND THE WRENS.

BY D. Z. ANGLE.

LAST spring a pair of wrens made a nest and raised a brood of little wrens, as they had done every season for years before. But last spring we happened to have a many-colored cat. She was an expert at bird-catching, having caught many sparrows in the barn. So, as soon as the little wrens hopped out of the nest, pussy nabbed them one after another, but in doing so she became too anxious, had her eyes fixed on the nest and walking along on the porch, she fell into the cellar, the door being open, receiving injuries which were probably the cause of her death soon after. So, maybe, the wrens will be unmolested next year.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

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## GREEDY FROGS.

A RECENT experience of C. W. Hodell of Baltimore may serve as a warning to other anglers who write to sporting goods stores from fishing resorts and order frogs in tens and dozens.

Hodell was in the Georgian bay country, where the red-eyed bass were biting hard at frogs, but not taking anything else. He telegraphed in for ten dozen frogs of all sizes in perfect condition, not a dead one in the bunch.

He was especially pleased by some three or four dozen of the little fellows not larger than the first joint of a man's thumb, the ideal size of frog for the small-mouthed bass. He knew that he could take these infants, hang them in a Bing hook which carries a No. 2 spoon, and with them yank enough and more than enough. He went to bed filled with happy dreams of the things that were to happen on the morrow.

The next morning he took a supply of frogs and started out. It struck him that there were not so many frogs as on the night before, but he did not believe that anybody around the hotel would steal them and thought that possibly he might be mistaken. He caught some bass and returned late in the afternoon. Examining his frog trap he found that his supply had dwindled perceptibly. He could not explain it and was worried.

Rising early the next morning, he again looked at the frogs and was pained to discover that he had not more than a dozen of the little ones left. He had not used more than half a dozen of them. He could find

no hole or crack in the trap which would permit them to escape. He was mystified and grieved.

Then, even as he looked, his problem was solved. With a satisfied croak, which said as plainly as English could say it: "This is a good thing," one of the big frogs hopped forward three inches, opened its mouth, seized a little frog and swallowed it.

Hodell stood staring. Another big frog swallowed another little frog. Looking closely then, Hodell saw the legs of two or three little frogs sticking out of the mouths of two or three big frogs.

He called for help and he and the guide rescued the few little frogs that were left and put them in a separate compartment. The big frogs seemed to be very fat and sleepy.

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## THE INDIAN ELEPHANT.

THE Indian elephant is found throughout that peninsula and also in Burmah, Siam and the French East Indies, but his range among the islands of the archipelago is confined to Sumatra and Borneo. He is not known in Java.

There seems to be no climatic reason why he should not have appeared on the other islands of the East Indies. His home in Asia extends about seventeen degrees of latitude farther north than that of his African cousin, who was once numerous among the Atlas mountains, near the Mediterranean, but, having been exterminated there, his most northern range is only about fifteen degrees north of the equator.

He roams through the Soudan and the whole of central Africa, from the neighborhood of Timbuktu and Lake Chad as far south as the tropic of Capricorn in south Africa. Not many years ago the African elephant was browsing on the side of what is now the city of Durban, on the south African coast, but he was hunted so persistently that he has entirely disappeared in the southern part of Africa and is now found not nearer than 1,500 miles north of Cape town.

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## HOW TREES COOL THE AIR.

WE think of a tree as a cooling agent because its shade protects us from the heat of the sun, but it cools the air in another way that is not generally known; in fact, it cools the air around it as a lump of ice cools a vessel of water.

The tree has a body temperature of about forty-five degrees just as we have a body temperature of ninety-

eight degrees, which is not affected by outside influences. It is the tree's blood heat, so to speak. So that the air around it is cooled by the tree itself as well as by the shade it makes.

When a tree in full leaf is struck by a strong wind we wonder that it is not torn all to pieces. And so it would be but for the way the limbs and twigs are arranged by nature. That arrangement is such that the effect of the wind is broken, for the limbs sway and move in a hundred directions instead of one, and the force of the blast is so scattered that it is comparatively harmless.

If the limbs all moved at once in the same direction no tree could escape being torn apart.

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#### COWRY SHELLS AS MONEY.

EVERYBODY has heard that the cowry shell is used as money over a wide part of the western Soudan. It came to be regarded as a very convenient medium of exchange on account of its size and shape. But if the cowry shell might have been picked up in bushel baskets by any one along the African coasts it would, of course, have been valueless as money. If the shell were very easy to get so that every pickaninny might accumulate large quantities of it, nobody would give his ivory, vegetables or skins in exchange for it.

The cowry shell came to have value in much the same way that value has been attached to gold. It was regarded by the west Africans who saw it as a convenient form of money; but it was difficult to obtain it. As the article was desired it came to have value, just as anything does which men desire to possess.

The cowry shell is found only on the coasts of a number of islands off the southwest shores of India. It had to be carried thousands of miles to the west coast of Africa, where there was a demand for it, and so real value became attached to it and it could be used as money.

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#### THE LAUGHING JACKASS.

AUSTRALIA is the home of a bird and its scientific name is *Dacelo gigantica*. A kingfisher it really is, representing the *Alcedinæ* family in the south of Australia, as the buff kingfisher does in the north; but on account of the extraordinary sounds which it makes it is commonly known as the "laughing jackass."

Those who travel through the bush for the first time cannot help being startled by the strong, weird voice which the bird possesses, and which, according to some, is very like the laugh of an idiot, while others maintain that it closely resembles the braying of a donkey.

The bird is thick set and has a long bill, short legs

and rather long head feathers, which can be raised at will into the form of a crest.

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#### SPIDERS LIKE MUSIC.

A VIOLINIST says spiders are notoriously and historically fond of music. At a performance the concert hall was made disagreeable by a sudden invasion of spiders, which were drawn by his violin out from the cracks and crannies of the ancient building. They crawled about the floor and on to the stage, and he could see the annoyed audience stamping on the insects. The writer adds that he has known a small garden snake attracted by piano playing and a young calf whisk his tail and prance about most gleefully at the first notes of a French horn. His neck would curve about proudly, his hoofs tread lightly, and his ears wag joyously when the tooting began, and he never quieted down till the music ceased.

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#### TIMBER BOOKS.

THERE is at Cassel a library probably unique in the world. It is bound in timber, printed on timber pages—possibly from wood blocks—and deals exclusively with timber. The library in question is the *Holzbibliothek*, which was compelled at the end of the last century by Karl Schieldbach and is composed of about 500 volumes made from trees in the park at *Wilhelms-hohe*. Every volume bears on a tab—not in timber, but, queerly enough, in morocco—the name of the tree from which it was obtained. There are plates of the tree in all stages of its growth, and the letterpress is a treatise on the foresting and natural history of the tree.

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IN a recent issue of the *INGLENOOK* reference was made to the elderberry of Oregon. Mr. Mark Early, Chief Accountant of the Brethren Publishing House, says that he has seen elderberry bushes as large around as his body, and which he judges would be thirty feet high. Will some of the Nookers in the Oregon parts tell us whether the make-up of this stalk is similar to that in the East; in other words, is it filled with pith or is it solid? Mr. Early says that he has seen numbers of them where it was nine feet from the ground up to where the limbs began to spread.

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NEXT week the first installment of the *INGLENOOK* Nature Study Club will appear in the *NOOK*. The leading article will be the rabbit, the common bunny that all of the *Nook* readers know so well. As each installment will be practically complete the clubs in process of organization will miss nothing more than what has passed, that is, the following lessons, if they may be called such, will each be complete in itself and all of Nature will be reached in time.



# THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

THE INGLENOOK is a publication devoted to interesting and entertaining literature. It contains nothing of a character to prevent its presence in any home.

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## STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN.

Prayer is the stairway of heaven.

And whoever will may climb;—

The child in its morning beauty,

The sage who is bowed by time,

The king in his royal raiment,

And the outcast clothed with crime;

Prayer is the stairway to heaven,

And whoever will may climb.

—Selected.

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## LIVING FOREVER.

DID you ever stop to think about the matter of living forever here? Suppose that it was possible, that one could remain here in this world, retaining his present health and age, what would happen? To make it more emphatic, let us suppose that you, yourself, dear Nooker, were compelled to be the victim. Note the word victim in the last sentence. How would it work out? When we think out how it would be let us see whether or not that is the right word. The Nook thinks that it is.

You would start out bravely enough, and it would work all right for a few years, and then there would be trouble, and in the end, in the long unending end, there would be heartrending trouble. To show how, suppose that you married. Then one day a child of yours would sicken and pass away. You would never again see that child. One after another your children would die, and in the end, after your partner and you had grown together, and all your joint interests were over in the shadow land, she or he, would cross over, and they would meet again, but you would never see them again. Another family, of course, there might be under the supposed conditions, but the tragedy would only be repeated, and the end be but a

graveyard of blighted joys. And every friend on earth would hopelessly pass from your knowledge.

Your life would be a thing alone, and your memories of nothing but lengthening rows in the cemetery, where rested people that you would not again see. When you looked on the faces of friends there would be the ever-present feeling that they would soon pass out of your life, and that you would not again see them. Generation after generation would come and pass out into the beyond, a continuous stream of people going, coming and going again, till all you had to look forward to would be making friends only to lose them forever. If there was any drug or medicament that would stop the passing of the endless funeral cortege of your friends you would be searching for it. You would be glad to go along.

Yes, this thing of being an exception to the plan of God would not be acceptable to any of us. It would only be a wailing place for us, this staying when the guests had gone, and strangers had come in. There is, however, such a thing as living forever, and it is a joyous thing once it is rightly understood.

When we have finished our part of the appointed plan, and have neared the setting sun, we are ready and willing to pass on with the rest of the innumerable procession. Those we have loved are on the other side. We are wearied with what is around us. Age has unfitted us for either dance or foray, and we would be at rest under the trees,—paradise—a Hebrew word meaning a restful, shady grove. As the years hang their garlands upon our brows we seek, not the crowded market place, but turn our eyes to the last resting place of our friends where we can sit and muse with the caroling bird overhead, and the lush grass underfoot. On the other side of that is the only real life eternal.

Out from the ages comes the word that he who believeth shall not die, but shall live forever. And it seems good to the writer to think that once we have been purged of the dross of human life, when evil shall have been expiated, it shall be as badly written copy, forever destroyed and forgotten, and all who have ever lived shall be gathered in the light of God's love and there shall be no more dark stream of wrong, and moral trespass, flowing concurrent with the perfect love that issues from him who is the judge of the world, for shall he not do right?

So, welcome, Death! Do your worst and we shall escape you. Strike, and though we shudder, and are laid low, Resurgam may be written on our grave stone, not Infelicissimus. And when we have crossed we shall find that what we took for extinction was only the throe of rebirth into an undying life, the perfected

imago coming from its dull chrysalis case, we have left behind to pass into other dust. Yes, we *shall* live forever, and for aye.

\* \* \*

#### TRAPS.

THE INGLENOOK is frequently in receipt of letters of inquiry in regard to advertisements that appear in papers that claim to be reputable but which are thoroughly misleading.

Reference is had to the advertisements, usually from some city, offering work at home and which attract the attention of thousands and thousands of people who want to make money. The writer never heard of an instance where anyone who responded to these advertisements and complied with their methods ever made a cent out of it, and the very last one of them is simply a trap for the unwary. It involves the sending of money for the samples or for raw material, which work, when returned is said to be unsatisfactory. That means to buy more material, and so on until the victim is worn out and has spent all his or her money to no purpose.

A clean newspaper should not have these advertisements in its columns at all. We would no more think of inserting an advertisement of this character in the INGLENOOK than we would of going out and robbing some poor woman of her little money, yet these papers that profess to tell the truth, and take high moral ground, print these advertisements for the money there is in them, and at the same time they know that they are simply so many frauds.

Every reader of the INGLENOOK may put it down for a fact, not capable of any exception, that in a city like Chicago, if there is any work to be done at home that is worth while, there are tens of thousands of people who are right there who would be glad to get it, and there is no necessity whatever for advertising for helpers. The whole scheme, from first to last, is a fraud and they get their money by selling materials and then condemning the work that is sent in, and then trying to sell other material for a second failure, and so on until the patience of the party as well as their money is gone. The right place for some of these "Work at Home" advertisers is on the rock pile under a heavy sentence.

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#### NOT OFTEN THOUGHT ABOUT.

EVERY reader knows of people whose clothes are always clean and which seem to fit them. For some reason or other the majority of people are not in this class. They appear at their best only when they make special preparation, such as for a Sunday service. On ordinary occasions they are at loose ends. This condition runs through the entire life of the individual. Now what is the cause of it?

There is a period in the life of every person, and it generally begins when one is about ten years of age and becomes settled and fixed at about eighteen, during which all these habits of life are formed and which, if not acquired during those years, is never picked up. It is at this time that both boys and girls get into the habit of taking care of themselves and their clothes, and are more or less particular about the color and quality of their personal surroundings. Once the habit is acquired it goes through life with the owner, and becomes instinctive, just the same as the habits of speech and tricks of false motion accompanying one unconsciously. In other words, it is the elusive thing that we call appearance that is acquired only in early life and is available at all times only when it becomes unconscious.

No end of people can make a good appearance, and talk smoothly when they try, but it is relatively few who do it without trying. This comes from their having it built into their lives, as it were, in early life. Every one of us has seen the individual who is so polite, so pleasing, and so easy and suave in his manner as to compel our admiration. While it is not possible for every one of us to be as smooth as that, yet we can, to a great extent, remedy our defects along this line and help ourselves wonderfully.

While we may not all have the suavity of manner and ease of expression that characterizes the diplomat, we can have the next best thing, and which is really, after all is said and done, to be most desired and this is had by cultivating a spirit of kindness toward everybody, and by learning to repress the harsh answer, and the unpleasant comment and being continually on the lookout for the best side of people. But the time to begin it, to have it at its best, is in early life. Its possession is worth while striving for.

\* \* \*

#### COURTESY.

THE INGLENOOK wants every reader to cultivate the habit of courtesy. Politeness is a good deal like an air cushion; there is nothing in it, but it is exceedingly comfortable to have around. Even so with being courteous. It costs nothing and may be worth a vast deal to its possessor. Moreover, it is right that we should practice it, and not only practice it but keep it up until it becomes a sort of second nature to us. The gruff one may be, and often is, an honest man, but people do not take kindly to him as they do to the smooth man. For young people who are applicants for positions, or who are holding one, the courteous habit is a most valuable asset. "The soft answer that turns away wrath," according to the Good Book also enables one to get hold of places that mean better opportunities.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

### GENERAL.

A large strike in the Chicago stock yards is pending.

Five steamboats are tied up at Memphis because of lack of roustabouts.

A run on the St. Louis banks was made last week. Every call was met and confidence restored.

President Roosevelt is fixed now. He has received the endorsement of Dowie, the Zion prophet.

Late word from Rome indicates that nothing of value was destroyed in the recent Vatican fire.

A shortage in the fish catch up in Labrador threatens famine to the people who live on that bleak coast.

King Edward, on the advice of his physician, is taking horseback rides for the benefit of his health.

In instructing a jury at Savannah, Ga., in a divorce case, the Bible was quoted a number of times by the judge trying the case.

Fifty thousand mine workers turned out at Scranton, Pa., in honor of John Mitchell. A general holiday was observed in that vicinity.

Last week the heavy fog which hung over this section of the country was responsible for the many wrecks in the vicinity of Chicago.

Nine men have been arrested at Belleville, Ill., for being concerned in the lynching of David Wyatt, a negro school-teacher, on June 6.

The election in Pennsylvania last week resulted in an overwhelming republican majority. Out in Colorado the election also went republican.

There are two hundred and fifty cases of smallpox reported in the township of Du Page, Will county, and township of Lemont, Cook county, Illinois.

Lewis Bunstein, a Brooklyn, N. Y. tailor, went to Washington to see the President, and as a result was locked up. Inquiries are being made as to his sanity.

Princess Radziwill has demanded seven million dollars from the estate of the late Cecil Rhodes. She bases her demands upon a written agreement made between herself and Mr. Rhodes in 1899. Rhodes was a man, who, as a rule, despised women but allowed the princess to get away with him in a very compromising way.

The Dowieites, who returned from New York, declare that city to be cold and unimpressible. They are glad to get back alive and their ardor is considerably dampened.

Mrs. Dowie, who left her husband in New York attempting to convert that wicked city, has arrived in England together with her son, Gladstone Dowie. They are on the other side on a visit.

Dowie tells his disheartened followers to save up all the money they can for another crusade. He says he will go next time where people are more willing to accept him as "Elijah, the Restorer."

Memorial services have been held in London over the death of Mrs. Booth-Tucker, and the Salvationists throughout the world have expressed their sympathy for the unfortunate leader and her untimely death.

Japan is preparing to land forces in Korea and probably will do so unless Russia ceases her southward movement of troops across the peninsula. Many of the best informed observers think war is inevitable.

Out at a point north of the town of Nelson, Nebr., the entire town of Edgar, fourteen miles away, was seen reflected in the sky. It was one of the most remarkably distinct mirages ever seen in that neighborhood.

The faculty of Cornell College, in Iowa, has given out this notice, "Cut out cigarettes, or leave school," and it will be carried out to the letter. It is to be hoped that more of our schools will take the same stand.

Mrs. Ella Huges, about to be run over by a wagon in Chicago, tossed her three-year-old child to a stranger who caught it. Mrs. Huges was badly injured but her presence of mind enabled her to have the baby escape.

The Vatican at Rome was on fire and burned fiercely for three hours partly destroying and greatly damaging the great library. The loss may be untold. It is feared that many priceless manuscripts have been ruined.

Mr. Tiedt, who intended starting an apiary on his Iowa farm, had a lot of high-priced bees in a box in a suit case. When stopping in the Palmer house, in Chicago, these bees escaped and Mr. Tiedt wildly offered a dollar apiece for them. Most of them got away.

Out at Lincoln, Nebr., in the Nebraska City Presbyterian church, action was taken on the colleges which the Presbyterian students should attend. The orthodoxy of the University of Chicago was not considered beneficial, while the University of Nebraska was commended.

The Russians and the Jews are street fighting in the old country.

At Cleveland, Ohio, a part of the city is sliding slowly into the lake.

A man in New York claims to have invented a process of artificially making oils, butters and fats generally.

John D. Murphy, a former Chicago politician, startled his friends in Minnesota by proclaiming himself Christ, and saying that he was at once going to Rome to interview the pope on religious matters. He was adjudged insane.

A hypnotist at Lamont, S. Dak., put a young man to sleep but failed to revive him. The lecturer became excited, lost self-control, and fainted. He afterwards made his escape. It is not known whether or not the young man operated upon will survive.

Trouble is brewing out in Wyoming between the Crow Indians and the authorities, who have been pursuing them for violating the game laws. They had a fight on Horseshoe ranch and nine Indians were killed and ten captured, while the rest escaped.

Calvin E. Wade, of Norwich, N. Y., in trying to drive a hog through a gate was laughed at for his failure by his wife. Quick as flash, the man whirled and shot her dead, and then placed the muzzle of the gun to his own head and killed himself. The dispatch does not say what became of the hog.

The posting of show bills in Barsboro, Pa., on which there was something stated about bank troubles, caused the foreigners to withdraw their deposits. They placed the money at once in the hands of the coal operators who deposited it in their own name immediately, and no inconvenience was noticed.

The prevalence of strikes and the increased cost of building material made excessive by contractors' pools practically has stopped all construction work in Chicago. Fourteen hundred brick makers were laid off in Chicago, Wednesday and were notified that there will be no more work until next spring.

The Nookman has returned to Elgin after an absence of ten days on the Pacific coast, searching for material for a Northwest number. Everything turned out all right, and, in a very short time, we will have a most interesting INGLENOOK describing the far northwest corner of the United States.

Last Saturday morning a wreck on the Big Four near Indianapolis, resulted in the death of sixteen students, and injuring a number of others who were on their way to a football game. The railroad people

say that the accident was caused by the crew of the football special not exercising the required precaution.

On Nov. 3, the revolutionists at Panama declared themselves independent, and founded a new republic. The United States acted promptly in the matter by sending warships to the scene and will land troops to protect the railroad. It is not known to what extent the revolution has been able to influence the public in that country.

Labor leaders are becoming alarmed at the announcement that a number of large employers of labor are preparing to drop, out of their pay roll, a large number of men. Already 11,800 men are out of work in Chicago as reported by the *Tribune*, and if this keeps on there will be more idle men than any time since 1893.

Two cars, loaded with dynamite, exploded in the Pennsylvania railroad yards at Crestline, Ohio, Sunday evening, Nov. 1. The vicinity of the explosion is a tangled mass of wreckage. People in the churches were thrown in a panic. A hole was blown in the ground fifteen feet deep, twenty feet wide, and forty feet long.

Mrs. Booth-Tucker, one of the great leaders of the Salvation Army, met death in a railroad accident, at Dean Lake, Mo., on the Santa Fe railroad, Wednesday night, Oct. 28. Her husband is grief-stricken over the occurrence, and fears for his health are entertained. Mrs. Tucker was a noble woman and a tireless worker.

Labor wins a great victory after fighting for it at Bilbao, Spain. The miners heretofore have been compelled to be cooped up in barracks provided by the Mining Company and were also compelled to buy their food from the Company's Stores, and were only paid off once each month. Hereafter they will be paid weekly, and will be allowed to purchase food wherever they want to.

It is reported by Sir Oliver Lodge, the electrical expert, President of the University of Birmingham, that there are great disturbances in the sun. There are exceedingly large sun spots, surrounding each are indications that masses of gases, calcium and hydrogen and other vapors have been thrown up and have spread over an area compared with which Europe is a mere speck.

A bankers' train was wrecked at Apishaha Creek, Colo. A special coach containing eighteen eastern bankers was attached to the "Colorado Flyer," and was going at the rate of fifty miles an hour when the engine struck the bridge. It is supposed that it was the work of wreckers, the spikes being pulled from the rails.



### THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

FREDRICK HASKEN, writing from Victoria, B. C., tells of the Hudson Bay Company as follows:

Victoria has every reason to be proud of its association with the Hudson Bay Company. The history of this old corporation reads like the fanciful tale of some adroit story teller. It was organized in 1670 under a royal charter granted when Charles II was king. It was dubbed the "Honorable Company of Merchant Adventurers of England." The first sale of 3,000 beaver skins took place in a London coffee house and Dryden, the poet, was there to write a verse about it. The first Hudson Bay traders went so far from home that it took seven years for those of the most remote stations to get returns from their shipments. These pioneers in North American commerce endured great hardships and reaped rich rewards. The account of one expedition states that after all their stock in trade was disposed of they added \$20,000 worth of furs to their cargo by trading old clothes, bits of iron and trifles that otherwise would have been thrown away.

The manner of communication embraced every possible means of transportation. Horses, boats, dog trains, and when none of these could be utilized the traders carried the goods upon their backs. All merchandise, either supplies or furs, was made into packages weighing eighty-four pounds. That it took a strong man to qualify for service with the Hudson Bay is shown by the fact that when carrying was necessary each man was expected to move eight or ten packages a mile every day, carrying two pieces (168 pounds) for a quarter of a mile without resting. Some of the men performed wonderful feats of strength and endurance while moving the goods. The record was established when one husky burden bearer carried six pieces (504 pounds) one mile without resting.

The old records give some interesting accounts of how the great business was conducted. The chief factor was responsible for the good conduct of all. He was the exalted functionary and lord paramount. His word was final and his will supreme. He clothed himself in such a halo of dignity that his person was almost held sacred. His dress consisted of a suit of black or dark blue cloth, white shirt, high collar, frock coat, velvet stock and straps to the bottom of his trousers. He wore a costly black beaver hat. When traveling this fancy piece of headgear was covered by an oiled silk cover and his ordinary costume was supplemented by a long flashy cloak with capes. His arrival or departure from a post was signaled by the firing of salutes. The crew were required

to lift him in and out of his boat. In camp his tent was pitched apart from those of his men. He had a separate fire, which the crew had to start before they looked after their own wants. The explanation is offered that all this ceremony was considered necessary because it had a good effect upon the Indians and added to the dignity of the factor in the eyes of his subordinates. To get possession of a factor's cast-off beaver hat made an Indian a big man among his people. The effect upon the factor was often as bad as the result upon the Indians was good; he frequently became so conceited as to be intolerable.

The company's posts on the coast of British Columbia were described as being mostly quadrangular posts, surrounded by tall palisades. Small cannon were mounted on these and kept loaded, ready for any emergency that might arise. The gates were closed to everyone after nine o'clock at night and a watch was set. The movements of the day were regulated by the ringing of the fort bell. Strict discipline was enforced. The laborers' day closed at 6 o'clock, but clerks had to work until nine in the evening. No irregularities were allowed and all hands, regardless of their special tenets of religion, had to attend services every Sunday morning in the officers' messroom. The officer in charge read the service and although he was often a Presbyterian or a Roman Catholic he had to use the common prayer book of the church of England.

The history of the operations of this great company shows that no other organization was ever more successful in dealing with the Indians. The red men were not allowed free access to the forts, but were always treated with civility and sometimes with hospitality. A lookout had to be maintained for bad Indians and sometimes serious trouble could not be averted. One account tells how some early traders came to grief. As a ship loaded with provisions came to anchor in a harbor it was boarded by Indians and every member of the expedition killed but one. The one member of the crew who succeeded in secreting himself managed to touch off the powder magazine while the Indians were pillaging the cargo and over one hundred of the marauders were blown to pieces. While the lesson was a costly one, it taught the Indians that the whites were dangerous to trifle with and that the best way to get along was the peaceable way.

Victoria was the creation of the Hudson's Bay Company. It was the outcome of a political necessity. When the Oregon boundary question became so acute and the inrush of American pioneers to the valleys of the Columbia and its tributaries in Washington and Oregon occurred, the Hudson's

Bay people saw clearly that they would have to move farther north if they were to remain under the protection of the British flag. Victoria owes her existence to this move. As a great commercial enterprise the Hudson Bay Company had but one rival who accomplished more, and that was the East India Company, which won India for the British empire. The Hudson's Bay Company is now a gigantic mercantile concern. It has nearly two hundred stores in Canada. No place is too large or too small for it to operate in. It has one post over two hundred miles north of Dawson and one that is over 1,000 miles north of Montreal. This last named post is about two hundred miles nearer the north pole than the northernmost tip of Newfoundland. The man who runs this store for the company never includes palm leaf fans or

#### TO EMBALM SHIPPED LUMBER.

A LUMBER company of Superior, Wis., is trying the experiment of embalming, in a way, lumber that is shipped out in a green condition, and it promises to be so successful that it will make a very material difference to the lumber trade all over the country. The lumber that is shipped green stains, and if the experiment that is being made prevents the green lumber from staining and is successful it will be one of the greatest strides ever made in the shipping department of the lumber business. The plan is to put down a layer of the lumber and then put on a layer of carbonate of soda, it being figured that a good-sized cargo of lumber will need about ten or twelve tons of the chemical to keep it from staining. The trouble has always been found by the lumber



STUBBLE-FED TURKEYS IN CALIFORNIA.

straw hats in his orders, and he never has to have "out of season" sales on ear muffs. They are a staple article every day in the year.

The home office of the Hudson's Bay Company is still at 1 Lime street, London. The stockholders began drawing dividends in 1671 and the venerable organization still yields its annual profits. Every Englishman is justly proud of its great record.

The management of the Hudson's Bay Company affairs on this side is in the hands of Mr. C. C. Chipman, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, who very ably controls its vast interests. Mr. Chipman is a member of the INGLENOOK family.

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#### NOVEL MARRIAGE NOTICE.

THE following marriage notice was published in the *Hancock Gazette* of Belfast, Me., May 15, 1822: "In Hollis, Mr. Stephen Wright to Miss Sally Patch. Worn almost out by a lingering courtship of thirteen years he Patched himself up and all was Wright."

shippers that the green lumber stained badly, and when there is a big demand it is hard to supply it in many cases, but if the experiment goes all right it will be a great help.

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LANGUAGE is a solemn thing; it grows out of life—out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and its weariness. Every language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined.

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THE habit of blaming others when things go wrong is an insidious and dangerous one. Far more is it the purpose to inquire within whether the fault, or much of it, may not lie at home.

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GREAT, ever fruitful, profitable for reproof, for encouragement, for building up in manful purposes and works, are the words of those that in their day were men.



### PROVISIONING AN OCEAN LINER.

JUST as the battleship in the broadest sense is a floating steel fort with engines under it to move it from place to place in the shortest possible time, so is the average liner a floating hotel with the machinery in it to move it from one side of the ocean to the other with the greatest possible speed consistent with safety. Every great ocean steamship leaving New York for Europe carries from \$10,000 to \$15,000 worth of food and drink supplies. The larder of the ship is usually loaded for the return voyage as well, for two-thirds of the perishable food is purchased on the American side. This is especially true of meats, flour and sugar. Liquors are bought on the European side because they are cheaper there. The lines give bonds not to sell any liquors when in port on the American side, and thus the duty is saved on this class of goods. Inasmuch as the drinkables are not perishable, the profit to the company on their sale is large and certain.

A day or two before a great steamship sails the general passenger agent sends an estimate of the probable number of passengers that the vessel will carry, to the port steward. The port steward has already received, usually from three houses, an estimate of prices. He then makes his requisitions and early on the morning on which the vessel sails the trucks come lumbering down to the pier and in a few hours the goods are stored on board. The ship has taken on by this time from 3,000 to 3,500 tons of coals, about 500 tons of water, thirty tons of ice, several thousand tons of cargo and, at the last minute, the passengers and their baggage are stowed away, the whistle blows and the vessel backs out slowly, with the aid of snorting tugs, poises a moment in midstream and then starts for Europe.

Most of the port stewards of the great lines spend from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 a year for supplies in New York alone. Here are some of the items of what the supplies include: Fully 50,000 pounds of fresh meat, two thirds of which consists of beef. There are generally 10,000 pounds of poultry—chickens, ducks, squabs, geese and other fowls on board. The item of fresh fruits is large. Then comes a great variety of canned and dried fruits, with all sorts of jams and jellies and marmalades. Fully 10,000 pounds of butter are consumed on a voyage.

All the ice cream carried on board is made in the United States and carried to Europe for the incoming as well as the outgoing voyage. Ice cream, American fashion, is not made in Europe for general sale, and every large steamer takes about 8,000 quarts of it when the vessel starts out from

New York. The liquor supplies for a liner include about 2,500 bottles of champagne, 3,000 bottles of clarets, burgundies and American wines, 1,500 bottles of white wine, hock and sherry, 2,000 bottles of whiskies, 2,000 bottles of ale and porter, 4,000 bottles of beer, 5,000 bottles of mineral waters. About 8,000 cigars of various kinds and the same number of packages of cigarettes are included in the bar outfit.

All this amount of supplies is based, of course, upon a full passenger list, say from 400 to 500 first-cabin passengers and from 800 to 1,200 steerage passengers, with a crew of, say, 400 persons. In addition to the ordinary supplies, the government requires emergency supplies to be carried, so as to provide food for fully a month in case of accident. These supplies are chiefly canned or dried goods, and consist of peas, beans, barley flour, canned meats, coffee, tea and sugar. They are rarely used, and, after being carried for a few months, it is often necessary to condemn them and get new ones in.

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### WILD RICE.

THE New Orleans *Times-Democrat* tells us that wild rice is to be a coming food fad.

Capitalists are trying to buy up the entire crop of wild rice produced in the region about Duluth, Minn., to convert it into some new breakfast food. It costs from two to three times as much as ordinary rice, but has a peculiarly delicious flavor and is more nutritious than any of the cultivated grains. Those interested in the enterprise believe that a preparation made from it would be likely to "take" with the public.

There are no figures to show, even approximately, how many bushels of this remarkable cereal are harvested in an average year in Minnesota and northern Wisconsin, but the crop is enormous, inasmuch as it furnishes the chief food of 30,000 Indians—notably the Ojibway, Sioux and Menominee. Large quantities of the wild rice, too, are consumed by white people in this part of the country, who are very fond of it, and one dealer in Duluth handles one or two tons of it each autumn.

September is the month of the wild rice harvest, and all of the grain that comes to market is gathered by the Indians. The work falls mainly to the squaws, who go out in canoes upon the lakes, where the plant grows in the shallows, and bend the stalks over the side of the boat beating the precious seeds out of the purplish, green heads. This is done before they are ripe, because otherwise they might be thrashed out by wind and rain, falling into the water.

The plant, though an aquatic, is a true cereal and closely related to wheat and oats. Its shoots appear above the surface early in June, and at this stage, when seen from a distance, the beds look like low green islands. Later on they are covered with yellow flowers and present a beautiful aspect. The stalks when full grown stand four or five feet out of the water, and so thickly that the canoes of the harvesters have to be propelled through the "fields" by poling.

The grain is a slender cylindrical kernel half an inch long, slate-colored, and inclosed in a tough and tightly fitting husk. In the ordinary course of nature it falls, when ripe, into the water, sinks to the soft mud of the bottom and there germinates, sending up a single vigorous stalk. The annual yield under favorable conditions is from fifty to seventy-five bushels an acre, and the crop is very reliable, save only that once in a while the fields are drowned out by exceptionally high water, causing a total failure over extensive areas. Two or three weeks before the grain is ripe the Indian women go out in canoes and tie up the stalks of the wild rice in bunches, the object of this performance being to prevent depredation by birds and also to protect the seed heads from damage by storms. The work is done in most systematic fashion, a "field" thus treated having as orderly an appearance as an equal area of cultivated land at harvest time.

Later on the seeds are beaten out in the manner described and the boat loads of them are conveyed to the shore, where they are dried and cured. Being taken in a green state, they have to be artificially ripened before being fit for use, and for this purpose they are spread on a sort of scaffold covered with cedar baskets, to dry in the sun or parched in kettles until the outer coat bursts.

The next process consists in a species of threshing, to remove the outer coat of the grain. This is accomplished usually by pouring a quantity of the seeds into a skin lined hole in the ground and treading it out or banging away at it with a short churn dasher. Afterward the kernel and chaff are scooped out of the hole in shallow baskets of birch bark, and the former are separated from the latter by tossing them into the air gently and permitting the wind to carry away the light debris. If there is no wind a fan is employed.

The wild rice is now ready for use as food. It is largely used by the Indians to thicken soups, of which they are very fond, but it is good to eat in other ways. Like ordinary rice, it swells enormously when cooked in water, and a good-sized cupful will furnish a breakfast dish for eight or

ten persons. With venison it goes admirably, and the parching to which it has been subjected lends to it a peculiar gamey flavor, much relished by sportsmen, who in this part of the country commonly carry stores of wild rice with them on their hunting expeditions. It is a conveniently condensed form of ration.

There is no doubt that many hundreds of acres of water space in Minnesota and Wisconsin now bearing crops of wild rice were originally planted by Indians; but, of course, they used fresh seed and sowed it promptly after it was gathered. It is thought that profitable use might be made of the wide areas of lakes in the upper Mississippi valley by the artificial propagation of this highly-esteemed cereal.

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#### POTATOES A GREAT CROP.

THE opinion generally prevails that wheat or corn, in some regions one and in others the other, constitute the crop of greatest value to the world. Such is not the fact. The potato leads all other staples, being produced at the rate of 4,000,000,000 bushels a year, while the wheat yield is only 2,500,000,000. Europe produces seven-eighths of all the world's potatoes, but it is little Ireland which eats most of them, averaging four pounds of potatoes a day per capita. The United States is on record as the greatest meat-eating country in the world, 11,000,000,000 pounds yearly being consumed here. There are physiologists who ascribe to this her power on land and sea. Johnny Bull has the sweetest tooth among the world's children, heading the list of sugar consumers at a yearly rate of 3,000,000,000 pounds of sugar. Of tobacco, however, the average in Belgium is one hundred and ten ounces per capita, in the United States only forty-three ounces. But in the matter of beer the United States again takes the lead, showing a record of thirty gallons a year for each inhabitant, distancing even Germany herself.

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#### DINNER SERVICE WORTH \$400 000.

THE famous Sevres dessert service which is kept in cabinets in the green drawing-room at Windsor castle and in which President Loubet was most interested is probably worth about £80,000, or \$400,000. The service was purchased by George IV, when prince of Wales, for quite a small sum. It passed on his death, in accordance with his will, to William IV, who generously made it over to the crown instead of keeping it as his own private property, which he could have done if so disposed.



## AN OLD ROMAN WELL IN INDIA.

IT was in a land where Rome had been; at a place that was still haunted by her presence, but which now had lapsed into that patient waiting life of the gardens and the fields; a place that sang from dawn to eve, and from eve to dawn, with a busy murmur of things unseen. For it was summer; and in those warm lands and times the dark of the night only wakens another range of being into song, and the murmur of a tireless hymning goes on without break or pause, and only as the hour of sunset lays the hush of the spirit over all, is the note of the world subdued to a minor tone, as there wake those other things that live out their lives to a still deeper measure of the wisdom of things unknown.

Now all this stir and murmur of life was housed in gardens and in fields where a great city once had been. The plain was broken into hills and ridges which on a closer view were proved to be the mighty underworks of Rome. Mountainous masses of brick and stone stood there in giant heaps, where once long ago they had stood in all their pride; but now their every purpose and meaning was gone from them, and they were become but a thoughtless part of the earth once again; lying piled all about as if some deep sleep had been laid upon them, a sleep so long and so deep that all manner of things had grown upon them, and the great roots of aged olives were twined all about them, and the birds and the little whispering things that are so near the earth flitted and crept fearlessly over them and sang them their songs and their murmurs all the year through.

A mile or two away lay a range of hills; and it was often in my mind to make for a low dip in them, from which one could have looked over all this slumbering city of the past. And often did I set out to reach this promised point of vantage, but as often was I beguiled into some by-path, caught by the vision of a broken column, or a more shapely mass of ruins. And it was not till the very last day of my stay that I at last found myself upon the crest of the ridge, just where I had so often seen the dip in the range to be. And there came upon a strangely speaking thing. For just beyond the brow of the hill, on a lap where it sank to a level, was a large stone-mouthed well. At first there seemed but little to draw one to it, for it stood some way apart from the mountain track, as if at some other time some other way had led to it, and it was only as a sort of afterthought I bethought me to cross over to it and look inside. It was a great well and very deep; and as it went down its sides opened out as if one were looking into the mouth of a vast amphora. And the whole of it within was most delicately sheathed and cushioned with maidenhair fern; and the still pool below reflected it all, so that you could scarcely tell where it was water and where it was

maidenhair fern. Then as I looked and peered about I noticed that the great rim of the well, the whole of its long way round, was cut into deep grooves like the teeth of a comb; and this on a closer perusal proved to be where the cords had for centuries of wear been fretting and eating their way into the stone. Most of them were a foot or more deep, and they were close together, and I counted over a hundred of them without counting them all.

Now here indeed was a touch of the vanquished home-life of this old world city. One knows how strange it is to see the ruts that are worn so deep into the streets of Pompeii, with their vivid sense of the real presence of a long vanished day; but here it came to you with a still greater conviction, for we are but little conversant with the way the old world went on wheels, and what little we know is not wholly familiar, seeing how far we have traveled in the intervening years; but the practice that has always attended the drawing of water from the well remains much the same in these southern lands to-day, as it was in the days when nymphs and fauns and other woodland beings were known to lie in wait for maidens who went straying on their way to draw water from the wells. The same shapely pitchers of bronze or of earthenware, which the women poise so deftly on their heads; the same upright going and coming; the same glance over and in; the same smothered sigh of the vessel as it sinks to the fill; the same long pause where it drips on the well side, and gossip and laugh and story are given and taken before it is time to balance the brimming vessel on the head again and once more away to the home. And these many deeply cut grooves in the old well rim seemed to give one almost a hand touch with the homely needs of those by-gone days, and it was a hard thing to understand that the place has indeed been forsaken since the days of the coming of the Vandals, and that no one has since been here save for a passing traveler's need; and yet for how many untold years must the people have drawn for water for those grooves to have been so many and to have worn so deeply in? And now the whole place has gone back, as I said before, to the brooding life whose voice is the great field silence, and the well with all its homely tokens has become almost at one with the quiet of earth, as it muses on in solemn waiting, and holds up its look of question to the skies and the stars.—*W. S.*

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## A NATURAL ICEHOUSE.

A WRITER in the *New York Tribune* tells of a wonderful curiosity to be found in Pennsylvania. If this is in reach of any members of the Nook family they could make an interesting article if they are familiar with the location.

One of the most remarkable freaks of nature to be found in the United States, if not in the world, exists about a half hour's ride east of this place, near a little hamlet known by the name of Sweden Valley. It is called the "ice cave." Some years ago while excavations were going on in the construction of a railroad a short distance under the surface of the side hill ice several inches in thickness was found in crevices in the rock in midsummer. Later it was discovered that on a large portion of the side hill facing the north, along which the railroad was being built, ice was to be found only a few inches under ground late in the summer.

Some persons, thinking the phenomenon indicated the presence of some sort of mineral in the locality, began excavations in the side hill. An excavation nearly twenty feet deep was made directly into the hill, and about ten feet from the surface of the ground down to the level of the excavation, finding ice and a peculiar formation of rock, but no evidence of valuable mineral. A shaft was then sunk at the back part of the excavation about eight feet square and eighteen feet deep. As warm weather came on ice began to form along the sides of the shaft from the water which dripped down the sides of the shaft, until the work had to be abandoned. The singular feature of the freezing was that on the hottest days, when the air was dry, the ice formed the fastest, sometimes an inch or more in a day. It continued to form until about the middle of August, when the freezing stopped, and by November 1 the ice had nearly all disappeared. There was no appearance of ice again until by the middle of July the ice was fully eighteen inches in thickness in places in the well or cave. Angeworms, lizards, etc., would be frozen into the ice as they attempted to crawl down the surface.

This ice formation extended to within a few inches of the top of the excavation, often being several inches thick when the summer sun was shining directly upon it. A current of cold air is constantly coming from the mouth of the excavation in hot weather and is greatest on very hot days, when the outside air is driest. A thick fog at times forms over the mouth of the cave, caused by the cold air coming in contact with the warm air outside. At the present time ice is to be found in the cave more than a foot thick, all of which has formed since April 1 last. When the thermometer stands at 90 degrees outside the air in the cave, only eighteen feet from the surface, stands at the freezing point. The sharp spines of the forming ice can be seen at any time in mid-day or when the sun is shining outside and the

thermometer is at the highest point it reaches in summer. Another remarkable thing is that the current of cold air appears only in warm weather, ceasing as the weather gets colder.

The mayor of one of the large manufacturing cities of England visited the place two years since and when asked what he thought of it said: "I am generally credited at home as a truthful man, but if I went home and told what I have seen here to-day I should not expect to be believed. The whole thing is apparently directly contrary to nature."

\* \* \*

#### A NEW SCHOOL FOR PARROTS.

It is a woman and not a lazy woman either who enjoys the distinction of introducing the only improvement in the method of teaching parrots to talk that has been inaugurated since the green and yellow bird on the ark lisped its first "Pretty Poll" to the prompting of Shem, Ham or Japhet.

In a bird store on North Ninth street, where the untutored immigrant parrot flourishes in great profusion, the woman has opened her twentieth century school of languages for the instruction of her feathered scholars in the intricacies of English as it is spoken in Philadelphia.

Instead of straining her throat and consuming valuable time in repeating words for the parrots to practice upon, the woman sets a phonograph going, retires to a rocking chair and takes it easy. The phonograph does all the teaching.

Persistence and patience, both of which the phonograph has, is necessary to instil into the parrot's mind the lessons which must be learned before its linguistic ability is such as to bring the bird's marketable value up to a profitable figure.

All that is necessary is to insert the cylinder containing the word or phrase that constitutes the lesson for the day, switch on the motor and set the machine going within earshot of the young parrots.

Tradition and custom is strong in the primary schools for parrots and the first words taught them are "Pretty Poll."

"The birds learn as readily from the phonograph as from the human voice," said the woman. "I think they pick up the words more rapidly, too. It saves time and time is money. A week usually is required to make a parrot letter perfect in the pronunciation of a word or sentence.

"It doesn't do to force the birds to learn too fast. I let them listen to the phonograph for thirty minutes a day.

"It takes a week for a bird to commit to memory one phrase."



## Our Bureau Drawer.

### ALWAYS SET YOUR TABLE FOR A GUEST !

BY HARRIET BEAVAN.

When you've got through cares unnumbered, and your mind is less encumbered,

And you feel that you can take a well-earned rest,

Use this little bit of Knowledge, that was gained in Wisdom's college;

That is, always set your table for a guest!

Let your silver be the brightest and your linen be the whitest,

And your flowers the very freshest you can find:

Every serviette unrumpled and the d'oyleys all uncrumpled.

And a satisfaction grand will fill your mind.

Those who round the table cluster—where home's loved ones always muster—

Will admire a dainty table, sweetly set.

And the home ties will grow tighter, and the outlook will be brighter,

If the menu is but meager, do not fret!

Make the home scene bright and sunny, 'twill not take a heap of money,

But 'twill give some little trouble, 'tis confest,

And you'll save a nasty tumble, and you'll have no cause to grumble

If you always set your table for a guest!

—Cooking Club.

### SANDWICH SUGGESTIONS.

If sandwiches are nicely prepared and neatly packed in waxed paper nothing is nicer for school lunches. You can vary them wonderfully from day to day, so that they seem like different dishes, and they only need a pint of rich milk to make a perfectly satisfactory luncheon.

Here is a fancy butter which keeps for a fortnight or so on ice: Beat one-half pound fresh butter to a cream, mix in lightly a gill of stiffly whipped cream, with mustard, salt, and, if liked, a dash of cayenne pepper to taste. The butter for sandwiches is always more delicate when beaten to a cream before using.

Meat cut for sandwiches should be sliced thinly and neatly, all skin, hard parts, or sinews carefully removed, and then delicately seasoned with salt and pepper, although I use little of both for children.

To the meat add sliced and pared cucumber, lettuce leaves, mustard, and cress, or sliced tomatoes. These vegetables may be used plain or slightly seasoned with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper to taste. Sliced hard boiled egg is excellent treated thus and goes well with tomatoes or lettuce.

Sweet sandwiches are nice and so little used. Small rolls or biscuits may be sliced and spread thickly with cream, either plain or flavored with vanilla sugar, grated chocolate, golden sirup, or jam. Or you can spread thinly sliced brown bread with equal quantities of but-

ter and brown sugar beaten to a light white cream and flavored to taste with lemon juice and grated nutmeg.

The rolls may be stuffed. Cut off a piece from the roll, scoop out the inside, and fill the cavity with minced meat, fish, or fowl, which has been mixed with mayonnaise or meat sauce. Or, the fingers used for eclaire may be substituted for the rolls.

A beefsteak sandwich is a good thing, only the children should not eat meat more than once a day. Broil or stew a thin steak, have ready slices of bread and butter, lift the meat off the fire, season with salt and freshly ground black pepper, and place it hissing hot between the bread, piling one sandwich on top of the other, wrap in wax paper and eat cold.

Cheese, hard boiled eggs, lettuce and olives, sliced bananas, extremely ripe, and sardines are all good and substantial, besides many other fillings which I will not enumerate.

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Is there any way for a person to learn the art of carving so that it can be expertly done if called upon at a public dinner?

This is an exceedingly difficult thing to do. The writer has seen a small woman carve a big turkey or goose without rising from her seat, and do it fairly well, while a grown man had to stand up and go through a performance that made everybody within reach doubtful whether or not he would escape. The

thing to do is to watch somebody who does know, and who can do it without making an exhibition of it, and then learn by practice. That is a thing that pretty nearly everybody is watching and it is well for some one on the inside to start a conversation that will detract attention from the possibility of a show.

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Is it in good form to announce an engagement?

Yes, there is no reason why it should not be announced informally provided there is no chance of a banana skin between the two ends of the proposition. Most young people, and older ones too for that matter, prefer to keep that as personal secret just as long as possible. The INGLENOOK sees no reason why it should not be announced, but if anything should happen in between it might make the premature parties do a whole lot of explaining.

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How should a letter be started and closed to a stranger? Is it right to say Dear Mrs. Blank when practically you do not know her?

There can be no objection to saying, "Dear Mrs. Blank," or signing it "Yours sincerely," or "Yours faithfully," or anything of the kind, as it is well understood that these are mere forms and mean nothing. Something has to go first and last and you can make your choice provided you are not silly in the matter.

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What is a good time to send presents to the bride and bridegroom who have a right to expect it from you?

Presents should be in from ten days to not later than a week before the ceremony. Try to get something that is not likely to be duplicated.

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#### WHEN A WOMAN IS HAPPIEST.

LADY ARABELLA ROMILLY discusses, in an English magazine, the question, "What is the happiest period of a woman's life?" She says: "Must not a woman wait till her life is nearly over before she can answer that question truthfully? For to each woman, married or maid, the idea of happiness must differ according to her temperament or estate. But in summing up many examples, in looking back on beautiful memories, married, I think that the happiest period of a woman's life is the time when she has a nursery full of little children—the baby years."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

\*\*\*

KITTY DOTYOUR, from Kansas, writes for the benefit of the INGLENOOK family that one teaspoonful of whole white mustard taken after each meal until a cupful is used is a sure remedy for indigestion and neuralgia of the stomach. It is worth a trial.

#### SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.

LET our good NOOK women try this sometime. If they hit the combination right they will have something to make life worth the living. Make a pastry of a pound of flour and two ounces of lard or butter a teaspoonful of baking powder, and as much water or milk as may be necessary to make a stiff paste. Divide this into twelve parts and roll it out. In the center of each piece put a sausage, divested of its "casing," and if country sausage, cut into pieces about two inches long inserting it into the paste, turning it over and making a dumpling out of it. Drop these into boiling water and let them slowly boil for an hour, when serve piping hot. A horseradish, mustard, or tomato sauce accompaniment will be a good thing. There is a French name for this sort of thing but the Nookman has forgotten it. All the same the sausage dumplings are a work of art on a cold day.

#### Or You Might Try This.

MINCE a few pounds of beef and mix with it a few pieces of parsley, two ounces of bread crumbs and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Season with salt and pepper. Have roast potatoes cutting the ends off and scooping out the contents, and fill in with your mixture. Put a piece of butter on the top and reset in the pan and make as hot as possible. Serve with tomato sauce. To make the tomato sauce simply take the water from a can of tomatoes and getting a little of the tomatoes along. Beat to a mush with a fork, put in some salt and plenty of pepper and bring to boil. Use this as dressing on the finished product.

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#### ORANGE MARMALADE.

BY GRACE GNAGEY.

TAKE equal weights of sour oranges and sugar. Grate the yellow rind from one-fourth of the oranges, cut all the fruit in halves, pick out all the pulp and free it from seeds. Drain off all the juice you can and put it on to boil with the sugar. Let it come to a boil, skim, and simmer for five minutes. Then put in the pulp and grated rind and boil five minutes longer.

*Glendora, Cal.*

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#### DATE CREAM.

PLACE a quart of milk in a double boiler with a tablespoonful of blanched and chopped almonds and let it scald; add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch to a cup of sugar and beat to a cream with a tablespoonful of butter and add the milk slowly to the mixture and then return to the double boiler; stir and cook smooth and thick, then add two cupfuls of skinned and stoned dates; put in a glass dish and set away to cool. Serve with a foaming sauce or whipped cream.



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## WINGED WORDS.

If words  
 Were birds,  
 And swiftly flew  
 From tips  
 Of lips  
 Owned, dear, by you,  
 Would they  
 To-day  
 Be hawks and crows?  
 Or blue  
 And true  
 And sweet? Who knows?  
  
 Let's play  
 To-day  
 We choose the best:  
 Birds blue  
 And true,  
 With dove-like breast.  
 'Tis queer,  
 My dear,  
 We never knew  
 That words,  
 Like birds,  
 Had wings and flew!

\* \* \*

## HOW THE BIRDS DRESS.

As bird fashions do not change the lady birds of to-day wear the same kind of dresses their grandmothers wore and are not troubled about styles.

Two suits a year are quite enough for most birds, but they need to take great care of them.

Each separate feather must be cleaned and looked over and the useless ones pulled out.

You have seen a canary preening his feathers by lifting them and smoothing them out with his bill, and you may have thought him vain to do this so often.

But necessity and not vanity is the cause of his frequent dressings.

If you neglect to comb your hair it will become tangled and look untidy, but more serious things happen to a bird who does not comb his feathers.

These feathers are not packed close together, you know, but lie loose and have places between filled with air.

When a bird wants to get warmer he lifts his feathers so that these air spaces may be larger; but, if his feathers are tangled or wet and dirty, he could not raise them and soon he could not keep the heat in his little body and would die of course.

Perhaps you have noticed sparrows or other birds in the winter time. They always look larger, but they have only fluffed out their feathers because the weather is cold.

Mr. Canary does the same thing when he goes to bed at night. A water bird has to be even more particular about his clothes, for if he should get them wet he would die of cold.

It seems odd, does it not, that he can go in the water and not get wet? It is a fact, though, and it is only because he oils his feathers. All water birds have an oil can, or an oil gland, as it is called, located down among his tail feathers and after he has smoothed himself carefully he reaches his head down to the oil gland and gets a nip of oil in his bill and with it he oils his feathers with the greatest care.

If he does it properly the water will run off and not soak in the least bit. Just watch a duck when you get a chance and see how he does it.

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## "THANK YOU."

LITTLE Jack was only four years old, and a great pet of his Aunt Ruth, on account of his sweet, affectionate ways. One day his cousin, a boy of sixteen, set Jack to work for him. He told him to pull up some weeds in the field, while he finished his story. Little Jack worked away until his fingers were sore and his face was very hot. When, at length, he returned to the house, his aunt said to him, "Jackie, what have you been doing?"

The tears came into his eyes, and his lips quivered, and, for a moment, he did not speak. Then he said: "I've been kind to Cousin Frank, I worked dreffly hard for him, and he never said 'thank you' to me."

Poor little Jackie! I felt sorry for him. It was hard lines not to have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night when I put him in his little cot, he said to me: "Auntie, this morning I was sorry that I pulled the weeds, but now I'm not sorry."

"How is that?" I asked. "Has Cousin Frank thanked you?"

"No he hasn't; but inside of me I have a good feeling. It always comes when I have been kind to any one, and, do you know, I've found out what it is?"

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

And throwing his arms around my neck he whispered, "It's God's thank you."

## The Q. & A. Department.

How is a marble bust sculptured?

Let us take a head for illustration. It is first modelled in clay and this requires the real skill of the artist. After the clay head is finished it is passed over to the man known as the "pointer," and he takes the block of marble and bores hundreds and hundreds of tiny little holes of various depths into the block. As many as fifteen hundred of these little holes are often bored for carving one bust. The marble is then passed over to another man with a chisel and he chisels off the marble to the depth of the holes which are his guides. When he is through a few extra touches by the sculptor and the bust is completed. An ordinary bust, say about two feet six inches in height, takes about two weeks to finish.

✱

Why was Maximilian shot in Mexico instead of being pardoned as the United States requested?

The rulers of Mexico stated that had he been pardoned he would always claimed to have been emperor. By killing him they put him out of the way entirely. Another reason was given by Mexico that he issued an edict against Jaurez, ordering any of his followers to be killed on sight. He was shot, together with two of his generals.

✱

When is the Panama canal likely to be finished?

It is likely to be finished sometime, but the INGLENOOK does not know when.

✱

How are the spelling and pronunciation of a geographical name authoritatively settled?

If of sufficient account the United States Board of Geographical names, at Washington, D. C., takes it up and gives it official sanction in some definite way.

✱

How far is the Mammoth cave from Louisville, Ky.?

Six hundred and seventy-five miles south by southwest. It was discovered in 1809. It is connected by avenues and openings which aggregate one hundred and fifty miles in length.

✱

Who are the Huguenots of this country?

They are descendants of the original Huguenots, a religious organization of the old world.

✱

What is the work of the Red Cross?

To ameliorate the condition of the sick and wounded in time of war.

What do Socialists aim to do?

They advocate public ownership of all the means of production, control by the working classes, and what they deem fair pay for their work. It is an expression of labor troubles.

✱

During the war between Rome and the Jews did any part of the Jewish faith side with the Romans?

It is recorded in history that the Sadducees mainly sided with the Romans. After the fall of Jerusalem they are not heard of.

✱

After Dowie, who will take charge of his movement?

Not being in the confidence of the cult, the Nook is not able to say. When Dowie dies there is a good chance of it all going to pieces.

✱

Can the Nook give the total membership of the Universalist church in the United States?

A late record gives 746 ministers, 772 churches, and a membership of 53,873.

✱

What is gold dust worth?

Thoroughly cleaned it is worth \$16 an ounce, mixed with sand or quartz \$14 to \$15 an ounce.

✱

What is the government of Russia? Is it in any sense democratic?

The government is the will of the Czar, first and last.

✱

Is there any record of the number of Sunday schools in the world?

Yes, almost 253,000 in all.

✱

How is Scotland subdivided?

Into counties, of which there are thirty-three.

✱

How many popes have there been?

The Catholics claim 264, beginning with Peter.

✱

Has the Salvation Army a publication?

Forty-five of them.

✱

Is there a confederate army organization in existence?

Yes.

✱

When was Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, settled?

It was founded in 1598.



## LITERARY.

THE *Review of Reviews* is keeping up its reputation as the best interpreter of the news of the day among our monthly journals. The November number deals with the postal investigation, the fall elections, the recent exposures of "high finance" in trust organization, the Panama Canal situation, the award of the Alaska boundary tribunal, the protectionist movement in England, and the issue in the far East between Russia and Japan. Contributed articles describe "Men and Issues of the New York City Campaign," just closing; "The Nation's print Shop and Its Methods,"—including a review of the famous "Miller case" and its outcome and the whole question of the status of labor unions in the Government Printing Office; "The Fort Riley Maneuvers," which began on Oct. 15; "The New Springfield Rifle and the Improvement in Small Arms;" "Galveston's Great Sea Wall;" and "The Rebirth of the Japanese Language and Literature,"—a history of the movement for the adoption of the Roman character in writing and printing, in place of the Chinese systems of picture-writing. Dr. George F. Kunz writes an authoritative account of the discovery of radium, and the uses and properties of that wonderful element. In this number also appears the defense of Russia's policy in Finland, which was addressed last month by Minister de Plehve to Mr. W. T. Stead. Altogether a typically "live" number.

\* \* \*

## FROM THE WEEKLY CLARION.

MR. JOHN SMITH was seen on our streets last week.

Miss Jane Sprowl spent the day with her Aunt Wiggins one day this last week.

John Jones Sundayed in Chicago last week.

Alf Williams treated the Editor to a soda water at Gray's pharmacy. Alf knows how to treat ye editor.

Wm. Winters will kill his hogs next week if all is well.

Mr. David Green was seen coming out of the McWilliams residence at a late hour after last Wednesday's prayer meeting. O Dave, Dave!

Miss Mary Braugher was seen on our streets on Friday.

Jeff Nulty has gone to the city.

Misses McWardle visited the Clarion last week. Come again, ladies.

Mr. Joseph Grimes laid an egg on our editorial table this week that measured nine inches around. He is justly proud of his chickens.

Wood received on subscriptions.

Birdie McGuinness was seen on our streets one day this week.

Use McManus' Relief, Fifty cents a bot.

Isaac Wellman is sick again. We hope Ike will soon be seen on our streets again.

\* \* \*

## BETTER HAVE WAITED TO WRITE HIS LETTER.

THE following letter, with only the names changed, was lately received by a Montreal firm of bicycle manufacturers. It was from one of their French-Canadian customers doing business in a little village in the province of Quebec, where English is evidently seldom used:

mister T. J. Jones and companee. Notre Dame street, Montreal, P. Q.—Dear Sir: i receev de bicykel witch i by from you alrite but for why you dont send me no saddel. wat is de use of de bicykel when She dont have no saddel. i am loose to me my kustomer sure ting by no having de saddel and dats not very pleasure for Me. wat is de matter wit you mister jones and companee. is not my monneys so good like annoder mans. you loose to me my trade an i am verree anger for dat an now i tells to you dat you are a fools an no good mister T. J. Jones and companee. i send to you back at wunce your bicykel to-morro for shure bekawse you are such a foolishness peeples. yours respeckfulle J. B. St. Denis.

P. S.—since i rite dis letter i find de saddel in de box. excuse to me.

\* \* \*

## A BEAR HUG.

RESIDENTS in a village on Lake Constance were witnesses of an impromptu hugging match yesterday which almost cost the life of the village beauty. A local photographer, wishing to obtain an original design for an illustrated post card, persuaded a young girl, the village belle, to pose with a bear belonging to a wandering showman. The photograph was to represent the bear caught in the act of kissing the girl. The bear gave the girl such a close embrace that she fell senseless. It was some time before she recovered. Fortunately no bones were broken.

\* \* \*

"I AM highly pleased with the NOOK. It ought to be in every home in America."—Frank J. Evans, Arkansas.

\* \* \*

"YOU are surely doing good with that fine paper. Success to the INGLENOOK."—Jennie Kinsey, Ohio.

\* \* \*

"THE NOOK is getting better all the time."—Maynard S. Grossnickel, Illinois.

\* \* \*

"WE all like the INGLENOOK."—Phares N. Becker, Pa.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER 17, 1903.

No. 47.

## THE CRY OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

We are the children of the air—the drifting autumn leaves,  
And as we take our wayward march the solemn wind-host grieves,  
And through gray dusks we see great husks and myriad harvest sheaves.  
We journey through the barren land, a scattered throng;  
we fly  
With many a little rustling voice beneath the leaden sky,  
Knowing at last we shall be cast on winter's breast to die.  
Sad voyagers, banished from the homes that erstwhile we made dear,  
We stumble down forgotten lanes, all desolate and drear,  
And with a moan we sail alone the twilight of the year.  
Ah, who is there that pities us, or dreams a soul is ours?  
Yet when the April signal came, the message to the flow-ers;  
When buds awoke and blossoms broke amid the silver showers;  
When May revealed the joy of us and all our wonder told,  
And summer's miracle was wrought in fen and glade and wold,  
Ah, then the heart of man did start and marveled, un-controlled.  
All our dream-beauty then was known, our glory then was seen,  
And when the gentle springtide winds, with tender note yet keen,  
Pulsed through our veins in quiet lanes, we showed our magic green.  
Oh, then the hearts of living things rejoiced in us, and we  
Were glad indeed to give our share of love and mystery  
To all the world when spring unfurled her banners si-lently.  
Yet now when we must sail away toward that far haven where  
The spirits of the flowers went, who, who, alas! is there  
That gives one thought to us who wrought a palace in the air!  
Ah, God alone shall hear us when we falter down the dark,  
And he shall light an autumn star—one little, steadfast spark,  
To guide our soul to his far goal—the place that he shall mark.

—The Criterion.

## JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

*Sin is insanity.*  
\*  
*Dead religions have no difficulties.*  
\*  
*There is no second hand salvation.*  
\*  
*Nothing God made is insignificant.*  
\*  
*None of us live for ourselves alone.*  
\*  
*The rebound of hatred is sure to hurt.*  
\*  
*Luck is only grasping opportunity when it comes.*  
\*  
*Do not mistake liberty for license, they are dif-ferent.*  
\*  
*The saint would be washed, the hypocrite white-washed.*  
\*  
*For all your praying God will give you only what you need.*  
\*  
*A neighbor's hen in the pot is worth two in the berry patch.*  
\*  
*The inventor of the pumpkin pie ought to have a monument.*  
\*  
*You are not going either to heaven or hell on an-other's conscience.*  
\*  
*It takes two to start talk, one to do the talking and the other the listening.*  
\*  
*When you find a man or woman that attends strict-ly to their own business snapshot them.*  
\*  
*To discover how many idle men are in a place, it is only necessary to set two dogs to fighting.*



## EMPTY LONDON.

THE following article is taken from an English paper and comes to the INGLENOOK *via* Bombay, India. It is reproduced here in its entirety for the benefit of our readers who would like to know what our English relations think of us. "A little-corn-pop" is good.

Members of the Upper House are busy motoring at excessive rates of speed, and in thinking of names they do not bear, and addresses that know them not.

Mayfair is washing in hand basins, drinking horrid waters, and owing large sums lost at bridge in remote German villages.

So London is empty.

Consequently it is difficult, between ten in the morning and ten at night, to make one's way through any of its streets from East Strand to Regent-circus without treading on the toes of fellow man and woman.

Nevertheless, London is empty—of Londoners. For the vast crowds, in quaint clothes, who pass slowly from one place to another, are strangers. A large proportion come from our provinces, a sturdy, big-footed, honest, amused proportion. The rest come from America. The peculiar straw hat, with small crown and huge brim, the long narrow boots turning heavenwards at the toe, the padded shoulders, the short-waisted cut-away coat, the skin-tight trousers, the flat, dank hair, the pale, clean-shaven face, render them easy of recognition.

They make their way, in groups, from the Tower of London to Westminster Abbey, from St. Paul's Cathedral to Madame Tussaud's, from the gates of Buckingham Palace to the parlour of the Cheshire Cheese, from the Temple to the Pavilion. Their expression is one of great melancholy.

They find London "vurry over-rated." It strikes them, also as "vurry dear, anyway," and it seems to them extremely small. But they like the Houses of Parliament, they would make a fair hotel, and they think the Thames is fine, but wasted. They offer many suggestions for the improvement of the Embankment. They cannot see why it should not be given up to a motor track.

And they like the Zoological Gardens. But they think it is waste of time that all those animals are not taught fancy tricks. As animals, pure and simple, they are dull.

They express grave astonishment at our Government offices, those palatial and convenient buildings in and round Whitehall of which we are so justly proud. The War Office leaves them wordless. They emphatically disagree with us in thinking that any kind of hole is good enough for the people who devote their lives to the pattern of an undress cap. They don't know them, of course.

It takes two policemen to convince them that Buckingham Palace is a royal residence. Most of

them, who do not ask, go away under the impression that it is Victoria Station or the General Post Office.

They complain of many things about the Tower of London. The armor is too clean. They know of a place in Buffalo, or as the case may be, where a syndicate turns out armor for town halls and comic operas which looks really old. Then they disagree with the monotonous diet of beef-eaters. Surely a little-corn-pop would do them a lot of good? Then, too, what's the objection to their parties cutting their names in the rooms? And they don't see why the descriptive guides should be paid for. On their side programmes to entertainment are given away.

St. Paul's Cathedral they like. It reminds many of them of the Opera House, Oshkosh. The lines of St. Paul's are not so good, the dome is smaller, and it has too many steps to go up without a small electric car. But then, of course, Byron K. Pepper is an architect, any way.

Westminster Abbey fascinates them against their will. The rose window they pronounce "fancy," and the chapels "vurry cunning." The cloisters strike them as a nice place for an after-dinner smoke, while an orchestra plays on the green patch. They cannot see the use of so many canons to look after a place where so few people worship, and they agree in thinking that, with several structural alterations, it would make a fine public reading-room, and wash-house.

They have the greatest admiration for Waterloo Station. They are never tired of asking if the people who built it also built the Maze at Hampton Court.

The only thing they express satisfaction with in the big hotels is that they can put their boots outside their door to be cleaned, and find them there in the morning. In American hotels they dare not do that. The boots never come back.

But perhaps the National Gallery is the place in London over which they wax most enthusiastic. Many Americans have been known to spend so long a time as half an hour there. They assume, at once, an air of huge respect for the place when they are told by the attendants that the pictures are not for sale.

They know many young men on their side who "knock spots" on Van der Weyden, and Leonardo da Vinci, and Perugino, but they all take a great fancy to Turner's "Queen Mab's Grotto." One, who objected to the price of the illustrated catalogue, was very greatly delighted to recognize in it a clever painting of Edinburgh Castle in the early morning when the floods were out, and he was particularly amused at the fantastic representation by the artist of the musical comedy company returning to their rooms from the theatre.

In a few weeks' time our American cousins will have returned to their side, and then London will be full again.

At present, it is quite empty.—*Cosmo Hamilton.*

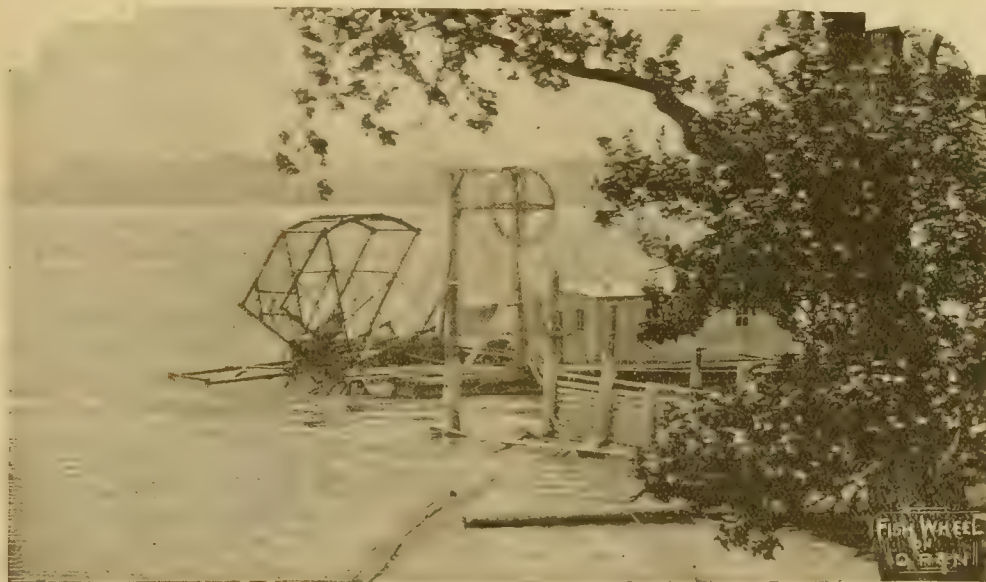
## SWIMMING "SAILOR FASHION."

It was a redheaded boy from across the tracks on his good behavior at the swimming hole above the dam that I first saw swim hand over hand, or "sailor fashion," as we called it, rightly or wrongly, I know not. I can hear now the crisp, staccato little smack his hand gave the water as he reached forward.

It has ever since been my envy and despair. It is so knowing, so "sporty." I class it with being able to wear a pink barred shirt front with a diamond cluster pin in it, with being genuinely fond of horse racing, with being a first class poker player, with being delighted with the company of actors—what wouldn't I give if I could be like that? My life has been a sad one, but I might find some comfort in it yet if I could

## FRUIT THAT EVE BIT.

A FRUIT supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit" or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mahomedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the the garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties.



SALMON WHEEL ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.

only get that natty little spat on the water when I lunge forward swimming overhand.

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## CROSSING THE RUBICON.

RUBICON, the ancient name of a small stream, is thought to be the modern Pisatella, which once formed the boundary between Italy and Cisalpine Gaul. It is celebrated from Cæsar's having hesitated about crossing it with his army, and initiating civil war, in the year 49 B. C. When he came to the river he paused upon the brink, but finally, saying, "The die is cast!" he spurred on his horse and dashed into the water. Hence, "To pass the Rubicon" has become a proverbial phrase to denote the taking of the first step in a momentous undertaking from which one cannot or will not recede.

## MYRIADS OF DEAD STARS.

THE dead stars probably outnumber the living stars by many, it may be by millions to one. Dark stars, although invisible to the naked eye, may yet be brought within the range of human observation, as many of them, though no longer luminous, must emit heat and may be photographed on plates, sensitized to the rays of the spectrum.

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## DEFINING A "CRAB."

THE old story of the Frenchmen who were making a dictionary and defined crab as "a small red fish that walks backward" illustrates the need of exact knowledge. Cuvier said the definition was excellent, only that the crab was not a fish, was not red and did not walk backward.



## SOMETHING ABOUT THE MORMONS.

BY LUCINDA HUMBERD.

My first acquaintance with the Mormons was in the spring of '47, soon after the main body had left the city of Nauvoo. My father bought a house and lot in the Kimball Division, and, as the parties were not ready to move, they, with two other families, rented rooms and stayed with us until they moved west. Heber Kimball and Brigham Young were at our house. After they went to Salt Lake City they came back to look after some property that was unsold and some that had been sold, for which a good title could not be had. Some who bought property of the Mormons tore their houses down and moved them over the river to the town of Montrose. In fact, most of the houses of Montrose were built from material taken out of Nauvoo.

The Mormons might well have been proud of their city and their magnificent temple. I do not know why no one is allowed to enter their temple at Salt Lake City, but I do know that anyone could go through the one at Nauvoo. I have been over it twice from the basement to the top and attended services in the audience room often. The baptismal font was in the basement and was built according to the description of the molten sea in 1 Kings 7:23-29. Joseph Smith was the architect.

They were very sad at leaving, and would often speak of their temple homes. They had the city laid out in lots and would have built on them had they remained. Political strife was, I think the main trouble although there was much stealing done which was laid to the Mormons. A few weeks before they left a dozen or more of them came over to our house to visit. One of the old women, called Rachael, a prophetess, stood up, spread out her hands toward the temple, and said that before four years that beautiful edifice would be levelled to the ground by fire. So it happened but the general opinion was that the Mormons did it as nothing but the basement fixtures could be found. The Mormons were busy preparing for their march. They had parched corn, ground, and in sacks and that with milk was to constitute the main article of food. They had milch cows hitched to their wagons in some cases instead of oxen. Their political strife and public feeling ran very high just before their leaving. Our basement was full of Mormon people who were afraid to stay in their own houses. They even carried sick men over on beds. It was quite an exciting time when the battle was fought. I can imagine yet the bugle call that went forth from the top of the temple when the call for battle was made. When the call was made the men who were out on the streets sought shelter in their homes. The can-

non balls flew in all directions, several were found in our yard. My father took me with him over the battlefield after they were all gone, and we could see the trails of blood where they had fought but I never heard the number that were killed on either side. The homes of the Mormons were deserted and the little chickens were cheeping for food but my father did not allow me to take them home as I wanted to.

I have a letter in my possession written by Joseph Smith, the present leader of the new sect of Mormons. His first wife was a schoolmate of mine and he acted as attorney in the sale of this same property for me in 1863. A few years ago I was back to Nauvoo on a visit, and had for company on my trip over the city, Andrew Smith, Joseph Smith's younger son. He, with six others, was there on a visit. Some of them had never been there before. One was there when the battle was fought but never went to Salt Lake City. I also visited the Smith burying ground and saw the tomb of Joseph Smith's wife but it is not known by many where Joseph himself is buried.

I had been absent for forty-four years and the familiarity of the place surprised me. I was told that there had not been a street or a road changed in all these years. A large Catholic church is built on the site of the temple and the convent is near by. I went up in the building and looked over the city and thought of its past grandeur. I do not think that there is a more beautiful place for a city than Nauvoo. There is a long stone slab lying where it was placed while the Mormons were still there. They were going to build a hall for the use of the "Seventy" as they called their Synod, but work was stopped on it and it still lies there. I saw it placed there. When several others were breaking off relics I asked if I could have a piece and they kindly gave me one.

I do not believe that polygamy was practiced extensively while they were living in Nauvoo. Joseph Smith's wife and children remained in the city and that was one of the reasons that Joseph's son would not be their leader at Salt Lake City. Joseph Smith, who is their leader there, is a nephew of the old prophet.

*Flora, Ind.*

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## LONDON.

IN the county of London there are over four and a half millions of people; in Greater London there are six millions, and more than five in Police London. Post Office London differs from the administrative country. Other Londons vary according to the decisions of the legislature, but one thing forces itself upon us, and that is this, sooner or later London must be the London of the largest area.

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A COWARD never forgives; it is not in his nature.

## OLD RELICS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

For a dozen years the southwest has become a touring point annually for thousands of visitors, attracted thither by the marvelous and eccentric forms of nature, the salubrious climate, the impressive structures of the pueblos, the curious and almost primitive life of their inhabitants, and, lastly, the remarkable cliff-dwellings of the canyons and the massive temples of the plains. These peripatetic visitors have created a tremendous demand for the art products of the ancient freeholders.

In consequence a new industry has sprung up and every town vaunts its curio and bric-a-brac shop, where a conglomeration of minerals, rare and otherwise; modern Indian paraphernalia made to order, brand-new basketry and pottery, and often scores and scores of fine examples of art from the sites of ancient buried cities or from the former nestlike homes of the cliff peoples are found. Even the solitary trader at the water tank has become afflicted with the bric-a-brac epidemic and peddles his prehistoric wares through the halted train, to the edification of the passengers and usually to the proprietor's financial satisfaction.

The discovery of the commercial value of such specimens has given rise to keen competition among the traders over this entire region, and the fact that several large collections have sold for fancy sums has so stimulated their cupidity that mercenary collectors have entirely outstripped scientific men in the search for and the acquisition of these articles and have committed most pernicious acts of vandalism.

The finest and oldest of all ruins in the union, if not in all the world, has been shamefully mutilated during the last year. It is Montezuma castle, a majestic communal habitation, that stands two hundred feet up the precipitous cliffs of Reauer creek, a branch of the Verde river, in Yavapai county, in northern Arizona. Prof. Samuel Wren of Cambridge university, England, pronounced it twenty years ago the most marvelous prehistoric dwelling in the civilized world, even worth going farther to see than the ruins in Rhenish Bavaria. Montezuma's castle never had anything to do with the great Aztec Montezuma, but it has undoubtedly stood perched upon its limestone cliffs three or four thousand years. Ages ago a multitude of human martins carried up the cliff and on their backs every stone, every bit of mortar used in the ponderous edifice, and the engineering and architectural skill these labors displayed, stamps them extraordinary people in their work, as mysterious and imposing as anything in Egypt and Asia.

Montezuma's castle comprises fine blocks of hewn stone, cemented together in wads four feet thick. In height the castle is fifty-two feet. It is crescent-shaped and is seventy-five feet long. It contains thirty-one rooms. Everywhere within are indications of the

mode of living of the unknown race, which dwelt there before Rome ruled the world. Such an impressive ruin would be guarded with jealous care were it in European countries, and thousands of Americans would cross land and sea to view it.

But it has been whacked to pieces by relic hunters, so that it is fast falling to destruction. Every year sees a falling of some of its walls in the efforts of mercenary explorers to exhume buried mummies and to get articles of dress, jewelry and burial vases of prehistoric days. One of the principal rooms in the great pile was completely ruined last year by blasting open supposed burial vaults in the hope of getting relics for exhibition at the Pan American ex-



AN INGLENOOK  
NATURE STUDY BOY.

position and during the last four months a great wall, which undisturbed would have endured one thousand years longer, fell with a crash into the canyon below, because of undermining by reckless curio-seekers.

♦ ♦ ♦

## WORK A WATCH DOES.

EVERYBODY carries a watch nowadays, men, women, girls and boys. Prices range from one dollar to as many thousands as one cares to expend in jeweled settings. The one-dollar watch often keeps just as good time as the five-thousand-dollar one. Did you ever consider the amount of labor performed by a good watch in its lifetime of fifty years? The balance vibrates eighteen thousand times an hour, four hundred and thirty-two thousand times a day, or 157,680,000 times a year. The hairspring makes an equal number of vibrations and there is the same number of ticks from the escapement. Multiply 157,680,000 by fifty and you have 7,884,000,000 pulsations. Yet the watch is in good condition at the end of half a century of labor.



# The Inglenook Nature Study Club

This Department of the Inglenook is the organ of the various Nature Study Clubs that may be organized over the country. Each issue of the magazine will be complete in itself. Clubs may be organized at any time, taking the work up with the current issue. Back numbers cannot be furnished. Any school desiring to organize a club can ascertain the methods of procedure by addressing the Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.

## INGLENOOK NATURE STUDY CLUB.

FOLLOWING is the list of INGLENOOK Nature Study clubs organized to date:

**No. 1, The Covington High School, Covington, Ohio.** Sec'y, Prof. Lee A. Dollinger, Covington, Ohio. Membership, 73.

**No. 2, College Corner Public School, College Corner, Ohio.** Sec'y, Verne R. DuBois, Liberty, Ind. Membership, 17.

**No. 3, East Berlin Public School, East Berlin, Pa.** Sec'y, Hortense Day, East Berlin, Pa. Membership, 29.

**No. 4, Ludington Public School, Ludington, Mich.** Sec'y, Leona E. Gebott, Ludington, Mich. Membership, 13.

**No. 5, Cables Club, Nappanee, Ind.** Sec'y, Wilma Metzler, Nappanee, Ind. Membership, 30.

**No. 6, Weilersville Public School, Weilersville, Ohio.** Sec'y, Jesse A. Hartzler, Weilersville, Ohio. Membership, 17.

**No. 7, Inglenook Nature Study Club School No. 10, Covington, Ohio.** Sec'y, I. R. Beery, Covington, Ohio. Membership, 48.

**No. 8, Inglenook Nature Study Club, of Lebanon, Pa.** Sec'y, Miss Mabel E. Greeley, 1630 Chestnut St., Lebanon, Pa. Membership, 19.

Charters will be sent the Secretaries of these clubs and others as soon as printed. They are being printed now.

\* \* \*

## THE RABBIT.

EVERY country boy, and indeed every town dweller, knows the ordinary rabbit when he sees one. It is an animal that is very widely distributed, practically the world over, and is believed to have been originally a native of the western half of the Mediterranean. A hundred years ago rabbits were very little known in Scotland, now they are as plentiful as they are in England. It has also gained a foothold in Ireland.

While the ordinary rabbit, the everyday bunny found where the Nook family mostly reside, has certain peculiarities of size, color etc., it is doubtless a descendant from the original wild stock that was uni-

form in color, habit, and characteristics, but, in its distribution all over the world, it has changed very considerably. In the island of Porto Santo near Madeira the rabbit was imported from Spain, in 1419, and it is now only about half the size of the common American rabbit.

In its domesticated forms, doubtless it has been kept by man from a very early period and all the different forms are only the variation from a once common type, and the changes in the rabbit from selection and breeding are greater than that wrought in any mammal with the exception of the dog. Some fancy breeds of rabbits, namely the lop-eared are very highly developed. This is one of the oldest English domesticated varieties and it has been bred for more than a hundred years, the aim of the breeder being to develop the size of the ears and such a success has been attained that a rabbit has been bred with ears twenty-three inches long and over six inches wide. This is done in two ways, first by the selection of the longest-eared rabbits and by keeping them in damp warm hutches, without which, no matter what the selection may be, the ears are not developed. No reason is known.

The Belgian hare, concerning which there is so much said in the papers, and which are so extensively advertised, were, years ago, simply a large variety of the rabbit of a hardy character. It is said that these animals were hybrids but this is denied by naturalists who claim that it is only a rabbit of the larger variety.

As an article of food the rabbit is more important in England than in this country. During the rabbit season, that is, during the cold weather, from one hundred to two hundred tons of them are imported into London from Ostend every week, and they are used for food.

In this country there are several varieties of the rabbit. The common bunny, which the Nook boy hunts down with the dog, may be found from the Gulf of Mexico all the way up to the Arctic Circle, and as far west as the Pacific coast. Then there is a variety in the swamps of Florida that is semi-aquatic in its habits. It lives on the leaves and roots of aquatic plants, and can swim and does swim as well as a muskrat.

Out on the western plains is the jackrabbit. The jack is simply an exaggerated common rabbit. The color is about the same as the common bunny but the animal is much larger. There are a few subvarieties in the United States, but we will deal in this article with common bunny found throughout the central part of the United States.

The scientific name is *Lepus Sylvaticus*. Its food is entirely vegetable in character. Its home is in the open field or hidden in the brush and fields. When the old mother prepares the nest for her family she stands up and plucks the hair from her breast and lines the nest, which is simply a depression in the ground known as a "form." When the rabbits are born, and there may be from a half dozen to a dozen, they are helpless little creatures. Considering the number of rabbits in existence, it is rather rare to find a nest. One reason for this is that when the old one goes away, she covers them up and their markings are such as not to render them easily distinguished from the ground and one may pass a rabbit's form again and again without knowing it. No matter how long the mother rabbit may stay away from her form, the little ones will remain there and would die if their mother did not return. As soon as they are sufficiently grown to hop around and take care of themselves, which is in the course of a week or two, they abandon their form and scatter out for themselves.

It is sometimes the case that a boy finds a bumblebees' nest in which there is a good deal of rabbit fur mixed, and in such a case it is because the bees found an abandoned form in which the family was reared and took it for a home for themselves. The presence of the rabbit fur is not due to the intelligence of the bees but to an accident in selection.

The enemies of the wild rabbit are the foxes, wolves, owls, hawks, and nocturnal animals generally. Their salvation, when pursued, consists in rapidity of flight, protection in a pile of stones, a hollow log, or even a standing hollow tree. The rabbit will climb in the hole in the tree as far as it will allow it to go, and will remain there if pursued.

The one trick of a rabbit in flight is to double back on its tracks. It is the only trick the rabbit knows, and one it is well to remember. If your dog starts a rabbit, and runs after it, you need not waste your time and energy in following them. If there is no convenient stone pile or hollow log or tree in which the animal can hide, he is certain to dodge the dog, retrace his steps, and if you stand still you will see the rabbit return to his original place. It would seem from this peculiarity that the dog would soon learn it, but the facts are that the rabbit dog, with all of his intelligence and keenness of scent, either does

not know it, or does not wait for his return, and very frequently bunny makes his escape by doubling and thus gaining time and getting into the burrow or under some building where he cannot be reached.

Outside of this doubling trick the rabbit has no peculiarities worth mentioning. If hard forced he will swim across a stream of water and is a tolerably expert swimmer, though he does not, as a rule take kindly to water. Another feature of the rabbit not generally known is that after they are born and their eyes are open, they grow with rapidity up to a certain size, say about as large as a goose egg after which they remain in that condition for a considerable length of time before taking a second start in growing. This will account for the number of little rabbits one may see hopping around in the road at the edge of a wheat-field and running into it and disappearing when pursued. Another peculiarity of the rabbit, in common with nearly all wild animals and birds, is that while they are yet in their "form," even though their eyes be open, they show no fear of man, and if you are fortunate enough to discover a nest of them at this period of their life history, you can gather them all up and put them into your hat and carry them off, but just as soon as they get to hopping around their wild nature develops. It is on the same line that enables one to put his hand on a nest full of young birds. They show no fear of man and it is not until they begin to fly that they try to get away and fear develops.

The fur of the common rabbit is valueless and the fur that is used in the making of high-priced felt hats comes from Russia. It is much longer and better than that of our common bunnies. If the reader will turn over his hat-band and look inside he can tell whether his hat is made of wool or rabbit fur. The fur will show distinctly. Hats are also made from the furs of other animals aside from that of the rabbit but the rabbit is mostly used by the hatmaker.

A peculiarity of the rabbit is his dislike for blood of any character. Smearing the trunks of young trees with the blood of any animal up as high as the rabbit is likely to reach is a sure protection against the rabbit barking the tree.

The rabbit is a solitary animal. While the thicket is a favorable place for them they do not frequent it in order to have company but because of the suitable conditions. It is a nocturnal animal and is given to considerable frisking about late at night. Two or three rabbits in a thicket will make tracks enough to indicate that there is a whole regiment of them hidden somewhere. But when you consider that each rabbit has four feet, and that three of them have twelve feet, and that when these twelve feet are put up and down a few thousand times, a good many tracks result.



IN what parts of the world is the rabbit found?  
 Is its fur in considerable use in the arts?  
 What is the nest of the rabbit called?  
 What is specially objectionable to the rabbit family?  
 What particular trick does it resort to in trying to escape?  
 Can all rabbits swim?  
 How many litters of rabbits may a pair of wild ones have in the course of a year?  
 Has a rabbit hair in its mouth?  
 Is the rabbit nocturnal or not?  
 Does the rabbit make any noise under any circumstances?  
 In what country are rabbits endless nuisances and legislated against?  
 Why were they introduced in that country?  
 Does a rabbit ever squat when first seen or does it run on sight?  
 Why are rabbits more plentiful in a stony country than in a wooded one?  
 How could you tell whether or not a doe had a family of little ones somewhere?  
 Will the wild rabbit and the domesticated one cross?  
 If rabbits breed so plentifully why do they not overrun the country?  
 Why are there more rabbits in California and Australia than in Virginia and Pennsylvania?  
 Next week the crow will be discussed.

\* \* \*

#### A REFUGE FOR RABBITS.

ON the frontier are to be found all manner of curious conditions to be overcome by the strenuous men of the West, but a stranger annoyance could hardly be imagined than that which was encountered by workmen laying a four-inch water main across a valley near Douglas, in southeastern Arizona. The pipes were distributed by wagon along the entire length of the line.

The region swarms with "cottontail" rabbits, who soon discovered that the tubes were admirable shelters against the elements, and fortresses where hawks and coyotes need not be feared. When the workmen came to lay the pipe in the trenches prepared, it was found that every length had its family of rabbits. All the rabbits in the valley, thousands of them, appeared to have forsaken their burrows for the new habitations man had unwittingly provided.

Of course it would never do to lay the main with a fur lining. Pounding on the pipes seemed to affright the bunnies not at all. Smoke could not be forced through the pipes, for they were stuffed full of rabbits. So, finally, a man was sent into town for an extra long pole, with which the "cottontails" were punched out as each length of pipe was laid.

#### SCIENTIFIC NAMES.

THE INGLENOOK Nature Club people will often come in contact, so to speak, with the scientific names of common things and the wonder will be with the younger folks why on earth such frightful names are given to common plants, animals, and insects. Now there is a reason for this and we want to make it clear in the very start.

It may be a little difficult for the average Nooker, who may not be a classical scholar, to get the pronunciation of these names but it should be begun and, as far as possible, retained in the memory. The writer of these lines never thinks of any plant, animal, insect, or bird without thinking of its scientific name, if he happens to know it. Once this habit is acquired it will be a step toward accurate knowledge and it is only by getting it piecemeal that one gets it at all. There is no royal road to learning these things any more than there is a royal road to learning anything else.

Now every plant or animal has two scientific names. First, a family name, and second a name based upon some feature or characteristic of the object named. Let us take the names of a lot of people, "John Brown," "Henry Jones," "Jane Williams," and so on, and the family name of "Brown," "Jones," "Williams," comes last, but if we wanted to find out whether "Jane Williams," resided in the city of Elgin we would turn to the family name, "Williams," and if she was in the directory at all we would find her as "Williams, Jane." Now this is precisely the way plants are named. The family name comes first and the specific name comes next.

As a rule the generic or family name, which comes first, is derived from the Greek and the specific name from the Latin or Greek, though this is not a universal rule. The reason for naming the specimens in this way is that the Greek and Latin languages are dead and no longer spoken and not liable to any change whatever. They are known among scholars all over the world, and if you speak of the scientific name of a plant you happen to see in St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Elgin, Hong-Kong, or any place in the whole wide-spread world, and a naturalist or botanist is standing by though he may not know anything else you are speaking about he will immediately recognize the name of the plant.

Now the first name of the plant being its generic name applies to every one of that class. To show how this works, every reader knows that there is such a thing as an owl, but there are different kinds of owls. Nevertheless, they all have certain well-defined features in common that make them belong to the owl family. Now we will find a word in the Greek language for the owl family, and a word in the Latin language for the particular kind of owl, and these two

words generally describe some peculiarity of the thing named. There may be even more than two words to describe a very simple thing.

Now for illustration, go out along the gravel banks in the woods in certain parts of the country and we will find a mushroom, a growth on the outside of the shell of which spreads apart flat on the ground, just the same as you would part the hulls of a hickorynut to flatten them out, if it could be done, and this mantle is spread out in star-shape, flat on the earth. Now a further peculiarity of this dried-up specimen is that moisture or the lack of it will make it curl up or flatten out as the case may be. Its scientific name is *Geaster hygrometricus*. Now remember what is said about the look of the plant, its star-shape, and its curling up or spreading out under the effect of moisture and see what story is told by the name. *Geaster* is from two words signifying earth and star. *Hygrometricus* means moisture measurement. So to a scholar the words would at once indicate the character of the plant.

Another familiar instance is the case of the Indian Pipe. It has a white stem, is an absolutely colorless plant, growing four or five inches high in damp woods with one flower turned over something like the bowl of a Dutchman's pipe. Now in naming this suppose we take the following, *Unitropa uniflora*. There are several kinds of it. *Unitropa* means one turn, *uniflora*, one flower, and this you see would be descriptive of the plant and wherever you saw the *Unitropa uniflora*, you would recognize it by its name if you had never seen the plant before and still knew the name.

*Epigea repens* is another, and means upon or through the earth, and creeping. It thus describes the plant it is intended to name, for does not the trailing arbutus hug the earth and creep along through and under the leaves? Thus it will be seen that these names have a wonderful significance and mean something every time.

Occasionally the name is in honor of an individual. For illustration, *Lilium Harrisii* is the Latinized form of Harris' lily, the Bermuda lily or easter lily, which we all know, and it may be called that because Harris was the first to discover it and write an account of it, and, therefore, in honor of him it might be called the lily of Harris or Harris' lily. Now do you see?

\* \* \*

#### HERE AND THERE.

UNDER what conditions of the weather does the fog hang over the creek or river on a winter morning?

\*

STRIKING resemblance has been pointed out between the remarkable ancient ruins at Zimbabwe, in Rhodesia, and antiquities in Cornwall, England.

A tree broken off ten or fifteen feet above the ground has a raspberry vine growing out of the top, undoubtedly the birds carried the seed there. Is it a characteristic of all wild birds to carry their food away from where they find it in order to eat it?

\*

Did any of the Nook family ever see a lunar rainbow?

\*

Is a colored man's hair round or flat?

\*

How do people who sell their surplus of fancy poultry eggs prevent their successful use for hatching purposes?

\* \* \*

#### HOW TO USE THE NATURE STUDY LESSONS.

If the Club is in a school the teacher might read aloud the lessons, or parts of them. If any additional facts are brought out, or errors noted, write the Editor about them. Remember it is entirely the right thing to ask all questions you want to, provided only that they are not silly and irrelevant. Here is one the teacher asks you. All know how they can be "tickled" in the ribs, or on the soles of the feet, by another person. Now why can not the individual tickle himself? Tell the class why this is so.

\* \* \*

#### FROM THE STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF MISSOURI.

State of Missouri, Department of Education,  
City of Jefferson, November 4, 1903.  
Editor of the INGLENOOK,  
Elgin, Illinois.

Dear Sir:—I am glad you are going to include the Nature Study Department in your magazine. They call me in Missouri the "nature study crank." I have been urging that in connection with the study of Literature as the basis for nearly all of the work done in the schools. I wish you success in introducing it.

Yours Respectfully,  
(Signed) W. T. CARRINGTON,  
State Superintendent.

\* \* \*

ONE of the coming features of the INGLENOOK that will be of intense interest is the Nature Study Club end of it. All the domesticated animals and all the cultivated plants will be discussed from a scientific point of view, their origin and varieties, and how they came about will be fully treated. In order to show the advantage of this the Nook will ask a question. Everybody knows rhubarb and a great many people like rhubarb pie. It is not a native of this country. Where does it come from?



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A Weekly Magazine

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"Stars may burn out, nor mountain walls endure,  
But God is true, his promises are sure  
To those who seek."

\* \* \*

## GETTING ALONG.

No end of people fail to get on pleasantly with those around them. They are in continual hot water and never have any real friends. If, perchance, they do find a friend he is never kept for very long, but goes the way of all the others. If it isn't one thing it is another, that is at fault, and the long and short of it is that a good many people go through life till they become one eternal, everlasting, never-ending Complaint, with an italic underscoring, against all with whom they have to do.

And then there are others—to these people the most blessed possession they have are their friends. They go out of their way to make friends and are always studying how to keep them. And just as a miser becomes rich by hoarding money, so the friendly and friendly man lives and dies, surrounded by people who are willing and happy to render him a service whenever and however they can. He is a "good fellow" to everybody, and everybody repays him in kind.

Now what is the reason for these diametrically opposite conditions? We all know they exist, but perhaps few of us have ever gone into any detailed analysis of the causes that underlie the situation. Let us explore the field. In case of the friendless man it may be dyspepsia that works him into cross purposes with all around him. This can be the case, and perhaps often is, but then, set off against it, is the fact that

often the "good fellow" is not by any means well and strong. While poor health is a tremendous factor in making and keeping friends, it is not everything by any means. There must be some deeper reason than this. What is it?

Well, it seems to the Nook that, naturally, it is the result of the way people are put together. Some were so "assembled" that they can see nothing but the blacks and the greens. They can hear nothing but the saw filing or the rip of the saw through a knot. They are living examples of the truth, that we generally get what we go after, that we find what we are looking for. The garbage man has no eye for anything but garbage, and the jeweler sees only the gem. Both find what concerns them most, and that must be the secret of it. We find what we seek. There are good and bad in each of us, and we are better and worse than people credit us with being. One man has a nose for faults and he gets them, every time. Another has an eye for the better side of humanity and he sees it in all with whom he has to do, of course the latter wins out when it comes to trotting up friends.

A pretty good thing to do is to seek points of agreement and make the most of them. There is probably nobody living who has not his good points. They may be few, and pretty well hidden under his normal angularities, and it is our duty to avoid the corners and seek the flowers. Perhaps every man who walks the streets has things in his make-up that we would be glad to cultivate and it is for these that we should seek. What need have we for running afoul of his sharp corners and suspecting him of everything wrong? If we seek beauty there is no need of looking for it along the lines of morbid anatomy. Once we strike the best there is in a man, and show him that we are able to appreciate it, we undoubtedly make him our friend, and he remains our friend as long as we look more to the flowers in his fruit yard than we do to the weeds in his garden.

On the mantel of the Nook room is a plaster copy of Donatello's Laughing Boy. The original slept in the quarry for nobody knows how many ages, but the sculptor let him loose, and for generations the Boy has laughed at and with the world. Now had the artist looked for a satyr, undoubtedly he would have found him and let him loose on the world, for he was there in stony cerement, angel and devil, side by side, in the same block. And that is just the way in life, every human heart has its Boy and its Demon. If we would win the regard of their owner, we want to ignore the Devil and seek to know the better qualities that are somewhere in every make-up.

Yes, making friends is best done by seeking out the best there is in all we meet, and while we may not ig-

nore bad we need make no collection of foibles, but rather weave garlands from the roses, few or many, that grow in all soils.

\* \* \*

#### A SPIRITUAL REAWAKENING.

THE signs of the times indicate a spiritual reawakening among the masses of the people. For the past decade or two the world has become neglectful of its religious duties. Worldliness has crept into a great deal of our religion. It does not appear to have been any special loss of power that we can locate, but religion, as a whole, does not advance in the proportion that it ought to and the reason appears to be in the indifference of the masses.

It may be that they have not been approached properly or that their needs have not been attended to as well as they might have been, and the result is that the public conscience is more or less sleepy in the religious life. The indications all go to prove that this is to be changed in the near future, that a new world will dawn upon the spiritual life of the people, and that they will be more concerned about their religious welfare than they have ever hitherto been.

One of the marked features of this condition is the present Dowie movement in New York. Whatever we may think of Dowie and his methods the very fact that he is taking hold of the matter in the metropolis, will prove an incentive to local ministers to redouble their efforts in the way of reaching the people.

Other signs of the times indicate a revival of religion that will leave the world and its people all the better for it. It may not come as we look for it, nor when we look for it, but the indications are that it is slowly materializing and that much good will result.

\* \* \*

#### DON'T BE THIN-SKINNED.

A GREAT many people are so constituted that they are continually on the watch for slight or insult real or implied. People who know them have to handle them like a pin cushion, stuck full of pins and needles, for fear they will say or do something that will set them off on one of their characteristic tangents. It is a most unfortunate condition of mind to be in, one in which a person continually regards those about him as in an attitude of ridicule and contempt, or trying to do something in some way adverse to him. These thin-skinned people are found everywhere. It is not an instance of over-sensitiveness, due to moral grounds, but from real moral lack that makes them suspicious of people around them, where in nine cases out of ten no harm is meant.

The general intent of humanity is in the direction of right, and wrong is not intended, but, on the con-

trary, the general trend of our thought about others is that involving suspicion or distrust. Where this takes the turn of personal feeling, the afflicted party is continually looking for something affecting him in some way, and he becomes an exceptionally unpleasant personage to everybody about him.

Considering that we generally find in this world that which we go after, it would be a greater advantage to us, instead of trying to find an implied or direct wrong, to look for the good in people and remember that only in our thoughts.

\* \* \*

#### MAKING EXCUSES.

ONE person excels in one thing, another in something else, but without half trying, the most of us are experts in excuse making. Not one person in fifty is willing to come out flat and say that the mistake was his and not that of somebody else. The majority of us prefer to saddle our failures upon someone, usually one who is absent, and who cannot defend himself.

Now the facts in the case are that this thing of making excuses is simply a common form of dishonesty. It is but one remove from the work of the common falsifier, and it is something that he who makes a pretention of being honest should never be guilty of. The proper thing to do when one has gone wrong is for him to take his share of the blame, remembering that nothing is helped by unloading on someone else who may have done his part all right.

\* \* \*

#### GET A REAL HOLD.

If you want to succeed get a real hold on some one thing. There is no end of half way people in the world, people who can half do a thing, and who can do no one thing really well. In fact it is not going too far to say that the real successes in life are made by people who are thoroughly up to every turn and corner in what they are working at. Those who know how, and knowing, do, are in demand all the time and everywhere. If you get a real hold on a thing in demand you never need go hunting for a job. It will come to you.

\* \* \*

THE widespread interest in the Natural History Clubs, and the endorsement of it by so many prominent educators throughout the country leads the INGLENOOK to congratulate the activity of the intelligent schools and individuals who have already responded in its behalf. The study of nature is the study of God, and he who is most familiar with the animal kingdom is all the better man or woman for the knowledge.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## GENERAL.

The Chicago city railway is having trouble with its employees.

The fuss over the Panama republic may yet lead to trouble with the United States.

The empress of China is urging an alliance with Japan in order to beat off Russia.

The revolutionists in Colombia have seized the government and proclaimed a republic.

Several large sun spots are to be seen. The spots are really purplish, but appear black.

Services have been held at all the Salvation Army posts in honor of Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

The people are in a panic on the Isthmus of Panama owing to the revolution now on down there.

As a result of the election in New York last week, fully \$2,000,000 are said to have changed hands.

Prof. Langley, of Washington, D. C., still thinks his flying machine possible despite past failures.

The bond of Wm. J. Bryan, of Nebraska, as executor of the will of Philo S. Bennett, was set at \$350,000.

The papers are full of Thanksgiving doings and directions for making mince pies and roasting turkeys.

Up in Duluth, Minn., a blizzard was raging Nov. 9. The same was on at St. Paul and up in South Dakota.

The warship Bogota, of the Colombian government, shelled the city of Panama last week. A number were killed.

A lot of students held up a street car line in Philadelphia for fun, and are now in the toils of the law for the offense.

A student at the University of Maryland, at Baltimore, was killed by hazers. The authorities are looking the matter up.

Ten thousand miners in Colorado quit work Nov. 9, as the result of a strike ordered by the United Mine Workers of America.

People who have visited Chicago, and know the bad section of the city immediately around the Union Station, will understand what is meant when it is said that the police are undertaking to clean out the neighborhood.

Another crank, the eighth this month, has tried to see President Roosevelt with a message, only to get locked up in jail.

A twelve-year-old boy was killed last week at Scenery Hill, Pa., by another boy thirteen years old, for having called him a "pup."

A woman in Utah is suing for a divorce from her polygamous husband, and the plural marriage idea will get an airing in the courts.

A mass meeting of colored people in Boston censured Booker T. Washington as teaching a short-sighted policy for the negro.

Everything in Panama is reported as being quiet, but that does not mean that the mind of Colombia is at all placid over the situation.

Prof. Shepardson, of the University of Chicago, predicts that in 1940, or before, this entire western continent will be one United States.

Two distinct earthquake shocks were felt in St. Louis last week. Alarm was felt in some of the high buildings. No serious damage was done.

At Williams, Iowa, some of the merchants have issued aluminum money, redeemable at their stores. What the legal aspects are is not reported as yet.

The city of Glasgow, in Scotland, owns its means of public conveyance. It finds that having charge of the means of transportation is profitable to the city.

The press of Mexico City is up in arms over the Panama difficulty. It claims that it is the first step toward the absorption of Latin America by the United States.

An undertaker, at Chrome, Maryland, was called upon to bury three women in one week, the peculiarity of which was that each of them was over a hundred years old.

Negotiations between Russia and Japan have so far advanced that an arrangement will be reached in a few days. The idea is to strengthen both of them against China.

In a Missouri asylum an insane woman bit the superintendent, who, in retaliation, ordered the patient's teeth to be extracted, all of which was done. An investigation is pending.

Many Nookers have seen the street car incline near the Union Station at Kansas City. On it, the other day, two cars collided which resulted in one death and eighteen injured. The one going down bucked into one coming up.

Dr. Schmidt, a German doctor, thinks he has isolated the cancer germ and found a cure for the dread disease. If this is true, the world should hail it as one of the greatest blessings.

At London, England, members of the Catholic Church of Zion, Dowie's followers, had meetings at Westminster. Cable dispatches say that the meetings were orderly but poorly attended.

Representatives of thirty-seven thousand teachers in all parts of the United States assembled in the Auditorium hotel in Chicago to discuss an appropriate educational exhibit at the World's Fair.

The Chicago health department has issued a circular which characterizes pneumonia as a disease of civilization, and it goes on to say that the preventive of the disease is simpler living, and plainer food, and more fresh air.

In some parts of the country certain people are agitated over the reproduction of their photographs in the papers as identified with advertising schemes, without their knowledge or consent. In some States this is illegal, in others not.

The largest Protestant gathering, that ever took place in Jerusalem, will convene April 18, 19, and 20, 1904. It is the meeting of the International Sunday School Association. For its use a huge tent will be pitched just north of the city.

It is reported that Colombia, in consideration of the action of the United States in recognizing the republic of Panama, will ask Germany to establish a protectorate over the country. There is no telling what complications will arise as a result of this.

There are nearly \$100,000 of unclaimed deposits in the vaults of the New Jersey banks and similar institutions. The banks are endeavoring to locate the owners, and, in many cases, have done so, although there are still \$100,000 unclaimed.

The final meeting of Dowie's crusade in New York was held Nov. 7 in Carnegie hall. There was a small attendance which he characterized as "scrawny and miserable." He announced that he had established a branch church in New York, and in the future it would be looked after by some of his people.

The new republic of Panama has received partial recognition from President Roosevelt. This will be wormwood to the Colombian government, which has also been notified by the United States that these petty civil wars on the Isthmus will no longer be allowed to hamper the railroad across the country. The canal project is also a factor in the proceedings.

## PERSONAL.

Margaret Boham, a one-year-old child, was run down by an automobile in New York and killed.

The Kaiser has been the subject of a surgical operation for the removal of a polypus from the throat.

William L. Elkins, traction king and multi-millionaire, died at Philadelphia last Saturday, aged seventy-one.

A Miss Hoyt, of Montana, was married to a Chinaman in Chicago last week, while her uncle was searching for her in San Francisco.

Frank H. Cook, Clerk of the Sherman House, Chicago, has been notified that he is heir to a third part of a brewery in England, conditioned on his marrying in ten years. The bequest is worth over a million.

Edward L. Wentz, a young Philadelphia millionaire, who disappeared from his father's home, Oct. 14, at Big Stone Gap, Va., is alive, and is held in the mountain fastnesses for a ransom of \$100,000.

Barney Ryan, twelve years old, of Chicago, has been sentenced to read each night to his mother out of a book the court has chosen. The boy had broken store windows and stolen over \$200 worth of merchandise. It was read or go to jail, and Barney chose the book.

Sam Parks, walking delegate of a Union in New York, has been sent to prison for extorting money from employers to allow workmen to continue on the job. He has the consumption, and is not expected to live out his term. At one time he was a great power in the labor world.

Milton Ivy, who lives at Hutchison, Kans., and who is a brakeman on the Santa Fe road was struck by a twelve-pound bag of flour thrown from a mill window at Nickerson, Kans., and, as a result, his neck was broken. The physicians set the dislocation and it is probable that he will recover.

Carrie Nation and her theatrical company are at Elizabethtown, N. J., where she draws large audiences. After the performance Carrie held an informal reception, shaking hands with the larger portion of the audience, and meanwhile doing a thriving business in selling her souvenir hatchets.

Clyde Miller and Miss Anna Spangler, well-known young people of Nebraska City, were to have been married on Nov. 9. When the crowd got together the bridegroom changed his mind and announced that he would not go ahead. He gave no reason but it is believed that he was scared out. The young woman is prostrated over the affair.



## THE CRISP TEN-DOLLAR BILL.

IF experiments now in progress in Washington, under the auspices of officers of the Treasury Department, fulfill the promise of their present stage, the reign of the "crisp ten-dollar bill," or any other "crisp" bill so dear to the heart of the police reporter, has almost reached its end. Money turned out by the bureau of engraving and printing will be of a soft and velvety texture. As these experiments are nearly complete, the predictions concerning the outcome of the application of the new method of treating paper are all optimistic in the extreme, and they point to a revolution in the manufacture of paper money.

E. H. Fowler, chief draughtsman of the coast and geodetic survey, and D. N. Hoover, chief printer of the same bureau, are the men to whom the discovery of the new process is to be credited. By utilizing the chemical compound upon which they have been at work for five years it will be possible to have a bank note ready for circulation in sixty days less time than was required under the old method. This is regarded as very important in these days of great commercial activity, when, oftentimes, the demand for new money is urgent. Heretofore, in order to meet such demands, most careful planning has been necessary.

Besides rendering paper soft and velvety, the new process also makes it nonshrinkable, an accomplishment which has heretofore baffled the ingenuity of the paper manufacturer, and which, when applied to the printing of postage stamps alone, will make a saving of twenty per cent in stock and work. Because paper shrinks after it has received the impression of the head of George Washington on the one side, in the manufacture of postage stamps, and the coating of mucilage on the other, and because no two sheets shrink alike, one-fifth are ruined in the process of perforation. Experiments just made under the new process eliminate all of this loss.

When Mr. Fowler took charge of the draughting division, five years ago, he was told by the chief printer that it was impossible to print the maps prepared in the draughting division, because there was no paper to be had which would not shrink, and thus render the maps inaccurate as to scale, and consequently of no scientific value. All such maps, therefore, had to be copied by hand on hand-made linen paper manufactured especially for that purpose.

Mr. Fowler had taken a great interest in chemistry, and he at once began the series of experiments which two years ago resulted in the chemical solution which, when applied to paper, materially changes its quality. Paper so treated is declared to be "mellowed and non-shrinkable." The process is not expensive.

It has been patented, both in the United States and foreign countries, and, although no publicity has here-

tofore been given to the discovery of Messrs. Fowler and Hoover, the large paper manufacturers of this country have heard of the results accomplished, and are making flattering offers to the inventors for royalty rights. The Japanese government has also bid for the process, and, as Japan has for centuries been considered the magician of the world in the art of paper-making, the offer from the Orient is regarded as a marked acknowledgment of merit.

The United States government, however, is to have the first advantages of the discovery, and should the officials now investigating the process decide that its value is too great to be kept under restraint of patent laws, the government may buy the patent and make the process known to the world.

By the application of the chemical mixture to a Japanese napkin that article becomes as soft and pliable as a tissue of silk. The chemical preparation acts as an antiseptic and a preservative. When applied to old documents it seems to knit the fibre together and prevent further decay.

Under the present process of printing paper money the paper has to be thoroughly soaked in water. While it is in this soaked condition one side of the bill is printed. The sheet is then placed in a steam room and kept under a high temperature for thirty days, the time necessary for the ink to dry. The sheet is again soaked as in the first instance, and the reverse side of the bill printed. The thirty-day process then has to be repeated. In cases where a third impression on the bill is necessary, which is required when the printing is done in two colors, the wetting and drying process has to be repeated a third time, and another month is thus consumed in its production.

Besides the delay of this process, the wetting and drying rot the fiber of the paper, and, although it is "starched" to give it the crisp appearance, the starch soon wears out, and the bill becomes limp and worn.

In printing bills on paper which has been treated by the new process no wetting is necessary. The ink loses none of its luster when applied to the paper, as under the old process, and is thoroughly dry within forty-eight hours after the printing is done. Not only is the appearance of the bill much handsomer than under the old method, but its wearing qualities are believed to be greater.

Although the officers of the Treasury Department are most enthusiastic over the Fowler-Hoover discovery, it was only by accident that it came to their attention, the inventors attaching little importance to it. There are some details regarding methods of applying the new compound to paper, yet to be worked out, but these do not present any serious obstacles to its general application to all classes of paper. Neither does the expense of the preparation prohibit its general use.

## SWEET POTATOES IN VIRGINIA.

BY H. K. GRAYBILL.

THE sweet potato is a plant that belongs to the morning glory family, and grows best in sandy or loose soil. It is twenty-seven per cent solid nutrition, being three per cent greater than the Irish potato. It was first cultivated in this country in the tropics. In 1879 only about twenty-three States made report on the sweet potato, but in 1899 nearly all the States reported on its growth. This shows that its cultivation is extending.

North Carolina and Georgia grow more sweet potatoes than any other State. Virginia ranks third although it is ninth in the average number of bushels per acre. This goes to show that not all parts of the country are equally well adapted to the growth of sweet potatoes. It also shows that the culture is not as intensive as it might be.

Norfolk. The grower in these sections can easily distance the farmer in any other parts of the State, and then the nearness to the markets of the large eastern cities and the facilities for transportation give him an advantage over the people of the other parts of the State that he is not slow to take hold of.

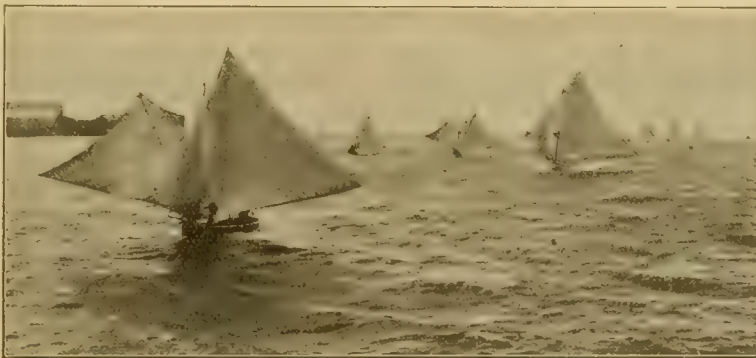
The yellow potato is the most popular variety in the State, but there are some white ones and some red ones grown. The public appears to take most kindly to the yellow.

Brughs Mills, Va.

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## COLORADO'S FIRST GOLD.

MAY 8, 1859, John Gregory, a prospector, climbed the hill into what is still known as Gregory gulch, midway between the present Central City and Black Hawk, scraped away the grass and leaves, filled his pan with dirt and took it down to the stream.



SALMON FLEET ON COLUMBIA RIVER.

Naturally more bushels will be grown on farms owned by the farmers than upon rented farms.

The census of 1900 showed that there were 68,104 farms in Virginia that raised sweet potatoes out of a total of 167,886 and there were 40,681 acres planted out in sweet potatoes. The number of bushels for the whole State is 4,470,602, valued at over a million and a half dollars at an average of thirty-eight cents per bushel, showing that the State of Virginia averaged \$42.28 per acre.

Accomac county, Virginia, stands at the head of a list of twenty-five counties in the United States. There are two counties in Virginia, Accomac and Hampton, producing over the average crop of the entire State. The Piedmont sections of the State raised comparatively few sweet potatoes as the soil is not so well adapted, and the people of these sections have not given its culture enough attention to succeed well.

Virginia is the natural home of the sweet potato, especially the southeastern counties around

Upon panning or washing it down, there was about four dollars' worth of gold in it. This was followed by a stampede to the Gregory diggings, as they were afterward called. Gregory employed five men from the new arrivals and by means of a sluice took out nine hundred and seventy-two dollars in one week. Other rich strikes were made almost daily, and large amounts of gold were taken out in a short time.

The Bates, Bobtail, Mammoth, Gunnell, Gurooughs, Illinois and hundreds of other lodes were found, and thousands of claims were taken up. As the summer of 1859 advanced the wealth of the gold veins and gulches of what is now Gilpin county became more and more apparent. Over fifteen thousand men were congregated in Gregory, Russell and tributary gulches, and many of them were accumulating wealth rapidly, but everything valuable was soon pre-empted, and large numbers were forced to hunt their fortunes elsewhere.—*Engineering Magazine.*



## A QUESTION AND AN ANSWER.

FROM a valued correspondent in Hagerstown, Indiana, we have received the following letter:

Dear Editor:—

I do not understand how it would be if we were to organize a Nature Study Club out of the school or just in the neighborhood. Does not each Nooker who reads the *Inglebrook* have the same advantage of this Natural History Study as those in the Club? If I were to get up a club in this neighborhood, I would have to go to those who take the *Inglebrook* or get them to take it. Of course I would be willing to do what I could to help a good thing along. I want to take advantage of the study as it comes out in the *Inglebrook*. Now maybe I do not understand this new department as I should. By being in a club, would I get more information than what is in the *Inglebrook*?—E. E. H.

In answer to the above query, which perhaps has passed through the minds of a great many readers, we beg leave to submit the following: Every reader of the *INGLEBROOK*, whether in the club or not, can take advantage of the presentation of the Nature Studies as we go along. Many people will read the *INGLEBROOK* who are not members of a club. This is as it ought to be, but there are certain advantages which inure to clubs that are not in reach of the ordinary reader. One of these is the coöperation and the advantages in organization, and the *INGLEBROOK* Nature Study Club in the school or in the neighborhood, carries with it certain advantages that the individual reader does not possess. For illustration, the club at Hagerstown, Indiana, or in its neighborhood, would be entitled, through its Secretary, to ask for anything along the line of the study from another organization. The collection of curios, exchange of plants, seeds, animals and specimens, will be a prominent feature of the work. This can best be done through the Secretaries of the several Clubs, in fact it is the only way that appears to us possible.

If there is a Club in Arizona, to repeat an illustration given before in the *INGLEBROOK*, which desires to exchange some of its commoner forms of plants or animal life with a Club in Maryland, the *INGLEBROOK* would show at once through whom the exchange might be effected, and the publication of the Secretary's name enables each Club to get in touch with one another.

Every country schoolhouse in the United States may have its cabinet of Natural History specimens if its teacher and its scholars have sufficient get-up to accept this offer of gratuitous instruction along the common lines of investigation.

Where there is a number of members in a Club, some of whom take the *INGLEBROOK* and some of whom do not, special arrangements have been effected to cover this very point, and the Secretary of each Club

will be advised of it when their organization is received.

Then, again, all over the world there are societies which will be immensely pleased to be put in touch with these Nature Study Clubs wheresoever they may be dispersed. In some sections of Wyoming fossil fish are as common as fallen leaves, in other parts of the country fossil fish are never seen. With a Club in the fossil district and one on the seacoast, exchanges may be effected that would be of the utmost advantage to every boy and girl attending the schools. And if there are no schools where the idea can be successfully carried out, we have arranged that where five people decide to take up the work, they may be recognized as a Club and have a charter sent them. While of the Nature Study, the club people will have the inside track and can reach out and will be reached by others as the individual cannot.

The *INGLEBROOK* cannot undertake a deal with thousands individually, but will take pleasure in dealing with Clubs through their official representations.

These Clubs cost nothing to organize, their charter costs nothing, and the commendation and idea as received from people eminent in the educational world, goes to show that there is a great deal of good in it, more than really appears on the surface.

While everybody will read the Nature Study pages, the Club people will have advantage over them, in that they may be recognized all over the civilized world, wherever there is a similar organization, or a society, always on the lookout for people who can and will give information about matters in their own neighborhood, and who are also willing to do the same thing for others in return. One advantage of the organization is in getting together and talking about what has been written, and then when questions come up which cannot be satisfactorily settled, an appeal may be made to the *INGLEBROOK* itself, and we will undertake to furnish the answer through exactly the same channels that the individual Clubs are expected to take. If we were sent a plant or asked a question in regard to Natural History, while we may not know the facts as requested, yet we are in a position to certainly secure them from others who do know, and practically it places the knowledge of the world, and the help of all its most eminent and honored societies at the call of the little red schoolhouse on the hillside, or at the hands of a little group of Nature Study people who read the *INGLEBROOK* and love nature and her methods.

While it is all right to read individually, the *INGLEBROOK* recommends an organization for the purpose of mutual improvement and mutual help. Every considerable scientific organization in the world will soon know of its existence and the exchange of publications, etc., will be a matter of universal interest to

every reader. The whole scheme is simply an offer to forward the study of Nature.

Now organize and send us the names of your members and of your President and Secretary. All business will be transacted through the Secretaries of the Clubs.

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#### THOUGHT IT A BAD BARGAIN.

IN 1867, when Secretary of State William H. Seward negotiated with Russia for the purchase of Alaska, agreeing to pay \$7,200,000 for the great territory, a majority of the people regarded the transaction as a shameful waste of money. Congressmen, too, shared the popular opinion. At any rate they insisted that the price agreed upon, two cents an acre, was altogether too high.

General B. F. Butler, of Massachusetts, proposed in

nothing, but a positive injury and incumbrance as a colony in the United States."

Benjamin F. Loan, of Missouri, said: "The acquisition of this inhospitable waste would never add one dollar to the wealth of our country."

The Alaskan salmon catch of 1902 alone was worth \$7,200,000 the price paid for the territory. In five years the Alaskan mines have sent to Seattle alone \$14,000,000 in gold dust and bullion, nearly twice the purchase price of the territory.

In 1902 the total output of gold in Alaska was \$18,870,075 and in 1901 it was \$14,675,675, or for two years, \$33,545,000—more than four times the amount paid to Russia in 1867.

Previous to 1897 we had taken \$15,000,000 gold from Alaska—also more than twice the purchase price. From 1868 to 1897 the Alaskan fishery products



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

congress on July 7, 1868, to pay Russia the \$7,200,000 for her friendship, and ask her to keep Alaska. He declared that at any time within twenty years we could have had Alaska for the asking, and added: "No man, except one insane enough to buy the earthquakes in St. Thomas and the icefields of Greenland, could be found to agree to any other terms for the acquisition of Alaska."

Mr. Washburn, of Wisconsin, insisted that Greenland was a better territory to purchase than Alaska, which, he said, was absolutely without value.

Hiram Price, congressman from Iowa, said: "Alaska is a dead loss to us, anyway, and the more expense we incur the worse it is for the country and the people."

Orange Ferriss, congressman from New York, declared: "Alaska, with the Aleutian islands, is an inhospitable, wretched, and God-forsaken region, worth

brought us \$68,000,000. The fur sale for twenty years after 1870 amounted to \$33,000,000. The fur companies paid into the United States treasury \$7,460,000. Thus one item of cash in the treasury was more than the price paid for the territory.

Meantime the gold mines are increasing their output annually at a rate of forty per cent, the copper mines are being developed, railways are being built and a naval station on the Aleutian islands bids fair to become a great commercial center.

Alaska has paid for itself many times over. It is doing so now almost every year. It has more than justified the expectations of Mr. Seward. How sagacious to-day appears his policy in comparison with the puny wisdom of the antiexpansion congressmen!

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ETERNAL life is the only thing worth living for in which there is no competition.



## GOLD FISH.

IN general the history of the goldfish is a romance, and one of the most interesting ones found in the fascinating story of animal life. The Hollander has a quaint way of boasting, by saying, "God made the sea, we made the land." The Chinese and Japanese are equally warranted in saying that God made the fish and they put the gold and tail on him, for scientific research shows that the original goldfish was a black or blue fish, and even to-day, during his growth, he passes into his native dark colors just before he becomes a thing of beauty that is surely worthy of the Lakes of Paradise.

It is claimed on good authority that all the goldfish were once confined in one lake, Tsing King, in the Province of The Kiang, in China, and were a color varying from a dark blue to a black. Chinese scientists took great interest in the fish, for the fact became known to them that it was possible to change their color, first, temporarily by feeding, then permanently, by breeding. It is claimed that it took scores of years to produce a change from one color to another, but finally the gold tinge was evolved and then came its glorious tints and markings.

The Japanese were the first to transplant the fish and they began working on a new line, the development of gorgeous tails and intelligence. The result in the latter particular was that they educated the fish to come when called and to recognize sound.

One of the daintiest conceits of the Japanese is to go to their ponds and call all of the goldfish to their meals by ringing a bell. With this evolution those who had long contended that fish were without the organs of hearing, were confronted with the fact that the Japanese, going to their ponds, would hide themselves and then by ringing their bells or by calling would attract the fish to them.

It was with fish such as those that William Shoup established the first American goldfishery twenty-five years ago. He took up goldfish raising by accident, and as a result of being a lover of dogs, cats and other pets, and the presence of a small pond on his place caused him to add fish to his list. He tried carp raising but soon found they were an objectionable fish and seined them from his pond. Then he bought a few goldfish and in a few years he had a pond teeming with all kinds of gold fish, from the silver, white, blue and black to the red and real gold. They became too numerous and one day he wrote to the postmaster in Chicago, asking if there was a man in the city who sold birds, fish and pets. He received a reply enclosing an address. Then three hundred of the best fish were taken from the pond, and last year, 1901, they sold over one hundred thousand, at prices ranging from three to fifty cents apiece.

The world is the Waldron's fish market, and the trade is so increasing that they have fifty ponds stocked. Thousands of these fish are annually put out as premiums by enterprising firms who place a pair of them in a pretty glass jar and give them away with every dollar's purchase. Most of the shipments are made during eight months of the year, as goldfish can not stand heat well, and, when packed hundreds in a can in the summer, they suffocate. Though delicate in raising, they are hardy when they reach the shipping size. While freezing does them no good, they have the faculty of withstanding death several days even if frozen stiff in a solid block of ice. They must, however, be thawed out slowly with water that is not heated. They can be carried several hours in a wet handkerchief. When shipping them across the ocean, they are placed in cans that are suspended from ceilings so that they sway with the motion of the ship and get no violent jars. They cannot, however, be without light very long without showing bad effects.

All shipments must be made by express so that they may have proper attention and given air and food. As a rule, bread a year old, then toasted, is the best food to be had. Anything containing oily substances will be accepted by the fish, but will cause too free action of the bowels. It takes three or four years for the fish to get their growth, but they will live a long time. There are fish in the Waldron lakes that are fifteen years old, and it is known that some have lived forty or fifty years, and it is asserted that they will live a hundred years. They grow to a foot in length and as they grow their beauty increases in proportion. There are specimens in these fisheries that weigh nearly a pound.

The most expensive fish raised here is called the "Telescope." It is of bright, reddish gold and has large eyes that in some cases stand out half an inch from the head. It sometimes has a double tail. Some of these have been sold as high as two hundred dollars.

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## GIRLS LIKE UGLY MEN.

MAYBE there was as much truth as boasting in the statement of John Wilkes, the famous London alderman: "Ugly as I am, if I can have but a quarter of an hour's start, I will get the better of any man, however good looking, in the graces of any woman."

Of Wilkes' abnormal ugliness there was never any question. "The very children in the street ran away affrighted at the sight of him." And yet his powers of fascination were so great that women of beauty and fashion vied with each other for his notice, while handsome men of all courtly graces were neglected.

It was said that there were few beauties of the day whose hand Wilkes might not have confidently hoped to win. He married one of the richest and loveliest women of his time.

"Beauty and the Beast they call us," Wilkes once said to a friend, "and I cannot honestly find fault with the description."

That there is a powerful fascination for some women in extreme ugliness is proved by innumerable cases in which women who have been richly dowered with physical charms have fallen in love with men of almost repulsive appearance.

Queen Wilhelmina is an example of a charming and attractive young woman choosing an ugly man. Fat and plain of face, and, for a royal person, distinctly poverty stricken, Prince Heinrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has had great fascination for womankind.

Gossips whispered that the young Duke was taken by surprise when the little Queen of Holland showed her preference for him, and yet it was not the first time that he had been admired and courted by women of high rank.

When Princess Helena of Russia suddenly broke her engagement with Max of Baden it was believed to be because she hoped to persuade her parents to let her marry the stout, blond duke-ling Heinrich, and the youngest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh also loved the young Duke, though in vain. In fact, Prince Heinrich was a good deal of a lady killer, and he knew it.

Neipperg, an ugly creature, with small abilities and yet smaller fortune, was Napoleon Bonaparte's rival in the affections of Marie Louise, who fell furiously in love with him. With everything to lose and nothing to gain by her encouragement of the man, she left no stone unturned until she was able to make herself Neipperg's wife. In the eyes of the world it was a terrible degradation for the widow of the French Emperor to become the wife of an Austrian count, but she cared not a whit what the world said, as was the case with the women who ran after the ugly Duke de Richelieu.

When Richelieu was shut up in the Bastille, crowds of women, old and young, and rich and poor, used to collect every day at the hour when he took his exercise on the parapets, and adore him from a distance, deploring the incarceration of so adorable a person.

Theodore Hook was another ugly man whose charms seemed to be irresistible. When Liszt was an old man with a hard, ugly face, women begged permission to kiss his ugly hands and raved over him as though he were Adonis' self. Dozens of schoolgirls and Countesses who worshiped at his

shrine cared not a pin for his music, nor understood a note of it, but were keenly alive to the charm of his personality.

Perhaps the reason of the attractiveness of the plain man is that he is not vain. He can't be of his face, at any rate.

"A pretty man is a nuisance," one girl was overheard to say. "I mean the man whose hair curls, whose cheeks are red, and who poses in public places where he may be easily seen, and who always wears a sleek smile on his thoughtless face. He is a nuisance because of his conceit. Girls grow weary of looking at him, but he still keeps in the way, believing he is giving them a treat."

It has been estimated that there are only fifty thousand really handsome men in the United States.

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### THREE PRAYERS.

THREE Methodist ministers, as they were dining together, talked about short prayers. "A prayer short as 'twas irreverent," said the first, "was offered up by a soldier before the battle of Waterloo. It was this: 'O, God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul.'"

"That prayer," said the second minister, "resembles one composed by Bishop Atterbury in the early part of the eighteenth century. It was a prayer for the soldiers about to engage in battle, and it was brief and impressive. 'O, God,' it ran, 'if, in the day of battle, I forget thee, do not thou forget me.'"

The third minister, after a moment of thought smiled and said: "When I was a lad I one day dined with two strange aunts. They set me at the head of the table and bade me say grace. I was taken aback, for I knew no grace to say, but a text popped into my mind. I rattled it off and after it was over realized that it was appropriate enough. It was: 'O, Lord, open thou our lips and our mouths shall show forth thy praise.'"—*Philadelphia Record*.

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FOOLISH men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess, and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves rather than on those who are under greater difficulties.—*Addison*.

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So strong is Bank of England note paper that a single sheet will lift a weight of 100 pounds.

\* \* \*

THERE is any quantity of gold in the land, but we enjoy it most when the other fellow digs for it.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

### MODEST NEEDS.

Give me a name, not great, not bad;  
Give me a smile sincere and glad,  
A manner frank and free from care,  
A large amount of savoir-faire,  
And all the beauty in the town  
I'll envy not!

Give me a heart that's always true;  
Give me the will to see and do,  
A spirit that can cause no pain,  
A helpful word, a thoughtful brain,  
And all the riches in the world  
I'd covet not!

Give me the strength to say, "I will!"  
Give me a love my life to fill,  
Some little child to smile upon  
Who'll do what good I've left undone,  
And with the proudest in the land  
I'd not exchange!

Give me the soul to feel ashamed  
If for my fault another's blamed;  
Let me for justice take a stand.  
In friendship clasp my neighbor's hand:  
Then, at the closing of life's dream,  
I'll gladly die!

Give me a thought when I am dead,  
And sometimes say the words I've said;  
A flower place upon my breast;  
Forgive my faults, and all the rest,  
And speak of me with charity!  
'Tis all I ask!

—New York Herald.

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### SOME THINGS THAT HINDOO GIRLS LEARN.

THE greatest care and anxiety of the Hindu mother is to bring up her daughters to home life and to make her a good housewife.

When a girl is seven years of age the mother teaches her to cook and to clean pots. Hindus have two kinds of washing. One is the daily washing of everyday apparel, for the clothes are changed every morning after bathing. Every Hindu must bathe before he takes his meals. Religion requires that no food be cooked before the person who cooks has bathed. Hence any woman must bathe before she cooks. A Hindu woman first gives a bath to her children, then she takes a bath herself, and after that goes to cook. The clothes are changed and washed every day.

The little girl washes the smaller clothes on a stone and hangs them for drying. She assists her mother in many small things. She sweeps the kitchen, she

brings the utensils, she cuts and slices vegetables, she pounds and grinds the spices, she takes out the small pebbles from the rice and cleanses it in water, and, in short, she does all the petty work, assisting her mother.

If she has an infant brother or sister she feeds it and lulls it to sleep in the cradle. She gathers flowers and weaves them into wreaths with which the Hindu women adorn their hair. Her mother teaches her to sew, to embroider, and to make her toilet, which is simple.

By the time she is fifteen she learns all things pertaining to general housekeeping and cookery. The mother teaches her to prepare cakes, puddings, and sweetmeats. She also teaches her to make preserved pickles and other things for use in the rainy season, which begins at the end of May and lasts to about the middle of October.

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### JAPANESE IN THE KITCHEN.

THE servant girl problem is rapidly approaching solution. The adaptability of the Japanese, both men and women, for household work is being demonstrated daily, and if immigration from the Orient continues at its present rate it will not be many years ere every household will contain a sufficient complement of these industrious, frugal and cleanly "brownies."

The lowest wage at which the greenest of Japanese boys can be hired in St. Louis is \$25 a month. He may not know a word of English and may be totally ignorant of the duties that are expected of him when he first takes his place in the house, but through his interpreter he resolutely refuses to work for less money. His compatriots who understand the language and have had experience command from \$35 to \$85 a month, and a few of them receive as much as \$60 a week. In the latter class is Seto Kiun, who for the last two years has acted as butler in the home of a New York society woman. He is unusually intelligent and his employer says he is the most able, orderly and reliable servant she has ever had.

As valets and waiters the Japanese are considered perfection. They are respectful, quiet and industrious, and their cleanliness is positively refreshing. One of the most popular employes of a "swell" cafe in an eastern metropolis is a young Japanese named Tadahe Abe. He is a prime favorite with the proprietor as well as the guests and imparts a touch of the

picturesque Orient to his surroundings. He receives \$40 a month and makes double that amount in "tips."

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#### PEOPLE EAT LESS BREAD.

"WELL, how's business?" asked a reporter of a wholesale flour agent.

"You would be surprised," he replied, "to know that in this time of general prosperity we are selling less flour than in hard times. From 1893 to 1895 I sold more flour than ever before or since. Business is thriving in many lines, but the country is too prosperous for the flour men and the bakers.

"Why is it? Simply because the people have money enough to buy other things than bread. When the country is hard up people get along on bread as the staple of the table. Now they use the fancy cereals, breakfast foods, can use more meat and vegetables and generally expand their diet, which, of course, lessens the demand for bread."

\* \* \*

#### PRECIOUS SEEDS.

THE calceolaria seed is so minute that the actual cost of producing the finest strain exceeds ten times the weight of the seed in pure gold! The outlay in growing double begonia seed is so great that a liberal allowance for a five shilling packet is measured in a tiny spoon with an outside diameter of three-sixteenths of an inch. And yet in that tiny spoonful there would be enough seed to produce more than a hundred state-ly begonia plants! Naturally such very minute and precious seed has to be handled with extreme care, and as a sudden draft from an open door would scatter perhaps £100 worth, the counters where the seeds are packed are closed to traffic and so arranged that not a puff of wind can ever enter.—*London Chronicle*.

\* \* \*

MANY things are more worthy of a woman's strength than rubbing a stove, but many women are still martyrs to the polish on their kitchen ranges. Rub the top of a range with paper, wash with clean water, and when cool rub with a few drops of kerosene on a cloth. This treatment will keep it clean and free from rust. More attention should be given to keeping the inside of a range clean than is usually the case.

\* \* \*

GET five cents' worth of fishberries at the drug-store, and put into five ounces of alcohol, after bruising the berries. Apply to the head and rub it in lightly. What for? Oh well, never mind!

\* \* \*

"If white be all the colors combined,  
And black their absence be,  
Then aren't the whites the colored folks?  
The blackfrom color free?"

#### RULES FOR DIET.

1. EAT when you are hungry.
2. Drink when you are thirsty.
3. Eat enough, and then stop.
4. Eat what your appetite calls for.
5. Train your appetite and stomach by eating the greatest possible variety. You are not a shark; why should you let your stomach become one? Many foods are not liked the first time they are tasted, such as oysters; hence unless you try a thing several times you do not know whether you like it or not. Hence, never say you dislike a thing till you have eaten of it three times.
6. Regulate the comparison of your food by the work you do, using strong food when you are doing hard work, lighter food when sedentary.
7. Don't let your doctor attempt to regulate your diet by his own stomach.
8. Beware of the diet crank. All beyond this is foolishness and vexation of the stomach.—*Canadian Housekeeper*.

\* \* \*

#### PEPPERMINT DROPS.

To make these, procure a saucepan with a lip, so that the sugar may be dropped from it. Place any quantity of a good, full grained granulated sugar into it, add just water enough to form a stiff paste, but one that will just drop. Place it on the fire and constantly stir it until it begins to bubble. As soon as the first bubble appears remove it from the fire and allow it to cool a little; then add a strong flavor of oil of peppermint, to suit taste, and stir in well; then pour the mixture in drops upon oiled tins. The dropping is done by allowing the mixture to run out at the lip of the saucepan, and then, with a piece of wire, cutting it off and allowing it to fall upon the tins. When set and dry, bend the tins, and they should detach themselves.

\* \* \*

#### HICKORY NUT MACAROONS.

MIX a cup of sifted confectioner's sugar and a cup of finely chopped or grated hickory nut meats and make to a stiff paste with the unbeaten whites of two or more eggs; flavor half of the mixture with vanilla and the remainder with ground cinnamon, drop upon buttered pans about the size of a hickory nut and allow plenty of room for spreading. Bake in a slow oven.

\* \* \*

#### RAISED DOUGHNUTS.

TAKE one quart of bread dough when it is ready to bake and mix thoroughly into it two cupfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls shortening and flavoring either of vanilla or nutmeg. Roll out thinner than the doughnuts without yeast, cut and fry in deep fat.



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## THE TWO CRABS.

Big crab and little crab,  
Mother crab and baby,  
Took a stroll upon the sand,  
For exercise it may be.

Big crab to little crab  
Said: "Child, you walk so badly,  
Turn around and walk like me.  
Don't twist yourself so sadly."

Little crab to big crab  
Said, "Mother, you're mistaken,  
Not straight but sidewise you have walked  
With every step you've taken."

Big crab to little crab  
Said, "Child, your words are ample  
To show to me that children heed  
Not precept but example."

\* \* \*

## A FORTUNE IN MANNERS.

"His manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" That is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy. "It would not be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities; but to a young college student with ambition it is worth at least a hundred thousand."

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things, he had been taught to be friendly and to think of other persons before himself. Therefore he soon acquired a cheery, helpful and affable manner that won for him an entrance into the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. His attractive address and quiet consideration made friends for him on every hand. A score of small courtesies every day unconsciously called attention to his value. That is why the shrewd man of the world ventured the foregoing opinion.

\* \* \*

## HAPPY FAMILY IN THE BATH TUB.

CARL and Frank, two lively boys of ten and twelve years, went to a picnic with their Sunday-school class, one day last spring, while their mother went to spend the day with a friend. When she came home in the evening two boys ran out to meet her, breathless with excitement and delight.

"Oh, mamma!" they both shrieked out at once, "you don't know what we brought home from the picnic. You never could guess!"

"Then you'd better tell me at once," replied their mother, laughing.

"Two mud turtles, a real live lizard, a lot of tadpoles, and a splendid big old frog!"

"My, what are you going to do with them?"

"Why, keep them until they grow big. Can't we mamma? Please?"

"Where will you keep them?"

"Why, in the bath tub. We've got them there now, and they're doing beautifully. Can't they stay there?"

"How are we going to bathe with these dreadful things in the bath tub?"

"Why, we—we"—began Carl. "Can't we—we— Well, what does our baths amount to when compared with these lovely turtles, and that lizard and frog, and those cunning little tadpoles?"

Nevertheless, those interesting creatures had to give up the bath tub.

\* \* \*

## THANK YOU.

EVERYBODY likes little Carl Rosenbloom. He is so cunning and small and fat. He has lived in America just a little while, and he can speak only two English words, but it sounds so funny to hear him say, "Thank you" to whatever is said to him that no one can help smiling. And I think this is the reason that he gets cookies and slices of gingerbread at every house where he is sent on an errand.

One day Carl was trudging along with a basket of clothes which his mother had washed. He was a droll little figure, with his chubby legs and round, fat arms.

Some boys playing marbles on the pavement were quite amused at this comical sight, and they began to laugh and shout "Sausage bags!"

Now, Carl did not understand a word, but he saw they were speaking to him, so he turned his dear little face to them with the sweetest of smiles and said "Thank you."

You should have seen how ashamed the naughty boys looked then! One of them smiled and nodded at little Carl, another gave him a nice red apple, while another took his big basket and carried it for him.

So the good-natured little fellow trotted off, thinking what kind boys they were, and what a pleasant world this is to live in. And, perhaps, we should all think so, too, if our tempers were as sweet as his.

## The Q. & A. Department.

How do the concerns that agree to sell stories, contributions and the like, manage it?

They take your story, and with a lot of others, submit it to publishers, hawking it about, from one to another, till they find a purchaser, for one or the lot, and then give the writer what they see fit. The Nook advises that the writer begin at home, or with some publication with which he is in touch, and which will publish his work, without reference to pay. This should be kept up till a name is earned in the literary world. There is very little to it in a money way, even for the successful ones, as a rule. The well paid writers for the press can be counted on the fingers.

✧

Can the persimmon be successfully transplanted? I hear that it cannot be done.

Yes it is readily done, and if the tree is cared for the fruit will improve. It finds a ready sale in the cities, put up in little wooden boxes that retail for ten cents.

✧

In the case of Indians on a reservation, are they required to remain there all the time?

Not always. In the west, in the vicinity of Indian reservations, they may be seen any day wandering around the streets, both men and women, and children. They are not a very lovely lot.

✧

Will the Nook please tell us something of the origin of new fruits and vegetables?

There is an exhaustive treatment of the subject now in pickle for the Nature Study pages. Both artificial and natural means of improvement will be described.

✧

Is Thanksgiving Day observed in all the States?

Yes, in all of them, but there are some States in which there is no law for the day. It is the President's or the Governor's proclamation that is taken as official sanction.

✧

Is grafting easy to learn?

Anybody of ordinary intelligence ought to learn it in an hour, or much less, by seeing somebody, who knows how, do it. It is simplicity itself, as ordinarily done.

✧

What is the pay of a Major General in the army?

It is \$7,500 a year.

Why are some of the old English characters given names such as "Robert the Devil," and the like?

It was customary in those days to give such names to people of marked personality, just as is done to-day in a similar way.

✧

What causes the bones of canned salmon to be soft?

The raw fish is packed in the can, then boiled while in the can, and, of course, the bones are boiled, and this is what makes them soft.

✧

Is the Japanese persimmon grown in this country?

Yes, in California, and in many parts of the South. It is much larger than the native wild persimmon, but it is deficient in flavor.

✧

Why is the rate of interest higher in a new country than in an old one?

Because the risks are not as well known and capital takes fewer chances.

✧

How high are the cataracts of the Nile?

As falls they are not great, being credited as only forty feet in height.

✧

Will the Nook inform a reader how many Brethren there are in the United States?

There is no exact record but there are perhaps not far from 100,000.

✧

Is the United States Consul required to answer questions regarding the country he lives in?

He may not be required to but he will answer any reasonable questions.

✧

Were there many colored troops during the Civil War?

Statistics give the number 93,441.

✧

How many chaplains are there in the United States army?

The record shows fifty-seven.

✧ ✧ ✧

A NOOKER asks us to give the plan for fattening poultry for market known as the English system. It is the one in use at the packing houses. The Nook is not able to give the desired information. Can any reader?



### OUR PREMIUM TALK.

EVERY subscriber of the INGLENOOK, both new and old, will receive one of the following booklets, paper bound, about sixty-four pages, and each one can select for himself or herself whichever is preferred. Below we give titles and a brief description of what they are like, so at the time of subscribing you may be able to tell which one is wanted.

#### How to Train Animals.

This is a practical guide to the training of nearly all animals, and it tells how it is done. This is a book that would delight any boy and also interest grown people. Nearly everybody has seen trained animals—ponies, dogs, bears and the like—and has wondered how it was that their schooling was effected. This little book describes the whole business of animal training and it will be exceedingly interesting to everybody interested in that sort of thing.

#### The Practical Horse and Cattle Doctor.

This book goes over pretty nearly everything that is likely to happen a horse or a cow, and it is written in such a way that ordinary people will understand it.

It fully discusses the preparation of medicines, and whoever has this book may be able to save the life of a valuable horse or cow and it will be of great interest to the reader who lives on a farm. It gives the causes, symptoms, and treatments of all ordinary diseases of the horses and cattle.

#### The American Family Cook Book.

This book contains sixty-four pages of solid recipes, systematically arranged, and will meet the wants of many thousands of people. While it does not equal the INGLENOOK Cook Book, and the writer believes that is the best thing of its kind, it still gives some kinds of recipes that are not to be found in that excellent work, and indeed not accessible anywhere else. It goes over the whole ground of cooking pretty thoroughly, and cannot fail to be of intense interest to whoever has charge of the cooking department of the household.

#### The Practical Poultrykeeper.

This is a guide to successful poultry raising and is illustrated from first to last. It shows about the different valuable breeds, and tells how to take care of them, while the incubator process is extensively treated, and every department of poultry raising, from the raising of the chick through all of its diseases up to the stage of marketing, is fully described. It will pay anybody who raises chickens to have this book within reach.

#### How Women May Earn Money.

Every Nook reader is anxious to earn money for one purpose or another and sometimes women are at a

loss to know just what to take up. There are scores and scores of methods treated in this book. The first one mentioned is "Small Fruits," the next "Housekeepers," the next "Boarders," "Private Homes for the Insane," "Landscape," "Gardening," "Loaning Periodicals," "Popcorn," "Horseradish," and so on throughout the entire list, many of which will be entirely new, and all of absorbing interest.

#### Guide to Floriculture.

This is illustrated as well as the others, though the illustrations do not count for much. Quite a lot of information is contained in it as, "How to have a good Flower Garden" "What seeds to Plant" and "How to Care for Them." The flower lover of the household would be glad for this book.

#### New Designs in Knitting and Lacemaking.

This is also illustrated and enters fully into the work, describing how it is done, and giving pictures of the illustrations. As stated before, the INGLENOOK man handles this gingerly, but the way the women about the office have looked over it, leads him to believe that a good many deft-handed Nookers will want the book.

#### Everybody's Law Book.

This is a valuable book for the man of the house, and gives general forms of common law principles which may be of vast interest and importance to every reader. Its value consists mainly in the forms for the various kinds of business and transactions, and the like.

#### The Ready Reference Manual.

This is packed with figures of facts from beginning to end, and is worth all it costs as a matter of reference for unusual facts and figures not generally available. Everybody can read this book to good advantage and it may be just what you are looking for.

#### The Scarlet Letter.

This is Hawthorne's celebrated work and has the stories of colonial times, back in the days when people believed in witches and burned them alive. We put it in our list because it is unquestionably one of the classics of American literature, and it may open up a field of literary adventure that otherwise might be closed to the average reader.

These books are important with reference to the amount of material they contain and the value of their contents, and not their looks. We believe that most of them, if not all of them, will be of great interest to the readers of the INGLENOOK, and feeling they would be pleased with some sort of recognition, we will secure them from the publishers as a present to each subscriber. Make your choice when you subscribe and we will see that you get the book.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER 24, 1903.

No 48.

## THANKSGIVING.

Crepus has gold, while none have I, yet mine  
Are aurous buttercups, and gold divine  
From sunset's cupel blown at day's decline.

Crepus has broad domains, but envy I  
His holdings? Nay; I have the broad, blue sky  
And sea wherein and o'er my dreambirds fly.

Crepus long miles of forest would amass,  
Barring therefrom all comers. Let it pass;—  
He cannot wall the scent of flowers and grass.

Crepus has built a marble mansion tall—  
The bluebirds nest near my cottage wall;  
My chimney echoes with a swallow's call.

Crepus—a Mammon-priest—known near and far—  
His name and power my comfort do not mar;  
He has no lien on yonder evening star.

—Robert Mackay, in Success.

\* \* \*

## PRESIDENT MAKES NOV. 26 THANKSGIVING DAY.

THE President issued his annual Thanksgiving proclamation in the following terms:

By the President of the United States of America:

### A PROCLAMATION.

The season is at hand when, according to the custom of our people, it falls upon the President to appoint a day of praise and thanksgiving to God. During the last year the Lord has dealt bountifully with us, giving us peace at home and abroad, and the chance for our citizens to work for their welfare unhindered by war, famine or plague. It behooves us not only to rejoice greatly because of what has been given us, but to accept it with a solemn sense of responsibility, realizing that under heaven it rests with us ourselves to show that we are worthy to use aright what has thus been entrusted to our care.

In no other place and at no other time has the experiment of government of the people, by the people and for the people been tried on so vast a scale as here in our own country in the opening years of the twentieth century.

Failure would not only be a dreadful thing for us, but a dreadful thing for all mankind, because it would

mean loss of hope for all who believe in the power and righteousness of liberty.

Therefore, in thanking God for the mercies extended to us in the past, we beseech him that he may not withhold them in the future, and that our hearts may be aroused to war steadfastly for good and against all the forces of evil, public and private. We pray for strength and light so that, in the coming years, we may, with cleanliness, fearlessness and wisdom, do our allotted work on the earth in such manner as to show that we are not altogether unworthy of the blessings we have received.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do hereby designate as a day of general thanksgiving, Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of the coming November, and do recommend that throughout the land people cease from their wonted occupations, and in their several homes and places of worship render thanks unto Almighty God for his manifold mercies.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this 31st day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three, and of the independence of the United States, the one hundred and twenty-eighth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the president:

JOHN HAY,  
Secretary of State.

\* \* \*

## THE NOOK'S THANKS.

*It gives thanks for its friends.*

\*

*The Nook is glad that it is alive.*

\*

*It is thankful that most people appreciate it.*

\*

*It might be better—and worse. We are thankful for what it is.*

\*

*Most of all the Nook family ought to be thankful that the good Lord has blessed all of us.*



### THE PASSING OF THE SHAKERS.

THE sect of Shakers is dying out and there are to-day, in the fifteen Shaker settlements in eight states from Maine to Florida, only eight or nine hundred believers. One hundred years ago the Shakers numbered 1,632. Twenty-five years later one thousand members had been added to their census. At the end of 1839 the entire membership of the Shaker societies numbered five thousand. Since the civil war their numbers have steadily decreased. Only the long lives which the faithful live has kept the decrease from being more rapid.

The settlement at Mount Lebanon, N. Y., has always been the Shaker's pride, not only from its numbers, but from the value of the property, which is owned in common. It is still the largest settlement, but it furnishes a striking example of the numerical decline of the Shakers.

The Church family, occupying a large modern dwelling of brick, adjoins the North family. They form a higher branch of the Shaker order, the secrets of which are closely guarded. Near their house is the large, old-fashioned church, in which the ordinary Shaker service used to be held. For years the public was admitted, but of late years strangers have tried to break up the meetings and they have been abandoned. Across from the home of the Church family is the general store for the sale of Shaker products.

The house of the Second and the South family are still farther along the road. They are similar in style and construction to the home of the North family. Each family is presided over by an elder and elderess, to whom the members go for consultation and advice.

In all the families the women have equal rights with the men. Now that they outnumber the men so largely it is possible that they have more than their rights. The women look after the housework and manufacture of fancy articles from which so much of their income is derived. The men are expected to farm the three thousand acres which composes the property of the organization, but there are not nearly enough of them to do it as it should be done. The difficulty in hiring male help renders much of the farming land useless.

Back in the guestroom of the North family house Elderess Anna White was waiting to answer questions and to send out an appeal to souls, especially male souls, who are fitted to refill the depleted ranks of her order.

With great frankness she talked about the order, its troubles through being land poor and not having enough men to work the farms.

"We have room in this village for six hundred persons," she said, "whereas we have only one hundred and twenty all told. You cannot get young men to stay on farms these days, to say nothing of bringing

them to a state of mind and soul where our high views appeal to them.

"For some time now we have taken no boys. The few men in the settlement are too busy to look after and train them. The last two we had got the idea they owned the place and strutted around doing nothing. We finally had to send them away.

"Plenty of old people want to come to us and no end of relatives would like to send infirm parents or weak-minded brothers and sisters to our care. We are not running a home for the aged and infirm. We all work for one another here and those who cannot work must not expect to come into the order and in idleness enjoy the comforts the labor of others brings.

"You cannot find the present agitation against race suicide a great inducement to additional membership," was suggested.

"It is a mistaken idea that we uphold race suicide," said the elderess, with a lofty smile. "The truth that came to us came in the light of self-denial, renunciation of the lower for the higher life. Side by side with the millions whose work is on the plane of nature, who in lawful wedlock should be producing children—healthy, well developed in body, brain and soul—are the thousand others who by nature, spiritual development, the gifts and call of God, are adapted for life on the spiritual plane. This is the life we are living, and in virgin life alone is the community possible."

To join the Mount Lebanon Shakers persons must go to the village and state definitely the reasons which prompt them to give up the world for the order. All debts must be paid, including the debts of family, as well as financial obligations. If one is married, whether man or woman, a legal divorce must be secured. If persons have relatives dependent upon them they must be provided for. When all this has been done any property that remains, is turned over to the common treasury of the family.

\* \* \*

### THE SUBJECT OF PUMPKIN PIE.

THE timely admonition that "the frost is on the pumpkin" causes the public mind to turn lightly to thoughts of pumpkin pie. It is exotics and other enervated products that are destroyed by the frost. It is those sterling fruits of the soil with the intrinsic qualities to withstand the caprices of the American climate, that mellow and sweeten when they are touched by the first breath of winter. Of such are paw-paws, persimmons, fox grapes and field pumpkins, which, under the chastisement of frost, lose all the acrid and astringent quality which they assimilate from the warmth of summer.

It is only after the corn has been cut and shocked and the lush foliage of the pumpkin has been blighted that the huge yellow things lie revealed in all of their

opulent glory. They look rich enough and splendid enough to be fashioned from the gold of Ophir. In the whole fascinating panorama of nature, which is moved along by the seasons, there is no such picture of plenty as a field strewn with fine, robust cow-pumpkins, the kind, let it be remembered, of which pies are made in harmony with the law of natural selection.

Pumpkin pies, so-called, are fashioned, it is true, of many different kinds of material, such as sweet pumpkins, squash, and even sweet potatoes, just as mince pie is frequently compounded of ingredients that would be shamed and discredited by any honest analysis, and as apple pies masquerade as the real thing that are "faked up" without the aid of Ben Davises. But there is nothing that will actually do but a cow-pumpkin if you want to make a pumpkin pie that is true and right in the inward parts and wholly unasailable. Remember, too, that there are certain standards by which pumpkin pie is to be judged that are just as unalterable and infallible as any of the laws of correct architecture.

There is pumpkin pie that is seal brown; there is pumpkin pie that is sort of a muddy drab; there is pumpkin pie that is sicklied o'er with a pale cast that is truly disheartening, but pumpkin pie "as is pumpkin pie" must come up to a criterion which is well established among all honest cooks, who have kept themselves aloof from the vicious subterfuges which are practiced in these degenerate days in the name of pastry.

The essential components of right pumpkin pie are cow-pumpkin, with a firm, hard shell, cut up in, say inch cubes, and stewed tender, sweet, rich milk, eggs, sugar and a dash of ginger. No other spice is admissible in a pumpkin pie. It is all off with the cook who meddles with allspice or cloves or cinnamon or even nutmeg. Some people know so little about pumpkin pie as to want it flavored with vanilla, which is akin to the notion of a Kansas sophist who thinks that pine apple improves apple pie. The objection to strong spices in pumpkin pie is that they vitiate its flavor and make it dark. Stick to ginger, and you will be all right. Then your pumpkin pie will come out of the oven, if it is properly baked, a golden brown, which is the only correct style.

Made after the prescription of the New England grandmothers, pumpkin pie is a poem in pastry. It has an individuality which no other pie possesses. All pies with a top crust look alike, and it often requires considerable effort to know what they are made of even when you taste them. But pumpkin pie stands for just what it is, and it is the most fascinating coquette that ever took up its post in a baker's window. You can't pass it by without an admiring glance, and the chances are largely in favor of even this slight attention becoming serious.

There really seems less excuse for the wide deterioration of pumpkin pie than for any other form of degeneration, and there ought to be enough rugged and simple virtue left in the land to organize a crusade against it. Pumpkins are plentiful, sugar is cheap, milk and eggs ought to be, and as the easiest and really the cheapest way to make pumpkin pie is the best, why should it be spoiled by the employment of alien and unhallowed ingredients? These thoughts and reflections are incidental to the season, and it is the sincere hope of all that they may be employed to the enlightenment of all cooks and housekeepers on a subject which is of moral as well as of gastronomical importance.—*Kansas City Star*.

\* \* \*

#### WHERE PUNCTUATION COUNTED.

THE Dowager Czarina is a great favorite in Russia. Among other stories illustrating her character is this: She saw on her husband's table a document regarding



PRUNE TREE, WILLAMETTE VALLEY, OREGON.

a political prisoner. On the margin Alexander III had written: "Pardon impossible; to be sent to Siberia." The Czarina took up the pen, and, striking out the semi-colon after the word "impossible," put it before the word. Then the indorsement read: "Pardon; impossible to be sent to Siberia." The Czar let it stand.

\* \* \*

AN investigation of the Obi and Yenesei rivers, made under the auspices of the Russian government, has revealed the fact that these streams are navigable by ocean steamers for a distance of 1,000 miles from their mouths.

\* \* \*

AN Australian scientist has analyzed a meteor which contained traces of gold, showing that that element is not monopolized by the earth.



### RICH BABIES.

ONE thousand dollars for a gold mug for baby to drink out of! This price was paid by one of the Vanderbilts for a drinking vessel for a scion of the house in his toothless stage of existence. Imagine the delight of the child of the lowly who is given half a dozen empty spoons, strung loosely on a cord, with which to entertain himself, or a pie tin and a pewter spoon to hammer with! These privileges of the lowly are not for the child of the rich. This latter gentleman from the first time he opens his baby eyes is accustomed to luxury. The spoon alone from which he is fed out of a silver porringer represents a whole month's rent of the good-natured Irish mother who may do up his baby linen, and the price of the porringer would mean a whole summer's vacation to her.

These costly utensils for babies are more numerous than one would imagine, and the prices that can be paid for them are surprising. First in the collection of the infant Cræsus comes the low, round porringer, its diameter equal to that of a saucer, the sides of the bowl about an inch in depth. A flat extension of the edge forms the handle that is grasped between the thumb and first two fingers when the nurse holds it over an alcohol lamp to heat its contents. The porringer is a quaint English style. It can be bought for as little as fifteen dollars or as much as seventy-five dollars. A solid silver spoon to feed this infant will not represent so great an outlay of money, but if it is to have the best that money can buy it will be a gold affair for which some fond mother or father will part with twenty-five dollars or more. Then baby must have a mug from which to drink his milk and water. If his parents are sensible people who believe that showy things are not for babies this may be an imitation tin cup in silver which will cost only eight or ten dollars. When baby has grown old enough to know better than to hammer his drinking vessel against the woodwork of his high chair he may have a cup much the same as the imitation of tin, except that its sides are bowlshaped and ornamented by chasing with the leaves of the graceful chrysanthemum, the work of a Japanese artist. Such a cup will cost forty dollars. An entirely different style of mug is the silver-gilt enamel cup. This has a solid silver base, covered with a coating of gilt and bearing a picture in enamel. Mother Goose rhymes are very popular just now as a means of decoration for children's dishes. One such cup has the lines, "Hey diddle, diddle," with appropriate figures in pink and blue enamel on one side and "The cat and the fiddle" faithfully il-

lustrated on the other. A variation of this style is a silver-gilt cup with a big chimpanzee and a baby chimpanzee as the ornamentation of one side. The faces of the animals are made of applied copper. Another cup is of the martel style, or hammered silver, with rich hand chasing. Such cups as these cost from seventy-five to one hundred dollars each. Occasionally the child of a multi-millionaire is given a mug worth five hundred dollars, and in the instance mentioned one thousand dollars was paid. A solid gold plate will cost five hundred dollars.

At the porringer stage of his development baby must have something to bite those burning gums upon. The use of a dollar for this purpose is a time-honored one. Later, if the child is a boy, this same dollar often forms the nucleus of the bank account with which he begins his business career. Or, if the baby is a girl, it is the beginning of the fund with which her trousseau or her household linen is bought. In the home of the child of the lowly, where a dollar is too precious to cut baby's teeth upon, a bone ring from a horse's harness serves this purpose. But the child of the rich must have something better than this. An oval piece of ivory, with two tiny, tinkling bells of silver, caught by a ring into one end, costs from eight and ten dollars up. There is no harsh pie tin clangor in the jingling of those bells; it is clear, sweet music for the dainty child of fortune. Then there are rattles of various descriptions, including grotesque heads of silver fastened to rings and bells with beautiful hand chasing. The less expensive rattles have ivory slabs with Mother Goose rhymes engraved in black and tiny bell pendants. These cost only three and four dollars. And there are silver whistles which utter clear music instead of shrill noise.

Of course, there is the toilet set for the baby, and an attractive assortment this is. Incased in a satin lined box are the soft baby hair brush, the tiny dust broom, the powder box, mirror, comb and tray.

\* \* \*

### ANIMALS IN HEAVEN.

ACCORDING to the Mohammedan's belief there are ten animals in heaven. These form the following strange menagerie: The calf offered by Abraham, the ox of Moses, the whale of Jonah, the ass of Balaam, the ram of Ismael, the ant of Solomon, the camel of the prophet Selech, the cuckoo of Balkis, the dog of the seven sleepers and Al Borak, the animal which carried Mohammed to heaven.

\* \* \*

No legacy is so rich as honesty.—*Shakespeare.*

## DANIEL VANIMAN.

Pick and click goes the printer's stick, rumble and rattle the presses. Over the Publishing House is the hum of industry, interspersed with the noise of the typewriters. Outside the day is dark and dreary. The clouds hang low, and the wind is chill out of the northwest. It is not a pleasant day, and depression is the rule. Then when the afternoon waned came the message that Daniel Vaniman is dead. Silence! What? Daniel Vaniman dead? It was like the lightning stroke out of a clear sky.

Many who will read will not know who Daniel Vaniman was. He was a preacher of the Brethren church, about sixty-nine years old, living at McPherson, Kansas. We all thought of him as in the enjoyment of good health, and here comes the dread news that he has passed. His life was an effort for the upbuilding of the cause of Christ. The honors of the church were his, and the respect of all who knew the man came to him naturally. He was earnest and sacrificing out of the ordinary. The world is not so full of good and noble men that we can afford to lose them, and so we, who knew him best, mourn him most. Of the details of his passing, or even of his life, at this writing, we know nothing. We simply heard that he has gone over. In the last INGLENOOK or so there was an article from his pen encouraging the Nature Study work, and now we will never again hear from him, for the kindly heart is stilled, and he is at rest with God.

There is always a lesson that goes with these sudden deaths. We are jarred by the nearness of the unknown, shocked by the abrupt severance of ties, and turn which way we will we find no note of comfort, no assurance that it is not the end, the wall without a door. But thank God, there is a radiant glow in the east of our night. When we think about it we know that having passed is not death, but living. Over there, somewhere, or very near, we know not, are the real people who have gone out from our lives. We do not see them, and no whisper comes out of the unknown to show that they remember us at all. Still there is an unworded feeling that somehow, somewhere, they do live and do know. It is not the idle caprice of the individual to think so. It is the esoteric knowledge of the ages.

Daniel Vaniman was born, grew and lived, as the rest of us have done. Then, without warning, he laid down the garb of life he wore, and passed out of our sight and we say, for want of a better phrase, that he died. He sleeps, by this time, under the covering of mother earth; that is, we regard him as there, but he has gone into other activities, and in another life, that we see and know only by faith. No grave holds him, no ceremonies of burial contain him. As was once

said of a man in a rock hewn tomb, "He has risen."

His place on the other side of the veil is determined by his relations to his fellow men when he was one of them. We know he did the work of God, and we may also know that when God called him, it was to Him. We do not mourn him, for he is at rest beyond the cares and troubles of this earth life. Peace is his.

As it has been with him, so shall it be with us, and when that time comes to us, as come it will, may we too be classed with the good servants along with Daniel Vaniman who has gone before.

\* \* \*

## REPTILES THAT WALK ERECT.

LIZARDS of several sorts can walk and run easily on their hind legs. The Australian water lizard, which is three or four feet in length, keeps quite erect when traversing long distances on land. It is found in the neighborhood of river banks, and passes much of its time in shallow water.

The frilled lizard of Queensland also travels on its hind legs on level ground, keeping the frill folded when running. When attacked it expands this fold of skin, which stands out like a ruff at right angles round the neck, giving it a most formidable aspect, so that dogs that attack and kill larger lizards will often retreat before a frilled lizard at bay.

There is also a tree lizard in Australia that moves in a similar way. All these species walk on all fours when merely moving about or going short distances.

\* \* \*

## WORST OF ALL MOSQUITOES.

THE champion mosquitoes of the world, according to a traveler, are those of Taylor's island, on the Choptank river, Maryland. They are often half an inch long and are perfectly black, with white feet. They do not sing and their bite is like the sting of the bee. People who are obliged to go out of doors wear as a protection a hoop on their heads, from which hangs a netting, which is belted to the waist. They carry about them a piece of fat pork, which when applied to a sting or bite acts as an antidote. The Choptank river region is the great market garden of Baltimore, Philadelphia and other eastern cities, and one theory to account for the remarkable size of the mosquitoes is that they feed on the splendid fruits and vegetables which grow so luxuriantly there and are thus fattened to a far greater degree than their brothers who live in less favored localities.

\* \* \*

RUSSIA has a larger proportion of blind people than any other European country. Two out of every 1,000 of her people are sightless.



# The Inglenook Nature Study Club

This Department of the Inglenook is the organ of the various Nature Study Clubs that may be organized over the country. Each issue of the magazine will be complete in itself. Clubs may be organized at any time, taking the work up with the current issue. Back numbers cannot be furnished. Any school desiring to organize a club can ascertain the methods of procedure by addressing the Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.

## ADDITIONAL NATURE STUDY CLUBS.

No. 9, Hertzler Nature Study Club, of Baldwin, Md. Sec'y, Mr. Silas Hertzler, Baldwin, Md. Membership, 7.

No. 10, Inglenook Nature Study Club, of Summum, Ill. Sec'y, Lizzie Wickert, Summum, Ill. Membership, 17.

No. 11, Pear Park Inglenook Nature Study Club. Sec'y, Lucia Rees, Grand Junction, Colo. Office waiting receipt of list.

No. 12, Woodland Inglenook Nature Study Club. Sec'y, Fannie Bucher, Astoria, Ill. Membership, 6.

No. 13, Inglenook Nature Study Club, of Payette, Idaho. Sec'y, Nellie Morton, Payette, Idaho. Membership, 27.

No. 14, River View Inglenook Nature Study Club, of Lamar, Colo. Sec'y, Lulu Ullon, Prowers, Colo. Membership, 12.

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## THE CROW.

THERE are several varieties of crows in the United States, but the one we will take up for special consideration is the common crow of the eastern part of the country. Its scientific name is *Corvus Americanus*, literally the American crow.

The range of this crow is from the eastern part of the United States westward to the Rocky Mountains. One of the lessons that clubs want to learn is that where there is a number of varieties of the same bird, animal, or plant, there is one that is taken as a type or pattern, all the others having more or less resemblance to the type, and this type, of course, is the commonest form. So the *Corvus Americanus* is the type of the fish crow, found in the far northwest coast, the carrion crow of the hot coast countries, the blue crow of the southwest, and the other varieties, of which there are quite a few noted by ornithologists, or men of science who make birds a study. If all these crows were mounted and in a case together it would be seen at once that they were all crows just the same as a case of ducks would show a common resemblance.

The *Corvus Americanus* builds its nest in the top of the highest trees, isolated ones preferred, and the nest is made of sticks, fiber, fine bark, hair and the like, and the time of nest building will vary with the

geographical locality. Our INGLENOOK Nature Study clubs should remember this elementary fact,—birds and animals of the same kind breed at different times. Naturally enough, the Maine crow will not begin nesting as early as the Georgia crow. The eggs of the *Corvus Americanus* are four in number, of a greenish cast with irregular brownish spots and blotches. The two old crows are exceptionally affectionate parents, and the solicitude of the old ones for their young is very touching.

A peculiarity of the crow family is that they are said to migrate northward toward the Arctic circle. The crow remains around Elgin and all other places in winter and does not "go south." It goes north. Taken young it is easily domesticated, and makes an interesting pet. The crow family roost far away from where they live. Watch the crows winging their way in the morning to their feeding grounds, always in one direction, returning at night. The roost is some inaccessible place where they are not readily disturbed, and there is an endless cawing and wheeling in flight till they get settled.

It is pretty nearly always the case that the crow is gregarious, or goes in flocks. In the east, where there are many of them, they congregate in thousands.

Every country reader will say that the crow knows when Sunday comes and understands what it means when a man with a gun is seen. Most readers have seen the smaller birds beating off a crow trying to pick out his eyes by flying over him and darting down at him. The reason is that our gentleman in black is an egg robber and an eater of young birds. A pair of infuriated wrens will make it lively for the big black bird for a mile or so of battle in the air.

There are few birds that are so well known as the common crow. Unlike almost every other bird he can stand civilization and does not appear to decrease in numbers as the country becomes populated. This fact of his being so numerous, and that he or his kind stays the whole year round, has led people into some very positive notions as to whether he is a blessing or an evil. There is no doubt whatever but that the crow will rob the nests of other birds, and that he will take the eggs of the poultry which have nested out in the open where he can get at them. All this is beyond dispute. Moreover he will go along the rows of a newly-planted cornfield where the corn shoots are

just coming up and proceed to pull up the corn very much to the disgust of the farmer.

Now it may not be generally known that if the crow can get anything else he will not touch corn, for if hard corn is fed to a nestful of young crows, which will swallow anything put into their mouths, it is very soon disgorged. It is true that the crows will eat the corn in the shock in winter time, husking it from the top of the ear, but only when driven to do so by stress of great hunger.

Plant this corn, however, and every boy knows that it passes through a period of swelling before the sprouts appear on the surface,—and the crow will learn to pull up the swollen corn and eat it. Very often, however, crows would pull the corn apparently for another reason, apparently that of pure mischief, leaving the sprout lying in the row. In all such cases the chances are that they are in search of the worms that may be found at the bottom of the corn and pull the corn to expose the worms.

Essentially, however, the crow is a bug exterminator, and, in the amount of insects that he destroys, more than compensates for the little corn or fruit that he makes away with. Who has not seen a flock of crows in a meadow deployed in making a systematic sweep across the field as they go. They are getting away with grasshoppers by the thousands. They are also seen flying around though the orchard in winter, sampling everything that appears eatable. The most that they do is to take the frozen or rotten apples on the ground and get away with the insects and their larvæ to be found in the bark of the trees. Take it all around the crow may be regarded as of more benefit to man than loss. It would be very difficult, however, to convince the ordinary farmer that the jet black gentleman is anything else but a thief and that he ought to be killed every chance that offers.

The writer of this article had at one time put up a pole in a field on the top of which was a steel trap set to catch a hawk frequenting the neighborhood. A crow, by some misfortune, succeeded in getting himself caught. Apparently there was not another crow for many miles around, but inside of two hours there were at least two hundred crows there, flying around, apparently offering advice, making suggestions, or giving consolation, as the case may be. The air was full of crows while the hapless one in the trap was doing his level best to get free. It seemed that the very leaves of the trees turned to crows as soon as the accident was noised abroad. The pole was taken down and the crow released but it was hurt so badly that it became necessary to kill it, which was noticed by hundreds of crows on the surrounding trees, and afterward it was observed that the crows did not even fly over that section of the country. They avoided it entirely, seeming to have a common understand-

ing that there was unseen and unknown danger in that neighborhood.

What is the range of the *Corvus Americanus*? (Kor-vas Ameri-kan-us).

Can crows count?

Is the *Corvus Americanus* found in Canada?

Is the *Corvus Americanus* found in the Los Angeles country?

Does the crow occupy the same nest year after year, or does it tear down the old and rebuild?

Are all the crow family jet black?

Has it only one note or call?

When and where would you look for the nest of a crow?

Does the crow live on the great plains?

Does the crow come and go, or migrate, in the night?

Does the crow do more good than harm?

Ever notice the graceful settling of a crow after flight? How does he arrange his wings, and just how many movements does he make and what are they and why?

\* \* \*

#### THE SPHINX MOTH.

How many of the Nook readers are there who, in digging in the ground in the early Spring or, while plowing, have turned up with the soil, what most people call a "silk worm." It is a brown pupa or naked larvæ of what turns out to be a winged insect.

How many of the Nature Club people have noticed on a summer night, along pretty well toward the evening, the flitting so-called humming bird, passing from flower to flower. Doubtless many of our readers have watched their chance and have caught the alleged humming bird, or killed it by a quick stroke of a paddle. And how many of the Nookers have noticed in the potato patch a frightful looking green worm, with a horn on its tail and which, when touched, lifts up its head in a threatening attitude as though it would fight and kill whatever came near it? The rule among most people is, when they see this big potato or tomato worm, for they are the same thing, is to pick it up on a chip or two, or a coal shovel and hand it around among a lot of frightened people and then take it out and kill it.

Now let us bring our worm, the pupa with the jug handle, and the so-called humming bird of the summer evening together, and we have but one small animal in different forms of existence.

In the first place the tomato worm is rather common, but is not often seen because it is nocturnal in its habits of feeding. During the daytime it sticks on the under side of a leaf so as not to be seen by the



casual observer. At night it goes out and feeds. If we happen to note one of these big green tomato worms and are bold enough to pick it up it will throw its head up as in the attitude of striking its victim but the whole thing is nothing but a green, mushy worm not one of which ever bit anybody, much less killed anybody, and could not bite if it wanted to. Note well the habit it has of raising up its head and body in front. That is one of the particular features that gives it its name.

Now every reader knows what the sphinx is; a lion with a woman's face in a half raised position; so our insect is somewhat like a sphinx. It has been given that name because of this trick it has of raising up in front when disturbed. However, it is perfectly harmless. When this big green worm has eaten all it needs for the transformation, it drops down on the ground and buries itself therein by boring head first. It is not very often that one sees this interesting operation, but it has been noticed and the writer has seen it personally. When it is down in the ground it casts off its skin and takes on the brown pupa-looking form or jug-handle state in which it is so often dug up. Now the reason why nearly every Nooker knows this jug-handled pupa is because it is found in the ground, and when the garden is dug in the early Spring the pupa is turned up.

Now if the finder will take this jug-handled pupa to the house and put it into an empty or cracked fruit jar, covering it over with a piece of paper, some fine day he will hear a rattling in his jar, and there is the so-called humming bird of the summer evening. Before letting the insect out, if you will look at it carefully you will notice that it has five distinct spots on each side of its body, and if we add the word "quinque-maculata," we will have the rest of its name by which it is known to scientists—Sphinx quinque-maculata or, in plain English, the five-spotted sphinx, or the sphinx with five spots.

There are untold and literal thousands of these Sphinx quinque-maculata scattered all over the country, but they are not often seen because they are nocturnal in their habits of feeding on wild flowers suited to their taste, such as the jimson, tobacco, and the like. After they have undergone their third or last transformation into the humming bird form, they lay their eggs which in turn hatch into a worm, which develops into a big green tomato worm which in turn buries itself in the ground and passes into the jug-handled pupa form and from that into the so-called humming bird again. Every boy and girl has seen them and perhaps wondered what good they were.

Considering they do no harm, save to a few tomato and potato leaves, and cannot possibly hurt anybody, it might be just as well to let them alone when seen.

We will close our talk on this by saying that the

tongue of the sphinx moth is four or five inches long, and is curled up like a watch spring, and while in the pupa case it is inserted in the jug handle of the pupa.

Since this article has been prepared, we have just noticed the picture printed on the lefthand side of the charter, showing insects, and the one at the very top, over the word "the," is that of the sphinx moth we have been describing.

\* \* \*

### A WHITE HERON.

BY W. B. HOPKINS.

A FEW years ago, when living in Grand River, in Ionia county, Michigan, I was somewhat startled at seeing a white heron. I was not aware that there was such a bird in existence, having never seen or heard of one. Having a very slight touch of superstition, I thought it might portend some calamity. However, it was not long before I saw two or three more, and then half a dozen.

I promptly sent a description of what I had discovered to the local paper at Portland, coupled with a request that an ornithologist, then living in that place, should give some explanation of the phenomenon.

His explanation was that the white heron was common in Texas, and that those I had seen had wandered off their course, and had brought up in that, to them, strange place. They appeared identical with the common blue heron except in color. I have never seen any since that particular fall.

*Crystal, Mich.*

\* \* \*

### ANIMAL LONGEVITY.

SOME curious statistics have been published upon what an insurance actuary would describe as the "expectation of life" in animals. Among the larger species of cattle there is some approach to uniformity. Thus for the horse and the ass the extreme limit is about thirty-five years and for horned cattle about thirty. For the dog it is given as twenty-five, while sheep, goats, pigs and cats are grouped at fifteen. But there are stranger disparities among birds. While a goose may live thirty years, a sparrow twenty-five and a crow as many as one hundred, ducks, poultry and turkeys die of old age at twelve years. The palm for longevity is divided between elephant and parrot. Both pass the century.

\* \* \*

### MISSOURI SENSITIVE PLANT.

BY D. L. MOHLER.

THE sensitive plant grows in various kinds of soil, but seems to prefer sandy loam or the neglected road-

side. It grows from about twelve to eighteen inches in height and has fine pointed leaves on long stems. These leaves are several inches long and not more than one-sixteenth of an inch wide. The flower and the stems are about one foot long and branching, bearing one or more flowers on each branch. The flower is a red ball and the stem is prickly, almost like the blackberry. The flower is about three-fourths of an inch in diameter and is somewhat sensitive, slowly closing when touched. The flower is similar to that of the clover head, only it is more spherical in form. It blooms only in June and August in this locality. It grows from a hard woody root and the root stock is so hard that often in plowing sod it will stop a four-horse team or break the plow.

*Leeton, Mo.*

\* \* \*

#### ANIMALS AND TELEGRAPH POLES.

"A STRANGE thing is the effect of electrical energy on birds and wild beasts," says a telegraph lineman quoted. "Woodpeckers are continually tapping telegraph poles. In the country you will find everywhere poles honey-combed by the sturdy bills of woodpeckers. The birds mistake the humming sound inside the poles for the humming of insects and it is to get at these supposed insects that they make their perforations. Bears, on the other hand, think the humming comes from bees and they overrun the stones at the pole's base in their endeavor to get at the honey. Wolves are afraid of the sound. A wolf won't go near a telegraph pole under any circumstances."

\* \* \*

#### MOSS IS INDESTRUCTIBLE.

THERE is a creeping moss found in the islands of the West Indies, which is called the "life tree," or, more properly, the "life plant." Its powers of vitality are said to be beyond those of any other plant. It is absolutely indestructible by any means except immersion in boiling water or application of a redhot iron. It may be cut up and divided in any manner and the smallest shreds will throw out roots, grow and form buds. The leaves of this extraordinary plant have been placed in a closed air-tight, dark box, without moisture of any sort, and still they grow.

\* \* \*

#### THE CUCKOO.

As is generally known, the cuckoo lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, leaving them to be hatched and the young cuckoos reared by their foster parents. The young cuckoo throws the other birds out of the nests and gets all the care itself. After murdering its foster brothers and sisters in the most deliberate and callous way it is thenceforth tended with the greatest

devotion. Long after it has left the nest the great bird, apparently big enough to get its own living and many times larger than its foster parents, is followed about and fed by them with the same care as when in the nest.

\* \* \*

#### PROTECTING BIRDS.

THE protection of birds has become a settled custom in most civilized countries. Australia is now making great efforts to save its native birds and for the prevention of the trade in so-called osprey plumes. The colonies of egrets in Victoria are being rigorously protected, and the government of Queensland will soon have certain islands reserved for the Torres strait or nutmeg pigeons peculiar to that region. Action has also been taken to reserve chains of lakes in Victoria as breeding places for wild fowl.

\* \* \*

LUCIA REES, Secretary Pear Park INGLENOOK Nature Club, Grand Junction, Colorado, will be pleased to exchange specimens with any other club. Around the Grand Junction neighborhood are cacti and other desert plants, and the birds and animals of the plains. Also gold and silver ore are available. The NOOK suggests that the Clubs or any members thereof who may want anything of the kind to start a collection will think over what they can offer in the way of exchange, and then write the Secretary, whose address is given above. Be sure that all transactions with each other are strictly honest and honorable.

\* \* \*

THE sponge which we buy at the store is the skeleton of a marine animal. When alive the sponge part is hardly sensible at all, even when it is cut across. When alive it looks like the back of a kid glove and is of the same consistency as beef liver. The animal part is rotted out and the I. N. C. people and all others buy the bleached skeleton.

\* \* \*

THE house fly lays its eggs about stables. In a day or two the eggs hatch out worms or maggots which eat voraciously and grow rapidly for about a week when they pass into the pupa stage from which they emerge as flies. How many wings has a common house fly?

\* \* \*

WHEN corresponding with this office about anything connected with the Nature Study work always give the number of your Club. We locate them much quicker by the number.

\* \* \*

WHEN the various Clubs get their charters see that they are properly framed, under glass, and hung up in a good place. They are beauties, and well worth preserving.



# THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

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"In everything give thanks."

\* \* \*

## THANKSGIVING.

DURING the present week Thanksgiving day will be observed all over the United States, and probably every home where the INGLENOOK goes will observe the day in some special manner. This magazine suggests the propriety of making it a day of personal thanksgiving as well as of national thanks. While it is true that the nation as a whole has great reason to be thankful for its many mercies, it is also much truer that the individuals who compose the people at large have great occasion to be thankful for the blessings that have been extended to them during the past year. The INGLENOOK would like to see people more thankful for what they have received.

There are so many of us who are in the habit of complaining about our lot. We have a few disadvantages to contend with, perhaps a positive evil or two, and set off against them is the great number of unmixed blessings, yet such is the perversity of human nature that we make more fuss over the few shortcomings than we give thanks for the multiplied blessings of which we are the recipients. Why not take stock of our mercies and be thankful for them?

Some of us who are in sound health, who are blessed with enough to eat, and sufficient clothing to wear, and who are continually grumbling should take into account how much better off we are than many others we know. When we think of ourselves and our relation to the world at large, we are very apt to look away up and compare ourselves with those whose lot we think of as a far superior one to that of ours. A much better plan

is to look down the line and see how much better we are off than thousands of others. The trouble with us all is that we more or less seek after the unattainable things in life and spend our lot in complaining and grumbling over the unavoidable.

If we looked up the good things which belong to us and which we accept as our right when we have no rights whatever in the premises, and which are only the gifts of the good God, we would find a vast deal of sterling worth that we never thought of in that light before. If the writer of these lines could take his readers to Chicago, and show them through the hospitals, jails, almshouses, and the quarters occupied by the submerged tenth, he feels very sure that each and every one would go to his or her cleanly home and find a vast deal to be thankful for connected with their daily life. The trouble of it is that we never view these things in the light that we ought to.

Most of us do not know when we are well off. We accept the matter of health, strength, competency, and pleasant surroundings as though they belonged to us by virtue of some inherent rights. We commonly think of our blessings as our dues, and we regard our mercies as simply a payment of a debt coming to us. The facts are that in the disbursement of the good things in this world, the most of us got more than was coming to us, and if we were settled with upon a basis of exact justice, untempered with mercy, we would find ourselves in a pitiable condition on Thanksgiving morning. On the other hand, we have really so much that is worth while that no man or woman needs go very far to find a great deal to return thanks for. It is the simplest and commonest things in life that are the greatest blessings.

He who reads these lines can have no conception of the darkness in the lives of the thousands who are blind. Those who walk about in the world cannot understand the feelings of the man who cannot go without his crutches. He who has a pleasant home and a roof over his head cannot understand the feelings of the outcast and the homeless, and so on throughout the long list of what we have and which we have only as a free gift and not through any merit of our own, but from the goodness of God, and for all of this we may well render him thanks.

The INGLENOOK also suggests that in every neighborhood there are those whose blessings are not as great as some of the more favored. For some wise purpose that we are not able to at all understand the Lord has not given them as much as others, but this is no reason why we may not do his work when we try to ameliorate their condition and render life better and happier for all such people. There is

no reason why we should not do so even though their condition may be the result of their own lack of judgment or failure to look ahead anent the emergencies that arise with all of us. There is perhaps not any place where there is not some neglected person, man or woman, who has passed out of the activities of life, and who sits around neglected and ignored by everybody because nobody is sufficiently interested in him or her to do them a good turn. Now, would it not be a good thing, in consideration of all the blessings and mercies that have been extended to us in the past year to be sufficiently unselfish on this one day in the year to seek out just such people and gladden their lives just as much as we can? Why not pass the good things along to others instead of keeping everything for ourselves alone?

It is all right to sit around the board with the fragrant, steaming turkey in the center, and all the concomitants of a good dinner, but it is not all right to be so thoroughly interested in what appeals to our creature comforts as to entirely ignore the fact that here and there are people who have not been so signally blessed as we are, and God may have intended that some of what he has given us shall be passed along to others not so fortunate. After all we are only the stewards of God's household and it may be that we are his paymasters. It therefore becomes a duty devolving upon us not only to render personal thanks for our blessings and mercies, and make much of them, but to divide them up and pass them along to others. He who does all this will be astonished to find that, while he has broken off a piece to give away, what he has taken will miraculously grow again while he sleeps. He who has this faith has the greatest gift of all for which to be thankful.

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#### HOPS.

A CORRESPONDENT on the Pacific coast asks whether it is right to grow hops. To the average Nooker the query is *caviare*, but back of it is a real question, more apparent when we remember that hops are grown to sell to brewers, as a rule. If it is wrong to sell, drink, or encourage beer, is it right to furnish a part of the requisites of beer making? The same question is put in a different shape when it is asked whether it is right to grow corn or rye to sell to a distiller, knowing that he will make whiskey out of it.

There is more to the question than appears on the surface. Is it right? That's the real gist of the matter. Now, neither the Nook nor the Nookman is given to being on both sides of the fence, but it confesses that it is not clear about the matter.

However, it will say this, for the man who believes it wrong to raise hops to sell to brewers to use

in making beer, it is wrong. To him who does not enter into the spirit or the details of it, there may be no moral wrong. The sin of a thing consists in knowing better and disregarding that knowledge. A man who has a house to rent and lets it to a man who takes care of it and pays the rent regularly, may be said to be done with the transaction. But if the house is to be used for immoral purposes, how does the owner stand morally? If he does not really know, there is no wrong. If he does, what then? So, after all, it is based on knowledge, on the light we have on the subject, on our moral development. And whether right or wrong, a pretty good rule, where there is a doubt about the morality of a thing, is to keep out of it and away from it.

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#### THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA.

THE United States wants a treaty with or from Colombia with something in it about a route across the Isthmus of Panama. Colombia rejects the proposition, or, at least, hampers it. The United States wants it, and wants it badly. Panama starts a "revolution," declares its independence, and organizes a republic. The President of the United States promptly "recognizes" the Republic, spelled with a capital now. The diplomatic representative of the Republic is received and negotiations are ready for opening between this country and the over-night Republic on the Isthmus, late a part of Colombia. The people at Bogota, or the official part of them, turn purple in the face, and propose sending soldiers to Panama to thrash the revolutionists back again. The United States proposes to send its soldiers to the republic of Panama to "Protect American interests." As this republic is considerable of a giant compared with Colombia, the American interests will likely be protected and the treaty go on. In the end the republic of Panama will be left "holding the bag," and there's a lesson in practical international politics for you. To anybody who knows these Latin American republics, and the people who live there, the whole proceeding provokes a big, broad, grin.

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THE charters for the INGLENOOK Nature Study Clubs are printed, and have been sent out to the several Clubs thus far organized. The recipients should frame them under glass, and hang them in an appropriate place. They are very handsomely printed in three colors, and will be an ornament anywhere.

As certain advantages accrue to club membership there should be many organizations, as the more there are the more efficient the field of exchange will be. The schools that have taken it up are alive all over, and show their enthusiasm and zeal in the cause of scientific knowledge.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

### GENERAL.

An airship in the form of a balloon has been successfully tried in France.

The people in Panama are still celebrating their advent among the republics.

More than forty employees of the Big Four Railway have been detected robbing that company for years.

Five cardinals, including the Papal Secretary of State at Rome, have received their red hats from Pope Pius X.

The employees of the Indiana Harbor Steel Co., Indiana Harbor, Ind., have struck on account of reduction in wages.

The gross earnings of the railroads for the past year show over \$100,000,000 increase over the same period of the year preceding.

At this writing some of the streets in Chicago are lined by policemen to keep peace between the strikers and the running cars by the traction company.

The Central Labor organization endorses the car men of Chicago, and censures the course of the police. The organization also urges municipal ownership.

The steel trust is beginning a retrenchment, wages having been cut to the extent of \$15,000,000. All employees will suffer but the higher salaried ones will suffer most.

A hotel hospital in Chicago is being planned. It will be a place for rich people, and suites of rooms and accommodations for nurses and servants are included in the design.

The historic letter of Gen. Grant, accepting the Presidency, has been found at Hartford, Conn., among some waste paper. It is the letter ending "Let us have peace."

In New York a man has been found who is willing to part with his ear for five thousand dollars, the organ to be applied surgically to the head of a man who has lost his own.

The Chicago Street Railway Co. is having a strike on its hands but the cars were running last Saturday guarded by the police. Of course, in the long run, the strike will fail.

A Philadelphia judge has decided that a promise to marry made on Sunday, and not subsequently acknowledged, is not valid. The principle is that Sunday contracts are void.

The annual report of the International Spiritualists' Association of the United States and Canada goes to show that the organization is growing. They claim a membership of 1,500,000.

Dr. Hirsch, an eminent Jewish Rabbi, has declared in public that the Jewish birthright is worthless. He says that everywhere the Jew is a subject of ignorant and prejudiced discrimination.

The royal family of Germany are afraid that the Kaiser is afflicted with cancer. The doctors say not, but the public fear the worst. Nothing can be definitely told until the operation recently performed shall have healed.

Congress is endeavoring to pass a bill for punishing the murderer of a president. If President McKinley had been murdered in some states where imprisonment for life is the extreme penalty, his assassin might be living to-day.

The Chicago city street railroad is tied up by a strike that began at four o'clock in the morning of Nov. 12. The usual scenes of disorder characterized the strike. Rioting, bloodshed, and fights between the police and strikers were common.

Rioting in Chicago on account of the street car strike still continues, the loyal car men being the victims of the mob. The local railroads are doing a wonderful business in Chicago carrying tens of thousands of people to and from work.

The Bureau of Labor at Washington has issued a bulletin showing that the average income of poor families was \$827.19, and that the average expenditure for food in the family of five persons was about \$326.90. The entire expenses run to an average of \$768.54.

The American consulate has been stoned by some people in Colombia. This was due to the anti-American feeling on account of the relation between the United States and the new Republic of Panama. There may be some trouble down there before all this is over.

Delegates of the American Federation of Labor, at Boston, Mass., on Nov. 12, severely criticised President Roosevelt's action in connection with the Miller case in Washington. The Federation, or some of the members thereof, hold the action of the President to be inimical to labor.

A new swindle is in operation in this part of the country. Somebody in the west telegraphs to the east for money to send the body of a dead husband or son home, stating in the telegram that they have been killed. The money is usually sent but there is no dead person in the case.

The Chicago Express of the Illinois Central Railway, ran into a train load of laborers, near New Orleans, last week, killing forty and injuring twenty-three. It was a rear end collision. Most of the killed were negroes.

Dowie, who is back at Zion city, talks freely about his trip to New York. He says that more than six hundred thousand houses were visited and over one million five hundred thousand pieces of literature were distributed. Still he admits that New York is a pretty tough place.

The girls at the Beverly High School, in Massachusetts, are indignant because their Principal suggested that they wear calico, gingham, or other dresses not to cost more than eighteen cents a yard on their graduation day. All the same good sense is on the side of the principal.

At a high toned wedding in New York the other day, there were scenes of the wildest disorder enacted in and around the church. A feminine mob overwhelmed the police and seemed to have no respect whatever for the principals, the place or the occasion. This is "sassiety."

The other day a riot call was turned at the Harrison street police station, in Chicago, and the run was made to the point of disturbance. When the authorities arrived they found a wedding was in progress in the rear of a saloon and that there was not more than ordinary disturbance. There were no arrests.

Charles Smith, of Washington, D. C., a negro, held up a lunch room near the Treasury Building, last week and robbed the drawer of \$28. He was then pursued by an angry crowd that beat him after he had shot two people, and both negroes and whites took it up and for a time it seemed as though a race riot was imminent.

Recent dispatches say that the Colombian army is on its way to Panama to pacify the recently born republic. The authorities at Bogota say that they will never consent to the new republic's existence. As the United States is taking a hand in the matter in favor of Panama the chances are that the Colombians will not accomplish very much.

The Chicago school-teachers, through their Federation, have determined to boycott all candy stores selling a product not manufactured strictly according to Union rules. The NOOK does not know what an old maid Chicago school-teacher would do with a gift of five pounds of the best candy made by non-Union people. She might send it back.

What has become of the Macedonian trouble? Sometime ago the papers were full of it, and now there

is nothing. Mr. John F. Bass, of the *New York Herald* and the *Chicago Tribune*, was sent to Turkish Europe with orders to report what he saw. He reported that the massacres were gross misrepresentations, and often lies, whereupon interest abated.

In the neighborhood of the car barns in 77th street, in Chicago, there is a strong Union sentiment. A lunch room there has two bills of fare, the one for the union men is reasonable, while for the non-Union the prices are prohibitive. Not only are the non-union prevented from eating at restaurants, but it is said that many of the barbers refuse to shave them.

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#### PERSONAL.

Mr. W. M. R. French, Director of the Art Institute, of Chicago, has decided to put an end to hazing in the school of the Institute.

Mrs. Mary McDonald, a Philadelphia colored woman, celebrated her 133rd birthday last week. Her memory is good and she is an inveterate smoker.

Lieut. Peary, of the United States Navy, lectured before the Royal Geographical Society in London. He said that he intended to annex the North Pole to the United States.

Attacks on Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, are again renewed in the Senate. Polygamy is the matter in question. It is doubtful whether anything will come of it. Senator Smoot is said not to be a polygamist.

Emperor William of Germany is very anxious to talk and is restrained by his physicians with difficulty. His trouble is the result of a recent operation for what has been said to be cancer, but the character of which is not clearly known as yet.

J. Walkenheimer, an old bachelor, living in the suburbs of Des Moines, Iowa, was found dead in his bed Nov. 10. He was supposed to be a pauper but when the place was searched a will was found leaving \$25,000 in cash to St. Louis relatives.

Charles W. Penrose, editor of the *Deseret News*, the Mormon paper, of Salt Lake City, Utah, has declared on the stand that "Celestial marriages" are being performed daily by the church authorities, and that marital relations like these are not considered unlawful.

August Enk, of Chicago, gashed Miss Nellie Batrice, twenty-four years old, seven times on the forehead and cheeks with a razor. She will be disfigured for life. Enk, who is twenty-eight years old, declared that if he could not have her no one else should want her.



## A QUEER STORY.

SOMETHING happened under the Nookman's observation or, at least, partly so, during the last few months that has been utterly inexplicable, and as it will interest our readers and give them something to think about, we want to tell it here.

A month or so ago, in the early morning, when the Nookman was upstairs in his room still in bed, there came a call from the kitchen asking why he had left his clothes on the floor down there. There was no answer given, and presently the editor's garments were thrown into the room and he proceeded to pull himself together and went downstairs. There it was learned that the house had been robbed something as follows:

Thieves had entered through the kitchen door and by lighted matches, the remains of which told the story, they had gone all over the house. They unpacked trunks, ransacked bureau drawers, and crept upstairs right into the Nookman's room and took therefrom his clothing and carried it down to the kitchen. Here they went through his pocketbook, tearing it to pieces in the operation, leaving some valuable papers and taking some money—about eighteen dollars—that was in it. They took the child's bank, the pocketbook of the woman of the house, and some articles of jewelry, among which was a heavy filigree gold ring, worth from ten to fifteen dollars.

They did not take any silverware, left a gold watch chain belonging to the lady, but took some minor articles in the way of cheap jewelry. When they finished, they took a plate of cold steak out on the kitchen porch, with knife and fork, and ate all of it leaving the plate and silverware on the floor. The night before the Nookman had bought a couple of fine peaches and had eaten one and left the other on the sitting-room table for the baby. They had eaten this peach, leaving the seed on the table. Not a soul in the house had heard the slightest noise. The men crept into the writer's room and took his clothes and made off with them.

The same night, on the opposite side of the street, a front window was opened and the same parties, doubtless, entered where seven people were sleeping, took their clothes out in the front yard, carried away a valuable gold watch and whatever articles they chose to take from the pockets of the clothing they captured. Several other places were similarly entered, and in no instance was the slightest disturbance made, nor did anybody suspect anything, or hear anything, or any word of a robbery until they arose in the morning. The police were phoned, the patrol wagon came up and the usual investigations were made with absolutely no results.

Now there is nothing particularly queer about the

procedure, it was simply a case of successful sneak thieving, and to this day, nobody knows who did it.

Now for the funny part of it. About a week after the stealing, the people across the street found their watch wrapped up in a page from the trade *Journal*, published in New York, lying on the front steps without note or comment of any kind. There was no reason why this watch should not have been broken up and sold. Of course, the people were glad to get their watch back as it was a presentation affair and valued accordingly. A number of reasons were offered for the return, but of course nobody knows the exact facts in the case.

A week or two passed, and one day the lady of the house, where the Nookman lives, placed a number of letters in the home mail box that they might be taken up by the postman who would come along. This was about ten o'clock in the morning, but the mail carrier, having no letters to deliver at that end of the street, did not come up that day, so the lady went out to bring in her mail. On the top of the letters was the filigree gold ring,—not a word accompanied it. This had been placed there in daylight, between the hours of ten and three. It had been returned by somebody. On an adjoining street the same thieves, or it was thought to be the same ones, crept through an open window and took a pair of trousers to the front yard, abstracting therefrom, a watch, and a valuable one at that, but left it lying on the top of the garment without taking it away.

Now the question is, what were the motives of the thieves, or thief, in returning the property in the way they did? It would have seemed natural for them to pound up the filigree gold ring and sell it for old gold. The watches could have been disposed of in Chicago, without question. Now why did the thief return the articles, and what could have been the motive? It was not a matter of conscience because all of the articles were not returned. It was not because they were afraid to offer them for sale, for they took greater chances in returning them than in keeping them. Now what are the psychical reasons for this action? One guess is as good as another, and the Nookman has given it up long ago.

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WHEN the war closed in 1865 no American railroad had a thousand miles of tracks. Now there are eight great systems with over ten thousand miles each.

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FIFTY years ago a train load of two hundred tons was heavy. Now from two thousand to two thousand five hundred tons are hauled.

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NOTHING is so pleasing or so horrid as the music of your own harp.

## TEN CENTS A QUART.

If you ask a grocer what cranberries standing in front of his store are worth he will tell you, as a rule, ten cents a quart.

It is the cranberry we want to talk about, not the ten cents or the quart. Cranberry culture is the greatest gamble in the entire fruit industry. In a good year a good bog in the New Jersey country will net the grower ten per cent of the investment and the next year he may lose his entire crop. There are several enemies of the cranberry crop, the leading one of which is Jack Frost. The cranberry does not ripen before the autumn frosts. It is more trouble to start a cranberry bog than the

The cranberry is picked by people who wander from place to place doing the work. Every picker is assigned to his row and he must pick it clean. He has a square black box measure held before him and he reaches out and grasps group after group of vines between his hands and joining his fingers combs out the berries. When his box is full he carries it to some given place where he is given a ticket for his work and then starts back again to fill it. After the berries are picked they are put through a machine which assort the fruit and distributes it into three grades.

There are different kinds of cranberries. There is a cranberry which is nearly white during the early picking but reddens toward the close. The



WILLAMETTE VALLEY WHEAT.

ordinary Nooker has an idea of. In the first place a suitable bog has to be found and this has to be cleared and so arranged that water, which must be available somewhere near, can at will be made to flood the bog.

A new bog is always planted with cuttings or portions of shoots from ten to fifteen inches long, which are cut from some mature bog and these are separated into wisps from eight to ten inches. These are laid upon the sand in rows and women walk over the rows forcing the cuttings into the sand with a wedge-shaped rod.

A new bog thus planted will yield well for four or five years and will never die out if properly cleaned and protected. After the last picking and throughout the autumn, winter and spring, in which frosts and freezes are likely to occur, every cranberry bog is kept flooded. The idea is to keep certain insects, flies and fungus diseases away.

Cape Cod variety is dark red while the large Jersey berry is mottled red and white.

A labor-saving device is now being tried in which the berries are combed off in something like a scoop with combed teeth. The hand pickers earn from two to four dollars a day in good weather and it will be readily seen by every Nooker that a contrivance to do it more rapidly would be so much saved.

It is said that the crop of cranberries in New Jersey this year will amount to over 304,250 bushels and which will net the grower about one dollar per bushel.

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SHE asked him what he would do if he lost her. He replied that he would go crazy, whereupon she wanted to know if he would marry again, and he replied, after thinking a moment, that he probably would not be as crazy as that.



## TITLES.

A GOOD many NOOK readers may have wondered where the titles worn by foreigners come from. How may a man become a count, a baron, or even a prince? It is readily explained when we remember the conditions existing in foreign countries, though they are not generally known to the average man.

There are various foreign countries where a man can obtain a high-sounding handle to his name by the simple and convenient method of writing out a check for the amount at which the distinction is valued. In fact, the rulers of these particular countries derive no small part of their incomes by conferring titles, orders and decorations upon those who are willing to pay the price for them.

Italy has earned the reputation of being one of the best title-selling countries. For about \$8,000 the king will confer on you the title of prince, a distinction which carries with it many privileges. If this amount is a little more than one can afford, there are the lesser distinction of duke and marquis, which cost \$6,000 and \$5,000 respectively. Or for \$4,000 Italy will make you a count, while \$2,400 will buy you the title of baron and \$1,000 enables you to become a noble.

There is also another way of obtaining a title in Italy. This is by purchasing an estate in the country. This method, however, is not often resorted to, as it is less sure, and often more expensive, than buying the title outright.

Even the pope, by the by, does a little business in title and order trading. The late pope, Leo XIII, on the occasion of his papal jubilee, announced that in order to celebrate that auspicious event he had created a new honor, the St. John's Lateran Cross. This decoration, it was explained, would be conferred upon those who subscribed to the fund for the restoration of the Basilica of St. Peter's.

Some time ago a gentleman was charged before the correctional tribunal of Paris with using a title to which it was alleged he had no just claim. In support of his right, however, the accused produced a letter from the secretary of the papal nuncio stating that "His holiness had been pleased to confer upon you the title of prince and the grand cross of the Order of St. Gregory." In payment for these honors a check for \$5,560, being \$4,430 for the principedom and \$1,120 for the grand cross, was requested per return of post. The vatican will also create a count for \$2,400 and a marquis for \$645.

For the comparatively small sum of \$875 the king of Spain will make a foreigner a knight of

the Order of Isabella. A knighthood of the Most Noble Order of St. James and the Sword, on the other hand, costs \$1,825, and the candidate must also become an honorary officer in the Spanish army, which will cost him a matter of from \$250 to \$500 more. The tile of commander can also be bought for \$1,500, with the star, \$1,875. The latter decoration is much sought after, by the by, as it greatly resembles that of the Prussian eagle.

The king of Portugal, too, has a number of orders which he is ready to dispose of to suitable purchasers. To bestow upon a man the once-envied title of knight of the Christus order, his majesty charges \$2,500. A fifth class of the Order of the Tower and Sword, however, costs only \$225, while the fourth, third and second class can be had for \$375, \$625 and \$750.

Of course, a man does not usually deal direct with the rulers or their private secretaries in purchasing any of the afore-mentioned distinctions. They are usually to be obtained through agents, mostly resident in Holland and Germany. As a matter of fact, the German newspapers have standing advertisements offering for sale distinctions ranging from count to prince.

Occasionally such advertisements appear in English papers. A few months ago, for instance, one of the most important dailies published in London advertised for sale the title of count in the Portuguese peerage. For \$6,000 the agent guaranteed to arrange the whole transaction and the only qualification beyond drawing the check required of the would-be noble was that he should make a preliminary residence of three months in Lisbon.

Servia's ruler has at his disposal the Order of Takoma, which he will bestow on anyone for \$750 and \$1,500, the first charge being made for knighthood and the latter for a commandery. A similar price is asked for the Sun and Lion orders of Persia and for the Medjidie decoration, which the Turkish Sultan sells to the faithful as well as to the faithless. The Sultan of Turkey also sells the Osmanje order of the first class for about \$5,000 and the third class of the same order for \$1,250. The Star of Roumania, possessed by many literary men, is quoted by agents at \$1,000, while the Sultan of Tunis offers the Order of Nischanel Istikar, in three classes, at \$450, \$625 and \$750 respectively.

San Marino, the smallest republic in the world, which is situated in Mount Titano, in the Italian province of Emilia, does a flourishing business in titles. Unlike other countries, however, San Marino devotes most of the money so gained to the maintenance of charitable institutions. As a matter of fact, the system of selling titles in the little

republic originated in this manner: A hospital was required and there being no money in the treasury to pay for the building of it the authorities hit upon the novel idea of offering patents of nobility for sale. The republic will make you a duke or a baron for \$5,000, while \$1,500 will buy you the title of count.

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#### KISSING IN JAPAN.

THE missionary in Japan who "spoons," or the one who eats too much has little chance to succeed in his vocation. This is what a graduate of a mission school in Tsukiji says, according to C. L. Brownell in his recent book, "The Heart of Japan." The young Japanese referred to is fitted by birth, education and foreign travel to see both sides of the matter, so this view of his may help to explain why it is that Christianity has made in the land of the rising sun the slow progress upon which Marquis Ito commented two years ago.

It shocks the natives to see a "missionary man" and his wife making love to each other. After witnessing such a spectacle the followers of Buddha, who are not themselves given to caressing, have little faith in the moral or spiritual elevation of the fondlers. All the suspicions which have been aroused in their minds by the general strangeness of missionary habits are confirmed by this evidence of bad taste, as they regard it.

Yet kisses were not unknown in Japan before the advent of the missionaries. The Japanese dictionary itself proves their earlier existence by offering three equivalents for the short and sweet Anglo-Saxon word "kiss:" kuchisu, seppun suru and kuchi-tsuke suru. The Japanese themselves, while they confess to dislike of personal contact, do not pretend ignorance of this so-called "seal of love."

Said Dr. Toyokichi Iyenaga, at the University of Chicago last July, when lecturing on marriage in his own land: "The Japanese does not kiss his wife in public. It is against his standard of politeness." He went on to draw this difference between the osculatory methods of his country and America: "As has been cleverly said, the American kisses his wife in public and beats her in private; the Japanese beats his wife in public and kisses her in private."

The second charge against the missionaries is that "the continually stuffed body cannot see secret things," as some eastern philosopher once expressed it. "I noticed," said the Tsukiji critic, "that, excepting the Roman Catholics, the missionaries thought a lot about food, and even ordered things to eat from San Francisco. It is com-

fortable to have nice food inside of one, but we natives do not think so much about that. We like good food, but good eaters do not appeal to us with much power of uplifting. I think, therefore, that it would be good for the missionaries not to eat so much."

Certainly the diet that the young man remembers as a feature of his student days would lead one to think that the oyster supper method of conversion is popular with Protestant missionaries in Japan. "There were four servants in the missionary's house in which I staid for several months, and we had considerable luxury in our life—more than I have seen in the average clergyman's house in America. We had toast and tea before getting out of bed, brought by one of the maids; we had a breakfast, better certainly than one usually has in England and especially in France; we had a hot tiffin at 12:30; we had tea, jam, and sandwiches at 4 o'clock; we had a dinner at 7 o'clock that usually had pheasant, or chicken, or duck, or something like that in it, and we had a supper at 10 o'clock of cold chicken or meat and bread and butter and beer."

These differences of opinion between natives and missionaries in Japan are all the more serious since, under the circumstances, the latter can hardly expect to persuade the former to kiss and make up.

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#### COLDEST LIQUID KNOWN.

LIQUID hydrogen is by far the coldest liquid known at the present time. At ordinary atmospheric pressure it boils at —422 degrees Fahrenheit, and reduction of the pressure by an air pump brings the temperature down to —432 degrees, at which the liquid becomes a solid, resembling frozen foam. According to Professor Dewar, to whom the credit is due of having liquefied hydrogen in 1898, the liquid is a colorless, transparent body and is the lightest liquid known to exist, its density being only one-fourteenth that of water. The lightest liquid previously known was liquid marsh gas, which is six times heavier. The only solid which has so small density as to float upon its surface is a piece of pith wood.

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THE genius of hospitality is not so much in making people meet, but in helping them to part—on good terms. Remember that!—"The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham" (John Oliver Hobbes).

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If a cabbage, a tomato, and a hydrant run a race, how will they come out? The cabbage will come out a-head, the tomato will catch-up and the hydrant will still be running.



## THE SAFE BREAKER.

It is now a war of wits between the professional safe-blower and the expert safe-maker. That the latter has the lead at present is evidenced by this very fact that most of the "jobs" are being done by the "yeggs" in the small towns. The banks of the large cities are equipped with the latest fruits of the safe-maker's art, the old-fashioned safes have been relegated to the country counting houses. The old safes are comparatively frail affairs and can be opened sometimes with ordinary tools and a little powder. One or two of the most expert "boxmen" some years back by simply placing their ears to the combination safes could hear the tumblers drop. They then opened them without tools or explosives of any kind. As the old locks were improved the next step was to drill a hole, insert a heavy punch, strike the "dog" which holds the tumblers in position and hammer it loose. After the safemaker had made still another advance a drill was applied around the lock and the latter was blown open. But the manufacturer has now so improved on the locking mechanism of the modern strong box that lock blowing is fruitless.

The modern "peter man" drills a hole in the top of the safe, stops up all door cracks with soap, inserts a funnel, pours in the nitroglycerin, the minimum being estimated to a nicety, inserts an insulated wire properly capped at the lower end and wraps the safe up in felt or wet cloth, if he can work entirely around it. This wrapping deadens the shock and prevents the scattering of iron and steel fragments. Everything being ready, the long insulated wire is attached to a portable electric battery, previously deposited in another room. The button is touched, the safe door flies off without unnecessary noise and the "swag" is in easy reach.

The exactitude with which the professional "gopher man" measures out his nitroglycerin is such that a pal can often remain in the room with the explosion without jeopardizing life or limb. In the recent hold-up at Savanna, Ill., the express messenger effected a return to his car, arriving within the compartment containing the safe just as the latter exploded. He was knocked completely off his feet, but was uninjured.

In the professional train hold-up dynamite is often thrown at the door of the combination mail and express car. This often results in the blowing out of panels and the smashing of the glass windows. But unless entrance has to be thus forced an express car job can be done as neatly as a bank job, without damage to the car proper.

The express train jobs are usually the work of hardened professionals, desperate men with genius, though ill-directed this genius be. Such exploits are planned with true military forethought. After the Great Northern hold up at Carlisle, Minn., the bandits, in their

retreat through Fergus Falls, stopped to damage the electric power house, thus leaving the whole town in darkness and rendering pursuit impossible.

The safe-blower's kit is receiving new additions from month to month. What the professional "box man" may have at his disposal may be seen from his partial inventory of stock found at the establishment of Ed Burns, alias "Pap Jones," a veteran safe-blower and burglar, lately discovered to be operating in Chicago and to be incidentally conducting the business of jobber, of burglars' supplies. In his room was found, in wholesale quantities, almost every appliance known to skilled "peter men," automatic drills, revolvers, electric pocket flashlights, rubber "sneaks," sledges, jimmies, wedges, dynamite caps, fuses, insulated wire, saws, screws, braces, drills, files, electric batteries, soap, nitroglycerin, etc.

The finest kit of tools known to the police of this country was captured not long since from Jerome Markle, alias "Dutch Weber," alias "William Myers," at Colorado Springs. Markle is an expert safe-blower and tool manufacturer. His kit consists of one hundred and fifty-five pieces and a goodly supply of nitroglycerin.

The majority of the burglars' tools used in the middle west are believed to be manufactured by a mysterious personage known in police circles as "the toolmaker of Illinois." He is said to be an old man, who lives in an out-of-the-way hamlet of that State, and who, while to all appearances a good, honest citizen, earning a precarious living at his forge, is in reality a toolmaker to safe-blowers and burglars throughout the neighboring States. No one in police or detective circles has as yet discovered his place of abode. The stamp of his handiwork is found on almost all burglars' tools captured in that region.

In the safe-blower's vernacular, the term "tool" refers to what in reality is many pieces of finely finished steel. It is, in fact, a set of tools designed to drill and blow open a safe. One of these kits lately captured is estimated to be worth \$200. It consists of a plate with four legs, a set of drills, a blowpipe, oil can, mallet and monkeywrench. When in parts, this "tool" may be easily carried in the pockets of a man's clothes, but, set up, it could not be contained in a large-sized grip.

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## TYPEWRITER GIRLS.

Our friends across the water have not yet caught on to the employment of the festive, gum-chewing typewriter girl, and they are just awakening to the possibilities of the young woman. It appears from an account of the situation as presented in the *London Daily Mail* that all the schools in London that make a feature of training girls and young women in short-

hand, typewriting, and other commercial pursuits report a great increase in the number of their pupils compared with this time last year.

The demand on the part of females to learn typewriting at the evening schools has lately grown to such an extent that the school board is to be asked to supply one hundred and thirteen more machines, making a total of four hundred and sixty-three. Any female, irrespective of age or social condition, may now acquire an expert knowledge of typewriting at these schools for twenty-five cents, providing she can write shorthand at the rate of forty words a minute. There are at present something like 1,700 female pupils under the tuition of school board typewriting experts, who hold certificates of proficiency from the Society of Arts, or the London chamber of commerce.

the principal of one of the schools. "In fact, the demand for girl clerks who can be something more than mere writing machines far exceeds the supply. As for the ordinary male clerk, his day is obviously drawing to a close. Like the male shop assistant, he will have to seek another and perhaps a manlier occupation."

\*\*\*

#### PICKLES.

"I ALWAYS thought," said a waiter, "that the stories about women being such great pickle eaters were just jokes told by people who thought they were funny; but one of my first experiences as a waiter taught me in a very simple manner that the stories were true.

"This was in a restaurant where we had many



A FARM IN WILLAMETTE VALLEY, OREGON.

Messrs. Pitman are, at present, teaching shorthand and typewriting to 2,800 girls, and have turned out over 20,000 female experts, who, as clerks, are earning from three dollars and seventy-five cents a week to one thousand five hundreds dollars a year. Situations are being found for the pupils at the rate of ten per week, but the majority find places for themselves. The Polytechnic has one hundred and sixty female typewriting pupils. Several smaller institutions are teaching typewriting to girls, and London representatives of the various machine making firms are giving free tuition. A fair estimate puts the total of girls who to-day are qualifying for clerkships in London at five thousand three hundred fifty. The number has increased one hundred per cent in four years.

In a few months' time all these girls will be seeking situations. "And they will get them, too," said

women customers, one side of the restaurant being for men, and the other side for women. On the women's side we used to have to fill up the pickle jars that stood on the tables every day, while the jars on the men's side had to be filled only once in two days.

"So here, you see, the women regularly ate about twice as many pickles as the men did; and I should say that that is just about what they always do, everywhere."

\*\*\*

CAPTAIN ALFRED JOHNSON, who was the first man to cross the ocean in a small boat in 1876, is still living at Gloucester, Mass.

\*\*\*

THE Myling Head precipice in Stromoe, one of the Faroe Islands, has a sheer drop of 2,200 feet from crest to sea.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

### GRACE FOR THANKSGIVING.

BY EDWARD W. BARNARD.

For all thy care and loving kindness, Lord,  
Accept our thanks who gather 'round this board.  
We see thy goodness in each perfect thing:  
The sky, the sea, the bird on happy wing,  
And every blade that makes the velvet sward.  
With hearts and lips in worshipful accord  
Do we recount the blessings on us poured,  
And lift our voices hymns of praise to sing.  
For all thy care.  
Help us to help the needy and ignored;  
Teach us mere riches no true peace afford,  
And grant to each that he may often bring  
Some consciousness to thee of laboring  
To prove, O Guardian! a worthy ward.  
For all thy care.

—The Criterion.

\* \* \*

### THANKSGIVING MENUS.

Submitted by Sue Wine, Acton, Okla.

Oyster Soup  
Roast Turkey, with Cranberry Sauce  
Fried Chicken, Cold Ham, Country Sausage  
Baked Sweet Potatoes, Baked Apples, Pickles  
Doughnuts, Lemon and Pumpkin Pies,  
Jellies and Chocolate Cake  
Tea or Coffee

Submitted by Mrs. Mary Reddick, Sheridan, Mo.

Oyster Soup  
Roast Turkey, with Dressing  
Mashed Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Salmon Salad  
Pickles and Cold Slaw  
Apple Preserves, Jellies, Honey  
Pumpkin and Cranberry Pie  
Peaches, with Whipped Cream  
Nut Cake, Chocolate Cake  
Coffee

Submitted by Mrs. H. I. Beuchley, Carlisle, Ark.

Oyster Soup  
Roast Turkey, with Cranberry Sauce  
Radishes, Lettuce, Celery  
Macaroni and Cheese, Suet Pudding  
Baked Sweet Potatoes, Irish Potatoes, Mashed  
Corn Bread, Light Bread, Blackberry Jam  
Plum Jelly, Cake  
Mince Pies, Sweet Potato Custard  
Coffee or Chocolate

Submitted by Mrs. Kate Renneker, Smithville, Ohio.

Tomato Soup, with Celery  
Roast Turkey, with Oyster Dressing  
Cold Sliced Ham, with Grape Catsup  
Mashed Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes,  
Creamed Cabbage, Cranberry Sauce,  
Preserved Strawberries, Angel's Food, Fruit Cake  
Pumpkin Pie, Peach Pie  
Bananas, Peaches  
Coffee

"Old-Fashioned, but Good."—Submitted by Maggie E. Harrison, Conemaugh, Pa.

Oyster Stew  
Roast Turkey, Pressed Beef  
Mashed Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Stewed Tomatoes  
Cream Slaw, Smearcase  
Apple Sauce, Cranberry Sauce  
Applebutter, Plums, Peach Preserves  
Mince Pie, Pumpkin Pie, Fruit Cake  
Coffee or Cocoa

## A GOOD THANKSGIVING DAY CAKE.

BY RESSIE GOUGH.

TAKE two cups of granulated sugar and one-third cup of butter or lard and mix well. Pour in one cup of sweet milk and stir. Now add two and one-half cups of straight grade flour and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and also beat one yolk very light, add the eggs to the dough and stir hard for five minutes, then add two-thirds of a cup of hickorynut meats [having previously picked out all the large "wings" and chopping the small ones in a food chopper, or a knife will do, being careful not to make the kernels too small].

Bake in a bread pan forty minutes in a moderate oven. Before removing from the oven try with a straw to be sure it is done.

CARAMEL.—When the cake is almost cold take one and a half cups of granulated sugar, eight table-spoonfuls of sweet cream and a lump of butter about half the size of an egg. Boil until it clings together in cold water, then set it aside to cool.

After putting the caramel on the top and sides of the cake place the large kernels of hickory nuts over the cake so when cutting the cake each piece will have a kernel on it.

*Ladoga, Ind.*

\* \* \*

## HOW TO MAKE PEANUT BUTTER.

A GOOD many people have inquired of the INGLENOOK how to make peanut butter, and in reply thereto it must be remembered that a special mill is required for this purpose. They are made for the purpose of grinding nuts, differing little from the regular sausage mill. It cannot be done in the ordinary sausage mill which will only cut them in pieces, while the mill to which we refer will mush them up as they ought to be.

In making peanut butter, it is best to buy the raw peanuts and shell them out, then roast them at home in the oven of the stove, say a quart or two of them at one time, then put the roasted nuts between the folds of a towel and by carefully rubbing, the outside skin can be loosened up and blown away. A little butter then stirred into the still warm peanuts will cause the salt to stick to them and when they are properly salted put them through the mill and they ought to come out in the form of a tough mush. If they do not promise to do that at the first grinding, add enough good butter and then put them through the mill the second time, or even the third, if necessary. It ought then be like mush and yet thin enough to spread on a piece of bread so as to make sandwiches. All the nuts can be treated this way and some of them make the most delicious butter available on the farm, yet almost

inaccessible to the city millionaire who would, in all probability find it impossible to secure some of these more desirable products.

\* \* \*

## BONING A TURKEY.

A GOOD many INGLENOOK readers especially women who have an eye for such things, have read about boned turkey. It is entirely possible to do this at home if you know how, but it is highly improbable that the average reader can do it. In the first place it requires a peculiar knife, long and slender, very sharp and thick at the back, and then it takes the most skillful use of this instrument in order to get the bones all out. It can be done, but it requires the work of an expert to do it and for the ordinary family it is not worth while. The treatment is that once the bones are taken out the interior is to be put into the natural shape by the use of forcemeat or stuffing until the bird regains its original shape. It is then roasted and in carving, is cut across as one would cut bologna. It is all very nice but it isn't worth while.

\* \* \*

HERE is a dessert not hard of acquirement and yet entirely correct and certainly palatable. Get a package of gelatin and the day before, pick out about a quart of some hickorynut kernels, butternuts, or other nuts that may be available, and after melting the gelatin, without using too much water, pour it over the nuts and stir it through thoroughly. Turn into a bowl and put into a cool place to set. The next day lay a plate on top of it and suddenly invert the bowl so that the nut gelatin drops out on the plate. Serve it for a dessert. Cream may accompany it if desired. It is so good that people are apt to eat too much of this and the portions should not be too large.

\* \* \*

A VERY handsome and proper ornament for the table on Thanksgiving day is a big yellow symmetrical cow-pumpkin, one with a "handle" on it. The day before, cut the top out, leaving the stem handle on it, and thoroughly clean out the interior. Line it with colored tissue paper and shortly before dinner fill the interior with cracked nuts and replace the lid. Bring it in after the turkey is removed and leave it there during the afternoon, if anyone cares to help himself to the nuts as he passes the table. In the end old "Whitey" gets it as originally intended by nature.

\* \* \*

THE INGLENOOK man does not know what he would do if he were invited out to a Thanksgiving dinner, but he is inclined to think it would be perfectly safe to issue the invitation, providing you were five hundred miles away. Under that he does not know.



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## SIX LITTLE TURKEYS.

Six little turkeys, all in a row!  
Now what they were hatched for, they didn't know.  
Our grandma did, but she would not tell;  
She watered and fed them every day well.  
But not one of the six heard her say  
She was fattening them for Thanksgiving Day.

Six little turkeys! From morning till night  
They would run away and hide out of sight.  
Grandma's sunbonnet scarcely at all  
Found time to hang on its peg on the wall;  
For they kept her all summer watching about  
The byways and hedges, calling them out.

Six large fat turkeys, and all in a row  
On Thanksgiving morn! One to go  
To Sam, one to Tom, another to Lu  
(Dear little grandchildren, loving and true);  
One was to be sent to poor Widow Gray.  
With six helpless children to feed that day.

Our Betty cooked one for lame Joe—  
His mother is sick and feeble, you know.  
Grandma was so happy, she didn't mind  
Running all summer the turkeys to find;  
She knew when Thanksgiving Day came 'round,  
The very best place for each would be found.

—Unidentified.

\* \* \*

## ONLY A BABY.

Something to live for came to the place,  
Something to die for, maybe;  
Something to give even sorrow a grace—  
And yet it was only a baby!

Cooing and laughter, and gurgles and cries.  
Dimples for tenderest kisses;  
Chaos of hopes and of raptures and sighs.  
Chaos of fears and blisses.

Last year, like all years, the rose and the thorn.  
This year a wilderness, maybe;  
But heaven stooped under the roof on the morn  
That it brought there only a baby.

\* \* \*

## SURE SIGNS.

When slow the snow begins to sift and blow  
On grandpa's fields where the corn and pumpkins  
stood;

When pies and spice and everything that's nice  
In grandma's kitchen smell so sweet and good;  
When load after load along the frozen road  
The merry cousins troop to grandpa's door;  
Then Ned and Ted and Baby Winifred

Know dear Thanksgiving day has come once more.

—Persis Gardiner.

## KNIVES AND FORKS.

ONE does not like to think that William Shakespeare never used a fork at dinner, or that the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots was accustomed to tear her food with her fingers, yet that such was the case can scarcely be doubted. In the days of Queen Elizabeth a fork was such a rarity that an English traveler of the period brought home with him a full description of the instrument. The dinner table of the past must have looked unsightly enough owing to the untidy habits of the diners. They scattered on the cloth all their bones and scraps and parings. Presently a servant, with a long wooden "voiding knife," scraped the fragments into a basket called a "voider." It should be mentioned, however, that forks were not unknown in England at a very early period. Traces of forks and spoons have even been found of the Anglo-Saxon era. But it seems clear that they were never employed at this time to lift meat to the mouth; they were used only by the highest classes to eat fruit with at dessert or to take sopped bread or cake out of wine. They were articles of luxury, made of costly materials and oftentimes studded with jewels.

\* \* \*

## DOG SAVED HIS LIFE.

JOHN HOFF, of Fairview, Pa., may thank his faithful shepherd dog that he is living to-day. There is a sand bank in Mr. Hoff's farm, and he was working there on Monday, accompanied only by his dog. Without warning a large section of the bank tumbled down and completely buried the farmer. The dog commenced to dig and bark frantically above the place where his master was entombed. A teamster passing that way saw the animal and hastened to his assistance. He removed a large piece of turf and was astonished to see the head of a man. Mr. Hoff was released in an unconscious condition, but later revived, he will recover.

\* \* \*

## THE TURTLE CAME BACK.

WALTER R. BAILEY, of Franklin, N. H., caught a turtle twenty-nine years ago and marked his initials and the date upon the animal's back. About a week ago he captured the same turtle in about the same neighborhood and the marking could be easily distinguished.

## The Q. & A. Department.

When was Pompeii destroyed and how?

Pompeii is situated on the Bay of Naples, thirteen miles southeast of Naples, at the foot of Mt. Vesuvius. In the year of 79 there was an eruption of Vesuvius which buried the city out of sight under the ashes. It was discovered in 1748, and ever since excavations have been going on. The discoveries made there are such as let us see what the life of that time was like.

✱

What is the Magna Charta?

The great charter of the liberties of England, granted by King John in conference between him and his Barons, at Runnymede, June 15, 1215. The greater part of it is directed against the abuses of the king's power over the individual.

✱

Where was Fred Douglas born?

Fred Douglas, an escaped slave, who subsequently rose to prominence, was born in Maryland in 1817. He escaped to Massachusetts in 1838.

✱

Is there an objection to a few neighbors organizing a Nature Study Club?

Certainly not. Go ahead with it, and we will recognize the Club and send you a charter. The minimum number for a club is placed at five.

✱

When was the Emancipation Proclamation first made?

It was originally proclaimed Sept. 22, 1862, and took effect Jan. 1, 1863. It was done because it was regarded as a political necessity.

✱

What is Gulliver's travels?

A social and political satire in the form of a book of travels, written by Jonathan Swift, and published in 1726.

✱

How many children has Ex-President Cleveland?

Ruth, Esther, Marion, Richard and Grover Junior.

✱

Is the Grand Army of the Republic a secret society?

Yes, in a sense it is.

✱

What is the date of Lincoln's death?

April 15, 1865.

✱

When was the battle of Waterloo fought?

June 18, 1815.

I have a friend whose perspiration is greenish in color and I am desirous to ask about it. Is there any trouble back of it?

Consulting an eminent specialist about this he says if the general health is good no fears need be entertained. It is due to some idiocrasy of the system, and while not common is not extremely rare. The perspiration may take on other colors to a slight extent. If the health is all right in other respects nothing should be done to change it.

✱

Can anything be written not subject to the charge of plagiarism?

Certainly. The most of what is written in the daily papers and the magazines is not plagiarized. If what you mean is to ask whether there is anything new under the sun, that has been answered long ago. Literary plagiarism consists in servile copying and appropriation.

✱

Is it true that Dec. 25 is the real birthday of Christ?

Nobody knows a single fact about it. It has been observed on different days of the year at different periods, and the day is not even now universally observed at the time named.

✱

What is an entree, the term used on menus?

An entree is a dish introduced between the courses of a formal dinner. They are the small, side dishes, between the principal ones.

✱

What is a good newspaper press worth?

There is no telling. From ten dollars for an old second hand one to tens of thousands of dollars for a new one.

✱

Are there any snakes that are nocturnal in their habits?

Yes, there are some that are to a certain extent nocturnal, but all get around more or less in the daytime.

✱

Can an Inglenook Nature Study Club be organized in a family or neighborhood as well as in a school?

Assuredly so. Wherever there are five people can combine we will issue a charter.

✱

Will the querist who asked about a deposit of white clay send his address? It has been called for.



### OUR PREMIUMS.

WE take pleasure in announcing to the readers of the INGLENOOK that we will send every subscriber, old or new, on receipt of his subscription for the year 1904, a copy of any of the following named books. Their description is printed and some of them are really valuable. These books retail for ten cents per copy and have been selected with reference to the wants of nearly everybody, in all the walks of life. These books are paper bound in pamphlet form, double column, and some of them containing a large amount of information hardly possible to find elsewhere. They are printed on good paper, in good type, and every one of them will be of more or less value to the recipient. They are edited down to the simple facts in the case and there are no flourishes, and each one is written so it will be understood.

A book will be sent to every subscriber on receipt of his subscription, and he can make choice of which one he wants. The books are up-to-date, and it will be an advantage to have them about anyone's house. Here are the titles from which you can choose and which will help you in your selection. Only one book can go with each subscription, although the magazine may be sent to one name and the book to another:

#### Everybody's Law Book.

By John L. Shirley. Double column, as all the books are, sixty-four pages. This book consists of such brief forms and points of law that every reader ought to know. On pages 24, 25 are forms for contracts for the sale of goods, contracts for property, etc. On pages 26, 27 are forms for deeds, on page 45 the law on mortgages, on page 46 forms of mortgages, and so on through the entire book. "Every body's Law Book" is an excellent thing in its way, and it will be a valuable book in every house.

#### How to Train Animals.

Sixty-one pages. This tells about methods of training horses, hogs, and other domestic animals, and some that are not domestic. It will be interesting reading. On page 41 the methods of training the educated hog, sometimes seen in shows, are explained. On page 51 the art of training birds is taken up; and so on. A book of this kind would please a boy all to pieces.

#### The Practical Poultry Keeper.

This is an up-to-date poultry book of sixty-two pages, which tells about all the poultry raising, and has illustrations showing the different varieties of fowls. It tells how to make poultry houses and how to care for them and all about feeding and rearing poultry. On page 43 there is an article on "How to Start a Hennerly," followed by one on "Preparing

Nests for Sitters." On page 40 it treats on the different diseases of poultry, as "Gapes" and "Feather Eating," etc. It also describes in full how to raise chickens, and all of this will be of great interest to the reader.

#### American Family Cook Book.

There are 64 pages of solid recipes covering nearly every phase of cooking. On page 23 we find "Tomato Sauce," "Baked Tomatoes for Breakfast," "Potato Snow," "Potato Balls," "Fried Egg Plant," "Horseradish Sauce," and "Potato Puffs" treated. From one end to the other it has nothing but recipes, and while no book is likely to ever equal the "INGLENOOK Cook Book," the "American Family Cook Book" is full of good recipes from one end to the other.

#### How Women May Earn Money.

There are 59 pages of this and every woman, anywhere and everywhere, who wants to make money herself will find a number of methods and ways, some of which she never dreamed of, and all of which will be of intense interest to every reader. This is the little book that we advise for the NOOK women. It is really a very interesting thing. On pages 30, 31 the following are treated: Mushrooms, Cooking for Grocery Stores, Washing Fluids, and Canvassing. On pages 44, 45 are Carpet Weaving, Selling on Commission, and Massage.

#### New Designs in Knitting and Lace Making.

Sixty-four pages of instructions from one end to the other. The INGLENOOK man touches this book very lightly because he does not know much about it, but evidently it contains instructions which are helpful to anyone who is interested along this line of work. It may be just what you are looking for.

#### The Practical Guide to Floriculture.

This covers the whole ground for planting and cultivating flowers. It shows their pictures and tells how to take care of them. It describes many flowers and tells how to grow them and how to look after them. On pages 34, 35 "The Propagation of Plants" is spoken of. On pages 36, 37 the "Soil for House Plants" is described. On page 38 you will find a description of "The Plant Enemies." It is a first-class little book and people will be benefited by reading it, if they are fond of flowers.

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There are others that we  
will refer to next week.  
Take your choice!

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

DECEMBER 1, 1903.

NO. 49.

## WINTER UPLANDS.

The long white drift upon whose powdered peak  
The loneliness of this forsaken ground,  
The frost that stings like fire upon my cheek,  
I sit in the great silence as one bound;  
The rippled sheet of snow where the wind blew  
Across the ocean fields for miles ahead;  
The far-off city towered and roofed in blue,  
A tender line upon the western red;  
The stars that singly, then in flocks appear,  
Like jets of silver from a violet dome,  
So wonderful, so many, and so near,  
And then the golden moon to light me home;  
The crunching snowshoes and the singing air,  
And silence, frost and beauty everywhere.

—Lampman.

\* \* \*

## JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

*A lie never walks alone.*

\*

*To cover a sin is to cultivate it.*

\*

*Life is an ocean but not trackless.*

\*

*Nature is God's teacher, man the student.*

\*

*A man's work is what makes him of worth.*

\*

*How much easier to give than take advice.*

\*

*The man who sinks is not worth the saving.*

\*

*Some of the disguised blessings never unmask.*

\*

*The secret of sovereignty is service to others.*

\*

*A pig-headed man is likely to run with the herd.*

\*

*Nobody can separate sin from the hook that is in it.*

\*

*A good way to avoid temptation is to keep busy.*

\*

*There is a law of crystallization among boys which enables molecules of the same gang to meet in whatever agglomeration they may be thrown.*

*The pessimist doesn't enjoy life unless he is miserable.*

\*

*All things will come to you if you get up and take them.*

\*

*Don't take too many liberties or you may lose your liberty.*

\*

*A bad man often strangely gets away with a good woman.*

\*

*The circus had a homestead in human hearts before John Wesley staked his claim.*

\*

*The fat man deserves sympathy. No matter how he feels he is credited with shamming.*

\*

*While there is always room at the top, the opportunities occur always at the bottom.*

\*

*We never met a user of tobacco yet but wished that he had never learned the evil habit.*

\*

*Most men would rather be abused than instructed. They think they know it all anyhow.*

\*

*By profession you can be a nominal Christian, but to be a real one your heart must be right.*

\*

*A true genius is usually known by the fact that all the dunces are in confederacy against him.*

\*

*On their honeymoon they order everything in sight, at home they eat fried mush like the rest of us.*

\*

*Friday is an unlucky day, but you never heard of a girl declining a proposal that suited her on that day.*

\*

*Do not build a church and turn it over to God with a mortgage on it. God does not deal in mortgages.*

\*

*The man who warms his bridlebits on a winter's morning shows the warmth of his heart and is a good man to trust.*



### ANCIENT ADVERTISING.

CLINGING to the mumbling court crier is the odor of the first advertising medium to appear in history. He is an adaptation of the showy courier whom the king of old was wont to send out into the highways and byways to make proclamation of his latest whim and command the obedience of his subjects to it. His worth as an agent for the dissemination of information among the people was not lost on the shopkeepers of those primitive days, and they speedily took him unto themselves for purposes of their own.

The Greek tradesmen sent musicians with him on his rounds to cry their wares, and he tickled the ear of the æsthetic people of Athens by chanting the merits of his employer's offerings rather than shock them with rude shouts. In less remote days he was the favorite of the wine merchants of Paris, and, so that the good folks of the city might see that he spoke but the truth about the wine, he carried at either end of a pole that rested on his shoulders a bucket of the vin-tages he cried on the crowd to sample.

With characteristic keenness the tradesmen turned into a crier every man whose business brought him into public view. Orators were paid for puffing as a side line. There are records of bargains even with priests to extol goods from their pulpits. In return they were to have them furnished to them at first price. The old bellman of London, who stole out from his den hourly day and night to sound his bell and announce the hour, often found an incidental profit in the function of rousing the early workers from their slumbers. He is still going the rounds in some of the ancient and remote localities of the realm.

Though, as has been noted, the crier was not an unfamiliar figure in Greece, the ancients as a rule preferred the written signs for communicating intelligence. Hieroglyphic notices of their entertainments and their business were traced on parchment and posted in the most public places. In the British museum is an advertisement of a reward for a runaway slave written on papyrus 3,000 years ago and exhumed from the ruins of Thebes.

The debris of Herculaneum and Pompeii is littered with signs and notices. How like the bill of a modern boxing bout are the announcement of a gladiatorial poster that "there will be an awning to keep off the sun" and notices of side shows to beguile the spare change out of the pockets of the small boy and the rustics!

But the favorite advertising centers with the ancient Greeks were the temples of their gods. Peo-

ple with grievances were wont to exploit them on parchment, and hang the written scroll to the ears, the nose, the head, the eyelids of the images of the avenging deities till the temple looked like a modern bill poster's display room. At the start they were only the devout appeals of the suffering for relief or vengeance, and the most minute details were recorded only that the rectifying deity might not be left to act in the dark. But in course of time every one who wished to expose or abuse his neighbor resorted to the subterfuge of writing the story to the gods and tacking it under the deity's nose for every one else but the god to read and gossip about.

These inscriptions drew crowds of the curious, eager for the news and scandals of the neighborhood. They moved from one to the other of the placards, as if they were the scattered fragments of a yellow journal. In time those who had to deal with the multitude began to flock to the temples to promote their business—fakirs, jugglers, money lenders, women of no account, all seeking whom they might devour.

Eventually the tradesmen took to decorating the images with written "puffs" of their wares—not open advertisements, of course,—they would have been sacrilegious, but covert advertisements disguised as appeals to the gods to prosper their trade. The gamblers and thimble riggers, whom Christ drove from the temple, were doubtless drawn by the conditions described.

The revival of the art of writing after the Dark Ages led to a similar profanation of the great St. Paul's cathedral in London. The walls of that stately edifice were hidden under advertising placards. These grew to be so scandalous in the end as to turn the place of worship into a disorderly house, and the government sent the constabulary to clear it out.

Notwithstanding their readiness to appreciate the value of the written advertisement, the people were slow to see the advantage of the newspaper as a medium, and yet, singularly enough, the first persons to make anything bearing a resemblance to a newspaper printed it only to advertise.

One would think that the successful employment of the printed sheet in these instances would have given an impetus to that method of reaching the public, but for two centuries after Gutenberg's genius had given birth to the art of printing not a single advertisement appeared in a newspaper. One medical notice managed to creep into a German print called the "News-book" in 1591, but for thirty-five years after that not another had the temerity to show its face in public.

The "News-book" was a spasmodic freak of journalism. It was run only when there was something to make known that the facilities of the day enabled its publisher to ascertain. It was long afterward that the first attempt to get out a news sheet periodically was made in London, and even then so rare a philosopher as Ben Johnson discouraged the idea.

"News," he said sententiously, "ceases to be news when printed."

The enterprise was not a flourishing one. The community did not take kindly to it. Even that grand old paper, the *London Times*, in its beginning was printed only to be hired out a penny an hour to the news readers, and it was all stale news at that!

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#### THE HAT IN MEXICO.

AMONG all well bred people great attention is paid to the hat of the masculine visitor. That emblem of grandeeship, as Richard Ford called it, is taken at once and carefully placed on a chair quite as if it were a person. It must be treated with respect. A table is also a proper place for it, but a chair is better.

Especially is the top hat distinguished in etiquette. It implies that the wearer is a real senor, a true caballero, and it is honored with careful treatment. See that it is allowed to repose on a chair safe from casual knocks or jars. In common parlance the top hat is "una chistera," a facetious word, and, speaking seriously, it is "un sombrero de copa," or "de copa alta." It is an emblem of social rank, and lawyers often wear it from morning till night.

The sombrero de paja, or straw hat, may be of many degrees of fineness. Sometimes it has a gold or silver cord and is worn by well-to-do rancheros or great hacendados on proper occasions. Women on horseback in the country and formerly in the city wore handsome sombreros. The sombrero of felt with its ornaments may cost anywhere from ten to one thousand dollars. It is the gala hat for horseback on days of fiestas, and in the country regions is affected by the prosperous. Remember that the hat, in any form, is something to respect. It is taken off as a sign of regard and deference, or of mere courtesy.

The sombrero calanes is the Andalusian hat of low crown and broad brim, the hat of the bull-fighter on the street, where he receives the homage of the admiring populace, especially of the small boy. It has its epochs of coming into quite general use, and is far more picturesque than the staid and prim derby. The latter hat is much affected

by the city youth of Mexico, but it is foreign, alien and an exotic. It is ridiculous when worn on horseback under the ardent sun of Mexico or Andalusia.

In old times Mexicans as well as Spaniards of social rank wore the cocked hat, immortalized in Alarcon's story of the "Sombrero de Tres Picos." The three cornered hat, properly speaking, affected by people in times ago, was called the "sombrero de tres candiles."

Boys of the lower classes wear cheap straw sombreros to school, and the marvel is that they ever distinguish them, for they are as much alike as peas in a pod.

But to return to our muttons, so to say, the hat as a symbol of grandeeship. It is nowadays the tall hat, the "topper," the silk hat, stovepipe, or what you will. "Gobernadores" wear it, senators and deputies and lawyers, of course, though in Mexican cities the younger lawyers affect jaunty straw hats in warm weather, and often derbys.

The grandees of the first class of Spain have the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of their sovereign, and the other day the young king Alfonso, receiving a party of noblemen of high degree, who approached him uncovered, said, after a moment, "Cover yourselves, senores," which is the ancient etiquette. Thus the hat plays in Spanish tradition and actual life a ceremonial part differing from usage in Anglo-Saxon countries.

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IN Oriental countries the recklessness of drivers of vehicles and their disregard for foot passengers is very marked; but in Cairo they have a series of curious cries with which they warn a footman. They specify the particular part of his anatomy which is in danger, as thus: "Look out for thy left shin, O uncle." "Boy, have a care for the little toe on thy right foot." "O blind beggar, look out for thy staff," and the blind beggar, feeling his way with the staff in his right hand, at once obediently turns to the left. "O Frankish woman, look out for thy left foot." "O burden bearer, thy load is in danger." "O water carrier, look out for the tail-end of thy pigskin water bottle."

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WHAT can one say of the highest music except that, like death, it is the great leveler; it gathers us all to its tender keeping—and we rest.—"In Varying Moods" (*Beatrice Harraden*).

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REMEMBER that each subscriber, new and old, is entitled to a booklet as a premium. Make your selection at the time you subscribe, telling the agent what you want.



## THE NEWEST REPUBLIC.

PEOPLE who have watched the news of the week, cannot fail to have noticed the references to the Republic of Panama. While people understand that Panama is a town on the Isthmus, some may not know much about it. In its wider sense, the Isthmus of Panama embraces the whole neck of land that connects North and South America. In its narrower meaning the term is confined to the tract of land between the ports of Colon or Aspinwall, as it is sometimes called, on the Caribbean sea, and Panama on the Pacific ocean, a distance of fifty-four miles by the proposed ship canal. Between these two cities is a range of mountains, being a continuation of the Andes. A railroad was built across the Isthmus by an American Company in 1855. In 1846 the country of Grenada, as Colombia was formerly called, made a treaty with the United States, the latter guaranteeing an open transit from sea to sea, and is consequently bound to protect this section from any disturbance. That is the basis of the excuse for the interference in the matter of the new Republic.

The whole country has been overrun by revolutions, and, like all the Latin-American countries, the normal condition is one of scrapping with each other, and attempting to overthrow the government. It has only been because the United States was back of the railroad that it was saved from passing into the hands of the insurrectionists. It was the discovery of gold in California, and the increased demand for easy transportation between the Atlantic and the Pacific, that caused the present railroad to be built. This did not do away with the desire for a canal, and in 1879 Ferdinand de Lesseps took up the problem. This man had promoted the Suez canal, and organized a company to build a canal across the Isthmus. In 1892 it was disclosed that something over \$260,000,000 had been sunk in the project, the most of which had been squandered. For this Charles de Lesseps, Ferdinand's son, was held primarily responsible, but Ferdinand was also convicted in 1893 for raising money fraudulently, and was sent to prison for five years. He died the second year. In accordance with the peculiar French methods, he was not present at the trial, and was even ignorant of the fact that he was criminally prosecuted.

After de Lesseps died the canal project dragged along until the United States took it up. The treaty with Colombia, by which this country was to pay \$20,000,000 for the necessary concession to build a canal, was defeated in the Colombian senate, and, as an outcome, the state of Panama seceded from Colombia and framed a Republic of its own. It will be seen that it was to the interest of the United States to recognize the Republic of Panama, quit bothering the Colombian people, and get the concession direct from Panama. It would save a lot of money and a lot of trouble.

Just what part the United States played in the secession is not known.

The population of the republic is estimated at 4,400,000, of whom about 300,000 are in the state of Panama and are composed of whites, of Spanish origin, and the others are native Indian tribes, negroes and half-breeds of all descriptions. The climate and the character of the people are diversified by the mountain ranges. On the Isthmus the mountains are comparatively low, and the general characteristics are those of the tropics. The country is rich in minerals, but, on account of the scarcity of capital, they have not been developed.

The telegraph system is very poor for out in the country the wires are stolen by thieves or destroyed by monkeys. Agriculture is the chief industry of the country, but it is carried on by Indians in the crudest possible way. The only industrial product to be exported to any extent is the Jippihappa or Panama hat.

Panama, the capital of the state, is a tropical city of more than 35,000 people. It is one of the oldest cities in America, having been founded in 1508. It soon became wealthy from the Peruvian mines and was made the victim of buccaneers and plunderers of all descriptions. Two years after it was sacked by Morgan it was rebuilt and considered one of the strongest fortresses in South America. Living is expensive and the hotel accommodations are poor. No reader of the INGLENOOK should think of going to Panama, if he values his life. The chances are decidedly against a man from the United States passing through the fevers and all that sort of thing that characterize the Isthmus.

The significance of the Republic among the nations lies in the fact that the United States, in taking advantage of this treaty made in 1846, is recognizing the republic and our president is backing it up. The adjacent South American and Central American republics are furious and regard it as simply the start toward the absorption of the whole of Latin America. This is not likely, however, but the recognition of the Isthmus as the projected Republic of Panama is simply a diplomatic move on the part of the United States to enable us to get control of the canal.

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## PERPETUAL MOTION INVENTOR'S TRAGEDY.

IF there be any one negative proposition in mechanics that is held to be undeniable by the entire scientific world, it is that it is not possible to construct a perpetual motion machine. And by a perpetual motion machine, taking it in its simplest form, is meant a piece of mechanism which will remain indefinitely in continual motion solely by the action of the attraction of gravitation.

Nevertheless, no less a person than Mr. David M. Stone, who was for many years the editor of

the *Journal of Commerce*, and whose personal character has always been above suspicion, is the authority for the positive statement that he had in his possession for several weeks, about fifty years ago, a machine of precisely that sort. He declared that the files of the *Journal of Commerce* of about 1852 contained a full account of the machine, but the files were destroyed by fire and he told the story from memory. "However," he declared, "I remember the facts perfectly.

"About 1852 an old man, perhaps, eighty years old, brought the machine to my office to show it

ugal force kept all the little balls at one spot, and then it would go slower and slower till it stopped. I tried that once, and started it again with my finger.

"Well, I kept that machine in my office for several weeks, under my own private lock, to make sure that there was no trick about it, and it went right along. The *Journal of Commerce* printed an account of it, and was ridiculed unmercifully in consequence, but the machine kept right on going.

"Then the old man exhibited it at a fair in New Jersey, charging a small entrance fee, and some



SHEEP IN OKLAHOMA.

to me. It was constructed about like this. I think there were six of the hollow arms. In each one was a little ball. The arms were not rigidly fixed, but had a little play. As the cylinder revolved the balls rolled. Thus, the balls in the arms on the right were always an inch or so further from the center than those on the left, and they counterbalanced the weight of the arms themselves. The whole machine was always, therefore, heavier on the right than on the left, and so it always revolved. I think there was also a spring in each arm that helped the reaction of the ball, but I cannot recollect the arrangement of the springs.

"Then there was a pendulum that was geared to regulate the speed. If that was disconnected the machine went faster and faster till the centrif-

ugal force kept all the little balls at one spot, and then it would go slower and slower till it stopped. I tried that once, and started it again with my finger. The justice was angry and asked him how he dared say that when these eminent gentlemen swore there must be a spring in it or it wouldn't go.

"And the old man said: 'I have worked at it for forty years, and there is no spring in it, and it does go.'

"So they got an axe and chopped it up, and there was a great silence, for there was no spring. And the old man picked up the fragments and went away with the tears rolling down his face.



# The Inglenook Nature Study Club

This Department of the Inglenook is the organ of the various Nature Study Clubs that may be organized over the country. Each issue of the magazine will be complete in itself. Clubs may be organized at any time, taking the work up with the current issue. Back numbers cannot be furnished. Any school desiring to organize a club can ascertain the methods of procedure by addressing the Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.

## FOR OUR OLDER STUDENTS.

SUPPOSE a man who lives in the country has a lot of poultry of a half dozen different breeds, and these breeds may range from the fancy, large, handsome chickens of the poultry shows, down to the common barnyard fowl found everywhere. Now suppose that the property is abandoned, the people moving away, the buildings torn down, or burned down, and that the poultry are turned loose to shift for themselves. Now what happens? If we go away from such a place and return five years thereafter, what will we find? Will we find any poultry remaining or will all have perished?

A good deal will depend upon the location and the climate where they have been turned loose to shift for themselves, but in a wooded country like that of Virginia or Pennsylvania, and still more so in points in California, we would be almost certain to find a distinct type of chickens. They would probably be most expert flyers and would be practically as wild as the ruffed grouse or the pheasant. If we wanted to secure one for any purpose it would require a wing shot to get it.

Now what has happened in the course of years past and gone? Those of our friends who have read about this sort of thing will immediately say it is a case of the "survival of the fittest." This phrase, correct as it may be, is misleading in the extreme. It does not convey the correct idea of what has happened. There have been no fit or no unfit chickens among them. There has been no selection on the part of nature, because a selection requires someone to make that selection. What really happened is this: the chickens that by instinct or intelligence adapted themselves to the changed conditions survived. It is a question of adaptability. The big fancy chickens died during the winter because they were not in the habit of caring for themselves. They would sit around and wait for some one to feed them, and perish of hunger. Those that survived any length of time were killed by the foxes and other predatory animals and nocturnal birds.

Some, though active in other respects, were marks for the hawks as well as for the prowling wild animal, and they were lost. The well-developed common fowl will have scratched her way through the winter and have acquired wonderful powers of flight. She

learns that if she does not get out of the way of the owl and the fox she will go the way she has seen some of her sisters go, and so she becomes an extraordinarily wary bird. As spring approaches she builds her nest with great care. A good many of them are marked down as the prey for the prowling night marauder.

The little wild brood were thinned out by reason of the weak ones not being able to keep up with the strong ones, and the light-colored ones were picked up by the hawks. A few marked like their mother survived. Only a part of these few lived through the next winter. There were fewer highly-marked chickens than ever before.

Cutting the story short what do we find in the place of our original flock? The chickens would be wild and easily frightened, and we would have a lot of wary birds up to all the tricks of woodcraft. From the nature of things it could not be otherwise, and all of this is simply an instance of anything you may choose to call it among the terms of naturalists, natural selection, the survival of the fittest, adaptation, or whatever term one may use.

It would probably take years to reach the point of the reverse process, and bring these wild chickens back to the barnyard where they would be under your feet every time you went among them. It might require twenty-five years. We find this peculiar characteristic in the case of the guinea, which has been domesticated for over two hundred years and is still a half-wild bird.

In looking for varieties among the wild birds or animals, why is it we find so few, or, in other words, why do the wild people of fur and feather become fixed in type?

How does a cow show the methods of her wild progenitors when she has a calf back in the woods?

What could you safely predict about the ancestry of a pure white, just-hatched, chicken? Reference is had to one not striped.

What habits have the young of all wild birds or animals in common with each other in the presence of danger?

In an island in the Pacific ocean, inhabited by many birds and animals, yet having never seen a man, to

what extent could you go among them without disturbing them?

Why will a domesticated cow, with a calf, that has never seen a dog, charge one on the first sight, yet never look up from grazing when a railroad train goes by?

What becomes of all the bumblebees in winter time?

Why is it that the young of all animals in the nest, or when extremely young, have no fear of man, but take it on immediately after they are able to care for themselves?

Break open the cells of a mud dauber or mason wasp, as it is sometimes called. That is, take the ridged cells that are struck up against the roof tree of a barn, or indeed almost anywhere. Notice that near the bottom of the cell are a lot of insects. Are these insects all one kind, and are they dead or simply stupefied? Why?

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#### THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

THERE are perhaps few sections of the country where the chirp of the common cricket may not be found. It is true there are different kinds of crickets in different sections of the country, but reference is had to the common black cricket, which is found almost everywhere. The cricket belongs to the same class of insects as the grasshopper, katydid, locust, and similar insects. Unlike the butterfly, it does not pass through a state of inactivity in a cocoon period of life. The house cricket and its kind are very much alive at all times after they are hatched out of the egg. One of the commonest illustrations, and which every country boy, and man or woman for that matter, has noticed, is the grasshopper which may be seen of all sizes, at certain seasons of the year, in the midsummer field. The little ones are simply the big ones in the process of growth and transformation.

The common cricket is known in science as, *Gryllus niger*, and they are, for the most part, nocturnal insects. They live alone, concealing themselves by day and coming forth at night for food and their mates. How many members of the INGLENOOK Nature Study Club have noticed that in midsummer the crickets are voiceless, that is to say, they do not have their distinctive chirp, and the reason of this is that mating does not begin until fall, and the cricket's music is a love call. It is the male's signal to his mate, and he is one of the most persistent wooers imaginable. It is the male who makes the so-called music and the female is silent. This is true of all the grasshoppers, katydids, and locusts.

If some intelligent Nooker will go out in the fields, and along the roadsides, and overturn a few stones that are imbedded in the earth, and is quick enough about it he may be able to catch a few *Gryllus nigers*.

And if it so happens that it is a male that is caught, and it is put in the house, or the kitchen about a large old-fashioned fireside, Mr. Gryllus will come out in the fall and winter with his characteristic call. Although it is said that the luckiest thing in the world is having a cricket on the hearth, it is also known to be very tiresome. When you once catch him and let him loose in the house, it will not be the easiest thing in the world to recapture him, and the everlasting call becomes monotony itself.

The crickets, where they abound very much, do considerable injury to plants and even devour the roots and fruits where they can get at them. They are not by any means strictly vegetarian, but devour other insects when they can overpower them. Undoubtedly the name is suggested by the peculiar sound it makes. Thus the French call the cricket, "cri-cri," the Dutch, "krekkel," while the Welsh call it the "cricel."

It was Dickens who said that having the cricket on the hearth was the luckiest thing in the world, but it did not originate with him, but others before him said the same thing. It is probable that the little fellow's music, or alleged music, has earned for himself the admiration and regard of the people who have been cheered by his love-call as they sat alone at nightfall. At present, at most places where the INGLENOOK is going, the sound of the cricket may be heard.

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#### HANDLING ANIMALS.

"THERE is hardly a living creature," said a naturalist, "that will not permit a human being to touch it if it is done in the right way. It is necessary to be gentle and patient and at the same time without fear. I have seen natives scratch the heads of tigers and lions within a few days after they were trapped. Hunters of wild elephants often crawl among a herd and rub their legs. The great brutes, although they are on the alert, will permit the caress and stand still until the plucky hunter is able to slip a rope around the leg of the animal he wishes to capture.

"In our own country I have seen many men who can creep to a trout stream and gently place their hands under a trout. Very softly they rub its belly, and the trout will lie quite still until with a sudden jerk it is landed on the bank.

"I have also seen professional rat catchers put their hands, palm upward, before a rat hole when the ferrets were driving them. As a rat ran out it would sit still on the rat catcher's hand. Then with his other hand he would stroke it delicately, and in three times out of four he would manage to lift the rat without alarming it and drop it into his bag.

"I have even known a man who could handle the salt water blue crab, the most belligerent and vindictive creature in the sea."



### HATCHING BUTTERFLIES.

ONE of the things that will be of interest to every Nooker is the collection of cocoons of insects and placing them where they will hatch out, thus showing what sort of butterfly they produce. If the thousands interested in this thing will find the cocoons of butterflies and place them in bottles sufficiently large to admit them freely, there will be no trouble whatever in seeing the butterfly when it comes out.

The best place to find the cocoons of the butterflies is, of course, in the country, especially along the old post and rail fences, or on their sides where brush and briars have been allowed to grow up. If there is a wild cherry tree growing along the fences the chances are that there will be cocoons found growing on the tree. The larger cocoons will be found on the stalks of the briars and bushes and on the under sides of the rails. The reason for this is that the butterfly, which laid the egg which produced the cocoon, was in the immediate vicinity where it is found. The egg hatched out into a worm and the worm fed on the foliage of plants, and then, when ready, made itself a cocoon right there where you found it.

Once the cocoon is detached from its place of fastening the rest is comparatively easy. Our young naturalist friends are cautioned, however, against squeezing them when they get them. Whether they are naked or covered with silk they should not be squeezed as the soft insect within is almost certain to be killed.

If they are gathered carefully, and a few of the same kind put into cracked fruit jars with a paper tied over the top to prevent the escape of the insect, and these jars set away where they will not be in anybody's way, along towards spring they can be examined from day to day and the insect will be found in every instance, if it has not been injured, fluttering around the inside of the jar.

There is an enormous amount of chrysalids or cocoons to be found everywhere, yet it takes considerable skill to know where to look for the ones you want, and having found them, it is well to make a study of the exterior parts of the cocoon so that when it is seen again you will know exactly what sort of a butterfly comes from it by reason of having seen the perfect insect in your jar. Of course a work on insects would be a great help in all this sort of thing, but even reading and study will not take the place of personal observation.

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### HATCHING FISH.

OF course there are ways and ways. But explanation of the methods in use in the case of the whitefish is typical, and will do for almost all of the different kinds of food fish.

When the run of fish comes on, the boats, fitted with proper appliances, start out to make the catch. Nearly all the various kinds of fish that inhabit the water where the fishing is done, are caught, but the whitefish are sorted out from the others, and the males and the females are separated, in tubs of water, when they are passed to the operators?

Quick as a flash the operator seizes a female, the head taken under the arm, the tail held by the left hand, and with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand passed down the sides of the fish, the eggs are forced out. There are about 25,000 to a fish. After about three quarts of the eggs are secured, a male is taken, and similarly treated. The mixture is then placed in receptacles holding about ten gallons, and the whole taken to the hatchery.

At the hatching place the mixture of eggs is placed in glass jars holding about five quarts. These jars are placed in rows, and a small pipe in each keeps the eggs in motion by the trickling of a stream into the jars.

The eggs begin to grow larger and larger, and in about ten days two black dots, the eyes of the coming fish, begin to appear. Then the vertebræ, coiled up in the egg, begin to show, and after a few days the tail bursts through, and the fish begins to wiggle around with the rest of the egg attached to it, after which the head appears, with the remains of the egg clinging to its belly, and when this is absorbed the fish are fairly launched in the world. It is in this unknowing and helpless condition that they fall the prey to their natural enemies in their native condition.

After the fish, before mentioned, have been stripped of their eggs for the hatchery, they are sold to dealers for food, and in the spring about six hundred millions of the little fish are let loose in the waters of the lakes, being transported thereto in the fine fish car of the government.

\* \* \*

### THE HORNET'S NEST.

WHERE is the boy who has not found a big hornet's nest somewhere and how many of them have resisted the temptation to put a stone through it, not with any regard to what follows to the insects, but because of the fear that they will get the worst of it in battle with the enraged insect?

The hornet, in the first place, is one of the best known American paper makers. He takes the woody fibre off weather-beaten wood and from this makes his nest. There is nothing that suits him better than the rails of the old gray worm fence. The peculiarity of the hornet's architecture is, that he begins his house at the roof and builds downward, the upper story of which was built first, contains hexagonal cells, and when these are broadened out to a sufficient

extent to satisfy the hornet family a lot of columns are distributed at sundry places along the floor and another paper floor is formed, and at the bottom of this the cells are again arranged. In a big hornet's nest, as large as a peck measure, there may be a half dozen of these floors, and they keep making them, one after the other, until cold weather overtakes them.

The small hornets hang head downward in their places. After they have grown to a certain extent their bodies are so swollen that they cannot come out. Their heads stick out of the openings, and the workers in the hornet's nest move over the surface of the comb, pressing into the open baby mouths of each little hornet, food that has been prepared for them by means of chewing. This food is somewhat in doubt, but there can be no question but that it is mainly vegetable, although they will also live on insects, or even raw meat.

Every NOOK reader knows that hornets will catch flies. They will also bite off the wings, and feet, and head of smaller insects, while they devour the body. The hornet, overtaking a honey-bee will throw itself upon its victim and tear the abdomen open and feed upon the honey contents. Therefore the hornet's nest in the neighborhood of the apiary cannot be said to be a good thing. When a hornet gets into a house it is not wise to be too over-officious in trying to get him out. If you will watch him in the window you will find that he makes short work of the common house fly, and is to the fly pest what the tiger is to the smaller animals it can overtake.

It has never been determined yet by the naturalist whether the old hornet eats the insects it catches or takes them home for food.

One will often hear of an attack of a hornet flying from a nest, or some point of vantage, in a direct line for over one hundred yards, striking the intruder squarely in the face. Wherever a person is attacked by a hornet it is the part of wisdom to see how fast he can get away from that locality.

The hornet's nest, which the average NOOK reader knows, is not the hornet which is spoken of in the Bible, for those build in hollow trees, but for all that the biblical hornet has to a certain extent been naturalized in this country, and may be found in places along the eastern sea board, but the real old-fashioned hornet that lives in the gray spherical nest is very widely diffused.

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#### POISON OF THE RATTLER.

"THERE is a good deal more fright about the bite of a rattlesnake than there is actual danger," said a well-known physician last evening. "I do not mean to say that the bite of a rattler isn't a

very serious thing, but I do mean to say that this particular sort of snake is really not so ready or apt to 'get in his bite' as some others.

"In the first place there is the now generally credited fact that the rattler is the most honest of snakes. He doesn't 'pick a fight,' he doesn't lay in wait for any one. He won't run away, of course, for he's a plucky reptile, but he will curl up and give you a fair warning from those rattles of his before he attempts to strike. I remember once in the west finding a rattler just ahead of my horse's off fore foot. I had no weapon of any sort, so I rode on, passing within a few inches of the reptile. The snake was curled and ready for my horse in case the animal side-stepped, but as we did nothing of that sort we were allowed to pass in peace.

"Again, the truth is that the poison of the rattler does not easily get into the wound inflicted by the fangs in the average human being, for the average human being nowadays is clothed, and the holes in the fangs where the poison comes through are rather far up toward the roof of the mouth. Consequently, very often the point of the fangs may enter the skin, while the poison dribbles out harmlessly enough upon the trousers or the boot. It is then that the 'victim' gets scared, fills up on whisky, a bad thing in bona fide cases of rattlesnake bite, and believes himself marvelously cured when he wakes up next day."

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#### A REMARKABLE FREAK.

BY W. B. HOPKINS.

A RECENT INGLENOOK referred to a calf with two heads. We have one mounted and on exhibition at Carson City, Mich., which I have seen and which puts the former away in the background. It has two perfectly formed heads, two tails, and six legs. The set of four legs are in their natural position, and the two extra ones stand straight up over the fore shoulders. The legs are all perfectly formed. It was the property of Mr. H. F. Bryde, but was mounted by a Mr. Waters, of Carson City, and is now in his possession.

I understand a woman painter proposes to reproduce it on canvas.

*Crystal, Mich.*

Accompanying the above article is a pen and ink drawing of this double calf which we are unfortunately unable to reproduce in connection with the article. The drawing is by Myrtle Walker, of Crystal, Mich., and is so expertly done as to win the praises of the artists who have had the pleasure of seeing it.—EDITOR.



# THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

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Though you never gain the heights  
In the storms, and starry lights;  
Tending humble cot and clod  
Where the vales are praising God;  
Weep not that the hills are far—  
Jeweled bright with many a star;  
Greater peace and sweeter rest  
In the doing of your best!

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## THE LABOR PROBLEM.

ONE of the vexed sociological and economic questions of the age is that of the condition of labor. In every part of the United States the anomalous condition of organized labor against organized capital is to be found. It ought to be clear to everybody that the interests of the employer and the employed are identical in the long run. If one succeeds the other ought to, if one fails the other loses. And yet, in the face of this, ever since the building of the pyramids, and perhaps ages before that, there has been a continual clash between him who works and him who pays.

This sort of thing will come to an end before long and the solution of it is not as readily at hand as one might suppose. At this writing, in the City of Chicago, on Clark street, we have the condition of the street railway company running cars for the use of the public. Stretched along the street are over a thousand policemen, within easy reach of each other, on both sides of the street. On each car are from two to four police officers. Apparently the cars are running right along and everything appears to be going smoothly. But, remove the officers of the law, and people who want to travel will find their cars blocked at the crossings and thus cause delay

and be kept from their business. The teamsters threaten a sympathetic strike and the transportation people say they expect further trouble, if there is no satisfactory adjustment and the result is that nobody knows the outcome. In the meantime all business of every character, dependent in any way upon these industries, is in a state of abeyance awaiting the settlement of the quarrel between the two parties. As an illustration of the effect of labor troubles upon business, a few days ago the writer of this article was in the city of Portland, and at a hotel which has always enjoyed an extensive patronage. The proprietor wished to extend the building, by adding another story, but said he was deterred from doing so by the fear that, after he got started, labor troubles might come and leave him without a roof. The annoyance of this must be apparent to everybody. In fact, in the present unsettled condition of things, nobody knows when he begins building a woodshed behind his house if it will ever be completed, and this from no fault of his own, but because of the Unions.

The INGLENOOK believes in co-operation and combination, but there is a limit beyond which disaster overtakes both parties and the innocent are made to suffer. It goes without saying that this condition cannot last forever and some amicable adjustment must be made.

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## DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

DON'T you remember, you old folks, when you were little boys and girls, with what eagerness you looked forward to the coming of Christmas? Even now some of us recall the toys or other gifts that came to us. The years, long and weary, some of them, have passed between that time and the present, and Christmas has pretty much lost the edge of its enjoyment to some of us who are pretty well down the highway of time. Still we have never lost the bright pictures of our childhood's Christmas. Indeed they grow brighter as the years go by. Who would willingly erase from his memory the pictures of the Christmas of his childhood? As it was with us, so will it be with the children of the young folks around us. In the very nature of things the most of us will soon pass away from the scene of action and the children of to-day will take our places as the men and women of to-morrow. It may not be a duty for us to brighten their lives, but it is certainly our high privilege to make some child happy on that day. Of course our own come first, but if we have none of our own then some other child should be made the recipient of a present that will brighten his life and cause us to be remembered when others have forgotten us.

It is not so much the value of a present that counts as it is the good will of the giver. A little thing of slight value has more interest attached to

it than more expensive ones that cost the giver relatively nothing, for all happiness consists in things that have no exchangeable value. A red apple to a sick child looking out of the window as you pass daily will be as much of a mark to your credit as an engraved watch you buy for some of your grown-up friends.

\* \* \*

#### THE SOLEMN MAN.

OF course the flippant man, who is ever on the outlook to say or do something funny, is just about as bad, if not a good deal worse, than the grave-digging person. All the same the owlish individual, by his very presence, goes to mar a good deal that enlivens the pathway of life. He has got into the habit of looking at everything through a smoked glass, and the whole world to him is a moral graveyard, each one waiting his turn. Now this solemn party, if he only knew it, is defeating the very purpose for which he works. Apparently he wants to make the world better and everything is going wrong. He cannot help himself, and, of course, ought not to be blamed for his misfortune, and another peculiarly unfortunate circumstance connected with it, is that while we can, in a way, turn the foolish man out of doors, as we would dispose of an over frisky dog, yet Solemnity seems to have a right to stay. Mark you the INGLENOK does not find much fault with him and offers no remedy, and when you come to think of it there is none to offer, but he will be the most surprised man in the world when he has passed over and gone to the good place where everybody is happy. He will be in a bad shape because there is absolutely nothing to complain about unless he doubts the perpetuity of eternity.

Now if this happens to reach an inveterate grumbler the sooner he begins to smile a little and indulge in an occasional laugh, the better it will be for him when he gets out of this vale of tears into a better world.

\* \* \*

#### RAILROAD MORALITY.

HALF a lifetime ago the railroad man was a pretty tough proposition, as the current phrase goes. He swore, used tobacco, drank sometimes, and was not very choice in his language. It is all changed now. He does none of these things in the open and if he does them at all sooner or later he is called to account. Most of the railroads would dismiss a man seen going into or coming out of a saloon, no matter how innocent he may be of the actual fact. Some of the leading roads have forbidden the use of tobacco in any form, especially the cigarette.

The motives of the management are not exactly either spiritual or æsthetic, though they may enter into consideration. The main reason is a business one. The

public to whom the railroads cater does not want a foul-mouthed man about in any capacity. Then the railroads assuredly do not want their cars smashed and their patrons killed by drunken operatives. So they promptly debar the man who drinks. This part of it is less sentiment and more business, and it is based on costly experience. The man who uses tobacco or liquor has no place on a railroad.

\* \* \*

#### WEATHER GRUMBLING.

THE average man or woman claims the right to criticise everything that goes on around him in which he happens to be interested. While the INGLENOK freely grants the abstract right to complain and growl about things that are not suited to the individual, yet there is a limit over which we may not justifiably go. It may be well enough for us to complain about things that are capable of being modified, but when it goes to the unavoidable, it is simply foolishness to grumble.

It is doubtful whether the Christian has a right to complain about anything at all, but there is no doubt whatever that the weather is altogether outside of and beyond his province of criticism. The good Lord sends us the weather and it is what is best for everybody, everything considered, and he who goes about complaining, who is saying that it is too hot, or too cold, too wet or too dry, simply implies that if he were managing the universe, he could do it a good deal better. The INGLENOK has no doubt but that there are some people who think they could improve the management of affairs, but the man who claims to be a Christian, who believes in the omniscience of a good God, will do better to take unavoidable things as they are sent him without comment. Outside of the theological aspect of the case, what is the use of complaining anyhow about what cannot be helped? Let us go a step farther than this, and ask what is the sense of complaining at all? So we guess, after all is said and done, we better take the bright side of things and make the best of the blessings and minify our disadvantages.

\* \* \*

#### NOT SO BAD A WORLD AFTER ALL.

CHICAGO is perhaps the last place that the ordinary man or woman would pick out for an instance of the milk of human kindness. Nevertheless, here is a most marked case of it.

Sergeant Hafter of Central police station is acting as guardian of a Bavarian girl, Anna Bauer, who arrived in Chicago Monday afternoon minus her baggage, which contained all her belongings. Sergeant Hafter took the girl to his home and left her in the care of his wife while he enlisted the services of all the freight agents in Chicago in the search for the trunk.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## GENERAL.

The turkey crop is short and the price is high.

The failure of the Elkhart bank works disaster to about 2,200 depositors.

On Nov. 19 there was a fourteen-inch snowfall at Geneva, Ohio.

The Chicago Federation of Labor called a meeting to consider the labor troubles in that city.

A Russian engineer has discovered what is claimed to be a consumption cure among the miners of Russia.

The Indiana National Bank, of Elkhart, Ind., failed to open Nov. 19. A national bank examiner is in charge.

The United States and Colombia are likely to break off diplomatic relations on account of the Panama matter.

A new physical trouble called brain-fag is coming to the fore. It threatens to put out appendicitis as a fashionable disease.

Professor Goodell, of Yale College, has publicly declared that football offends æsthetic principles and ought to be condemned.

Waiting on a platform of an elevated railroad in Chicago a man stumbled and fell, striking the third rail, and was electrocuted.

The teamsters have threatened the city of Chicago with a strike if peace is not declared soon between the car line and the strikers.

On Nov. 19 Carrie Nation, at Washington, D. C., insisted on seeing President Roosevelt, and became so noisy that she was ejected forcibly.

Prof. Bell, of Clark University, has published the statement that woman is most susceptible at twenty-two, and man at twenty-four, and that the love dangers begin at the age of three.

A good deal of freezing weather is predicted for this winter. All the same we will all know more about it when it is all over. Prophecy is cheap and we forget the prophet no matter how it turns out.

Members of the Restaurant Keepers' Association in Chicago are arranging to serve no more potatoes with meat orders. The proprietors say there is no reason why any vegetable should be served free.

A train on the New York Elevated Railroad crashed into another train of empty cars standing on the track. Two men were killed. It was the worst accident that ever happened on the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad.

Senator Hale predicts the time when the Dominion of Canada will be a part of the United States. The way the INGLENOOK looks at it a long time will pass before this happens. The average Canadian is loyal to the crown.

A plan is in contemplation whereby the employés of the Illinois Steel Co., of Chicago, can have their pay checks cashed by the church people. The idea is to prevent the men's going to the saloons to get the money on their checks.

A woman at Bellevue hospital, in New York, is suffering from some mysterious ailment that has resulted in turning her hair to a grass green. She says that she never put anything on it other than ordinary water and that it had been green for two years.

Panama refuses to hear the peace commission of Colombia. On the contrary the Republic of Panama cedes to the United States five miles on each side of the proposed canal. The Panama people like the treaty. This will make it necessary for the United States to keep peace on the Isthmus, and there will be no more insurrectionary fighting.

Brain fag is a new disease, which is raging as an epidemic in Chicago. The symptoms are pain around and especially under the eyeballs, and excessive weariness and lifelessness. Alcoholic beverages are often used by the victims of the disease, and the result is frequently common drunkenness. One of the accompanying results is final madness.

The striking car drivers in Chicago and the authorities have had a consultation which resulted, after twelve hours' conference, in absolutely nothing, and there was a threat of a general strike. The Chicago Union teamsters can take no goods to or from the plants, barns or shops of the Chicago City Railway Company while the strike is on. This works badly against them.

A head-on collision between a freight train and a wreck train on the Big Four railroad near Tremont, Ill., resulted in thirty-one persons being killed and at least seventeen injured, many of them seriously. This is the second disastrous wreck on the Big Four within three weeks, the other being the collision in which the football players were killed at Indianapolis. The wreckage was piled forty feet high, and relief was difficult.

The Chicago County Building elevator stopped between floors, a contingency that must have occurred to every reader, imprisoning seven men for an hour. They were got out by taking the top off the cage.

Out of work and in ill health with winter coming on, James Harry, of Chicago, swallowed carbolic acid at his home Nov. 19. Before committing suicide he kissed his wife good-bye and sent her on an errand, and when she returned he was unconscious.

The statue of Columbus, that has lain for six years behind a barn at Washington Park, Chicago, is to be recast as a statue of McKinley. There are ten tons of bronze in the statue, which was originally set up on the lake but was condemned as being inartistic and taken down.

The South American State of Colombia, which is having troubles of its own over the recent Republic of Panama, declares its willingness to go to war with Panama, the United States, or anything else in sight. All the same there will not be much to write about the matter.

Colombia is getting ready to offer peace or war to the United States. General Reyes and two envoys started to Washington to demand the return of Panama. It is likely that there will be trouble between the United States and some of the Spanish-speaking countries around the Isthmus before it is all over.

Hitherto the Chicago restaurants of the better class have had music with their meals, but the proprietors got together last week and decided to do away with the music part of the restaurants and serve only food, for the reason that, at some of these places, the music costs as high as one hundred dollars per week.

The season for killing deer opened last week in most of the western States. There is no telling how many deer are killed, but in 1901 there were sixteen hunters killed and thirty-two injured. Nearly all of the hunters who go into the woods are amateurs, which probably accounts for the killing of people instead of deer.

A portion of the British army will attempt to enter L'hassa, the capital of Thibet. L'hassa has always forbidden the entrance of visitors and but one or two people in the world have ever been there. It is likely that the British army will reveal its secrets. The invasion of the British army is to open trade between India and Thibet.

It is strange how the recognition of the republic of Panama is viewed by the press. The republican papers all sanction the action of the president, while the democratic publications say that it is discreditable and dishonorable. Time alone will tell what is for the best of all concerned.

Nine members of the Canadian colony of Doukhobors have been brought to the United States for education. It is said that nothing will be done to change the peculiar faith and practice of the Doukhobors, but it is hoped that by education the advantages will be eventually modified and this is what the party in charge of the case has in mind.

♦ ♦ ♦

#### PERSONAL.

J. Shiffman, of Oak Park, Ill., found three large pearls in an oyster last week. An Oak Park jeweler valued them at \$80.

Sesine Meyer, a German girl who has been in a trance since 1888, awoke the other day during the clanging of fire bells. She lives in Berlin.

William Klaneniski, of Waukegan, sleeps on the roof of his porch on his house on West Water St., Chicago. He believes the fresh air will be an advantage to him both summer and winter. He is twenty-five years old.

Andrew Farson, of St. Paul, arrived at the North-Western station at Chicago on the 21st inst. Inside of fifteen minutes he had been held up, robbed and kicked into insensibility. Mr. Farson probably has a poor opinion of Chicago.

John Booth, whose oration on the "Sublimity of Great Convictions" won the first place in the preliminary contests at Drake University, is an acknowledged plagiarist. A young woman in school found that he had taken entire passages from a book.

United States Senator Charles H. Dietrich had an indictment returned against him by the Federal Grand Jury in Omaha. The charges are those of trafficking in post offices. Senator Dietrich says that the testimony is false. The trial has not yet come off.

There is trouble between Miss Helen Gould and the Rev. D. J. Earley, of the Catholic church of Irvington, N. Y. Miss Gould had a reception for 300 girls, constituting a sewing class, and among other refreshments there were sandwiches, which the children ate along with everything else. Then the children remembered it was on Friday. The priest was so angry that he openly attacked Miss Gould the following Sunday.



### QUAIL IN FRANCE.

QUAILS are deservedly among the most valued of the annual visitors of France. Natives of the southern shores of the Mediterranean, they have their hot, sandy deserts to breed in a temperate climate, and reach this country in large flocks about the middle of April or the beginning of May. All through the spring the woods resound with their quaint little cry, in which the French peasant hears the words, "Paye tes dettes," "Pay your debts," and the English, "Wet my feet." Laying from nine to fifteen eggs, they rear their families as far north as Britain, and then in the middle of August prepare to return once more, reaching France the second time at the opening of the shooting season. They travel now in immense flocks, the sky being darkened by clouds composed of tens of thousands of these little birds.

And these two regular yearly movements of the quail have given rise to an important industry in Europe. Every year, in the Grecian archipelago, in Egypt and Morocco, fabulous numbers of the unfortunate little creatures are either knocked down with a stick and killed or are taken alive and sent to the European markets, where their flesh is considered a great delicacy. The dead birds are plucked, cleaned and salted, and then packed in cases for export. The living birds are closely packed in curious flat cages made to exclude the light in order to prevent the birds from fighting, and are then shipped in cargoes of from 30,000 upward to the capitals of the continent. The smell from these cages is incredible, and it is not surprising that the mortality among the birds on the journey is enormously high.

It is in the land of the Pharaohs that these massacres assume the largest proportions. As the season of the first migration of the quail approaches, that is, in the end of March, the Egyptian government puts up at auction and sells to the highest bidders different positions on the route to be traversed by the birds. Here, before the return of the quail, little hutches are erected of about one foot in height, which are covered with the leaves of the date palms and contain each two entrances. On reaching the hot, burning sands of the Sudan the quail, now plump little balls of fat after their summer in the north, alight, weary with their long flight, and seek the shade of the little green-houses standing ready for their reception. In a single day a dealer will thus take as many as twenty thousand birds, and, as the traffic is carried on all along the shores of the Mediterranean for the whole period of migration, millions of quail are yearly captured alive.

In spite, however, of their astonishing fecundity, this wholesale slaughter of the birds began to produce an appreciable effect, and in France, as, indeed, in other countries of central Europe, it was noticed that the flocks were rapidly decreasing in numbers. Unfortunately, too, the demand, in London more particularly, for the delicacy is as great in the spring as in the autumn, although the bird is then thin and out of condition. In order to meet this demand the minister of the interior in 1878 authorized the import and sale of quail throughout the breeding season. This decision called forth an earnest protest from the farmers, who valued the birds highly on account of the quantity of weed seeds and noxious insects consumed by them, and from sportsmen, who foresaw a still greater diminution, if not indeed the utter extermination of the game. Their efforts were, however, fruitless, and the immediate result was merely a new development of the trade. To prepare the spring birds for the table a number of merchants in the neighborhood of Paris undertook to fatten them artificially, and, though the flesh after the process lacked the delicate flavor of the autumn birds, they at once began to figure largely in the menus of the fashionable hotels and restaurants of the capitals.—*Paris Correspondence New York Tribune.*

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### GATHERING MOSS IN BLOCK ISLAND.

FIFTEEN miles from other land, like an emerald in a crystal setting, lies Block Island, in Block Island sound, off Rhode Island. It is a green strip of soil made fertile by the seaweed commonly called varic, which is tossed upon its shores by the tireless breakers. These vegetable growths of the salt water have for many years furnished the basis of a curious industry for the islanders, who harvest the crop and by its sale realize a fair income for their labor, which differs from any other in the United States.

Irish moss, as it is generally known, is highly prized both for its medicinal value and also as a food. For the latter it is used principally as a jelly, or as a thickening substance for soups. With boiling in water for thirty minutes it dissolves into a perfectly clear jelly which, having no flavor of its own, takes easily any that is given it. Being delicate, yet nutritious, it is especially valuable in the regimen of an invalid. One pound of moss will make four pounds of firm, transparent jelly, which keeps equally well in all weather, and in that regard is superior to jelly containing animal substance. Partly boiled and served with a dressing of oil, vinegar, a dash of onion juice and red

pepper, the sea moss makes an agreeable salad. In medicines it is largely used in emulsions and soothing draughts, as it is both cooling and healing. The poorer quality is dried and used in making mattresses, and also as a packing for steam pipes.

The gathering of this moss is largely subject to the tide, as the better grade comes from the huge rocks which are under cover when the water is high; so eagerly the time is watched when the tide recedes, leaving clear the moss-strewn sand and the shaggy-appearing rocks, rich with the dripping harvest. The moss, when freshly gathered, is a deep purplish color, flecked with lavender and white. The leaves are semi-transparent and grow in small clusters. The men and boys often wade out waist deep with their baskets and knives in order to reach a particularly well covered rock or reef. Quickly they fill their baskets, holding fast, as every seventh wave splashes high and covers them with a dash of foam; then with their humid prize they make for the shore, where wheelbarrows and other receptacles await. If the bank is steep and difficult to reach large sacks are filled, slung over stalwart shoulders, and carried to the top of the bluff, where ox carts convey them to the bleaching field. To bleach the moss and prepare it for market it is first washed in fresh water and spread on the grass to dry. Every half hour it is turned with a rake in order that the sun may reach each leaf. The washing and drying is continued for three days. Then, if the weather is favorable, the moss will by that time be ready for the sorters. When entirely cured the moss is of a creamy white color.

A fairly industrious moss gatherer realizes all the way from one and one-half to two and one-half dollars per day in return for his labor, according to the season. The best months for gathering are June, July and August, although the industry is followed more or less the year around. The supply of moss is inexhaustible, as that pulled or reaped from the rocks is replaced by a more luxuriant growth the following year. Another variety of seaweed, known as kelp, is also gathered on the island, where it is used to fertilize the soil.

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#### PIPED HIS MEN TO BATTLE.

WHEN John Brown was besieged in the engine house at Harper's Ferry during his famous raid for the liberation of the slaves of the South he piped the orders to his followers on a silver whistle, which has just been discovered in Washington by the officers of the Kansas Historical society. An effort is making to secure the instrument for the society's museum.

When John Brown gathered his men around Harper's Ferry and began preparations for the seizure of the arsenal he instructed them, according to the story, to hide themselves in the mountain forests and to refrain from being seen together. Then he gave them instructions to listen each day at sunrise and sunset for their orders which would be piped to them with the boatswain's whistle.

These instructions were carried out to the letter, and for some days preceding the attack on the arsenal the people of Harper's Ferry heard the mysterious piping from Brown's headquarters. The notes would be taken up by the nearest of his followers and sent on over the mountains until the farthest distant of the band had received the word of the commander. When Brown was captured the whistle was taken from him by Lieut. Stewart of the regular army, who afterward became a lieutenant general in the Confederacy. Stewart finally gave it to Col. Washington, who in turn presented it to John Cassin.

The whistle is now in possession of Mrs. Mary A. Cassin, who lives in Georgetown. Brown pleaded to be permitted to retain the whistle. He told Lieut. Stewart that he had had it for a long time and had used it in Kansas for the same purpose as at Harper's Ferry. The whistle is about nine inches long and in an excellent state of preservation.

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#### GREED FOR IVORY.

THE governors of the various British possessions in Africa have been directed "to prohibit by every means in their power the indiscriminate slaughter of elephants." The colonial secretary has further written to Simla asking whether it would be possible to train African elephants with a view to their being employed in work similar to that performed by Indian elephants. This action on the part of the colonial secretary has been warmly welcomed, as it is thought that unless prompt measures are taken the elephant will be as scarce in Africa as the bison is on the plains of America.

An English traveler has sent home a melancholy story of the "unlimited slaughter" of elephants in Africa. They are being exterminated, he states, at the rate of many thousands a year. They are killed for the sake of their ivory, and in one drive no fewer than two hundred and fifty elephants were secured. Of these one hundred died from anthrax.—*Chicago Journal*.

\* \* \*

A GERMAN physician, to determine if acute insanity is caused by a toxin in the blood, injected at intervals serum, blood, and cerebro-spinal fluid from a patient suffering from acute dementia with hallucinations without the least effect.



## RUSSIAN WEDDINGS.

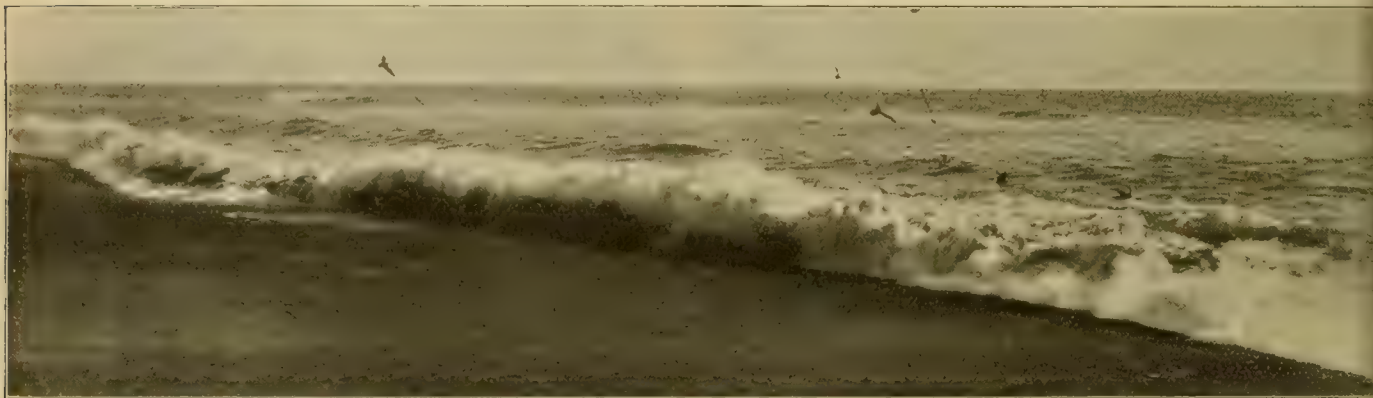
BY ALICE VANIMAN.

SOME time ago while visiting St. Petersburg we had the pleasure of witnessing several Russian weddings, and as their performances are somewhat out of the ordinary I thought it might be of some interest to the NOOK readers to hear about them.

The place of this interesting scene was in a large cathedral at half past four, Monday afternoon. The first thing they did was to place on the floor a very large brussels rug for the bridal pair and their company to stand on.

The bride was handsomely dressed in white wool stuff, daintily trimmed with pearl white satin. The long bridal veil which extended to the train of her dress was fastened to the head with a dainty wreath of natural flowers, while flowers of the same kind partly

ceremony places the rings to the first joint of the ring finger, then the best man steps forward putting them to their proper places. Some more chanting by the priest with a long rigamarole of ceremony and two large golden crowns are brought forward on a tray by one of the attendants. This is followed by much ceremony, the crowns being kissed by both bride and groom. The crowns are now given to the two men attendants who hold them just a little above the heads of the bridal pair. More chanting and reading; then the pair kiss a golden covered Bible held by one of the priests. Now they step forward on a pink cloth where a little gold-lined cup, with something in it to drink, is placed three times to each of their lips. The chanting continues. The priest now takes hold of the joined hands of the pair and leads them three times around the altar chanting all the while. The two men who have been holding the golden crowns at arm's length all this time now give them over to the at-



DOWN BY THE SOUNDING SEA.

covered her breast. Two men waiters dressed exactly alike stood just behind the bridal pair. Behind the two men stood quite a number of pretty young girls well-dressed—some in white, some in pink, some light green. These seemed to be the bridesmaids. Many other friends also stood near. A small altar was in front of the bridal pair. Two long-haired priests, dressed in their long priestly robes, stood with their backs to the bridal company—but all facing the great altar, where stood the image of Christ and the Madonna. One priest with a couple attendants stood on the great altar platform in front and began the chanting, which in their rich melodious voices was not unpleasant to hear. The chanting continues some time. The bride and groom each receive from the priest a lighted candle which is trimmed with ribbons and flowers to match the bridal dress. The candles are held during the greater part of the ceremony.

One priest now bears the diamond set rings on a little golden tray, while another priest with much

tendant, and I was truly glad that the time had come for them to get a rest for this seemed to be the hardest part of the ceremony. The bridal pair with the two men following are now led around the large altar when they seem to be pronounced husband and wife. They both kiss the priests' Bible again, then kiss a golden cross, then kiss each other, then bow several times to the images kissing them many times. The priests shake hands with them, the two men pay the priests some money, the bride is kissed by all the prettily-dressed girls and many other friends—and it only took one-half hour.

Wedding No. 2 was somewhat different. One priest did it all with very little chanting and it only took fifteen minutes.

The bride wore what looked like a very common calico dress, the waist being a mother hubbard sacque with a belt. Her veil was a mere strip of veiling about one yard long, fastened to the head with a few very ordinary artificial flowers. She looked very sad and the man did not seem at all kind. During

the ceremony she was a couple of times seen to make faces at her children standing near in order to keep them quiet. At the close of the ceremony the bridal pair kissed each other three times, once right on the mouth and once at each side of the mouth. The men attendants kissed the bride in the same way. It is said that all marriage ceremonies must be performed in one of the cathedrals, by a priest, one or more, accordingly as the people have means to pay. During all marriage ceremonies, as well as all other religious ceremonies, the people stand, there being no place to sit in a cathedral, facing some of the many divine images which are found in abundance in all these cathedrals. They bow quite often crossing themselves with the fingers of the right hand, first touching the forehead then to the breast, then toward the left shoulder, then the right. This is done quickly, and over and over again. We witnessed a number of other weddings which were quite similar to the first. One little young bride dressed all in light green cried bitterly. She seemed to be very much frightened.

*Malmö, Sweden.*

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#### A BOY'S STRUGGLE FOR AN EDUCATION.

BY A SENIOR AT M'PHERSON COLLEGE

I do not consider my experiences exceptional or any difficulties unduly severe, but they may be typical of what many a young fellow is experiencing and must still experience if he is to get through college.

Could I have seen the end from the beginning I am not sure that I would have had the courage to "wade in," but now that the deepest is passed through, and I am coming out on the other side of my eight years of college life, I do not wish that the pool had been shallower or the surface more smooth.

During the first few years of my work in college, I was able to attend only the winter terms. I could not be spared from the farm. But I kept urging and working. I husked corn, then went to school till spring.

It was my desire to teach school. One winter an uncle let me use some money to go to school. Then I taught a term and paid it back. I was twenty when I taught that first term of country school.

But I could not bear to be out of college even to teach. I felt so keenly the need for more preparation. I spent the summer on the farm and entered school again in the fall. I was determined to do something that would enable me to spend more months in school than farm work did.

I began to canvass, first books then stereoscopic views. I have never thought I was a natural born canvasser, but I stuck to it summer after summer and won some measure of success in the view business. I found it an opportunity to learn some things one can't

learn in books. I began canvassing close home, then went to Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Washington in successive summers. I should not consider a college course complete without some experience at canvassing.

So much for the time out of school. But it isn't what one earns but what he spends that determines how far his money will go. With all my work even in my canvassing for the first two or three years I never came back to college with enough money to take me through the year. I was obliged to live alone in some rented room and board myself or to join a small club and keep "bachelor's hall." Thanks to my mother I had some taste about keeping a room clean and also considerable experience about cooking. So the house-keeping went smoothly enough on the whole.

This was a means of considerable saving of my means, as we seldom spent over fifty or seventy cents per week for board. I remember distinctly one term when I was unusually short of money. I was alone. I spaded garden, milked a cow and cared for a horse for a family near the college. But I scarcely earned enough sometimes to buy necessary food; I measured out my rations with considerable care. For instance I did not permit myself to eat more than seven prunes at a meal.

One day I found myself without food enough for the next meal and not more than a penny or two in my pocket. A new experience came into my life. It wasn't so pleasant, but I would not have that experience and the feeling that came to me taken out of my life for a gold mine. I don't know just what I would do now in such a case, but then I remember I knelt down and committed myself to the care of him whom I had learned to trust. Then I went to my classes and forgot that when noon came I would have no dinner. When noon came, I went to my room and found that some friend (to this day I do not know who it was) unknowingly answered my prayer and supplied my needs at a time much appreciated by me. That term I lived on thirty-five cents per week.

One winter I swept the halls in the dormitory. Every Monday I helped a kind-hearted neighbor lady to wash and so saved laundry bills.

I cannot draw the curtain over this bit of experience without expressing my sincere thanks for the kindly assistance and hearty good will and sympathy shown me by my teachers and friends during the whole of my career in college. If they ever feel repaid for their kindness it will be in the assurance that their regard and concern for my welfare and their manifest interest in my life has always been a source of inspiration to me that helped me over many a hard place. And if I can never repay them in person, it has ever been my desire to show my gratitude by living to help others who need it.



## MY TRIP TO A COAL MINE.

BY ANNA L. BRYANT.

My husband and I and three younger children started one morning, not long ago, to the mountains for a load of coal. It is called a distance of ten or twelve miles. It was a beautiful morning, as most mornings are in this valley. After going several miles we were beyond the irrigating canals, and soon out of sight of any human dwelling with nothing to be seen but the desert and the mountains, hazy in the distance. One might think there would be nothing of interest to see in a wide stretch of desert but it was fascinating to me, and I was surprised to see that besides the vegetation peculiar to the desert, the ground was covered with a growth of grass. Of course it was dried at this time of year, but it must be a pleasing sight when it is green. The apparent absence of anything living and the silence were very noticeable. We saw a few gophers and prairie dogs and one little owl sat blinking in the sun by a prairie dog home near the road. It greatly amused the children.

After a time we came to the foothills and passed rocks that were wonderful to me. Everywhere they were worn as with the action of the water. Some were scooped out like basins and others full of holes like net work, seeming to me a proof of the theory that the valley was once an inland sea. Near the mountains we passed a flock of several thousand sheep. I inquired afterwards where those sheep wintered and was told that they were herded in the desert. When we thought we were nearly to the canon where we would find the coal mine the road became frightful, and we were not as near as we thought. Several times the road passed over the adobe hills that were so steep it seemed impossible for the horses to climb them and several times around the sides of the hills at a height that made me dizzy. After we finally got there we fed the team and ate our lunch and we thought we would climb the mountain. It did not look so very high or hard to climb and I wanted to see what was on top, but every time we stopped to rest it seemed farther and farther and after we had gone a good distance and seemed no nearer the top than when we started we concluded that we had not time that day so we went back and while they were loading the coal I walked out of the canon, sorry to leave the wonderful scenery and feeling that I had been on enchanted ground and I have wanted to go back ever since.

*Grand Junction, Colo.*

\* \* \*

## WATCH SOUNDS AN ALARM.

SOME novel timepieces are being shown this season. One domestic novelty is a small watch which

gives "railroad time." In place of the conventional dial there is a double-decked arrangement of figures. The top row gives the hour, the lower the minutes. At half after ten one sees by this clock 10:30. A half hour later the figure reads 11. The right-hand figure changes every minute in the lower column, while the one on the left is shifted every ten minutes, and an hour is required for the changing of the number on top. Six dollars is the price asked for it.

An imported idea is an alarm clock contained in a watch case. This is not the dollar watch with clock works in a watch case, but a watch with a watch movement. There is an additional attachment whereby a third hand on the dial sets the alarm. This is operated by turning the rim containing the crystal. At the appointed hour the alarm is struck and runs as long as the spring-will hold out.

The watch is not intended to replace the alarm clock, though it is useful for travelers who do not require a loud alarm. Its special utility is found on the business man's desk. Here it serves as a reminder of engagements of too great an importance to be trusted to the treacherous memory of the office boy. These watches cost from four dollars up. One specimen from France costs twenty francs, while there are German watches with twice the power for twenty-five marks. They have not yet been duplicated by local watchmakers, but their appearance on the market is merely a question of time.—*New York Press.*

\* \* \*

## PROVINCIAL TERMS ADOPTED.

WITH the territorial expansion of the United States came the natural expansion of the languages of its inhabitants. We obtained "moccasin," "powwow," "sachen," "tomahawk," etc., from the American Indians; "depot," "jardiniere," "levee" from the creole population embraced by the Louisiana purchase; "banana," "broncho," "burro," "chaparral," "cinch," "guava," "tornado," etc., from Spanish America, and the events of the closing years of the past century have greatly multiplied this class. Spanish and native terms, now current in the speech of the English-speaking peoples of the Philippine islands, are finding their way rapidly into our own, and we have only begun to assimilate words from this source; also from Alaska, Hawaii and Samoa. The process of assimilation from the French continues, and as formerly we drew therefrom "chignon," "crinoline," "velocipede," we now have "automobile," "chauffeur," "tonneau," etc. We have drawn a few words from Russia as "droshky," "moujik," "ukase," and from the Mohammedan world we have "irade," "kaftan," "muezzin" and "sura."

To-day the total number of words in the English language, including radicals, derivatives, participles,

obsoletes and foreign terms, and excluding those words, which Lowell so characteristically described as "the sewerage of speech," is estimated at about 350,000, or nearly ten times the number computed by a contributor to the *Edinburg Review* sixty-four years ago.

\* \* \*

## A GOOD STORY.

IN a certain mountain town, says *Lippincott's Magazine*, lived a little boy of four who was very much frightened at the thought of a bear, in fact, it was the only animal or thing he was afraid of, and his mother, in trying to keep him from running into the street and playing in the irrigating ditches, and wandering away to a little unkept park, told him he must not go, for there were bears there. This frightened William and the following day he sat on the doorstep in a very quiet mood. When asked by the village clergyman, who was passing by, why he did not go out and play, William replied: "I must not go out of the gate, for there are bears in the roads and down in the park." The minister laughingly replied: "No, there's no bears anywhere around," but William insisted there were. The minister said: "Let's go in and ask mamma about it," and mamma had to acknowledge she simply told William that to keep him from running away from home. When alone with the little boy the mother said: "William, mamma is sorry she told you a story about the bears, and I guess we had better ask God to forgive her," whereupon William said: "Mamma, you had better let me ask God, for maybe he wouldn't believe you."

\* \* \*

## A REMARKABLE EXHIBIT.

WHEN Columbus discovered America there stood in a remote mountain gorge in Cherokee county, North Carolina, a tulip poplar tree that was then four hundred years old. For four more centuries it grew and flourished, and was recently felled for exhibition at the St. Louis world's fair. The tree was thirteen feet in diameter at the base when it was cut. The gorge in which it grew was so inaccessible, being forty miles from a railroad, that it was impracticable to obtain a section near the base. Forty feet up, where the tree was a little more than six feet in diameter, a disk was cut. This has been polished, and will occupy a place in front of the hunter's lodge. On the polished disk have been engraved the important historical events of the Old North State from the time that Sir Walter Raleigh took possession of the land in his sovereign's name on July 4, 1584, through the Colonial days, during the Revolution, and up to the present time. Another section of the tree will stand like a monument in the forestry exhibit. It is ten feet

high. A portion has been dressed, polished and varnished, while the lower portion is covered with the bark.—*Harper's Weekly*.

\* \* \*

## THE EVIL OF CIGARETTES.

"I AM more impressed every day said Judge Teasdale of the juvenile court this morning, "with the evil that results from cigarette smoking by young boys." Several youngsters had been before the court for stealing and in each case the boys acknowledged that they smoked cigarettes.

"When I speak of the evil that results from cigarette smoking," continued Judge Teasdale, "I do not refer to the harm done to the boys' mental and physical condition, because it is acknowledged that they are harmful from that point of view. I refer to the effect the habit has on the morals of the boys.

"I did not realize it before I began hearing these juvenile cases, but the number of boys who commit petit larceny and even burglary just to get cigarette money is appalling. In a large majority of the cases of boys stealing I discover by questioning them that they are cigarette fiends and while in every case they do not acknowledge that they stole in order to get money to buy cigarettes, yet it's plain to see that that is the reason."

\* \* \*

## A MODERN CANNERY.

A MODERN cannery is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. After the fish is cleaned automatic machines do nearly all the remainder of the work, even in some instances filling the cans with a motion for all the world like that of two human hands, one holding the can, the other crowding it full of raw fish. I shall not attempt to enter into a description of the machinery. The can of fish is started rolling on its way, and one has the impression that it continues to roll through machine after machine, hardly touched by human hands. It rolls into the cooker and out again, even rolls itself into a bright colored label, and finally somehow rolls into a packing box, ready to be loaded in the car waiting at the door.—*Ray Stannard Baker, in Century*.

\* \* \*

IN administering the pure food law the secretary of agriculture causes samples to be taken from all importations of food products. These samples are paid for by the government and are used in the analysis to determine purity. Uncle Sam has decided to establish a grocery store in Washington to dispose of the pure samples that remain after the experiments. Authority has been granted by the treasury department to the agricultural department to engage in the retail trade and without license the government will sell choice imported food products at cost price.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

### HOW IT GOES.

Now, A told B that C had found  
 A penny in the street,  
 And D told E and E told F,  
 And F must go and bleat  
 To G, and so the story passed  
 To Z, who meeting A,  
 Informed him confidentially  
 That C had stolen a million dollars.

—Newark News.

\* \* \*

### BREAD EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

THERE is in the museum at Naples some old bread, says the *Cookery and Catering World*, which was baked in August, A. D. 79, in one of those curious ovens still to be seen at Pompeii. More than eighteen centuries, therefore, have elapsed since it was drawn "all hot" and indigestible from the oven. So it may claim to be the stalest bread in the world. You may see it in a glass case on the upper floor in the museum. In shape and size the loaves resemble the small cottage loaves of England, but not in appearance, for they are as black as charcoal, which, in fact, they closely resemble. This was not their original color, but they have become carbonized. When new they may have weighed about a couple of pounds each, and with all probability were raised with leaven, as is most bread of the Oriental countries at the present time. The popular idea that Pompeii was destroyed by lava is a fallacious one. If a lava stream had descended upon the city the bread and everything else in the place would have been utterly destroyed. Pompeii was really buried under ashes and fine cinders, called lava by the Italians. On that dreamful day in August, when the great eruption of Vesuvius took place, showers of fine ashes fell first upon the doomed city, then showers of lapilli, then more ashes and more lapilli, until Pompeii was covered over in some places to the depth of twenty feet. Other combustibles besides the bread were preserved, and may now be seen in this museum. There are various kinds of grains, fruits, and even pieces of meat. Most interesting is a dish of walnuts, some cracked ready for eating, others whole. There are figs, too, and pears, the former rather shriveled, as one would expect after all these years, the latter certainly no longer "juicy." But perhaps the most interesting relic in the room is a honey-comb, every cell of which can be distinctly made out.

### QUEER HONEYMOON.

SOLOMON, the judge's colored butler, had been married and was granted a few days' leave of absence in honor of the event. It surprised his master, therefore, to see his butler attending to his usual duties the day after his wedding.

"Why, how is this, Solomon?" the judge asked. "I thought you were off on your honeymoon."

"No, sah. You see, I reckoned you couldn't spare me, so I just staid right along."

"But where is your wife Amanda?"

"Waal, sah, she's off takin' de honeymoon herself dis time. When she gets back an' things is regular like, I'll just take my part of de weddin' trip an' let her mind around heah while I'm gone."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

\* \* \*

### KITCHEN MAXIMS.

HERE are some of the favorite maxims of the good English housewife. They date back, probably to the day when Alfred the Great let the bannocks burn:

"There is no work like early work."

"Clear as you go; muddle makes muddle."

"When pastry comes out of the oven meat may go in."

"Water boils when it gallops; oil when it is still."

"A stew boiled is a stew spoiled."

"Never put salt in salad."

"A good manager looks ahead."

"One egg well beaten is worth two not beaten."

"Make the tea directly the water boils."

"Salt brings out other flavors."

\* \* \*

### ANTIDOTE MAY SAVE LIFE.

A LITTLE presence of mind, coupled with knowledge, is important in many emergencies. When anyone is accidentally poisoned and you are not sure of the antidote give an emetic of some kind immediately. Mustard and salt are two things found in every household, but a bottle of ipecac costs little and is better than either and should always be kept in the house. If mustard is to be used, put a dessert spoonful in a glass of luke warm water and make the patient take two or three glasses; then by tickling the throat with the finger vomiting is certain. The dose should be repeated in about ten minutes, so that the stomach may be thoroughly emptied. No matter what the poison, remember the thing you should do is to give an emetic.

## USE CRANBERRIES.

THE virtue of cranberries as a healthful food admits of reiteration. Many persons consider that they rank first in the list of valuable winter fruit foods. They are considered to be an excellent remedy for indigestion and biliousness as they contain certain acid combinations not contained in other fruits. They are also useful as tonics and appetizers. Do not cook cranberries in tin or iron vessels, upon which composition the acid acts harmfully. One unusual preparation of cranberries is cranberry cottage pudding. Make the puddings as usual by beating together a cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter with two beaten eggs and cupful of milk. Sift into it three cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, adding at the last a cup and a half of cranberries. Put into a buttered pudding-dish and bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot with a liquid sauce.

\* \* \*

A GOOD story is going the rounds about a clergyman who was anxious to introduce some new hymn books, and directed his assistant to give out a notice in church in regard to them immediately after the sermon. The assistant, however, had a notice of his own to give, in regard to the baptism of infants. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon he announced: "All those having children which they wish baptized, send in their names at once."

The clergyman, who was deaf, supposed his assistant was giving out the hymn book notice, so he arose and said:

"And I want to say, for the benefit of those who haven't any, that they may be obtained from me any day between three and four o'clock; the ordinary paper ones at 3 cents each, and special ones, with red, morocco backs, at twenty-five cents."

\* \* \*

If hot grease is spilt on the floor, whether on boards or on the carpet, immediately pour the coldest water you can get on it and chill the grease. It can then be scraped off or worked out to better advantage than if it is allowed to spread. One of the best things in the world for taking up grease spots is the application of powdered chalk, more and more of it as the case may require.

\* \* \*

What is a good thing to take stains from fabrics of any kind?

If it is a valuable garment take equal parts of gasoline and ether. Wash the parts in it and as it evaporates the spots will disappear. Ordinarily these spots are made by something greasy and the gasoline and ether dissolve the oil and the grease is carried off by evaporation. Put enough of it on to go over it all thoroughly.

## APPLE CHARLOTTE.

BUTTER a deep pie dish, then shake over the butter some granulated sugar, cover the bottom of the dish with thin slices of bread and butter, on this put a layer of sliced apples, a little sugar, and a few cloves; add the layers of bread and apples until the dish is full, the top layer being apples; put some pieces of butter on top and moisten the whole with a little water, bake in a tightly covered dish in a slow oven until quite soft, then remove the cover and brown on the top.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

\* \* \*

## HOMINY WAFFLES.

To one cupful of boiled hominy freed from lumps add one pint of milk which has been scalded and cooled, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one pint of flour and one-third of a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a little warm water. Beat well, cover and let rise over night. In the morning add two eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and bake in hot, well-greased waffle irons.

\* \* \*

## FRUIT CAKE.

ONE pound of raisins, the best and well cleaned, one pound of citron cut fine, one pound of currants, ten eggs, one pound of butter beaten to a cream, one cup of the best molasses and two cups of light brown sugar, one tablespoon of cinnamon and one-half of cloves and allspice with a grated nutmeg, one cup of sour cream, two teaspoons of soda, about five cups of flour well sifted. Steam four hours and bake one hour. This will make three loaves.

\* \* \*

## PLAIN OMELETTE.

BEAT four eggs very light. Have ready a pan of hot butter, pour the beaten eggs into it, and fry it until it is of a fine brown on the under side, then lap one half over the other, and serve it hot. Just before you lap it, sprinkle a little salt and pepper over the top. Chopped parsley or onion may be mixed with egg before it is fried.

\* \* \*

## SPICED CRANBERRIES.

SPICED cranberries make an excellent winter relish. Boil together three and one half pounds of brown sugar, two cupfuls of vinegar, and two tablespoonfuls each of ground cloves, cinnamon, and allspice. When this has become a syrup add five pounds of cranberries, and simmer for two hours. Keep in a covered stone jar.



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## CREEPING UP THE STAIRS.

In the softly falling twilight  
Of a weary, weary day  
With a quiet step I entered  
Where the children were at play;  
I was brooding o'er some trouble  
Which had met me unawares,  
When a little voice came ringing,  
"Me is creepin' up the stairs."

Ah, it touched the tenderest heart-strings  
With a breath and force divine,  
And such melodies awakened  
As no wording can define!  
And I turned to see our darling,  
All forgetful of my cares,  
When I saw the little creature  
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered  
On her little hands and knees,  
Keeping up a constant chattering,  
Like a magpie in the trees;  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
When o'er all her world's affairs,  
She, delighted, stood a victor  
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image  
Of man's brief and struggling life,  
Whose best prizes must be captured  
With a noble, earnest strife.  
Onward, upward, reaching over,  
Bending to the weight of cares;  
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,  
We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps may be no carpet,  
By their sides may be no rail;  
Hands and knees may often pain us,  
And the heart may almost fail,  
Still, above there is the glory,  
Which no sinfulness impairs,  
With its rest and joy forever,  
After creeping up the stairs.

—Eugene Field.

\* \* \*

## FROM POTASH TO BAKING-POWDER.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

"WHEN I see you measure baking-powder," said grandmother, "I often wonder if you realize the shifts people made, in my younger days, to obtain that principle in cookery.

"The first thing I remember was potash,—carbonate of potash, I ought to say. When father cleared a patch of woodland, he piled a lot of felled trunks

around a large tree, and set the whole on fire. The ash-heap that resulted was guarded carefully as grain. If there was a prospect of rain, he always covered it with branches.

"The ashes were leached in a big vat. I remember a pile of used ashes as big as this house, which stood close by the spring for years. The lye was boiled down till it was hard and brown, and then broken into lumps. The bulk of it father carried in the ox cart to Albany, where there was a refinery for converting it into pearlash.

"This was done, my father used to tell me, by laying the potash on the hearth of a furnace, and stirring it with iron rods while the flame played over it, burning off the impurities, and leaving it dull bluish-white. It came into common use when I was still a small girl. I was a young woman, when I first saw baking soda, or saleratus, as we called it then; and that was neither so pure nor well-pulverized as now.

"Some of the potash we kept for our own use, of course, and I well remember mother pounding the hard lumps in the old mortar. Even then, she was obliged to dissolve the refractory bits in hot water, and strain them through a cloth, when she made short biscuits or johnny-cake. She used sour milk or cream, the acid with alkali producing the same chemical change and effervescence as that of uniting cream of tartar with carbonate of potassium, in baking-powder. I haven't a word to say against modern cooking; but I used to think such a supper, baked over the coals and served with fried bacon and maple syrup, was fit—yes, too good for a king."

*Elgin, Ill.*

\* \* \*

## MOTHER'S FACE.

Three little boys talked together,  
One sunny summer day,  
And I leaned out of the window,  
To hear what they had to say.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"  
One of the little boys said,  
"Was a bird in grandpa's garden,  
All black and white and red."

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"  
Said the second little lad,  
"Was a pony at the circus,  
I wanted him very bad."

"I think," said the third little fellow,  
With a grave and gentle grace,  
"That the prettiest thing in all the world  
Is just my mother's face."

## The Q. & A. Department.

What are the Cecil Rhodes' scholarships?

Cecil Rhodes died in 1902. In his will there were scholarships that were offered to students in the United States, Germany, and the colonies. The first selection of scholarships in the United States will be in May 1904. Candidates must be between eighteen and twenty-five years old. All the candidates shall have reached the end of the second year in some recognized college. One student is chosen from the State in which he lives. The scholarship is worth \$1,500 a year. The INGLENOOK does not advise anyone not to make an effort, but the chances of success are very remote indeed.

✱

Are the Russian and Canada thistles the same thing?

No. The Russian species is believed to have been introduced into Kansas, Colorado, and Nebraska and is thought to have been brought to the United States in some flaxseed from Russia. The Canada thistle is supposed to have been carried in some hay which Gen. Burgoyne brought over for his horses in 1777. It is more hardy than the Russian thistle and yet cannot be used as fodder as the Russian pest may be.

✱

What is the Blarney stone?

The Blarney stone is built into the wall of Blarney castle, four miles northeast of Cork, Ireland. The castle was built in 1449, and the stone is kissed with difficulty as it must be done on leaning over the parapet, the kisser being held to prevent his falling over. Kissing the Blarney stone is said to endow the party with unusual felicity of expression and compliments.

✱

What are "decorations" given by sovereigns?

Most European governments have orders of many kinds, membership in which is obtained for special service or merit. The external sign is a trinket fastened in the coat and might readily be put in the pocket. It is the honor that counts. The Order of the Garter is the most prized in England.

✱

What is the Zionist movement?

Since the dispersion of the Jews 1832 years ago it has been their dream to resettle Palestine, and this is called the Zionist movement.

✱

What is the difference in standard time between St. Louis and New York?

One hour.

Who first used the expression, "Like angels' visits, few and far between?"

The phrase is found in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" and in turn seems to be taken from Bell's "Grave," which reads, "Its visits, like those of angels, short and far between."

✱

What is profane history?

Profane history is history that is not inspired, as, for illustration, the history of England. The word is used as opposed to Biblical history.

✱

What are the national holidays of the United States?

Strange as it may appear, there is not a single national holiday in the United States. There is no general law on the subject.

✱

Is the Governor General of Canada much of a factor in its affairs?

Socially and theoretically, yes; in actual results practically not a great deal. He represents the crown.

✱

Is man as complicated in his structure as other animals?

No, he is simplicity itself, anatomically considered, compared to many other created things.

✱

How old was Julius Cæsar?

Born July 12, 100 years B. C., killed 44 years B. C. He was one of the world's very greatest men.

✱

How old do bees live to be?

A queen may live four years, a drone four months, and a worker possibly six months.

✱

What became of St. Matthew?

He is supposed to have suffered martyrdom but there is no reliable record.

✱

What number of people visited the World's Fair at Chicago?

The records show 27,529,400.

✱

Where is Blennerhassett's Island?

In the Ohio River, opposite the mouth of the Kanawha.

✱

How old is Japan?

The Japs claim their empire to have been founded 660 B. C.



## LITERARY.

THE Christmas number of *Everybody's* magazine is at hand and it is a beauty. The cover and its printing are most artistic and the whole is a fine sample of the art preservative in its best expression. The whole literary make-up of the number is in lighter vein for the most part, but it will be read with pleasure by both old and young.

There is such an abundance of good reading in these days of magazines and papers that it is difficult to choose the best, if, indeed, there be any best. But there is this one thing sure, you will not miss it by getting *Everybody's*. It is on sale everywhere at ten cents per copy, or a dollar will bring it to you a whole year, month by month.

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THE *Era* magazine for October has reached us, belated surely, but all right in its literary make-up. For one of the popular magazines, costing ten cents, at the newsdealers, it is far in advance of many of its competitors in its contents. It is along the higher levels of fiction and contributed articles on living topics. The *Era* is worth while. Suppose you buy a copy and see for yourself.

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*The School Visitor* published by John S. Royer of Columbus, Ohio, is an excellent publication for the public school teacher and one which will doubtless be read with interest by those who are on the lookout for something that will forward their knowledge in the field of their chosen profession. It is one of the valued exchanges that comes to this office and doubtless a letter, addressed to the editor at Columbus, would bring a copy of this periodical to anyone wishing it.

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## OUR PREMIUMS.

WE take pleasure in announcing to the readers of the INGLENOOK that we will send every subscriber, old or new, on receipt of his subscription for the year 1904, a copy of any of the following named books. Their description is printed and some of them are really valuable. These books retail for ten cents per copy and have been selected with reference to the wants of nearly everybody, in all the walks of life. These books are paper bound in pamphlet form, double column, and some of them containing a large amount of information hardly possible to find elsewhere. They are printed on good paper, in good type, and every one of them will be of more or less value to the recipient. They are edited down to the simple facts in the case and there are no flourishes, and each one is written so it will be understood.

A book will be sent to every subscriber on receipt

of his subscription, and he can make choice of which one he wants. The books are up-to-date, and it will be an advantage to have them about anyone's house. Here are the titles from which you can choose and which will help you in your selection. Only one book can go with each subscription, although the magazine may be sent to one name and the book to another:

**The Practical Horse and Cattle Doctor.**

Forty-four pages of horse and cattle treatment. It is probable that this book covers the whole ground of the horse and cattle ailments, so far as the layman ought to treat the case. On page 21 "Chronic Rheumatism" and "Inflamed Tendons" are treated. On page 25 "Parasites in the Horse's Skin" is taken up. On page 29 "Shoeing" is treated. About everything that comes over the horse and cow is discussed in this little book, and it will be of great advantage to have it about the house.

**The Practical Poultry Keeper.**

This is an up-to-date poultry book of sixty-two pages, which tells about all the poultry raising, and has illustrations showing the different varieties of fowls. It tells how to make poultry houses and how to care for them and all about feeding and rearing poultry. On page 43 there is an article on "How to Start a Hennyery," followed by one on "Preparing Nests for Sitters." On page 49 it treats on the different diseases of poultry, as "Gapes" and "Feather Eating," etc. It also describes in full how to raise chickens, and all of this will be of great interest to the reader.

**The Scarlet Letter.**

Those who are inclined to literature will find here 64 pages of a complete reproduction of Hawthorne's celebrated romance. It is a standard classic and for people who have never read it it will do no harm.

These books have been chosen not for their looks, nor for their size, but the character of their contents, and any reader will find in them practical help that will be hard to find elsewhere.

Remember that it is not looks or bulk that we consider in connection with these books, but it is their practical usefulness, and although the NOOK is worth several times what it costs by itself, we intend to give you one of these as a premium and give one to every subscriber, old and new alike. You say which one you want and give us your address and we will see that the books get to you in the course of a short time. It will take a week or so for the book to reach you after the order comes to the office. We do not print these books and they are sent from the publishers on our order.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

DECEMBER 8, 1903.

No. 50.

## BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE.

BY SAM L. SIMPSON.

### I.

From the Cascade's frozen gorges,  
Leaping like a child at play,  
Winding, widening through the valley,  
Bright Willamette glides away;  
Onward ever,  
Lovely river,  
Softly calling to the sea;  
• Time that scars us,  
Maims and mars us.  
Leaves no track or trench on thee!

### II.

Spring's green witchery is weaving  
Braid and border for thy side;  
Grace forever haunts thy journey,  
Beauty dimples on thy tide.  
Through the purple gates of morning,  
Now thy roseate ripples dance;  
Golden, then, when day departing,  
On thy water trails his lance;  
Waltzing, flashing,  
Tinkling, plashing,  
Limpid, volatile and free—  
Always hurried  
To be buried  
In the bitter, moon-mad sea.

### III.

In thy crystal deeps, inverted,  
Swings a picture of the sky,  
Like those wavering hopes of Aidenn  
Dimly in our dreams that lie;  
Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,  
Faint and lovely, far away—  
Wreathing sunshine on the morrow,  
Breathing fragrance round to-day.  
Love could wander  
Here, and ponder—  
Hither poetry would dream;  
Life's old questions,  
Sad suggestions,  
"Whence and whither?" throng thy stream.

### IV.

On the roaring waste of ocean,  
Soon thy scattered waves shall toss;

'Mid the surges' rhythmic thunder  
Shall thy silver tongues be lost.  
Oh, thy glimmering rush of gladness  
Mocks this turbid life of mine.  
Racing to the wild Forever,  
Down the sloping paths of time—  
Onward ever,  
Lovely river,  
Softly calling to the sea;  
Time that scars us,  
Maims and mars us,  
Leaves no track or trench on thee!

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## THE WORLD OF THE WEST.

What know ye, who dwell at our easternmost verge,  
Where on the Atlantic some pigmy States merge,  
Of lands lying westward, a limitless stretch,  
Where jagged horizons the mountain peaks etch  
In purple and silver—what know you, I say,  
Who live on the edge of the dawning of day,  
Of westerly countries unpillaged of pelf—  
Know you that the West is a world in itself?

"West"—what does it mean when you think of the word?  
With mirth unprovoked you have probably heard  
The country that lies on this side of the stream  
That good old De Soto discerned in a dream—  
You've heard people speak of the land that lies there  
As "west"—oh, you ignorant one, have a care!  
Were east blotted out it could live on alone—  
The west with a sea, earth and sky all its own.

Somewhere in the unending reaches that lie  
Beyond where the father of waters glides by  
The west has beginning (of end there is none)  
And onward it swings with the sweep of the sun.  
Its valleys unmeasured, its mountains unnamed,  
Its rivers unfettered, its forests untamed,  
Its deserts untrod save by pixy or elf—  
The west is a whole wondrous world in itself.

Some time when the gods have been good to you take  
Some coin from your hoard and a pilgrimage make  
Out into that land that your fancy has drawn  
As something 'twould make a good, roomy back lawn.  
Ride day after day—aye, and night after night  
Where unexplored wonder worlds surfeit the sight—  
Then hide your old notions 'way back on a shelf  
And own that the west is a world in itself.



### OUR SPECIAL ISSUE.

In this issue of the INGLENOOK we deal with the northwest coast of the United States, the States of Oregon and Washington. As all of our regular readers know from time to time we put out a special issue of the Inglenook, devoted to a description of a little-known section of the country. Both our readers and those who are not regular subscribers are to remember that these special outputs of the magazine are in no sense a commercial enterprise. The editor of the Inglenook goes to the sections described and writes up what he sees, personally, and he guarantees the general correctness of presentation as far as his knowledge and judgment go.

Our country is so large and presents such a diversity of topography that it is almost impossible to specify a climatic condition that may not be represented in actual fact somewhere within our national borders. Hitherto we have talked about the irrigated sections in Idaho, the sugar beet country in Colorado, and the oranges, lemons and raisins of California. Here in this Northwest coast section are two States practically the same, in general terms, and which are entirely different from all that we have hitherto written about. Only a very general view is given, and it should be understood that in a country so large as that represented by these two States, only a general description can be had and those who would know in detail will have to look elsewhere for the photographic accuracy and minuteness of detail that answer individual questions.

In some respects this northwestern country is unique. It is so related to its surroundings, so modified by mountain ranges and ocean winds, that pretty nearly everything from the arid plains where nothing will grow without water, to the coast where there is nothing but water, and all the intervening range of conditions, may be found. In general, these two States may be represented as having, on the western side of the Pacific ocean, a somewhat narrow beach or coast country and then the Coast Range country running north and south. A wide section of country is then crossed when we come to the Cascade mountains, on the eastern side of which is found a hilly country peculiar to itself. In these three sections almost every shade of diversity of agriculture in grain and fruit growing have a place. The two States are cut across by the Columbia river, a magnificent stream, affording the people on either side of it all the advantages of a great highway.

There are some people who prefer the plains, the short grass country of western Kansas or east-

ern Colorado. There are others again who want the mountains in Colorado, and some want the eternal summer of lower California. Then, there is another class that wants long seasons, great trees and huge mountains, noble rivers and majestic waterfalls. In Oregon and Washington, in the various places which will be hereinafter described, to some extent will be found perhaps most of the advantages named and in addition thereto there are disadvantages. Both of them will be referred to, and those who read may rest assured that



ROOSTER ROCK ON COLUMBIA RIVER.

they will get a pretty fair idea of the general conditions that belong to these two far away Pacific coast States.

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### DIFFERENT KINDS OF COUNTRY.

ONE thing the INGLENOOK reader wants to be informed about, at the very start of his northwest thoughts, is the fact that both Washington and Oregon and a part of Idaho are practically identical in their physical make-up. That is to say the coast country is practically alike in both States, and the arid part in the far west is practically the same in both Oregon, Washington and Idaho. One peculiarity of these States is that in crossing them from the east to the west one passes through three distinct kinds of country. The first from the east

is the arid, or semi-arid, all of which is very superior for agricultural purposes, wherever there is rainfall enough or irrigation is possible. Along the coast it is wet and rainy enough to satisfy any breed of ducks. So it will be seen that, in thinking of these three States, one should remember, in fact must remember the distinctions. They are practically as distinct as the coast products are distinct from the mountains. There are oysters found along the Washington coast and there is timber found on the mountains and hillsides. But do not expect to transpose them and get the oysters on the mountains and the timber on the coast.

Another feature to remember is that in the irri-

true, locally, it may not be universally true, and the only way for anyone contemplating removal to Oregon or Washington is first to go and see the land for himself. To a certain extent one will be compelled to take the word of another, while perhaps nobody not interested would intentionally mislead you, you must use your own judgment in the premises as you are the one to profit or lose by the transaction.

Do not think of going into the strawberry business in a strawberry country by buying five or ten acres of land unseen, where there may be nothing but broken rock all over the top and clear down to the center of the earth.



ROCK FORMATION ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

gated sections the country is very sandy, and while most productive, let no reader be deceived thinking that because he has land in a fruit or grain growing country, where they irrigate, that it is of any value unless it is "under water" as the saying goes. By this is meant that if you buy land in the most fertile valley in an arid country, so related to the water supply that it cannot be got on your land, you simply have a permanent failure. Many a person has been duped into buying land that is practically worthless, by persons who sell him land not "under water."

If the INGLENOCK is anything at all it is careful about what it says in the matter of immigration, and while everything that is said in this issue is

It is thought wise to make this suggestion because the two States or three States cannot be described as the State of Ohio or the State of Illinois might be. They are practically the same thing with few variations from one end to the other. The two States, Oregon and Washington, are cut across the fabric and have three distinct kinds of country as a result. When it comes to climate, there is the same distinction. The climate of Illinois is about the same from one to the other, north and south. The climate of Oregon and Washington will depend upon the altitude and the proximity to the coast. While both States lie well up to the north, so far as geographical location is concerned, in the matter of climate they are not unlike North Caro-



lina. The great reason for this is the Chinook wind, blowing from across the ocean, having been equably heated or cooled, as the case may be, by reason of its being superimposed over the ocean, which changes but little in temperature. This will account for the climate of the northwest. The further fact is that the prevailing winds are from the west, bringing this uniform temperature and making the earth tenable as a place of habitation. If the prevailing winds had come from the east or northeast, the country would be like that of Labrador. The country is so different from other parts of the United States that it is well worth a visit of inspection as a matter of personal information.

Everybody seems to be wanting to go to California. That is all right so far as it goes, but by starting in the fertile valleys and traveling southward the whole ground of the Pacific coast will be traveled, and everything will be seen that is worth seeing. To the tourist it does not matter so much, but to the man who embarks on a home-seeking trip, we say that while everything is as represented, be sure you are getting your home cut out of the same kind of material as that described, and this can be best done by seeing it for yourself, or by taking the word of a man in whom you have absolute confidence and who is entirely reliable. By doing this, everything will be all right, otherwise there is a first-class chance of failure.

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#### SEEING THE SIGHTS.

Lots of people make a trip from time to time as a matter of pure sightseeing. The practice is to be commended. The man and woman who live in Owl Hollow all their lives become very narrow in their knowledge and opinionated in their views of things. Nothing does such people as much good as a trip across the continent. It enlarges their heads and opens their hearts. The world is so much larger than they thought it was, and there are so many ways of doing the same thing, that nobody can get through to the coast and back again without learning something, if he does not happen to be a blind man. Moreover, there is the fun of making ready for the trip, which, after all, is really more than one-half of it, when measured up after the return. All the same the actual sightseeing is worth while.

When most people go to California, or westward generally, they cross the plains direct, or by the southern route, entering the lower coast country. Now the INGLENOOK wants to suggest to its readers that they make the trip to the coast along the Columbia river. Coming over the mountains from Ogden westward, there is some magnificent scen-

ery, but it is bunched up within a few hours' ride. If one takes the northern route, along the line of the Columbia river, he will see river and mountain scenery to his heart's content, and which is really some of the finest scenery in the world. The country is a hilly one, after passing into the Cascade range district, and on the Washington side one sees bare hills in most places. The Columbia river itself is not a wide stream, but it is deep in its lower or ocean part, sufficiently so to allow steamboats to ply in its waters.



ALONG THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

Seen from the car windows of the railway the waters appear blue or bluish green, and the stream winds between mighty hills on either side. Back in these mountains is about as near the primeval forest as any man can get in this country. Game of all kinds ranges wild there, and the peculiarity of the country is that the hills come squarely to the river's brink and often break off there squarely. There are places where a stream of water on the top is the size of a creek running to the river, and this plunges over the brink of the precipice with a fall of hundreds of feet. It is simply like a

huge leak in the roof of the world. Up beyond the range of distinct vision the stream takes a plunge and down it goes in a solid mass, then in a misty, hazy sheen, like a bridal veil or a long streamer of gauze, it plunges into a pool cut out by the waterfall, and then gathers itself up and flows on to the river.

Between the river and the fall the railroad passes within easy reach of the magnificent Multnomah falls. Then again the stream spreads out as on the roof of a house and goes down like a torrent. The readers who have read how the waters came down at Ladore can have a practical il-

lustration of it if they take the Columbia river route.

flashes along through the rocks or creeps around the deeper places, then stretches away in one magnificent vista, only to change and creep around the projecting hills and rocks.

More than this, along this river are to be seen the varied industries men have set up, principal of which is salmon fishing. One can see the wheels, both the permanent ones and those used on boats, that will give the idea better than any description how the finny tribe, entering from the ocean, and seeking the river to spawn, get shoveled up in the wheels that line the river, to be cut up and packed in cans and sent to all parts of the world. Along



CASCADES, COLUMBIA RIVER.

lustration of it if they take the Columbia river route.

There are mighty caverns, vast pinnacles of rock, that at least on three sides of them are too barren for any growth, and on top of some of them vegetation in the form of trees may be seen. On passing west on through trains the time is such that one strikes the scenic part of the river early in the morning, and during the forenoon. The greater part of it is simply one ever unfolding panorama of beauty of natural scenery in every phase, from the fern-grown dell by the roadside, to the mighty mountain. Vegetation takes a turn as one enters into this country, and the most magnificent ferns are seen growing wild. Mighty trees uplift their heads, and between the hills on either side the river

the banks can be seen occasional Indians in their picturesqueness, clad in bright colors and bizarre dress. They are fishing on their own account, and will sell their catch to the canneries. Men and women are grouped by the fire, watching the train passing by. Over the river is an island, that was once a peninsula, or at least is called an island, that was used by the Indians as a cemetery for their dead. From the car window a monument may be seen erected to their memory.

Down the stream, around the curve, is seen a trail of black smoke. Do not mistake it for a coming train and in a few moments one will see the stern wheel steamer, plodding its way upward. Over on the other side is a group of picturesque huts, built of the flotsam and jetsam of the river.



## THE SALMON FISHERIES.

THE great majority of Nookers know what canned salmon is by not only having seen it on the shelves of the country store, but having eaten it. Few, however, could tell much about the business, or the fish itself as it is actually found in the clear waters of the Columbia river.

The salmon are caught, canned and dried not only in Oregon and Washington, but up along the

which are the Chinook, Blueback, Silverside, Dog and Humpback.

A peculiarity of the salmon is that it selects for its spawning place only those streams that are fed by melting snows and no other place in any quantity at all. They begin going up the different fresh water tributaries about the first of January and continue their ascent until late in the summer although most of them go up the streams between the first of April and the first



SALMON FISHING ALONG THE COLUMBIA.

Alaskan coast and other places frequented by the fish. It is said, however, that the best salmon come from the Columbia river and not from the Alaskan coast fisheries. This is Columbia river talk and Alaska has not been heard from yet as to the merits of its production. The chances are that the fish is pretty much the same thing wherever it is found, provided it is in good condition when it is caught.

The date of the discovery of salmon as a food fish is 1731. The waters of the Pacific produce five distinct kinds of it, the common names of

of September. They can be caught, according to law, from April 15 to August 15, or a corresponding period in the different sections of the Northwest, but the time stated is the Columbia river and its tributaries' time for catching.

When the salmon leave the ocean to go up the river, they are at their best, and they begin to deteriorate slowly from the time of entering the stream until after spawning, when the change is very rapid, and they suffer the universal fate of an early death. Many of the salmon that go up the streams get as far as 150 or 200 miles before

they begin to spawn. It takes about two months for the eggs to hatch and the young fish remain in the fresh water for about a year, gradually working their way to the mouth of the river where they pass out into the ocean for full development. They go down stream tail foremost and seem to drift with the current. Out at sea they remain two years, feeding on the smelt or smaller fish of the ocean.

On the Columbia river there are four different methods of taking salmon, boats, traps, seines and fish wheels. The boats are about twenty-five feet long and about nine feet across, and carry gill-nets, about two or three hundred fathoms long and twenty or thirty feet in depth. These are propelled by sails and the catch is made at night. It appears that the shadows caused by the boats and the necessary fittings frighten the fish away. Hundreds of these boats are dancing on the river every night in the season and the flickering lights look like so many fireflies in the distance. The fishermen make the nets themselves, and they last about two years. There are about fifteen hundred of these boats and nets during the season, the greater number of which are used near the mouth of the river. It is hard to tell how many they catch, but probably from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds per night would be a good average. It is the custom of the canneries along the river to own the boats and rent them to the fishermen who sell their catch to the canning people. The price varies from time to time, dependent upon the number taken, but as a rule five cents per pound will about represent the average. There are steam or gasoline launches that belong to the canneries that work up and down the river, and buy fish of the boat people and those who have set their nets in the stream.

The fish wheels, used on the Columbia river, will be seen by any Nooker who travels along its banks. There are two kinds, the floating or scow wheel, and the shore wheel. The wheel itself is made of wire netting with a three and one-fourth to four-inch mesh, and these wheels range in diameter from ten feet to forty. They are from four feet to twelve or fifteen feet in width. They cost all the way from \$1,500 to \$5,000, according to the size and the way they are put up. These fish wheels are located about the Cascades and have been known to catch as many as 85,000 pounds of salmon in a single day. The Nookers will understand when we say that the wheels scoop up the fish and they are so arranged that when they get to the top they flop out on one side into the boat or a place ready for them.

After the fish are caught and sold to the gasoline launches that ply along the river, picking up the fish from the various fishermen, they are taken to the canneries, and are there weighed, washed and sent to the cutting tables. They are cut up by machinery under a gang of circular and semi-circular knives, and these pieces are afterwards sorted out into different grades. The Chinamen then take them and put them in cans. After being soldered they are placed in retorts where they are thoroughly cooked by steam for several hours, after which the cans are cleaned, labeled, boxed, and are ready to be sent to the various places all over the world.

When they get salmon of over twenty-five pounds in weight they are put in cold storage, and, if intended for pickling, are split down the back and the backbone removed, and the slabs of rich red salmon are salted down. Most of this salted stuff goes to Germany. Some of the larger salmon are smoked. These are sold out at an average price of perhaps twenty cents per pound to the retailer.

Some of the fresh salmon are placed in cold storage or are frozen solid in kegs of ice and shipped to the east. It is not at all likely that any Nooker has ever eaten salmon at its best unless he has had them just as they came from the water.

In purchasing canned salmon at the store it is well to select the large, round, flat cans as the largest and best fish are put up in this kind of can. The smaller cans contain the pieces, while the larger cans have just one large plug. While the fish is an excellent one, perhaps the best of its kind, it should be remembered that, as fond of fish and all that as you may be, to have it three times a day wears out your liking, and, after a season of salmon, you will be glad enough to get back to the everyday fare of the home. A little salmon occasionally is a good thing. Too much of it is—well, too much.

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#### AROUND COLFAX, WASHINGTON.

COLFAX has a population of about 3,500 people and is the county seat of Whitman county. It is in a remarkably fertile section of country, the everlasting hills being in evidence everywhere. Crops of ninety bushels of barley and one hundred and twenty-five bushels of wheat are not uncommon. If one would see grain growing in a new country, that is to say, relatively new, not as old as the Walla Walla neighborhood, he should go to Colfax, where the hill country can be seen to advantage.



# The Inglenook Nature Study Club

This Department of the Inglenook is the organ of the various Nature Study Clubs that may be organized over the country. Each issue of the magazine will be complete in itself. Clubs may be organized at any time, taking the work up with the current issue. Back numbers cannot be furnished. Any school desiring to organize a club can ascertain the methods of procedure by addressing the Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.

## HOW TO START A NATURE STUDY CLUB.

In a school of any grade, where the scholars can read, show this, or another issue of the Nook to the teacher, and suggest a class in the school. The thing to do in order to get a charter is to have the scholars' names listed, and their address, and give the name and address of the President and Secretary. Send all here, addressed to The Editor of the INGLENOOK, Elgin, Illinois.

If there are interested parties to the number of five they can organize, elect a President and Secretary, and send in to the Editor as the school would do and a charter will be issued.

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## THE DOG.

Nobody seems to know just where or how the common dog originated. Authorities differ, but most of them agree that originally the dog was a sort of wolf, probably taken in charge by prehistoric man, and trained and bred until the type became fixed. In all parts of the world the dog may be found, and he is pretty much the same animal at heart wherever he is.

It is strange that few people would think of calling all of the dog family from the diminutive smooth-haired terrier to the great curly-haired Newfoundland all dogs. We do not call the lion, the tiger and the wild-cat all cats, not as a general thing, but "dogs is dogs," of whatever breed or nationality. There seems to be a reason in this in the fact that all dogs are pretty much alike in their make-up. There is one characteristic of the dog that is possessed by no other domestic animal of any character. It is that the whole list of domestic animals will leave man, but the dog stays till his owner dies, and then often mourns himself to death. Horses, cows, sheep and all other animals must be shut up to keep them at home but the dog will sleep at the door, if allowed, till the day of his death. Very rarely does he go wild, but when he does he becomes thoroughly bad and wolf-like. The difference between the domesticity of the cat and the dog is that the cat is attached to places and the dog to individuals. It is a remarkable fact that the very name of the best and most permanent friend man has ever had, has become one of contempt. Call a worthless man a dog and he resents it, yet there are

many dogs with more lovable qualities than many men.

In many respects the dog is one of the world's most remarkable animals. It is so common that we do not notice the remarkable features. Take almost any dog, the more of a cur kind the better for our illustration. Let him belong to a family of five people, a man and wife and their child, a maid and a man-servant. Now the dog comes to know the whole lot in a way that no human being ever did or can know them. He has a nose unequaled by anything human, and not understood by anybody. If the whole family go to Chicago, taking the dog along, and if he gets lost by their giving him the slip, or are missed in some way, he will range around with his nose to the pavement and, if one of them has passed that way, even though thousands have been on the street, he will follow the trail till he finds his friend, and, what is more wonderful, he soon finds the direction and never takes the back track. Undoubtedly it is some trace or taint of the odor of the individual, and though that person may be as absolutely clean as soap and water and clean clothes can make him, it is all one to the dog, and he can follow a day-old smell on a run.

Now, some dogs are all nose and some are no nose at all for following a track, comparatively speaking, and these dogs hunt not by scent but by sight. Some highly organized dogs have good eyes and a good nose. Let such a dog see a rabbit bolt and he is off like a shot after it. Now, if the rabbit squats, watch the dog take running jumps to see bunny, if possible. Failing, note how he lifts his head in the air to catch the scent. If the wind is wrong he will circle and try at intervals. Failing all around he will beat up the field till he finds his animal and then he will begin digging in a manner that every country boy knows about his own dog, which had seen the quarry, start after him.

Now, if the rabbit should have popped into a hole, the dog starts to dig him out. Those who have noted the action of a dog in the premises know how he takes long smells to reassure himself of the proximity of the rabbit, and then starts digging furiously, wagging his tail in pleasurable anticipation. In the meantime quite a number of smells are taken, probably to determine whether or not the rabbit is made

any nearer by the digging. Should the rabbit bolt and run, the chances are that the looker-on will see some fine action on the part of both the rabbit and the dog. If there are two dogs, one who hunts by scent and the other by sight, following up the rabbit, the observer can notice the different methods on the part of both. As long as the rabbit can be seen no apparent difference is noticeable. Let it drop out of sight, however, and the dog with the nose will go ahead and the one with the eyes will follow apparently relying upon the nose dog taking the trail.

There are different kinds of dogs in the world where the characteristic is a marked one, such as the bulldog and the poodle dog. It doubtless depends upon the result of selection and training. Some dogs are much more intelligent than others. For all-around purposes a dog that has run around unrestrained will learn much quicker than one that is coddled and cared for in the house, and it seems that the lower grade of dog sometimes has a finer intelligence than the high-bred ones.

The dog has all the peculiarities and many of the failings of human kind. He can readily be frightened and is readily encouraged. His loyalty to the family knows no bounds. The old dog will allow the baby to pull him around by the ears, gouge fingers in his eyes, and generally wool him around with no more protest than perhaps an occasional whine at the pain, yet let a stranger show himself, especially if the child is threatened, every hair stands on end, and every muscle stiffens for a fight to the death.

Some years ago a gentleman in the eastern part of the country owned two large English mastiffs. A very young child was playing with the dogs which were making believe to injuring it, though it was all in fun and was a common and daily occurrence which the child enjoyed as much as the dogs. One day a stranger came along and, seeing the performance, thought that the dogs were killing the child and undertook to rescue it. The dogs misunderstood his act and unitedly fell on the man and killed him before help could reach him. It is to be regretted that such a thing should happen, and every reader will read with unspoken regret that these two fine dogs were killed in order to prevent a recurrence of what was clearly an act of loyalty and heroism on their part.

\* \* \*

Does the dog shed his coat of hair summer and winter?

Are winter-born puppies clothed with the winter coat of hair?

In what parts of the country are dogs used as draft animals, and in what parts are they used as food?

Has a dog much sense of direction? Can he be readily lost?

What does the tendency of wild dogs or even tame ones running away from home and feeding in packs seem to prove?

Can a dog be trained so as not to eat food given him by anybody else but his master?

Do a white man's dog and an Indian's dog, or a white man's dog and a negro's dog get along well together?

Can birds or animals withhold their scent?

Does a dog ever wholly forget his previous owner?

Under what circumstances will a dog lose his bark?

\* \* \*

IN a new country, say back two or three hundred miles from a settlement, a man plants an orchard, puts out a garden, and finds that the entire list of insect pests is wanting. He congratulates himself that he is rid of his enemies but it is only a delusion, for they will be along all right enough, only they have taken a slower train than the man did. Just how the codling moth gets back fifty miles into the interior is not clear, but the chances are that it always existed right there, where the new orchard is, but in small numbers, and finding its food brought to it, it begins to increase and multiply until the orchardist is forced to become a wholesale poisoner or forego perfect fruit. The proper thing for him to have done was to spray his trees and thus end the thing in the start.

\* \* \*

MRS. DORA ARDINGTON, of McPherson, Kansas, writes the Nature Study Department of the INGLENOOK that she and her husband saw a lunar rainbow at one time. This is in answer to a query to that effect published hitherto. They are not very common, yet not extremely rare, though few have ever seen a rainbow made by the moon.

\* \* \*

SUPPOSE you found a nest of red squirrels in a hollow log or tree, and contained therein was a hatful of hickory nuts, walnuts, and chestnuts, what would you do with the nuts? Honest now, we want to know how you would deal with the frisky squirrel and his winter fare.

\* \* \*

YOUR cat stays with you because of your surroundings, your dog sticks independent of your surroundings and will go wherever you go.

\* \* \*

WHY is it that your dog turns around about two or three times before lying down? Of what instinct is this regarded as evidence?

\* \* \*

A FISH goes up stream head foremost, always. How does it go down stream? Does it swim or float with the current?



## SIMULATION IN ANIMALS.

THE word simulation means the act of appearing to be what one is not; to feint, to counterfeit. This feinting or counterfeiting in animals is an especially interesting study, and is one that has come under the observation of every Nook reader. It is, perhaps, one of the widest spread operations in animal life, as there are few indeed, whether of the higher or lower grades, that do not attempt at times to deceive their fellow animals and especially man.

Just why this is so has never been fully explained. We do not know why it is that animals that are supposed to be unreasoning should attempt to deceive anybody or anything. But it seems to be a part of their nature from the time they are born, up until they die, to protect themselves by false appearances. It is not an operation of reasoning, for it takes place in the case of extremely young animals before their eyes are open and before they know anything, in the situation that is likely to imperil their safety. Hiding belongs to the same class of action as simulation and it is one of the most bewildering questions in the whole domain of natural history. Take a hen that has never seen a hawk, and let raise a brood of chickens and the overhead bird, circling around, will send the whole lot to cover in the utmost fright.

They do not have to wait to learn that the overhead terror is to be strictly avoided; it seems to "come natural" to them, as the saying goes. This is perhaps, an operation of what we call instinct, which is a nice, expressive word for something which nobody understands.

While the above accounts for the action of the hens and the circling hawk, and we explain it away by instinct manifested in the time of fear, that does not account for the action of the bird when she hides away her nest. She has laid a nest full of eggs out in the weeds and in coming to the nest and going away from it, she uses every imaginable care, creeps along the ground and does not display her intention as long as she thinks she is watched, until, finally, when the coast seems clear, she makes a break, settles down on the nest, after which a railway train would not disturb her, were it to run near her.

We may call this instinct, by a stretch of the meaning of the name, and then there are other actions of animals along the line we have under consideration, which cannot be said to be instinctive, or at least do not appear to be so in the sense of being inborn in them.

Every domestic animal is given to more or less simulation, and all wild animals have it inborn. A familiar instance is that of the opossum, that, when cornered or overtaken in any way, simply appears to be dead. He lies limp and lifeless and can be picked

up and carried around for hours without ever resenting the personal violence that is shown or seeming to care for the abuse that is heaped upon him. Laid down by himself, apparently as dead as dead can be, when he thinks that everything is favorable, he opens his black eyes and looks around carefully, and if satisfied with the situation, will shamle off and out of sight as rapidly as possible. If overtaken he repeats the process.

A bird with a nest full of young ones flutters in front of the intruder likely to find her brood, flying low, seeming to have a broken wing. She keeps this up, always ahead of the pursuer, and always leading away from her nest. A rabbit when pursued will sometimes flatten down on the ground and with great success simulate the appearance of the brown grass in which she has her form. A dog will approach an enemy, sneaking along with head down, and intent on getting within easy reach, simulating an indifferent dog, resting at his leisure, only to get up and sneak nearer, repeating the feinting. The squirrel will flatten himself out on the limb so close that his tail is spread out behind in an unnatural position, and, unless his ears, silhouetted against the blue sky, are seen, gives no other clue to where he is. The house dog, having sneaked in on a cold night, knows enough to get off into one of the dark corners of the room and remain perfectly quiet, and when the time comes to go to bed, and you are not sure the dog is out and are calling him he simply makes no response whatever, a most unusual proceeding, and unless you hunt him up, he is locked in and is comfortable for the night.

Among insects the playing dead is a common performance. Pick up one of the bigger beetles, traveling over the ground, and he closes up his wing covers and is dead to all intents and appearances. Roll him around in your hand and he does not mind it, chuck him a distance equal to throwing a man a mile or so and he strikes the ground and bounces about but does not even lose his presence of mind and is still dead. When the danger is past he loosens up and is off instantly. A cat will sit in apparent unconcern, studying the blue sky or washing her face, in entire indifference to either bird or squirrel, perhaps, but when either comes within reach, he is gathered in like a flash.

These instances might be carried on indefinitely, but they all go to show that, throughout the unreasoning animal and insect world, every one is given to more or less simulating in the presence of danger or when it desires to deceive anyone. The practice is a most extraordinary one and while it is not at all difficult to observe it, it is extremely difficult to fully account for it.

How many have noticed an animal, apparently play-

ing, yet working every moment nearer and nearer to its prey?

Give an instance, not mentioned in this article, showing simulation in animals.

Name some animals so marked, as to simulate their surroundings in case of danger.

What is the practice of a nestful of very young wild animals, discovered when their parents are away?

Are birds and beasts always marked so as to afford protection against being seen by their enemies?

How do you account for absence of white and black partridges and pheasants? Such things happen occasionally, why are they not perpetuated?

Is it likely that, when going through the woods, there are many eyes watching you, which, by no possibility, you ever see yourself?

Does a dog discover a covey of partridges by sight or scent?

\* \* \*

#### FACIAL EXPRESSION.

WHEN old Rover has been taught to get on a dog churn traveling nowhere until butter comes, it may work for a time or two all right enough, but when he sees the woman get the crocks of cream out he is very apt to have business under the barn and grow extremely deaf. If you ever made a study of facial expression of animals, note how the dog looks when they tie him before beginning the preparations for churning. Of course, he does not say much but he looks it. A good study of facial expression is when the dog is ordered to remain at home and his master goes away. When off a half a mile he looks behind him and there is the dog. The dog sits down and looks at the master squarely and the master looks at the dog. Watch the dog's face. He has sense enough to detect the sincerity of the call that is intended to bring him within reach, and it is with the utmost unwillingness that he goes close enough to be grabbed by the neck. And note the ecstasy of pleasure when allowed to go along after all.

\* \* \*

#### NOCTURNAL ANIMALS.

THERE is quite a number of nocturnal animals—animals that hide during the day and hunt their prey at night. They are the most destructive of all the animal creation, and all day-seeing animals have the utmost feeling of terror for them. If the owl should happen to leave his hollow tree and come out into the open, the word is passed from bird to bird and they forget their own quarrels and unite against the common enemy, making it exceptionally unpleasant for him. It must not be imagined, because an animal is nocturnal and does its hunting in the darkness and the business of its life in the night, that it

cannot see during the day. The chances are that all nocturnal animals see in the daytime, but not so well as they do at night. When they are stirred out, for any cause, they seem able to get around just as well as other animals, but there is no doubt that light affects them painfully. They are all, more or less, stupid in the daytime, but are very alert at night.

\* \* \*

HAVE you ever noticed the top of a rain barrel or mud puddle in the road just after a heavy dashing shower? The water seems to be covered with yellow sulphur-like dust. Do you know what this is? It is the pollen of the trees that are blossoming at the time in the vicinity, especially so where the pollen is profuse and readily carried away. The pollen of the same tree or plant is alike and by taking some of the grains and putting them under a microscope, you can determine just what kind of tree or plant it is. The sulphur-like substance is a very common form in the neighborhood of pine trees.

\* \* \*

THE writer once had a squirrel that was allowed the run of the library. He was very fond of pear seeds and apple seeds, especially pear seeds, and the instinct to hide things was shown when he dropped seeds into the ink well, patting the glass just as he would have patted the ground where he had buried a nut. The squirrel had never seen it done by other squirrels and must have recognized that it did no good whatever, but performed the operation automatically.

\* \* \*

THE natural term of life of domesticated animals is dependent very largely upon the human care given the animals. They do not seem to have any sense in regard to taking care of themselves, and will plunge through a stream of water, lie down in a draught and do all the things which our superior intelligence has taught us to be imprudent. These things tend to shorten their lives, and it is only when they are specially cared for that they attain the old age that some of them do.

\* \* \*

SNAKES are fairly good climbers. They take advantage of the inequality of the bark of a tree and, by forcing the ends of their ribs, which are very numerous, into the interstices of the bark are able to climb. Once in the tree they are able to climb from limb to limb very swiftly.

\* \* \*

You can tell the copperhead by the color of its tongue. The tongue of the copperhead is reddish, while that of other snakes is black. The rattlesnake grows about five or six feet in length while a copperhead three feet long is considered a large one.



# THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

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Brethren Publishing House,

(For the Inglenook.)

22-24 South State St., ELGIN, ILL.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

## HOW TO GET TO OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

OF course there are ways and ways to go from Chicago to "where rolls the Oregon." Perhaps just as straight and certainly as good a route is over the North-Western, the Union Pacific and the Oregon Short Line. We understand perfectly well that there are other ways to reach these States, but one advantage of the line indicated is that you can take a tourist sleeper or a regular Pullman at Chicago and not get off the train until you reach Portland. While the trip only involves three or four days, yet the monotony of it is such that it will render the comfort of a sleeping car of considerable importance. More people take the tourist car than ever, the price of a berth being only \$6.00 for two, traveling from Chicago to Portland. The price is the same for one or two. On the standard cars, that is, the regular Pullman car, the price is just twice as much, and the six dollars thus saved can be used for food in the diner which accompanies every through train. The difference between the tourist and the Pullman cars is mainly one of upholstery and varnish, as well as charges. The difference between the people is practically nothing at all. Matters can be simplified financially by taking along a hamper of something to eat, and then, if one carries his home product, and wishes to test the cuisine of the diner, it is at the end, or somewhere in the train, during the day of each twenty-four hours' ride. It would be wise, however, to secure berths in the tourist car a few days ahead of starting, because they are generally crowded going out, while coming

back there will be plenty of room. This is the natural outgrowth of the permanent overflow from the east to the west.

\* \* \*

## A TRIP TO THE TOP OF MT. HOOD.

WHEN the skies are clear one can stand in the streets of Portland and see Mt. Hood towering high above the surrounding country. There are three mountain ranges; the Coast range, from ten to twenty miles from the ocean, and these have an altitude of about 4,000 feet. Then comes the Cascade range, one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles inland, ranging from 6,000 to 12,000 feet, and the Blue mountains, in eastern Washington and Oregon, from 3,000 to 10,000 feet. On the slopes of these mountains there is some of the finest timber to be found anywhere, the output of lumber



UP MOUNT HOOD.

passing the ten million mark for 1902. It is between the ranges of these mountains that the most fertile land for agricultural purposes is found.

Standing in the right place one can see Mt. Adams, Mt. St. Helen, Mt. Jefferson and Mt. Rainier, perpetually covered with snow; but more beautiful and more impressive than all combined is Mt. Hood.

It is fifty miles east of Portland by an air line and ninety-three miles by the shortest route. Its extreme height is 11,225 feet, thousands of feet above the surrounding objects. It is one of the most notable features of the far west, and at the time of the Lewis and Clark expedition, mentioned elsewhere in the INGLENOOK, this snow-clad mountain served as a guide, and later it served as a guide to the hardy pioneers, having as the end of their journey the fertile valleys of Oregon and Washington.

One of the peculiarities of Mt. Hood is that, at

the proper season, it is easily accessible, and many climb to the extreme summit in summer. A great many mountains in the world afford great sport to the professional mountain climber, but they are so beset with dangers that it renders them almost impracticable. One leaves Portland in the morning on the Oregon Railway and Navigation line, following the upper Columbia river for five miles, and this trip of itself is one of panoramic beauty, unsurpassed anywhere in the world. Arriving at Hood River station, the traveler leaves the train, gets his dinner at a good hotel, after which a conveyance is taken for Cloud Cap Inn, and this hostelry is on the northwest slope of the mountain, at an elevation of 12,600 feet. One drives through the pretty town of Hood River for a twenty-seven



TOP OF MOUNT HOOD.

mile run to the Inn. The road leads through the strawberry farms, for which the Hood River country is noted, until finally the Inn is reached in time for supper. Pine logs are burning in the huge fireplace, and the table is spread with the best of food.

From Cloud Cap Inn the top of the mountain seems but a short distance, but in reality from the Inn to the summit is four miles.

Within a five minutes' walk from the Inn one may come to Elliott Glacier, a mile long by one-half a mile wide. From the base of this glacier, Hood River is born. For three miles from the Inn to the top of Cooper Spur the road leads through a part of the mountain, devoid of snow, and then for a mile snow and ice are encountered. At about 900 feet from the summit the rope line begins, and for one-fourth of this distance considerable energy and

the use of the alpenstock are called for. When the top is finally reached the hardy climber is well repaid for his effort.

To the north is Mt. Adams, 12,470 feet high. On Puget Sound, 150 miles away, is Mt. Rainier, 14,440 feet, and to the west is Mt. St. Helen, 9,750 feet high. For many miles the beautiful Columbia river may be seen winding its way through this magnificent pile of mountains, while in either direction, as far as the eye can reach, even with the use of a powerful glass, fertile valleys can be seen stretching away in the distance. It is well worth a trip to the Pacific coast to stand on the top of Mt. Hood. This was originally a volcano, which has gone out of business, and those who are on the top with an alpenstock may thrust it through the earth and snow, and by using it as a conductor of sound, may hear the mutterings and rumblings of the subterranean noises.

Some of these days it is entirely possible that Mt. Hood will go into commission again, and begin its career as a volcano over again. One hundred miles away would be near enough when the mighty mountain blows its head off, but nearer,—remember Martinique. Every Nook reader who goes to the Pacific coast by way of the Columbia river should not fail to "do" Mt. Hood. The chance may be only met with once in a lifetime and should not be passed by.

\*\*\*

WHEN on a trip to the Pacific coast, over the Union Pacific railroad, be sure to stop over at Ogden and take a run down to Salt Lake City. The way the trains are scheduled, if they are on time, it is possible to go down and back between trains, but this is not advised. You cannot see Salt Lake City between trains. You would want to take a day at least, and several of them if available. Members of the Nook family will find friends in many homes in Salt Lake City. Not everyone you see is a Mormon and a great many who are you will pass as not being.

\*\*\*

WESTERN Washington and Oregon are the home of the Mongolian pheasant, one of the handsomest birds in existence. It was brought here from the Orient and turned loose and has developed into a wonderfully productive and handsome game bird.

\*\*\*

OUT along the seaboard in the northwest, people talk of the Sandwich Islands, China and Japan, just as the eastern people talk of England and Germany.

\*\*\*

SEATTLE is more enterprising than her sister city of Portland. She runs a line of steamers to the Hawaiian Islands.

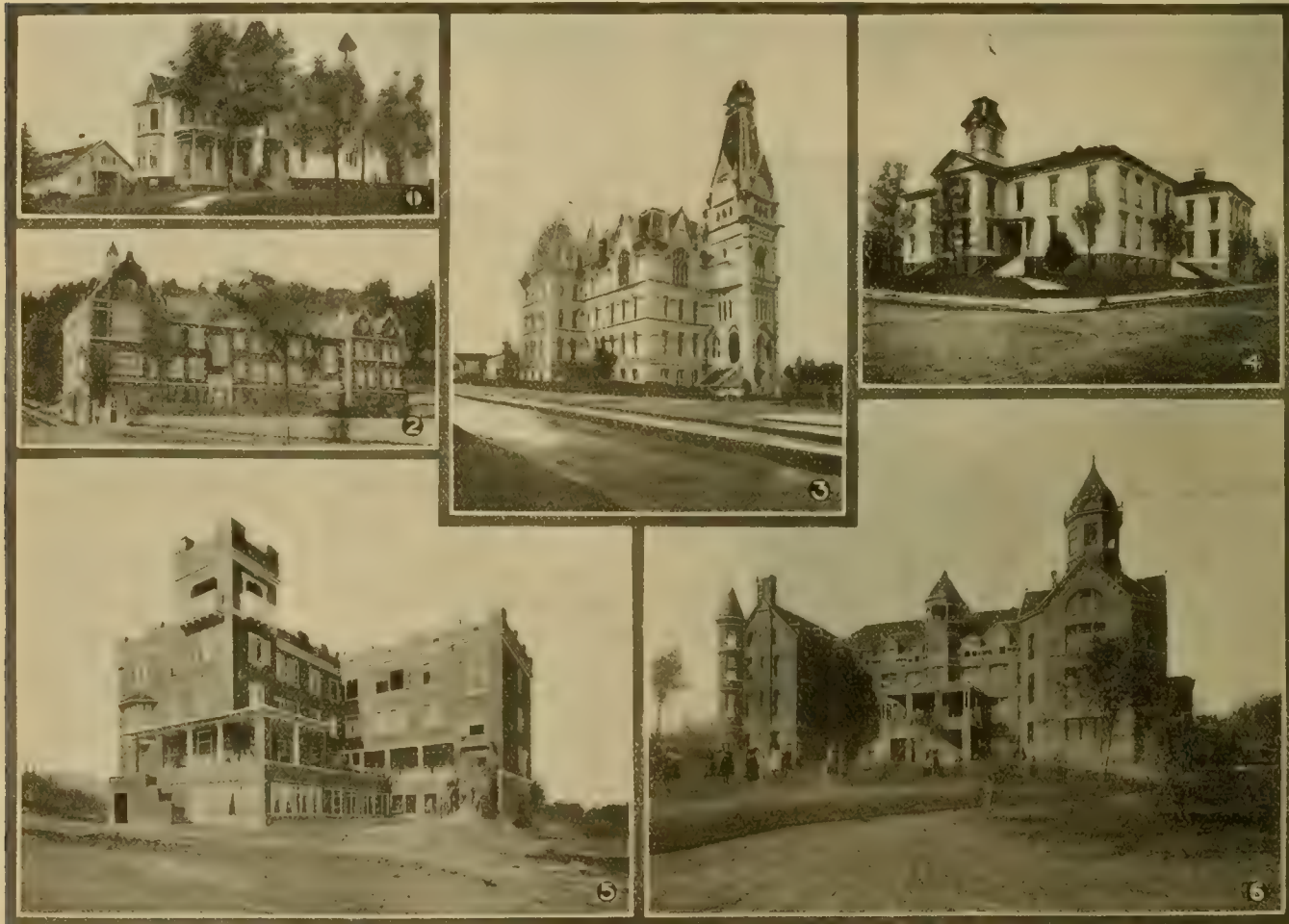


## THE CITY OF PORTLAND.

PORTLAND, Oregon, is one of the largest cities in the two States we are considering, and really it is a beautiful town. It is built upon a level and like all western cities of this character, where there is a large amount of business done, there is a fine residential quarter, and the stores in their character and make-up are not surpassed by any others anywhere. It is twelve miles above the junction of the Willamette river with the Columbia,

of the city is just the same as any in the east, with the added plus mark which represents western vim and go-ahead. Its water supply is one of the best in the world and is piped a distance of thirty miles. This water is soft, cold, clear as a crystal and unsurpassed in purity.

Down at the harbor lie the ships of many nations, while the trade with the Orient, far China and Japan, is ever growing. So Portland will always be one of the great cities of the west, and in time will be infinitely greater than it is now.



PORTLAND BUILDINGS.

and is situated in the Willamette valley. It is surrounded by mountains, and in the distance the snow-clad crest of Mt. Hood can be plainly seen.

In 1890 it had a population of 46,385; in 1900 it had 90,426 and at the close of 1902 it had 120,000. It is one of the most substantial in the far west and will, in the near future, be one of the greatest cities on the coast. It will always be a distributing center for the Columbia river valley, and north and south, within reasonable limits, come to Portland to buy. The character of the population

It is planning, for 1905, the centennial of the great Lewis and Clark expedition across the continent, and this will probably be well attended from all over the world and will be an excellent time for the eastern visitor to take in the "Pearl of the Pacific."

One thing about Portland that will be noticed by the visitor is its dampness. The resident will tell you that there is not much more rain there than in other places, all of which may be true so far as figures go. But there is a visible fact, not

dwelt upon by Portland people, that is shown by the mossed roofs over the city. If the roof of the house is left unpainted, within a year it will have a covering of moss, and in a few years it will be covered entirely. This moss will grow on fences and on all outbuildings.

There are two sides to the question. One the æsthetic effect so sought after on the eastern seaboard of having moss-covered houses, and the other is the clear and palpable effect of moisture in the air. This moist condition will be observed all along the line of the railroad from the Cascade range to

do not care very much and are not going far, you would not need to carry your umbrella, while a woman out in her best was using her most expensive umbrella. It was said that, a few days prior to our visit, the rain was entirely wanting, and that the larger number of days are as clear as a bell.

\*\*\*

THE finest mohair produced on the American continent is said to grow in Oregon. Last year the crop was 350,000 pounds, valued at \$87,500. This is the Angora goat's outcome.



PORTLAND HARBOR SCENES.

the coast. While statistics go to show that Portland is one of the healthiest cities in the country, it should also be remarked that, no matter what anybody says, those affected by too much moisture should not come to Portland to live.

When the writer was in Portland a characteristic rainfall was on. It was not an honest down-pour, but the kind that let up only to come down again, without apparent provocation, and kept it up through the day and night without rhyme or reason. It was just the sort of rain that, if you

THE fruit that we see on exhibition in front of the grocery or fruit stands is not much better than the fruit seen in the eastern stands. The reason for this is principally that the better grapes are sent away from home, where higher prices can be obtained. When it comes to such things as grapes, one can buy from a home fruit stand just as good or better quality than can be bought where they grow.

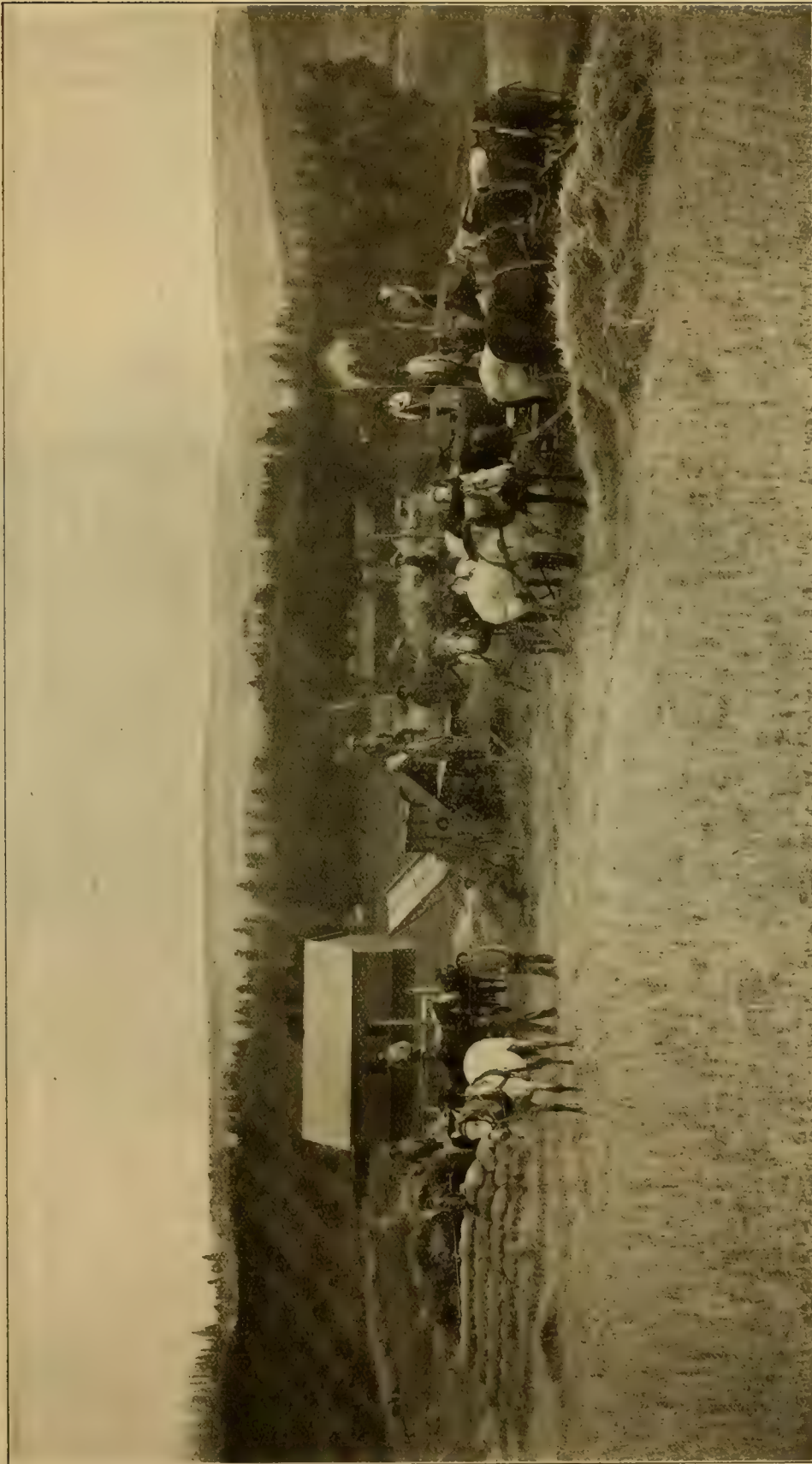
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CORVALLIS, a town in Oregon, means "heart of the valley."





HOW THEY BEGAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. WHERE DID THEY PUT THEM AT NIGHT?



THE SAME MAN'S PLACE A FEW YEARS AFTER.



## WASHINGTON WHEAT.

THE INGLENOOK tries to be impartial, so far as it can be, in the presentation of facts relative to agriculture. Many of our readers are farmers and a big story would be apt to provoke distrust. But the wheat of both eastern and central Washington may be put down as something wonderful. In some fields the height of growing wheat is such that if a man goes into a field and loses his sense of direction he may wander around indefinitely before he finds his way out. This seems like a pretty strong story, but it is nevertheless true.

The year book of the Department of Agriculture for the year 1901 gives the State of Washington the highest average of wheat, which is 29.1 bushels

## WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON.

WALLA WALLA is the Indian name of the county seat of Walla Walla, Washington. The surface of the country around Walla Walla is rolling, without timber except on the streams and the foothills. It is the kind of country that does not require irrigation except on the fruit and hay lands. It is one of the oldest farming communities in the State, farming having begun here in 1832. The name of the town is from the Indian and means "waters, waters," because of the many streams in the valleys. The town itself is one of the oldest and most substantial in the State, has about 12,000 inhabitants and is situated on both sides of Mill Creek, near the Walla Walla river. In some places



RIVERSIDE AVENUE, SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

to the acre, while the general yield for all the States is fifteen bushels. The general average for barley for all the States was 25.6 bushels to the acre and for the State of Washington the yield was 43.5 bushels. The average in New York State for the same year was only fourteen bushels. It is estimated that it would cost to produce a bushel of wheat in the State of Washington something like twenty-five cents, and the average value of a bushel of wheat in the State of Washington is fifty-four cents, showing an average profit of twenty-nine cents per bushel. The reader can now figure it out for himself as to whether it is worth while. The average of the wheat crop for the past ten years was twenty-four bushels per acre, and for the year 1901 was twenty-nine and one-tenth bushels per acre. Take it all around, up the Palouse hills and down them and across the hills, there is no question but that the country is an excellent one in which to raise wheat.

this creek apparently plunges out of sight under the houses, which are built squarely over it. Fort Walla Walla is right near the town and is the United States cavalry post, while the State penitentiary is also near the city.

Walla Walla is just as good a town as one will find in the State of Washington, and is, perhaps, a typical town of the wheat country. The trade wind of the Pacific ocean, sometimes called the Chinook, coming through the gorge of the Columbia river makes the climate not unlike that of North Carolina. The winters are hardly ever cold enough to put up ice and the summers are warm and dry. No blizzards or cyclones have ever been known there. The soil around Walla Walla, which may be taken as typical of the whole country of Washington and Oregon, is sandy and barren of water near the Columbia and Snake rivers, but is productive of the greatest crops, once water is put on it. It is composed of decomposed basalt of vol-

canic ash of uniform composition. The wheat of the famous Walla Walla valley was given the highest prize at the Paris exposition for general excellence. The output for 1902 was about three and one-half million bushels. The average yield per acre is over twenty bushels and some say twenty-five or twenty-eight bushels, and it is true that in some parts of the country from forty to sixty bushels are produced per acre. The wheat lands of this country are not fertilized or irrigated but are summer-fallowed.

Wheat sold during 1902 for from fifty-five to sev-

about two bushels and cost about six cents each. The wheat in the Walla Walla neighborhood has been raised in the same places for thirty years without fertilization and produces more and better grain now than it did originally. It must occur to the average Nook reader that this sort of thing cannot go on forever. The Nook man knows of places in the valley of Mexico which have the same soil conditions, where grain has been raised in the same fields for over one hundred years with no apparent deterioration of the crop.

The markets for this western country under dis-



NEAR WALLA WALLA, WASH.

enty-five cents per bushel, and cost to raise from twenty-five to forty-five cents. One of the first things that will be asked by those interested is the price of land. This is no cheap country, and land sells for from \$40 to \$75 per acre in the best parts, for from \$10 to \$25 in the poorer portions and the average range of prices in between. Wheat is sowed in the fall or early spring and not infrequently is sowed in December, January and February. The harvest is cut about July 1, and continues on until October, with little interruption.

The wheat is handled almost entirely in sacks made at the State penitentiary. These sacks hold

cussion are, of course, local, as far as the local demand goes, but a vast deal more of food products is raised than can be taken care of by home consumption. Nearly all the fruit and food products are handled by the large commission houses in Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, and as the prices are pretty well known, there is little opportunity to gouge on the part of the commission people. Lots of the products are sent over the ocean.

\* \* \*

TEN million pounds of prunes were raised in Oregon last year.



## LEWIS AND CLARK.

ALL through the Northwest one will hear much of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition, and, as our readers may not understand clearly just what Lewis and Clark did, we will briefly state certain historical facts in connection therewith.

During the twenty or thirty years following the discovery of the Columbia river, many navigators visited it, made explorations and carried back home stories of the country, which caused widespread interest. Many of these stories were incomplete in detail and incorrect in fact, being rather overdrawn than otherwise. Still interest was manifested and in 1803, when the United States government under the administration of President Jefferson bought Louisiana from the French, the Columbia region was not included in it as many supposed it was. This section was acquired by discovery in 1792, by exploration in 1805, and by settlement in 1811.

In 1804, under the direction of the President, two persons, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, started from St. Louis on a tour of exploration, intending finally to reach the mouth of the Columbia river. They passed through three thousand miles of unknown country. It was a heroic deed and deserves a place in history quite as much as many more famous affairs of the day. These leaders ascended the Missouri river from the point of its junction with the Mississippi to its source, passing through a country very little known, and surrounded on all sides by hostile Indians and adverse conditions that would have appalled many weaker people. After reaching the source of the Missouri river these explorers crossed the Rocky Mountains, struck the headquarters of the Columbia river, followed it to its mouth, camping on the north side of the river Nov. 15, 1805. They crossed the river here, and went into winter quarters in what is known as the Lewis and Clark river near where it empties into the bay just south of Astoria.

They set out on their return in March, 1806, reaching St. Louis late in the fall, having been gone two years and a half, a period full of adventure from start to finish.

After this several fur trading establishments were located on the Columbia, and the Astor agents made the first settlement at what is now Astoria, hoisting the stars and stripes where that city now stands in April, 1811. Commemorative of this historical exploration, Portland will hold a centennial exposition in 1905, which will be national in its character and of unquestionable interest to those fortunate enough to be able to attend.

## VEGETABLE PRODUCTS.

ONE characteristic of the country, both in Oregon and Washington, either where there is sufficient rainfall or where irrigation is practiced is the vegetable output. Nearly everything is profitably grown in the Pacific Northwest except, of course, the citrus fruits, and some of the vegetables are abnormally large.

Some of the radishes will measure fourteen to sixteen inches in circumference. Not all of them, of course, but roots of that size have been grown and there have been turnips that measured fifty-two inches around and weighed thirty-six pounds. Potatoes will sometimes weigh over three pounds. There is not a single garden vegetable that will not thrive well in the peculiar soil of the country, and especially is this true in the irrigated sections.

Of course, the INGLENOOK understands that size is not quality in the vegetable world any more than it is in human kind. Nevertheless, these northwest garden products are excellent in quality and have a decided character and flavor of their own, a thing that is sometimes wanting where the vegetables are overgrown.

\* \* \*

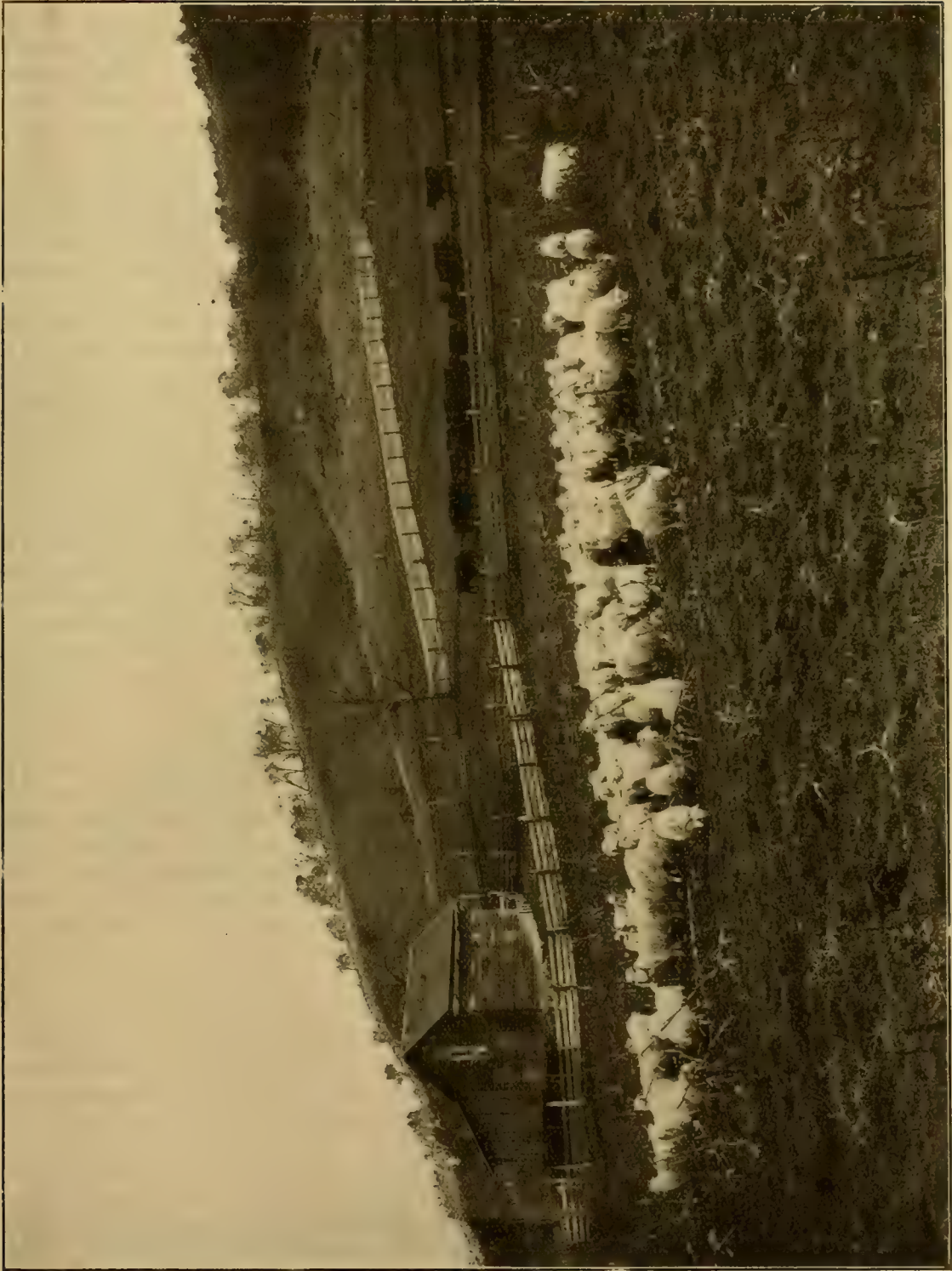
## THE ANGORA GOAT.

OUR in this western country the Angora goat thrives to perfection. A dry, rocky, mountainous country is the best for it, but the goat will do well on any land which is dry and hilly or rolling. While the goat itself is a money-maker along the lines of its wool, the way of its greatest profit is found in the cleaning out process on old, worn-out farms which are grown up with briers and brush.

It is a wonder that the Angora goat has not been introduced to a greater extent into some of the older States, which afford many opportunities for the animal to thrive. The Angora goat would solve the problem in these places and is being shipped into these States at a rapid rate. The goat regards the Canada thistle as one of the choicest articles of goat fare and the pest cannot thrive where the animal feeds. They not only clear the ground of underbrush and weeds but enrich it as they work.

\* \* \*

It is a remarkable fact of the Palouse country, as stated elsewhere in the body of the INGLENOOK, that the crop growth is just as good on the hills as along the river bottoms. Ordinarily, the higher up we go the more the surface soil is washed away, to be deposited below. Owing to the depth of the soil on these hills, this process has not taken place.



ANGORA GOATS.



## THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

BY RINALDO M. HALL.

EVERY year is a memorable one in the Pacific Northwest—Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Nowhere in the entire world is there such a land of promise and opportunity. It is the Mecca of the home-seeker and investor, and so great has been the influx of newcomers the past few years that the industrial conditions have been completely changed and the outlook entirely revolutionized. New homes, new churches and new schoolhouses are built by the hundreds each year. With soil, climate and all conditions unsurpassable for the successful pursuance of every industry; wonderful indeed is the story of the three States.

The Pacific Northwest has for citizens the best class of settlers from the oldest sections of the East and middle West, and the foreign immigration received is of the highest standard. Oregon and Washington are well protected by law from any large movements of Orientals. Of all immigrants landing in the United States last year, 1,342 permanently located in Oregon and 5,907 in Washington.

Despite the fact that the movement of home-seekers and prospective settlers to the Pacific Northwest is the most phenomenal within its history, and that during the year there were more public lands entered and disposed of in Oregon than in any other State west of the Rocky Mountains, there yet remains nearly 30,000,000 acres of unappropriated government land. The untaken tracts lie in every part of the State, and include lands of all kinds and classes adapted to all purposes. And there yet remains over 350,000 acres of State land in Oregon. In eastern Washington and northern Idaho there are thousands of acres of untaken lands. As in all other sections of the Union, the price of lands, other than government and State lands, is governed by the quality of the soil, location and improvement, running from a few dollars an acre to \$30 and \$40, and often in fruit districts to \$100 and higher, a single crop often paying for the land and leaving a balance.

Grain growing in the Pacific Northwest is a surprise to the entire agricultural world. There has never been anything like a complete crop failure. From the uplands of eastern Washington, in 1902, Samuel Drumheller raised 10,560 bushels from 160 acres, an average of sixty-six bushels per acre. Bruce Ferrell, in the same neighborhood, threshed 23,250 bushels from 420 acres, an average of fifty-six bushels per acre. A. B. Conley, of the Grande Ronde Valley, in 1902, from his 7,000-acre field threshed enough wheat to add \$100,000 to his bank

account. Robert Jamieson, who has farmed near Weston, Oregon, for thirty-two years, does not remember when his wheat made less than forty bushels per acre, and it has often averaged sixty-five bushels per acre. In northern Idaho equally as large yields are received. In short, according to careful estimates, the total yield of wheat in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, 1902, was about 42,000,000 bushels, which, at the market price, sixty-five cents per bushel, represented a value of \$27,000,000. Oats, barley, flax and rye are also grown in large quantities, and profitably.

Fruit culture is one of Oregon's leading industries, the carrying and keeping qualities of Oregon apples, together with their beauty, fragrance and flavor, being unsurpassable, and they are sold in the leading cities of the world, Yellow Newtown Pippins from the State bringing \$3.65 a bushel in London during the holidays, while the finest of apples from other regions were only selling at \$2 and \$2.25 per bushel. There is scarcely a town between the Pacific ocean and the Missouri river, north of Arkansas and Colorado, that is not a consumer of Oregon strawberries, while a number of shipments have gone to Chicago and New York as well as to the far North. The Oregon prune has an established place in the markets of the world. In 1902, after looking over the goods in the market in both Oregon and California, buyers for Eastern and foreign markets decided to purchase Oregon prunes. Peaches, pears, grapes, cherries and other fruits do remarkably well.

In a few words, the industrial record for Oregon, 1902, shows a total of over \$44,000,000, an average of over \$100 for every man, woman and child in the State, as follows: Lumber, \$10,000,000; live stock and wool, \$8,000,000; grain, \$8,500,000; minerals, \$5,000,000; hops, \$3,000,000; fish, \$2,500,000; fruit, \$2,500,000; dairying, \$1,500,000, and other industries, \$3,500,000.

With the immense trade possibilities opened up in the Orient by world events the past few years, no longer are the producers of the Pacific Northwest largely dependent upon local consumption for a market, and through Pacific ports the demands are being supplied.

\* \* \*

Is there any female Nooker who does not love ferns? Out in Washington and Oregon you will find places where they are given away. Some of the ferns are very like the rag-weed at home, but a great many handsome ferns are found growing in amongst the rocks.

\* \* \*

*They say crops never fail in Oregon. To find a place where crops do fail in the west, one must move on.*

## THE HEN ON THE COAST.

ONE of the industries that is often looked upon as insignificant, but is really one of the most important in the country, is the poultry business. What is said in the *Telegram* of Oregon in regard to the subject, and which is reproduced here, will apply with equal force to both States, as, has been remarked before in this edition of the INGLENOOK, the conditions are practically identical.

The absence of accurate statistics in reference to the extent of this industry probably accounts for its relegation to a position of minor importance in the public eye. Census figures, while a criterion, are by no means a reliable basis upon which to compute the magnitude of this industry, as the enumeration is practically confined to the farms, not taking into account the production in and near large towns and cities. The production ignored is probably one-third of the production reported. Census figures are unreliable for the further reason that they do not take into account the poultry and eggs chargeable to home consumption.

According to the census figures, Oregon's poultry production in 1899 was valued at \$1,988,758. The State was credited with 1,290,818 chickens, 19,774 ducks, 26,580 geese and 36,031 turkeys. The estimated value of these fowls was \$826,687. The egg production for that year was valued at \$1,162,071.

In 1900 Oregon's miscellaneous poultry was valued at \$981,735, and its egg production at \$1,672,980, bringing the total value of the poultry product up to \$2,654,715.

A still better showing was made last year. In 1901 poultry was credited with \$1,072,836 and eggs with \$1,820,032, a total for the industry of \$2,892,868.

As there has been an increase in the industry of fully 25 per cent since last year and the figures above given are at least one-third too low, a conservative estimate of the poultry production for 1902 is \$4,500,000. This is a magnificent showing, but with the possibilities for profitable poultry raising in this State, the figures are not yet what they should be. Oregon still imports many carloads of eggs annually, and at times even finds it necessary to replenish its supply of poultry to meet the demands of the holiday trade.

There is perhaps no section of the United States that offers the opportunities for poultry raising that does the Willamette Valley. This is true both as to market poultry and fancy poultry.

The present condition of the poultry industry has passed all the experimental stages, and it is demonstrated by numerous incidents that as fine poultry and as profitable poultry can be raised in the Willamette Valley as anywhere in the United States. It is at the point to-day that the cattle and hog industries are, in respect to quality of stock. Those that can afford have gone into the markets and bought the best that money

could buy, and others have purchased eggs and young stock of them.

Hence the utility and fancy combining have produced fowls that are equal to any produced on this continent.

The American and Mediterranean classes seem to have the preference among breeders, while a few are breeding the Asiatics.

The natural conditions for raising poultry in the Willamette Valley are nearly perfect. One of the obstacles that we do not have to overcome is the cold winters. Our houses are built without regard to warmth, excepting to avoid drafts. Our open winters do not necessitate the supplementing of green food to any great extent, and feed may be obtained at very reasonable prices.

In the matter of market there is a market here that it will take years to ever supply. The Alaska trade and the shipping interests on the Coast will always take all the surplus stock and eggs that the Oregon farmer produces.

\* \* \*

## YIELD OF SALMON EGGS.

FROM the September report of H. G. Van Dusen, Oregon's Fish Warden, a number of facts of general interest touching upon Oregon's salmon culture are learned. These facts will convey to readers in other States some idea of what Oregon is doing in the matter of conservation and preservation of its great fishing industry. Mr. Van Dusen's report shows the following:

The yield of salmon eggs at the Clackamas hatchery, up to August 31, was 1,454,000; at the Salmon River hatchery, 1,003,000 chinook eggs; at the McKenzie River station, between August 19 and September 29, 535,000; at the Grand Ronde River station, between September 13 and 27, 1,624,000; at the Wilson River station, between September 19 and 27, 153,000; at the Alsea River station, between September 16 and 27, 53,500; at the Siuslaw hatchery, between September 18 and 23, 11,600; at the Umpqua hatchery, between September 6 and 30, 615,000. The total yield of salmon eggs numbers 5,449,100.

\* \* \*

## MINERALS.

ALL the mountain ranges forming the Columbia watershed, excepting the Coast range, are rich in both the precious and useful minerals and metals. The development of these permanent sources of wealth has but barely commenced. The abundant shallow placers of Idaho and Oregon, that years since yielded up millions of golden ounces, were by the indefatigable labor of thousands of hardy men, wholly exhausted.



## IN THE PALOUSE.

READERS of the INGLENOOK should remember that the Palouse proper lies in the eastern part of Washington, and extends over into Idaho. In describing a country such as a State, it is not well to pay too much attention to geographical lines. Nearly everybody who sees that country goes into ecstasies over it. Mr. Joseph E. Wing, of Ohio, writes thus entertainingly about it:

*"Scene, school-room; time, fifty years hence.*

*Pretty school-marm—"Name the largest State."* "Texas." "Right. Now the hottest." "Arizona." "Right. Where do the oranges come from?" "California." "And the presidents?" "Ohio." "And the finest timber?" "Western Oregon and Washington." "What is the prettiest country?" "The Palouse country." "Where is it situated?" "In Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho." "Name the richest country." "The Palouse." "Right. Name the best climate." "The Palouse." "Right. Name the most important river in the United States." "The Palouse." "Oh, no; there are many rivers larger than the Palouse," etc., etc.

The Palouse river is much of a joke in summer time. The Palouse prairies are no joke. They occasion smiles, but not of derision. In all the long journeys I have made I have never seen anything that seemed to me to have the natural advantages for human life and occupation that this Palouse country has. (No, I am not in collusion with any real estate agent; nor have I as much as seen one in the land.) What is it like? It is a great prairie, rolling up in high swells. Once it was a level, or nearly level, plateau of basaltic rock. Erosion has cut rather deep valleys through it, yet the valleys are narrow, the railways follow them, the farms are above. You may ride for miles through the country in some sections and not see the farms at all. Again the valleys are more shallow and broader and the farms slope right down to the track. Mostly the houses and orchards are up on the hills. These hills are not broken, the slopes are very long, rounded, sometimes on north hill sides, steep, all rich, hilltops as rich as any, so far as I can see. The only uncultivated land is along the lower slopes where the rock may outcrop. The soil is dark brown. It is rich. It is immensely rich. It seems hardly affected by the twenty years of cropping, as yet, and the crop is wheat. I can imagine no more beautiful country at this season of the year. Stand with me on a hilltop. In the clear air the eye can travel twenty miles in any direction. Half of the land is in grain, half in summer fallow. The grain is ripening. Here is a field almost white to the harvest. Adjoining it is one of a rich yellow. The next one is just losing its pale greenness. The shades blend into one another beautifully;

in contrast you see the tidy farmsteads, the rows of poplars, the thrifty orchards, here and there in the broken lands the pines. It is a wonderful picture. New vistas open up as you ride along, and all please. Nowhere is there hint of poverty of soil, nowhere is the landscape disfigured by weeds. Such wheat! I saw fields that I have no doubt will make sixty bushels per acre. I saw fields that last year made sixty-five bushels.

And the climate! The morning and evening air is like wine. At midday it is only comfortably warm to me. It is a land where you will ride in comfort with a light top coat on in midsummer. If you do not happen to have one on you will get along just as well. At night you creep between two blankets and your troubles find you not until morning. It is warm enough for apricots and too cold for corn. It is warm enough for tomatoes and too cold for tobacco. It is a dry, cool, sunny, green land, a land where potatoes become a weed, not being killed by winter's frosts, where wild oats grow without being sown, where the summers are dry enough to kill off the hateful stomach-worms that destroy our lambs, but not dry enough to kill the bluegrass. Before we leave this to talk of sheep, what are the disagreeable sides to this country? I saw none, but they tell me that the roads in winter are bad, nearly as bad as in Illinois. Labor is rather high. Wheat is often very cheap. True, stock sells well, but "We haven't got stock," and few wish to engage in stock growing. Nevertheless, it seems to me that here is the best place to build a stock farm that I have seen on this trip. I never saw land too good for good stock."

\* \* \*

## AS TO CLIMATE.

AVERAGE temperature at Spokane for each month of the year:

January, .....	26
February, .....	30
March, .....	40
April, .....	48
May, .....	56
June, .....	62
July, .....	69
August, .....	68
September, .....	58
October, .....	48
November, .....	37
December, .....	32

The foregoing table of average temperatures is for Spokane, from the opening of the weather bureau office in Spokane up to December, 1902, a period of nearly twenty-two years.

\* \* \*

THERE are about 20,000 working people in the various manufacturing industries of Portland.



Bird's-eye View of Portland, Oregon.—The Market for the North Pacific Coast.

## GARDEN SPOT OF THE EARTH

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abundance and in the  
every grain,  
and fruit of the  
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comfortable manner than via any other route : : : :



soils of  
and **Washington**  
flowing abun-  
dantly highest perfection  
grass, vegetable  
temperate zone.

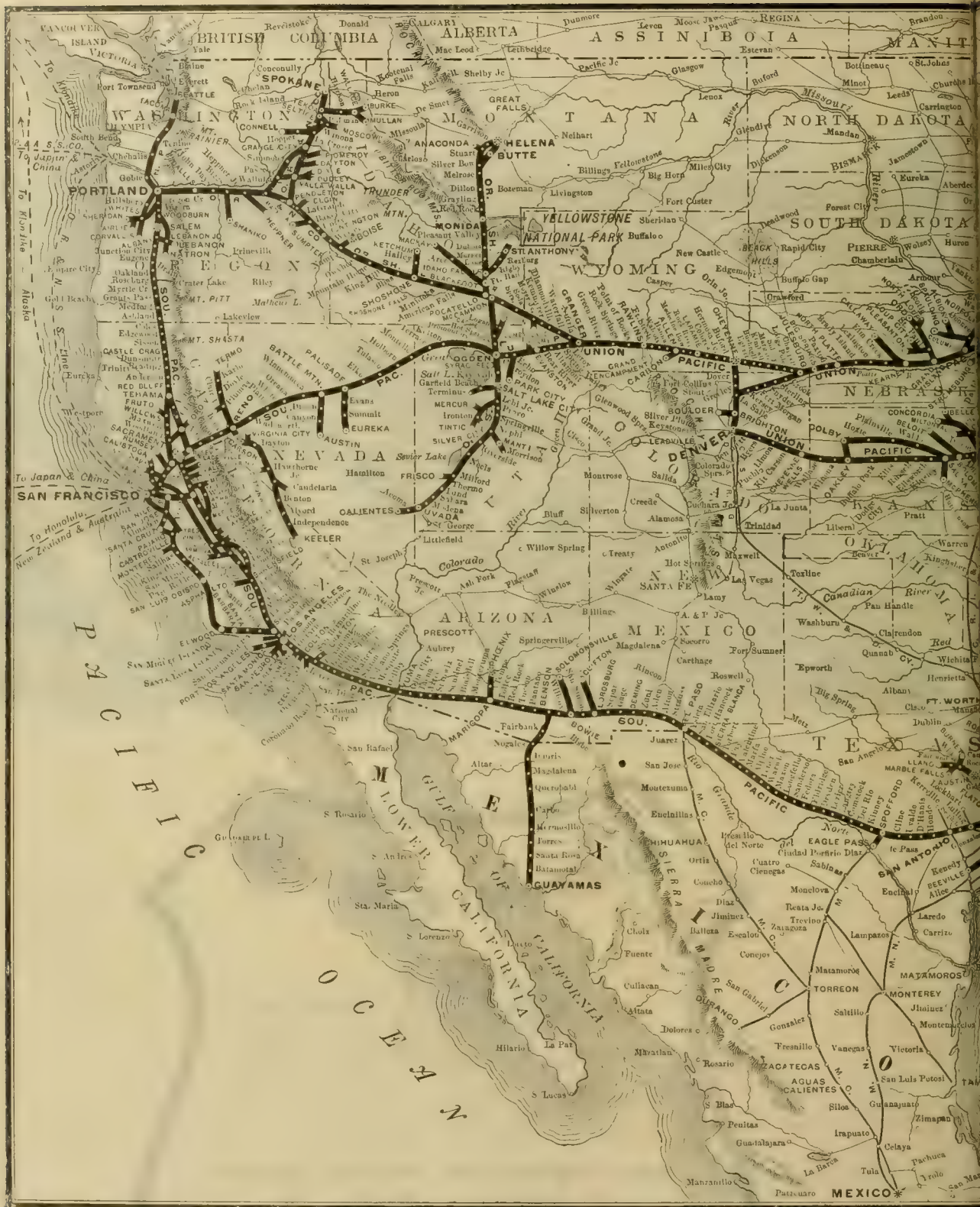
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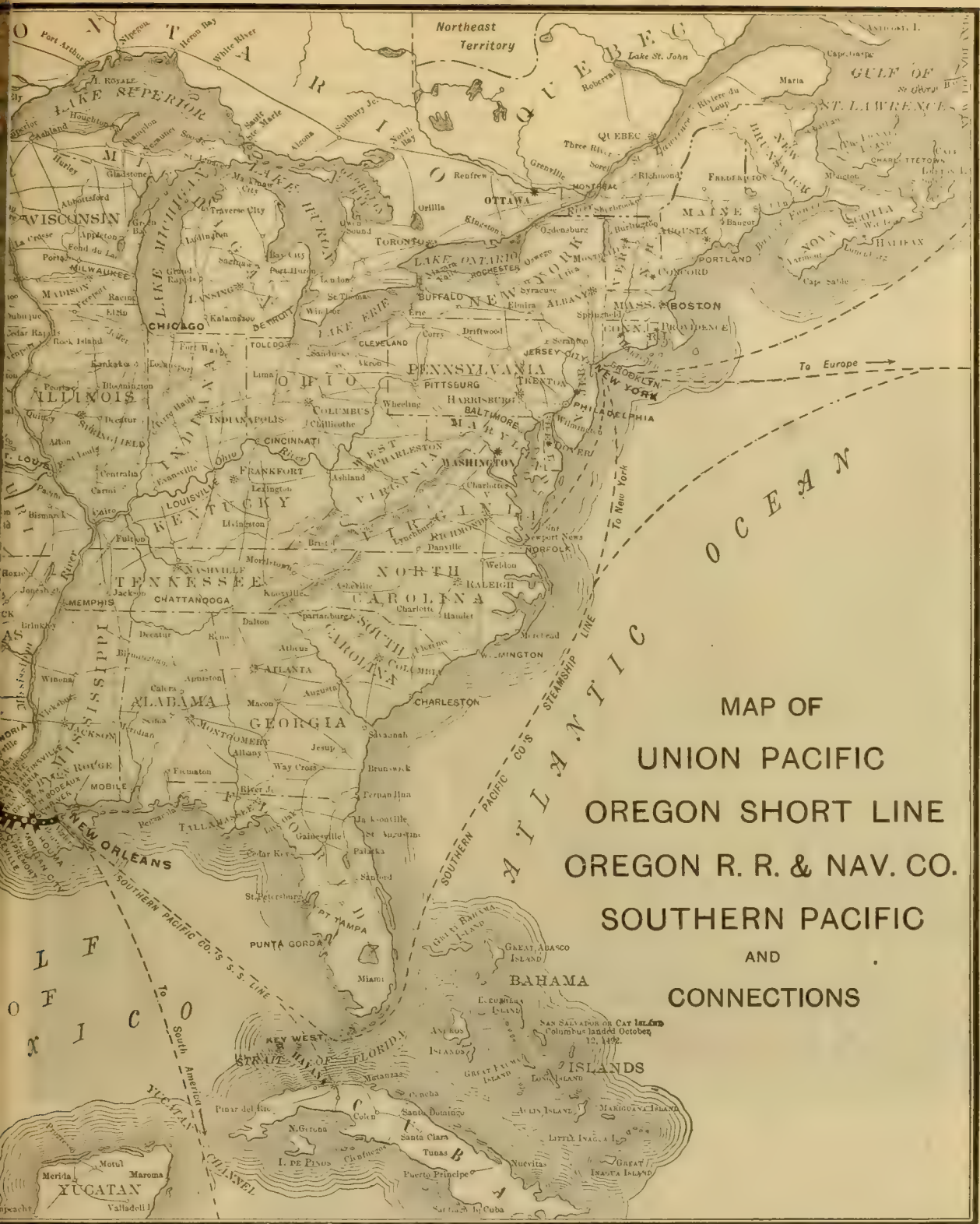




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 r address a postal card  
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## HISTORICAL.

THE first attempt at permanent settlement of the Columbia river region was made by the Winships of Boston. Early in 1809 the project was conceived in the counting room of Abiel Winship, a prominent Boston business man. Abiel Winship, Jonathan Winship, who commanded the *O'Cain* in the Pacific trade, Nathan Winship and P. B. Homer were partners in the project. They dispatched the ship *Albatross* around Cape Horn with everything needed for setting up a

Logs were hewn for buildings, ground was cleared and seeded, and the enterprise had every appearance of success. Then came the summer freshets and the embryotic city was flooded, necessitating the selection of another site. This was chosen nearby, but before buildings could be erected the Indians made hostile demonstrations and the settlers gave up the effort, took to their ship and left the country.

Boston enterprise played an important part in the early history of the Pacific northwest. It was a Boston ship, the *Columbia*, commanded by Captain Gray,



WASHINGTON TIMBER.

trading post and planting gardens. Nathan Winship commanded the vessel, and with a crew of 22 men made the voyage in safety.

They entered the Columbia river May 26, 1810, ascended the stream 40 miles and selected a site at Oak point, on the southern bank of the Columbia. The place now known as Oak Point is on the Washington shore, from which circumstance Mr. Evans, in his history of Oregon, advanced the erroneous statement that "the first American settlement attempted on the Columbia river was located in the present territory of Washington."

that discovered the Columbia river in 1792, and for forty years thereafter Boston firms dispatched many ships to the northwest coast and carried on a thriving trade with the Indians. Indeed, so numerous were the Bostonians that to the savage mind Boston and the United States were identical, and the term "Boston men" was applied to all Americans in contradistinction to "King George men" for the British.

\* \* \*

ORDER your berth in the sleeper some time before you start.



STOCK RANCH IN THE MOUNTAINS.



## IRRIGATION IN WASHINGTON.

IN the Northwest *Home Seeker and Investor*, C. H. Knapp writes instructively about irrigation, something that the ordinary eastern man knows very little about, but which will, in time be one of the greatest factors in the development of this country.

Mr. Knapp writes as follows:

Irrigation in the State of Washington is as yet comparatively in its infancy, but in the opinion of those who are familiar with the facts regarding the irrigation that has already been done and projects now being forwarded for similar operations, the "infant" is a decidedly robust and healthy one.

It is a thoroughly established fact that farming, by irrigation, under reasonably favorable circumstances, is as much in advance of farming in regions where irrigation is not in use as our present means of transportation is ahead of the primitive methods of the days before the discovery of the power of steam and the means of utilizing electricity for transmitting power. A greater net revenue can be taken from 10 acres of land in a high state of cultivation, under irrigation, in regions where climatic and other conditions are favorable for the growth of fruit and vegetables than from any tract of 320 acres in grain or under general farming in any unirrigated district in the United States. This is a quite emphatic statement, but its absolute truth can be thoroughly demonstrated by investigation.

In the older irrigation districts of the State of Washington, where irrigation has been in use from 10 to 20 years, it is not at all unusual for a net annual revenue of from \$500 to \$1000 per acre to be obtained, and there are authentic records of cases in which as high as \$1500 per acre has been taken from lands in peach, cherry, pear and other orchards.

The average farmer in irrigated districts operates from 5 to 10 acres of land. When he commences operations on wild land, he usually sets out one-half or more of his farm in orchard, planting trees of varieties of fruit that will thrive best in his locality and that are adapted to the requirements of his market. The trees produce nothing during the first three or four years of their growth, but the land occupied by them is during those years utilized for the production of strawberries and other small fruits, melons, tomatoes, peas, beans, celery and other vegetables, and a handsome revenue is derived from the same, a number of such gardens in orchards having paid a net annual revenue of as high as \$300 per acre. To the certain knowledge of the writer hereof, and in localities close to large cities and towns, where the products can be marketed when they are perfectly fresh, with slight or no cost of transportation, this figure has been greatly exceeded.

The orchards usually begin to bear fruit in quantities sufficient to be marketed profitably by the fourth or fifth year after they are set out and will generally produce their maximum revenue by the seventh year. When they begin to bear, gardening operations in them are discontinued, as the best results are obtained by allowing the full strength of the soil to aid in the growth and maturing of the fruit. But the revenue from them, from that time, will equal or exceed that derived from gardening.

The remainder of the farm is usually sowed to alfalfa, which is either fed to live stock kept on the farm or sold for feed to dairy and beef cattle, for which it is the best hay of which we have any knowledge. Alfalfa is cut two or three times each year, yielding from 6 to 12 tons per acre during the season, and the fields afford first-class pasturage for six or seven head of stock per acre, between the time of the last cutting and winter.

Of the numerous projects for irrigation recently taken up, that of the Spokane Canal company appears one of the most attractive. The water supply of that company is taken from Newman lake, on the line of the Northern Pacific railway, and the lands to be irrigated lie in the Spokane River valley, a prairie from two to four miles in width, having a gentle slope to the river and a rich black loam soil. Fair results from farming on this prairie, without irrigation, have been obtained, but the rainfall is insufficient to produce a good quality or quantity of fruits, vegetables or grasses, although the soil and climate conditions, except as to moisture, are ideal for the same. But considering the great natural fertility of the soil, and the location, the latter being within two hours' drive from the thriving city of Spokane with a population of 60,000, and the market afforded by that city and the extensive mining regions of Idaho and Montana, within easy shipping distance, it would appear that these lands, when under irrigation, as they will be next year, will prove as desirable as any agricultural or horticultural lands in the world, and that the homeseekers who shall locate on them will realize their most sanguine expectations.

\* \* \*

## FOR CONGRESS.

THE question of the repeal of the Desert Act, the commutation clause of the Homestead Act and the Timber and Stone Act is a vital one to the west and is one which, it is believed by western men in Washington, demands some considerable attention at the hands of Congress. While there is a strong demand from the western interests which are working to secure an increased agricultural population for their States, for the repeal of these laws under which enormous areas are going into the hands of speculators, there is

too, a vigorous and determined opposition to any such action by the great stock interests and the land dealers throughout the west who see danger to their operations through the curtailment of their land-acquiring privileges heretofore practiced with little if any restriction? The recent showing of the General Land Office that there is over \$16,000,000 available in the Irrigation Fund, derived from the sales of public lands, while apparently highly satisfactory to the friends of irrigation, indicates in reality a startling and dan-

#### MACARONI WHEAT.

IN the soil of the Spokane country German macaroni wheat yields from fifty to sixty bushels to the acre. The seed sown last year was obtained from Germany. Four bushels were imported at a cost of \$10 per bushel and sent, one to Davenport, Washington, one to the Palouse country and two to Oregon. That of the Palouse country will run about fifty bushels to the acre. Macaroni wheat must not be confused



MINING SCENE IN OREGON.

gerous condition of affairs. It means that the best remaining lands of the government are being disposed of at the rate of about 20,000,000 acres per annum and that with such an absorption of the cultivatable portion of the public domain continuing for three or four years longer, there will be left no available government lands for irrigation reclamation.

The question before the western people is whether they shall face the condition of great landed estates and lordly stock domains, or whether they shall see the lands settled by homemakers and actual residents on small tracts of 160 acres each.

with wheat intended for ordinary purposes. It is not good for the ordinary flour purposes and it would not pay any farmer to put out all his land in macaroni wheat.

\*\*\*

DOWN at the mouth of the Columbia river on the Oregon side it is low and level and the government has expended nearly two millions of dollars in building a jetty nearly five miles long. It has also made provision for expending several millions more in running it out still farther. On the Washington side of the river the country is rough and hilly.



## ONE DEMAND.

THERE is one thing which is always in demand and which is never supplied, and that is domestic help. It has often been a question with the INGLENOOK why so many women, without home ties and compelled to earn their livings, should remain in the old east, working as servants in other people's homes. These women are often intelligent, though perhaps they have passed the first blush of youth, are of unquestionably good character, and they are healthy or they would not be able to do this kind of work. The place they fill in the world is just as honorable as any that may be named. The woman who works in somebody's kitchen and the man who works in somebody's back yard are engaged in just as honorable employment as the man who is a bank president or the woman who is a leader in society. It does not depend upon what we do, but how well we do it and what we are at heart. All honors to the woman who works! But if a person, man or woman, who is a wage-earner, has a right to anything it is to do the best for himself or herself that may be done. If there is any one thing that is certain, it is that, in the far west, the farther the better, the chances for a woman securing profitable work are infinitely better than in any other part of the country. The opportunity is better, the work is no harder and the chances of the individual are vastly improved.

The INGLENOOK writes it down as one of the advantages, and wants it distinctly understood that it sets it forth in no humorous way but with all earnestness, that there is hardly a woman who will go west and keep herself straight, but that will find the doors of married life open to her. There are fewer women than there are men, the chances are bettered, and every woman has a right to a husband and a home of her own. One woman to make a home and one man to work for her.

Many a woman who would make any man an excellent wife is so related to the world by her moving in such a narrow groove, that her chances are almost nothing. Out in the great, growing and booming west, the chance is improved, in fact there is no chance about it, and good women, who will do right and who mean well, will find hearts and homes awaiting them, and we say, in all earnestness, that, if this should strike the eye of any intelligent woman, who looks forward to a life of service, if she will save her money, and go to any of these western cities, she can find a place readily and her natural future open to her.

\* \* \*

THE Oregon and Washington people will give you a hearty welcome.

## HOME-MAKING IN THE NORTHWEST.

THE Nookman has always held that a real home cannot be built upon the plains. He knows that issue will be taken at once, in regard to this statement, but, all the same, in a level country, where it is home here and just the same kind of country ten miles away and the same ten miles from that, one place is as good as another.

It is entirely different when one goes on to the river and mountain country. The writer noticed some beautiful home sites, seen from the railway train. In some places people had built their homes chuck against the huge rocks, that were moss-grown, fern-covered, and with trees growing upon them, and they would serve as a mighty break against the winds. They had gardens and fruit and if they live as long as their home backing, they will be there for some time. Other homes are built along the streams, full of salmon and other fish, while others are perched on top of a huge river hill where it looks as though if they stepped out of their front door they would fall down thousands of feet.

One of the sights that will impress the traveler in eastern Oregon and Washington is the home carved out of the river hills. Where up on a high river hill a spring trickled down through the ravine, that has been worn through the ages, some man has found it out, gone there and built himself a home on the level and turned the stream into an irrigation plant for himself. The hillside was bleak, drear and forbidding and he has built so far above the level of the river that he resembles more the cliff dweller than anything else. For those who love solitude it makes the grandest place in the world for a home. The Nookman thought such would make ideal places to go into the poultry business, as one would be without the fear of interfering with the neighbors' gardens.

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ONE peculiarity of the climate in this coast country is that on the shady side of the street one may wear his overcoat, and on the sunny side he may wear no coat at all. There is really just that difference in many of the towns. Just after nightfall the cool wave sets in, and one may sleep under blankets and feel comfortable.

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JAPAN has come to be a very heavy purchaser of flour from the northwest. The liner, *The Indrapura*, recently took about three thousand tons of flour to Japan. This is going to continue, and in time the Orient will be one of the largest purchasers of food products in the northwest.



FARM SCENE, WASHINGTON.



### THE CLIMATIC CONDITIONS OF OREGON.

THE climate of any country follows certain fixed laws and these are usually matters of altitude. In other words, while most people imagine that the farther north we go the colder it gets, and while Oregon and Washington are in the far northwest, they think it must be cold up there. This general supposition does not hold good. The proximity to the ocean and altitude are very considerable factors in determining the climate of any section.

In the case of Oregon and Washington there is a strip of country along the coast between the ocean and Coast range of mountains that is excessively moist. The rainfall in this part of Oregon is excessive, ranging as high as ninety inches a year. The reason for this condition of things along the coast of these two States is that the prevailing winds are from over the Pacific ocean. This makes the temperature an equable one for the reason that the entire superimposed body of air over the water of the Pacific ocean naturally gets to be about the same even temperature. As it flows inward it bears with it its influence on the climate, and also on the vegetation that follows climate. One would naturally expect to find the coast country along the two States under consideration covered with gigantic trees and forests and this is precisely the case. On the eastern side of the Coast range of mountains the climate is much different. There is a broad valley running through the two States between the Coast range and the Cascade range of mountains. The Coast range acts as a break against excessive moisture and this leaves the valley in between a very even tempered one in the matter of heat and cold. Coming still eastward over the second range, that is to say, the Cascade range, one would naturally expect to find a still more varied country and this is precisely the case. There are hills upon hills. Excessive vegetation is wanting, due to the lack of the coast rainfall. We would, therefore, expect to see, in coming from the east to the Pacific coast in the northwest, three sections of country as we would pass over Oregon and Washington. As we pass over the eastern part of the States we would find an arid or semi-arid country, hilly and relatively treeless. Crossing over the Cascade range of mountains we would strike a modified climate with plenty of trees and good grazing and farming land in every direction, and this is exactly what we would meet with. Over the Coast range and down to the ocean one would think that the people were born web-footed, in order to meet the conditions that surround them, and while the web-feet may be absent, the necessity for them is apparent.

It will be seen, therefore, the physical features

of Oregon and Washington are very much alike, and that they are cut from the same kind of cloth, so to speak, and are separated, one from the other, mainly by the Columbia river. The description of the physical features of one of the States is practically the same as the other, and this is why we have chosen the two States to constitute the one special issue of the Inglenook. Climatically and agriculturally they are practically the same thing.

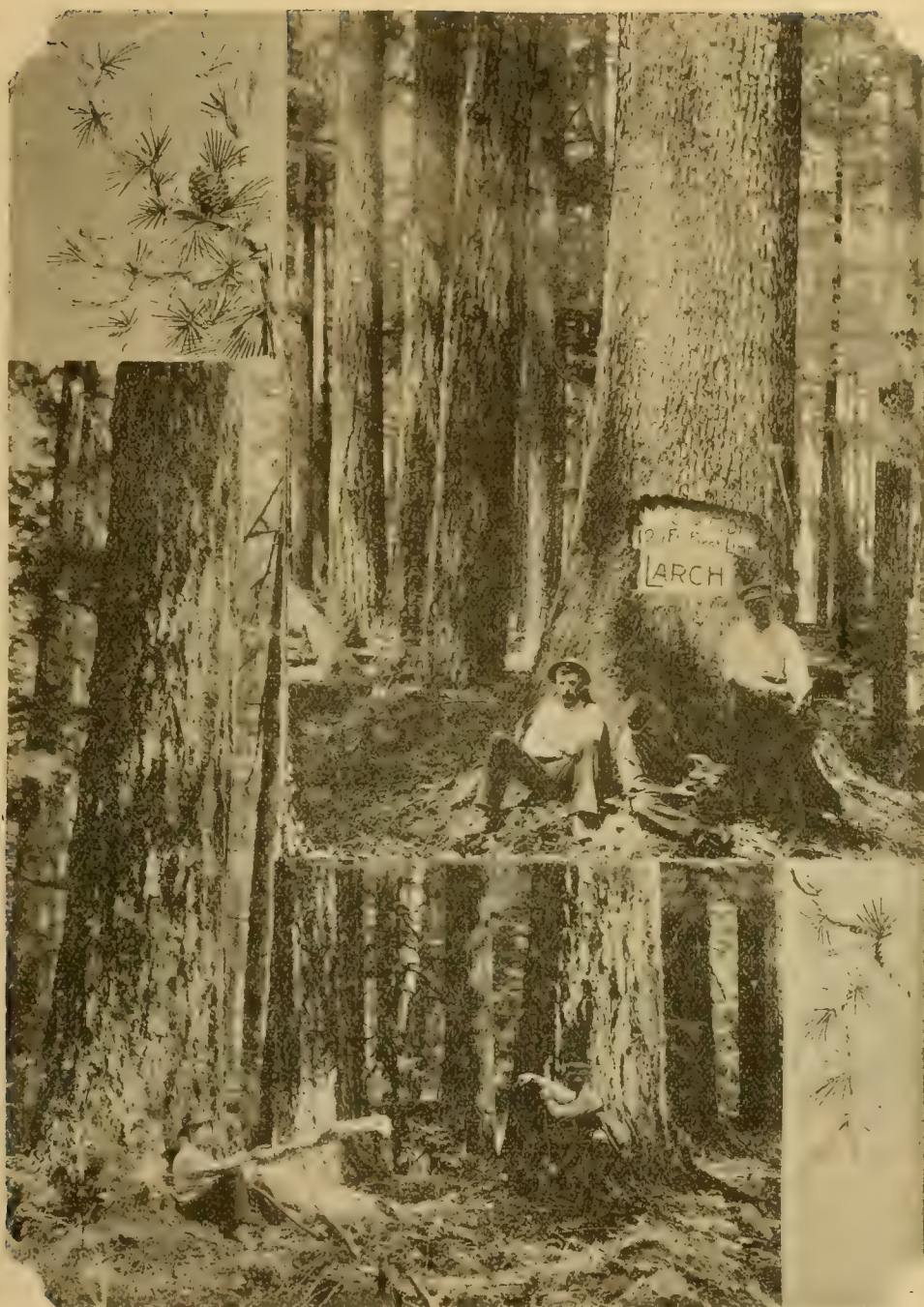
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### SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

SPOKANE is one of the wonders of modern times. Its population in 1900 was 36,848. In 1903 it was 56,625. It is really one of the most beautiful cities of the far northwest. It is on the Spokane river, and the falls of the river are in the heart of the city, representing a magnificent horse power, four times greater than that of St. Anthony falls at Minneapolis. Not one-half of its possibilities are yet developed. Eleven railroads center in the city, four of which are transcontinental and seven are local. Twenty-two passenger trains arrive and depart daily. It has seventy miles of paved streets; fifty miles of electric railway; four daily and eight weekly newspapers, besides a number of monthlies.

Although Spokane is one of the younger cities and alive with industry, it still has sixty-nine churches and twenty-one public schools, including a high-school, with building and property back of it to nearly a million dollars. There are four flouring mills with a capacity of 3,000 barrels per day. No one can stand on the streets of Spokane and see the busy, surging crowd, each one intent upon some work of his own, without recognizing the fact that there will one day be a great city here, possibly not a Chicago or a St. Louis, but still Spokane will always be Spokane, and there will always be every element of a growing city, the development of which is hard to foresee.

The climate of this section of the country is a most excellent one. It is healthy and although so far north is not cold. Nor is there the excessive heat in summer. Coming as it does under the touch of the Pacific winds, it has an equable climate in which it is a pleasure to live, as there is neither sweltering in summer nor freezing in winter. He who has a flourishing business in Spokane can rest assured that he is in a place that is not surpassed by any other city in the country, and there are few places that equal it. Spokane is off the main line of travel, that is to say, coming from Chicago to the far Pacific coast, one requires practically a side trip to go to Spokane, but it is well worth while, for one cannot see Washington without seeing Spokane.



WESTERN OREGON TIMBER.

No part of the United States at this time affords a more promising field for the farmer than does the State of Washington, and especially the Big Bend country, and the near future will witness a greater advancement in the value of all kinds of property there than perhaps in any other portion of our country.

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THE timber industry of the State and the mining industries of Washington and the adjoining district of British Columbia and Alaska afford employment to thousands of people, who in turn make markets for the products of the farms of the Big Bend country.

CHINA and Japan furnish a market for the larger portion of the wheat raised in Washington. The Oriental market is a growing one, and it is believed that the time is not far distant when China and Japan will purchase the entire wheat surplus of the Pacific Coast and all as far east as Minnesota and the Dakotas.

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OUT on the coast country apples are sold in boxes, about the size of the orange box and of the same general shape. They are really more convenient to handle than the barrel used in the east, but at the same time the expense is **greater**.



### THE PALOUSE COUNTRY.

THE Palouse country in Washington is something remarkable. It is a country that is practically level, so far as the tops of the hills are concerned, and there are enormous hills all over. It is a difficult country to describe because of this fact. The soil is composed of decomposed volcanic ash and is an ideal wheat producing country. The hillsides are so steep that it seems almost impossible that they can be plowed. Nevertheless they are plowed to the very top and the yield of wheat is something enormous. While there are hills upon hills, around some of which flow streams of water, it is a fact that people who farm this country find just as good land on the very top of the hills as they do in the bottoms below. In the eastern part of the United States the river bottom is supposed to be the more valuable, and the reasons are evident. The streams overflow and deposit their burden of fertilizing matter during each freshet. The tops of the hills are denuded of their soil and it is washed down to the level below. In the Palouse country this top soil is practically inexhaustible and may be anywhere from ten to one hundred feet deep, and cannot all be washed away. In fact any uniform washing simply exposes new soil in which anything will grow. The porosity of the soil is of such a character that, no matter how hard the rainfall may be, it sinks into the earth and does not run off from it. The rain will sink into the earth to a depth of ten feet and once it is plowed up and sowed to wheat the growth is remarkable. It is remarkable in the rate of final yield, and the straw and stalk growth are higher than the ordinary man's head. There have been places where this wheat straw has been used in making roads and with excellent results.

No fertilizer is used in this country and some of the land has been worked for thirty years without the use of any fertilizing addition. The Nookman does not believe that this will hold out indefinitely, but that it has done so for a lifetime shows what can be done on any land that has not been overworked.

The eastern Washington wheat crop this year is estimated to be worth from twelve to sixteen million dollars.

There are no sudden changes of temperature in this Palouse country. Sometimes there will be a snowfall of a foot or more in the night and in the morning the Chinook wind will come along and it will be all out of sight within a few hours. This great Inland Empire, as it is sometimes called, has splendid weather. The winters are not cold, nor are the summers very hot. Even in the hottest weather, just as soon as the sun goes down, or

even when one enters a shadow, the change is noticeable. There are no long, hot days, followed by equally hot nights. The days are never very hot and the nights are always cool.

To the Nookman the Palouse country seems to be one vast wheatfield. It is not level like northern Dakota or western Kansas, but has hills set at a common level, and these constitute the farm land. No irrigation is necessary in most places, except where fruit is attempted or garden crops are wanted. The fruit grown in this country is something wonderful in quantity and quality, and this can be said to be the case all over Washington. California fruit has such a hold upon the public that for a good while the fruit of Oregon and Washington could not compete with that of California. This caused the growers to label their fruit as California, when it went off with equal facility. This condition of things has been changed of late years, and now the fruit of Oregon and Washington is known to be just as good as that grown farther down the coast in California.

In this Palouse country one of the things that strikes the observer is the enormous amount of wheat that is at the stations awaiting movement. The sacks are stacked up around the station, sometimes as many as two or three hundred thousand bushels, awaiting transportation. There is always a ready market and for the man who believes in wheat growing the Nook thinks he will hardly go wrong in locating in the Palouse.

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### THE PRICE OF LAND.

THE question will arise in the minds of many readers of this issue of the INGLENOOK as to the price of land in the better parts of the country herein described. No answer can be given to this question. It is evident to the reader that a farm on the rocky hillside or remote from some great commercial center is going to cost much less than a suburban place or where one can go into the market-garden business, and no definite answer can be given as to what a farm will cost, but this may be said, in thickly-settled parts of the country, that is, where the people have settled down to general agriculture, land is not cheap. On the other hand, just as good land as can be found anywhere is open for settlement, but it is remote from means of transportation. The people who are on the ground have taken up much of this land, but by no means have they secured all of it. Those who are interested should put themselves in communication with people familiar with that sort of thing, and be governed accordingly.

## THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

THE Willamette Valley is found in Western Oregon and is bounded by the Cascade mountains in the east, the Coast range in the west and the Calapooia in the south. There are nine counties in the Willamette Valley and about one-half the population of the State lives in this section. It is in this valley that some of the finest farming lands in the State of Oregon are found. Wheat will grow well, and corn will grow, and much is raised for silage, but as a grain crop it is not much grown. Hops of the finest quality grow here and some of the best hops in the United States are grown in Oregon. Potatoes grow to perfection and in favored locali-

of prunes ranges from three and one-half to five cents, and four cents may be taken as the average. The average size of an orchard is from twenty to thirty acres, and a man can take care of such a plant himself without much help, except in picking time. Setting out the trees will cost about \$90 per acre, or \$2,700 for a thirty-acre orchard. Out of every four years there will be either one short crop or an entire failure. There are one hundred and twenty trees to the acre that yield nothing the first four years, but will pay expenses in the fourth and fifth years. Some growers get a crop in the first three years by planting vegetables between the trees. After five years they will pay a profit and in eight years are in full bearing. The growers



PORTLAND, WILLAMETTE RIVER, AND MOUNT HOOD.

ties yield from 300 to 500 bushels to the acre. The principal horticultural interest in certain sections of the country is prune growing. It may interest some of our eastern and southern readers to learn that tobacco raised in the Willamette Valley is of the finest quality and equaled only by the Havana crop. Not much of the weed is cultivated but what is grown gets the highest price.

In some parts of the Valley the country is covered with a dense growth of fir, pine, hemlock, spruce, larch and cedar. Some of these trees average from 200 to 250 feet in height, and run from two and one-half to eight feet in diameter, and some of them are 150 feet from the ground to the first limbs. Of course in time this lumber will be immensely valuable. As it is in this section of Oregon that a large amount of the prunes are grown, we will say something about the methods. The price

usually clear from eighty to one hundred dollars per acre, after all expenses are paid, and while the reader who is interested in fruit growing will recognize this as an excellent investment, it should be remembered that nothing is more misleading than getting the price of a pound or bushel of fruit, under exceptional circumstances, and then attributing that sort of condition to every tree in the orchard. There is no doubt but that there is money in fruit growing but it must be remembered by the Nook reader that, like everything else in this world, it is subject to its ups and downs, and yet, while prune growing has its advantages it also has its seamy side, but take it altogether, in the proper soil there can be no doubt of its being a paying business and one which will profit a man who brings intelligence to bear on the subject, accompanied with industry and perseverance.



### OREGON'S CAPITOL.

STRANGERS who come to Salem and visit the State Capitol will go away praising the beauty of the structure. As viewed from the outside, the building has been an object of admiration ever since the dome was built in 1892. Now improvements have been made in the interior and no one who comes from the States will have any criticism to offer on the appearance of Oregon's chief governmental building.

The latest improvement to be made is the painting and gilding of the under surface of the interior dome, which covers the center of the building. This dome is of ornamental stucco work, and had been left white. The last legislature made arrangements for the painting of the dome, which has just been completed by Frank Willman, under the direction of the State Board of Capitol Commissioners, composed of the Governor, Secretary of State and State Treasurer. The background is a Naples yellow. The relief work is a dull cream, the high points of the relief being covered with gold leaf.

The dome is composed of sixteen panels and the beads separating them are heavily overlaid with gold. The base of the dome and the walls of the corridor beneath are a light cream color. At the bottom of each of the panels is a large wreath about four feet in diameter. In the center of each of these electric lights will be placed and a circle of lights will be arranged above the ledge at the bottom of the dome. When the lights are turned on at night the reflection will be upwards to the ornamented surface and the effect as seen by one below will be pleasant in the extreme.

Three years ago the House of Representatives was remodeled and a highly ornamental ceiling put in. Visitors who are competent to pass intelligent opinions declare that the Oregon House of Representatives is not excelled for beauty by any other house in the country. The Senate chamber, as originally constructed, displays the work of a skilled designer and it is admired by all who have seen it. Improvements have been made in the interiors of the principal offices and the grounds have been kept in good condition without any strained effort to improve nature by the trimming of trees and shrubs into impossible shapes.

Hundreds of strangers visit the State Capitol every year and in former years they went away to pass unfavorable criticism. Now the building is one of which all Oregonians may feel proud, and one which will be mentioned in words of commendation by all who visit it. But one thing now is lacking, a modern elevator—but visitors forget the tediousness of the climb when they reach the

upper doors and view the beauty which is there displayed.

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### THE PRICES OF THINGS.

ONE of the best tests of a country is to know something of the prices of staple articles that are for sale. In fact there is no better way of sizing up a country than by going into stores and asking the price of things that are for sale. So, while we were in Portland, we walked into one of the largest and finest grocery stores, were introduced to the proprietor and learned the following prices:—Eggs, 35 cents per dozen; butter, 35 cents per pound; and this does not vary very much from the cost of these staples in eastern cities. Granulated sugar is 6 cents per pound, or  $5\frac{3}{4}$  cents in hundred pound lots. Coffee ranges from 11 cents to 40 cents per pound; flour is from \$1.10 to \$1.25 per sack, while bacon is 16 cents and ham 18 cents per pound. Cheese from 16 to 20 cents; rice from 6 to 8 cents, and oranges are 50 cents per dozen. California peaches were selling at \$1.25 per box of 18 or 19 pounds. Green prunes were from 2 to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents per pound; pumpkins, 10 to 15 cents; Hubbard squash 10 to 15 cents, and potatoes were selling at the rate of 65 cents per bushel. Good grapes were worth 30 cents for 5 pound boxes, while red apples sell for \$1.65 per bushel, or at that rate. A large part of the apple crop is shipped to China and Japan and not a little is sent to London.

It will be seen from this that the average price of things is not much more than is asked in the east. Strange to say that while Oregon and Washington are both apple countries, the price still remains high. One reason for this fact is that the demand for first-class fruit is never equaled by the supply, and as looks count for quite as much as quality in the market, these far western apples will be always high priced. The reason for the looks part is in the mineral constituents of the soil. Apples get a coloring on the coast that they never obtain in Pennsylvania or the east. There may be quality in the celebrated Ozark region, but there is no denying the quality of the Oregon or Washington apple. The reason, as before stated, lies in the fact that the country is volcanic ash, rich in mineral constituents, and these give color to all the fruits.

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THE State of Washington has a area of 69,994 square miles. In the older settled portions of the United States, where the States are relatively small, the people can have but a poor conception of the magnitude of these commonwealths.

## HOOD RIVER, OREGON.

SIXTY-SIX miles east of Portland, on the line of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, is the little town of Hood River. When you go out west over this railroad you will pass the Hood River station, and it is the center of the famous fruit valley of the same name. Hood River strawberries are eaten in every town along the line of the railroads in Oregon. The climate is an ideal one the year round. Hard winters are unknown and the extremes of summer heat are also wanting.

Hood River itself has its source at the base of

The strong point of Hood River is the strawberry crop, and they are sent all over the country, wherever they can be shipped without loss. In 1902 over one hundred car loads were shipped from Hood River, yielding the producers \$130,000. During the time of picking, the town is alive with industry, and many Indians come from the reservation, the men lying around on their backs or braced up against the houses, while the women, with their red-faced and sun-burned papooses, are out in the fields, picking the luscious berries. Scores of white pickers are also employed in the same manner, many spending their vacations in this work.



COLUMBIA RIVER SCENE.

Mt. Hood, and is ice-cold, wending its way through the valley, furnishing water for irrigating purposes and emptying into the Columbia river just above the town of Hood River.

There are few places along the Columbia which are more interesting than the Hood River neighborhood. In the foreground is the Columbia river and across that river in Washington, towering high above the near by peaks, is the snow-covered Mt. Adams, 12,470 feet high, while in the opposite direction, to the south, 27 miles away, is Mt. Hood, covered with snow, 11,225 feet high. For about 20 miles the fertile track back of Hood River stretches with an average width of five miles, and twenty miles in length, an area of about 100 square miles, or 64,000 acres.

THE great grazing pastures of the Columbia Basin lie east of the Cascade mountains on the high volcanic plateaus surrounding the saline lakes, and on the mountain flanks among the scattering pines. Large bands of cattle and sheep are collected at intervals and shipped at certain points by rail to Eastern markets. Vast areas of these lands now adapted to grazing only, are level or gently-sloping sand deserts covered with buck-brush, sage and bunch-grass, where running water is scarce and springs many hours' journey apart. These same parched deserts, however forbidding their appearance, consist of deep soil of remarkable fertility when water is applied to it.

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THERE are over 150 miles of improved streets in Portland.



### WESTERN PRUNES IN ENGLAND.

THERE are unlimited possibilities in fruit culture in Washington and Oregon. The prune output of Washington and Oregon, sent in cold storage across the Atlantic, brought better prices in the metropolis of the world, London, than the prunes of France and Italy. It appears that the cost of transportation between Spokane and London can be defrayed out of the sales of the Washington fruit and still have a handsome margin left.

Of all the fruits that grow so bountifully in the genial climate of the Spokane country, none is more satisfactory to raise than the Italian prune. The trees bear heavily from year to year, and the crop is never a total failure. In fact the prune crop is sometimes so heavy that it is impossible to get pickers and packers to dispose of the fruit, while the fruit is so handsome that, in competition with other prunes, it will hold its own. It has only been in recent years, comparatively speaking, that the Washington and Oregon prune has been received with favor and it has been necessary to ship under the label of other neighborhoods, but this time has passed, and there is no need of Washington or Oregon fruit masquerading under the name of any other section.

The question may be asked as to whether this fruit is equal or superior to the fruit of California. In reply the Nookman will say that so far as the actual test goes he has been unable to tell the difference between the fruit of any section of the Pacific coast.

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### CARELESSNESS.

WHEN out at Walla Walla, Washington, in passing a grocery store where some fine apples were displayed for sale, we entered and asked the proprietor the price of them. The apples were remarkably fine, both in color, size and quality, and we learned there were two kinds of the same variety for sale. Both were equally large and equally handsome but one was worth only about one-half the price of the other. On inquiry we learned that the lower priced ones were wormy, while the others were sound.

There was never a better lesson to the fruit grower than this thing of having one-half the crop only worth one-half the price, and it is characteristic of every new country in the west. The reason is a simple one. The man who starts up an orchard is so anxious to make money and so indifferent to correct methods that he lets the codling moth get a hold on him and the result is that a large proportion of his crop is wormy and nat-

urally commands a less price than the sound fruit. The whole business is the result of not using the proper insecticides, and if our friends out in the far northwest do not learn to use the spraying machine, and do not apply it practically, the final outcome will be that their entire crop or the greater proportion of it will be worm-infected.

The actual facts are, it ought to be made a crime everywhere to allow the harboring of the codling moth, and the man who does not spray his trees is simply propagating the pest to vex his neighbors. When the world gets a little farther advanced it will be criminal to propagate noxious insects, as well as to keep harmful animals. The man with a bad dog, apt to bite somebody, may be arrested and fined, or required to kill the dog, but he can have a hatchery for a million more or less of insect pests back of his house, and go untouched, all of which is just as it ought not to be.

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### THE MORALS OF THE COAST.

ONE must not imagine when he goes to the far northwest that he is going to see anything especially wild and woolly. There are churches everywhere, schools everywhere, good people everywhere, and it may be added there are certainly some bad ones. It is not meant by this that in Washington or Oregon one is apt to be knocked in the head in his bed, for the bad man is more of a newspaper myth than anything else, but in the rushing business cities of the Pacific coast, in towns both large and small, vice is apt to get a pretty good grip on the morals of the place.

There are drinking places in all the towns, but for that matter the same thing is true of staid Philadelphia, and even Chicago, which is not exactly known as a prohibition neighborhood. Even so in the northwest States, there is a good deal of evil, but the man or woman of ordinary training, who goes there to make a home, does not see these things unless he or she is on the lookout for them. In short, the coast of the Pacific is just as good as the coast of the Atlantic and just as bad, but he who goes to the States of Oregon or Washington to live will find good people in every community where he may choose to cast his lot.

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### HUNTER AND FISHERMAN.

BIG game is pretty well cleared out in most parts of the United States, especially in the more frequented regions. Sometimes it is an open question as to where a man might go to have the alleged sport. The writer knows of no better places than those found on either side of the Columbia river, where

it enters the mountains. Penetrating away back into the interior, as far as one cares to go in the mountain ranges, all kinds of game are found in variety. Up in the northern part of Washington the chances are just as good for him who would kill something. As for fishing, the streams are full of fish and there are many places along the Columbia river where campers can have every advantage of the most picturesque surroundings and the chance for the best kind of sport in landing the royal salmon. There are other fish, as well as salmon, and as the river has the advantage of emptying directly into the ocean it is not likely that it will ever be fished out and become barren.

In three days from Chicago a sportsman may enter a paradise where his every requirement will be answered, so far as game and wild, picturesque scenery are concerned.

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#### THE OREGON AND WASHINGTON CHURCHES.

IN Oregon there are Brethren churches at Ashland, Coquille, Lebanon, Mohawk Valley, Newberg, Powell's Valley, and Rogue River. In Washington the churches of the Brethren are the Central Washington Mission, Myers Creek, North Yakima, Oysterville, Spokane, Stiverson, Sunnyside, and Wenatchee.

In addition to this there is a large number of isolated members living in the different parts of the State, some near to and others far from the different churches. There is also a number of INGLENOOK readers scattered well over the two States, any one of whom would be glad to give information in regard to the country in their neighborhood, should any reader require more definite information than is given in this special issue of the INGLENOOK. It should be remembered by all that only a bird's-eye-view can be given of the country in the brief space at our disposal. All that can be said is general in its characteristics and it cannot be otherwise. Should any reader desire definite information in reference to some locality or industry in either of the States, the Nook will cheerfully put him in the way of getting it.

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#### WESTERN PUSH.

ONE of the things the easterner soon comes to recognize is the vim and push of the western people. Of course they originally were all from the East, but there is something contagious about the methods of movement in the far West. The average westerner lives about three years to the easterner's one. They move faster, get there quicker, and the country is developed out of all proportion to what one would expect.

Some ten or twelve years ago the Nookman visited the Palouse country, and then, revisiting it on his last

trip through the West, the improvement was so great that he would not have known it for the same place. Of course there is a limit to all this, sometime and somewhere, but it will only be when the country is filled up and when it begins to settle down into the steady way of the older communities.

One reason for this condition of things in the West is that it is only the live people who go there. The dullard does not go far away from home, and it is good for him that he does not. Unless he could catch step with the procession out there the chances are the people would run over him and away from him.

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#### RAISING HOPS.

THE total hop crop of the United States in the past year is recorded as about 175,000 bales, and of this Oregon produced 85,000 and Washington 36,000. In the Willamette Valley, a section as large as the State



ALONG THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

of New Jersey, 17,000 acres were devoted to hop raising, and the average yield is about nine hundred pounds to the acre, and the ruling price about twenty-five cents per pound. If you plant a hop-yard in the fall it will produce a small crop the next year and after the first season will be in full bearing. The land suited for hop growing is expensive, and a hop-yard represents a considerable investment.

The busy time about a hop yard is in the picking season, which begins about the first of September and at which time thousands and thousands of people are employed. The pickers receive forty cents a box and a small family of four will make ten dollars per day during the season.

As to the moral side of raising hops, knowing what is done with them, it becomes a question for the individual to settle for himself whether or not it is right.



## WHAT PART?

THE question will naturally arise with many of the readers who have in contemplation a change in their location as to what part of this country, herein described, will be the best for them. Many letters are always written to the INGLENOOK asking for information relative to this very question. There can be no answer given. Except upon general lines which are but of little good to the individual, no advice can be given, nor would the INGLENOOK undertake it, were everything favorable to the presentation.

One man loves the mountains. He would feel lost upon the boundless perfectly level plain, and would spend his life longing for the crag and mountain peak. Another man who has farmed the rocky hillsides all his life wants to be where he can make a living with the least trouble, and there is a place for him. Another knows nothing about this kind of work, and another runs to fruit. There are places for all these men, but it is absolutely impossible for anyone to say "here is the place" to them.

The one thing certain in unsettled Oregon and Washington is that there is room for uncounted thousands who are willing to work. It is a mistake to imagine that there is a place in this world where wealth or even competency come without work. We often hear of a country being a poor man's country or a lazy man's paradise, but it may be set down as an actual fact that there is nothing in this world worth having that must not be worked for. While the fruit business is a good one, it requires work and special knowledge. The lumberman would hardly succeed as a fruit grower, while the fruit grower might be a very indifferent miner, and about all the INGLENOOK can afford to do in this instance is to suggest to each individual who is attacked with the western fever to take stock of his capacity and ability. If he finds himself specially adapted to some calling, the section he should make for is some particular place where he can turn it into money. A man may be a success as a grower of strawberries and fail as a fisherman along the coast of Washington. Or he may do well as a miner in the Baker City neighborhood and be a failure in a logging camp. So, in answer to the question as to what place one should go, our reply is that all depends upon the individual himself. But this advice is perfectly safe to give. No man should think of going so far from home as out to the far northwest without knowing just what he is going into, and having funds enough to tide him over the first possible unfavorable year. The country is all right in most places, the people are all right and there is room for thousands of others. Whether you are one of them or not depends not so much

on any particular locality in Washington or Oregon as upon yourself. And this is true of every other place in the United States. It depends upon the man always and not upon the place. But we do advise a trip to be taken down the Columbia river, for the sights and scenes are worth it in many ways. A very large part of the characteristics of both States can be seen coming and going on the Columbia river trip. In some ways the two States are like one, and the Columbia river trip will be a cut across the middle and a fair sample of both.

\* \* \*

## THE LUMBER INDUSTRY.

WHILE there is a section of the two States under consideration which is arid and treeless, it also should be remembered that the forests are vast in extent and superb in character. As one goes down along the coast the timber increases in size and both along the Washington and Oregon coasts the trees are something out of the ordinary in character. There are about ninety different varieties of trees that grow in these forests and most valuable of which are red, yellow and silver firs. The red and yellow firs are as light as pine and as strong and durable as oak. They grow very straight and often attain a height of three hundred feet. It is estimated that over half the area of the State of Oregon is timber.

Naturally, the lumber and logging business of the States are interests that are booming. In the past three years over thirty millions of dollars of eastern capital have been invested in the timber lands of Oregon and Washington. A government report shows that in Oregon alone there are 436 establishments employing 4,084 men and the value of the product is \$10,352,167, which is too low an estimate.

People, who have passed their entire lives in a prairie country cannot appreciate what this mountainous and wooded country looks like without seeing it. Some trees are five and ten feet and larger in diameter. The State of Washington has about seventy per cent of its area wooded. One of the things characteristic of a wooded country is that sometimes the soil is of very little use for agricultural purposes after the timber has been cleared off. This is hardly true in either of these States as the land is good for agricultural purposes of any kind whatsoever, if the contour of the land is such as may be used for farming purposes.

\* \* \*

## HOPS IN OREGON.

IN this State a yard planted in the fall will produce a fair crop of "baby" hops the next season, and after the first season will be in full bearing. The expense of running a twenty-acre yard up to picking time is

about \$550, where all the labor is hired. The cost, beginning with picking, varies with the size of the crop. Pickers are employed at the rate of forty cents per box, and this, together with the wages paid to other yard employes, and the expense of curing, makes the total cost of production about eight cents per pound. A man with a family of children to help in the yard can reduce this cost considerably.

The value of the hopgrowing industry to this State lies in the large number of men, women and children

a very healthy outing, during which the participants earn a snug sum of money to spend during the winter. A family composed of the father, mother, and four children will often make \$10 per day or more working in a hopyard. As seen by the figures presented above, the hop industry distributes among the working people of this section of Oregon about \$1,000,000 a year, not including the profit of the grower, which also finds its way into circulation.

The principal hop-producing counties of Oregon



COLUMBIA RIVER SCENES.

to whom it gives employment, especially during the picking season. During the first three weeks of September in each year about 30,000 people go to the hopyards of Western Oregon and live in tents while they pick hops. Whole families close up their homes in the cities and go out in the country for the hop harvest. Working in the open air by day, in the pleasant odor of a hopyard, sleeping in a tent at night, and enjoying the revels of the nightly campfire around which all gather when the day's work is done, affords

are Marion, Polk, Clackamas, Yamhill, Washington, Lane, Linn, Benton, Douglas and Josephine. The principal hop centers are Salem, Dallas, Independence, Woodburn, Newberg, Aurora, Brownsville and Eugene. All the hops of the State find their way to market through Portland, the metropolis of the State. As Salem is in the heart of the hop-producing section of the State, the principal offices of the hop dealers are located there. Over 1000 carloads of hops will leave Portland this year.



### DIVERSITY OF OCCUPATION.

IN drawing invidious comparisons between two sections of our common country, there are always features of each that must be apparent to everyone. In a level country, or rather in a treeless country, such as western Kansas and Nebraska and the Dakotas, no matter how good the outlook may be for farm purposes, it is almost certain that there are few or no chances outside of grain growing and its allied industries.

In a country like Oregon and Washington where there are large tracts of timber, immense areas of arid and semi-arid country, and a large amount of river, hill and mountain country, there is naturally as much of a diversity of possible employment and variety of industry as there is varied topography. Not all the people must necessarily be farmers nor need the crop be entirely wheat.

In this variety of agricultural pursuits and diversity of country there is every opportunity for possible growth and development as well as employment. If one wants to grow wheat, there is the Palouse country; if he takes to stock, there are the hills. Fishing, lumbering, mining and all that sort of thing are growing opportunities. There is hardly a line of industry that can be named that does not afford an opportunity for him who works.

In the old eastern cities and towns every conceivable industry is covered, and more than covered, by the present occupants, that leaves very little show to the outsider who wishes to engage in business. The exact reverse is true in the far west. Towns grow like magic and with them comes the opportunity for opening up any new business, requiring a growing population around it for its support. One sees nothing on all sides but signs of life and evidences of growth. A town starts and either dies at once or proceeds on its way to solid and permanent growth. Every town that thrives at all opens opportunities for business in the way of factories, workshops of all descriptions, and a man without capital and yet with a trade finds no trouble in securing work and can soon establish himself in business. No matter what his trade or calling may be, he will find something to do in the smaller towns, if not in the cities. There is an established demand for skilled labor, and any man may secure for himself employment along the line for which he is trained or adapted.

\* \* \*

### AN OREGON ROMANCE.

An interesting story comes from Kamela, says *The Dalles Chronicle*.

In the Spring of 1901, when the Oregon exhibits were being shipped to the Pan-American Exposition,

the train containing the monstrous timber exhibit, consisting of one stick of Oregon fir, 70 feet in length, being hauled upon two flat cars, stopped at Kamela for an hour or so.

All the residents of the little station went out and climbed over the cars, admiring the huge stick of timber and speculating upon the surprise it would bring to the eyes of the Easterners.

While his companions were talking and wondering about the giant of the Oregon forest, a locomotive fireman carved his name and address deep into the soft wood.

The train soon left and all the glory of Oregon's exhibit was forgotten.

In about a month after, the boy whose name went with the log to the Buffalo Exposition received a letter from a young lady, stating that she was a waiter in a lunchroom on the exposition ground. Also that the counter on which her pies were placed before the hungry public, was made from a section of a tree from the Oregon exhibit, and that his name was carved on the side of the block, next to her work, so it was impossible for her to forget him. Whenever she turned to the counter, her eyes fell upon the name and she was determined to write to its owner.

The letter was answered. Just a modest, friendly letter was sent to that little Buffalo peach, who was destined to stare at a name carved in a thoughtless moment. Then another letter came, was answered in a more fervid tone and money order for a ticket to Oregon was sent and soon the pie girl herself quit looking at the empty title, and came to Oregon to view the man who wears it. It was soon arranged. The Oregon exhibit had done most of the courting. A short period of preparation, in which the young lady supervised the arrangement of the new home, was followed by a happy wedding. The jack knife with which the name was carved will be an heirloom. There is now one more happy family at the summit of the Blue Mountains. Some of the other boys are wishing there would be another exposition.

\* \* \*

A RECENT report made by Henry Gannett, chief geographer for the Government Geological Survey, shows that the State of Oregon has standing forest wealth represented by a total of 234,653,000,000 feet of lumber, board measure. This is more than twice the amount of standing timber in Washington's forests, which approximates 114,778,000,000 feet. The saw mills of Washington in the past, however, have made a much larger annual cut of lumber than the mills of Oregon.

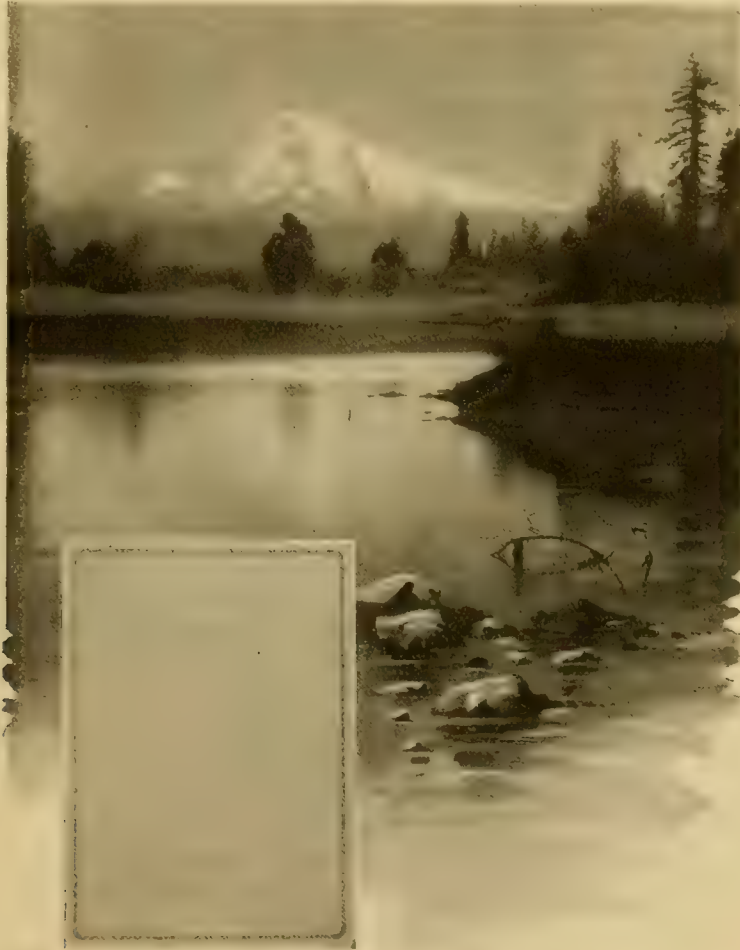
Some estimates place the amount of timber still standing in Oregon at as high a figure as 307,000,000,000 feet.

## PUBLIC LAND.

ONE of the best things which could possibly happen to the west and to the nation is the bringing to light of the public land frauds in the west, through the investigations started by Secretary Hitchcock.

The entire subject of the administration of the public domain will receive such publicity as will show the people of the United States the necessity for radical changes in the handling of the public lands. Not only have frauds been perpetrated under the land laws but in thousands of cases where the letter of the law has

"The whole question of land frauds in the west is the more serious, viewed from a conservative eastern standpoint, because what might very properly be called 'land stealing' has come to be considered a more or less legitimate undertaking. Reputable men have in many cases engaged in acquiring land under the various land laws, and particularly on the coast in recent years under the Timber act, through methods which would not be tolerated in the east for a moment. The land laws of the country were enacted supposedly in the interests of the homeseekers, but with the exception of the Homestead law they have



MOUNT HOOD IN THE DISTANCE.

really been complied with, outrageous steals have been perpetrated upon the public land owners—the people. It is a poor class of citizenship which will say that this is a western subject which the west should handle and that it has no particular interest for the east. Every citizen of the United States is a land owner. Every one of the seventy million citizens of the United States owns his share of the half billion acres within her borders, exclusive of Alaska and the insular possessions.

A prominent western man in Washington, D. C., in speaking of this matter is quoted as saying:

been shamelessly abused and instead of the government giving each citizen a farm, it has in many cases given him a feudal estate of thousands of acres.

"What we really want, though, in the west, and what the east wants if it will stop to think, is settlement—people to fill up the country and make homes and bring the greatest strength to our sparse communities and to the nation. We want the land occupied by the homemaker."

\*\*\*

DURING some years Portland ships more wheat than San Francisco and Seattle together.



### CONCERNING JEFFERSON'S FORESIGHT.

MR. BITTLE WELLS, writing about the annexation of the Northwest country to the United States, says as follows:

It is not quite one hundred years since President Jefferson sent out the famous Lewis and Clark Expedition to explore the Pacific Northwest. It is only slightly more than a hundred years since the good ship, "Columbia" was fitted out in Boston harbor for her second expedition to the Northwest Coast, when she discovered the great Columbia river, and gave to the United States a claim to the region, "by right of discovery." The significance of these expeditions is not fully realized to-day when an empire stands as a monument to their intrepid leaders and to those who sent them out. Far less was it realized in 1805, when the whole country west of the Alleghanies was practically an unknown wilderness. What object could be gained, it was asked, by exploring a region that could not possibly, in hundreds of years to come, be brought into touch with the Union, or made of any apparent value to it? Too vast a tract already waited for settlement. The Pacific Coast? The words were synonymous with the greatest remoteness and impossibility. Yet, urged on by something of the same incentive that must have animated Columbus, President Jefferson and those old Boston traders became the moving factors of their age in the great tide of immigration that has been surging steadily westward since the dawn of history. How fitting it was that the ship which was destined to carry forward the work of Columbus should be named after him, and should be the first vessel to carry the flag of the new nation around the world! The voyage of the ship "Columbia" and the actions of President Jefferson have had the most far-reaching effects upon our national life. To Jefferson belongs the undying glory of not only having added the great Pacific Northwest to our domain, but of having made the Louisiana Purchase, thereby making possible the acquisition of Texas, California and adjacent territory. Directly or indirectly, therefore, he is responsible for the United States as it is to-day, both from the standpoint of extent of territory and the position that it occupies in the commercial world. These facts are appreciated in a general way by the average person, but their full significance is lost to all but those who have come into close contact with the great region west of the Mississippi.

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### FRUIT RAISING.

A LARGE part of the States of Oregon and Washington is known as the Inland Empire, which also includes the Northwestern part of Idaho. This section is rapidly becoming known as one of the prin-

cipal fruit raising sections in the Northwest. Nowhere in the temperate zone can there be found soil and climate more suitable for the needs of fruit raising than in this territory. This is understood to include only the deciduous and not the orange and lemon family.

Washington has secured the highest awards for the excellence and flavor of her fruits at all the world's fairs held in this country. Nearly every class of fruit can be grown in favorite localities, nectarines, tokay grapes, and semi-tropical fruits. The territory about Spokane and other sections grows as fine fruit as may be found anywhere, while the irrigated land of the Spokane valley, Wenatchee, Yakima and Lewiston neighborhood grow peaches of wonderful size and perfection. In fact, everything in the fruit line will grow in the Yakima neighborhood, and develop to such size and coloring as may not ordinarily be found elsewhere. In fact, if the soil conditions are all right, there is no place where fruit is better grown than in the mild climate where there is plenty of water available for its irrigation. These are the very conditions that are most prominent in many sections of the Northwest, and, in the neighborhood occupied by the Brethren, may be found some of the best land, and best natural environment to be had anywhere.

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### THE PALOUSE.

THE formation of the Palouse Country has puzzled the geologists since the early exploration and settlement of the Northwest. The soil is composed of a rich, black loam, heavily impregnated with the mineral salts necessary to plant life. Its soils are deep—in many places 100 feet or more—and are practically inexhaustible, even when used for the cultivation of wheat, notably a soil exhauster. Many farms after having been cropped continuously for twenty-five years to wheat, and that without the use of any fertilizer, last year yielded a harvest of to exceed forty bushels an acre, and this too, under farming methods that, in the older States of the East, would be justly regarded as shiftless and inefficient.

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### WORLD'S LARGEST TIMBER RESERVE.

OREGON, Washington and California contain one-third of the standing timber of the United States.

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THERE are places in this part of our country where it would be difficult to find a stone large enough to throw across the ditch, while, on the other hand, to show the natural contradiction of things, there are whole mountains made of rocks in other places.

## PUBLIC LAND AND HOW IT IS HAD.

THE government lands are classed as agricultural, timber, desert and mineral lands, according to the manner in which they may be obtained. The State lands include all these classes, but are obtained by purchase, regardless of the character of the land. Government land is obtained through the land offices at The Dalles, La Grande, Roseburg, Oregon City, Burns and Lakeview, while State land is secured through the

that he is in good faith. Within two years after the expiration of the five years, he may "prove up" and secure a patent to the land from the government. If desired, final proof can be made after fourteen months' residence, provided that he pay \$1.25 per acre, if his land is outside the limits of a railroad grant, and \$2.50 per acre if within such grants.

Timber lands can be secured from the government under the timber and stone act, each purchaser not being allowed over 160 acres. The land must be chief-



ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

State Land Board at Salem. The settler or purchaser must be a citizen of the United States, or must have declared his intention to become such. To secure government land he must be 21, to obtain State land 18.

Agricultural lands may be secured from the government under the Homestead Act, which gives to every settler 160 acres, requiring no payment, except \$22 in fees. For a period of five years actual residence upon the land is necessary, during which time certain improvements must be made and cultivation carried on, the purpose being to require the homesteader to show

ly valuable for its timber and must have no valuable mineral deposits. These facts must be set forth in an affidavit, and must be published for a period of sixty days, at the end of which time, if no adverse claim is made, upon paying \$2.50 an acre the government will issue a patent for the land. Land chiefly valuable for the stone upon it may be secured in the same manner.

Desert land may be secured under the desert land act, not more than 320 acres being allowed to any person, the applicant making an affidavit that, without irrigation, the land will not produce remunerative



crops, and that he has provided a water supply sufficient to make the land productive. The affidavit must be accompanied by that of a witness setting forth the same facts, and upon being approved, a fee of twenty-five cents per acre must be paid, when the purchaser can proceed with reclamation. Annual reports must be made for three years, showing that he has made improvements to the cost of \$1 per acre each year. When the \$3 per acre has been expended, and one-eighth of the land has been reclaimed and under cultivation, by paying an additional \$1 per acre, he may secure a patent from the government. If the land is within the limit of a railroad grant, the price is \$2.50 per acre.

Mineral lands are secured under the general mining laws by locating a claim, recording it, and making certain improvements each year until \$500 have been expended for this purpose, when a patent can be secured from the government.

There are over 400,000 acres of State lands in Oregon, consisting of the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township, commonly called school sections. These lands are sold for \$1.25 per acre, no residence or cultivation being required, and, if desired, the purchase price can be paid in five annual installments, the deferred payments drawing 8, 7 and 6 per cent respectively. At the time of making the first payment the purchaser receives a certificate of sale, assignable by writing the transfer, duly acknowledged, upon the back of the instrument. An assignee of the certificate may secure a deed by returning the certificate and paying what is due.

The Pacific Northwest has for citizens the best class of settlers from the oldest sections of the East and Middle West, and the foreign immigration received is of the highest standard. Oregon and Washington are well protected by law from any large movement of Orientals. Of all immigrants landing in the United States last year 1,342 permanently located in Oregon and 5,907 in Washington. Of this number the percentage of those who usually contribute to the agricultural development of a comparatively new region was relatively large.

\* \* \*

#### WHITMAN COUNTY.

WHITMAN county has an almost ideal climate. The winters are short and mild, with long summers without heat prostrations, sunstrokes, or such discomforts by the warmth of the climate. The summer is relieved and made pleasantly endurable by the invariably cool nights. As to climate, there can be no fear of being too enthusiastic. Tornadoes are wholly unknown, though occasionally there is considerable wind in connection with rainstorms. The wind may reach a velocity of thirty miles an hour, but such winds do not

occur on an average more than once or twice a year. Zero weather never continues more than three or four days and is always accompanied by clear skies and a still atmosphere. Whitman county is the center of the Palouse country, and has attained renown for its immense crops of wheat. It lies immediately south of Spokane county, in the eastern tier of counties, containing 2,124 square miles, nine-tenths of it tillable. The soil of Whitman county is a rich, black loam, impregnated with the mineral salts most essential to plant life, in some places a hundred feet or more in depth, its fertility practically inexhaustible. Many farms have been cropped continually with wheat for the past twenty years, and are yielding to-day better than ever.

\* \* \*

#### FRAUDULENT MINING COMPANIES.

So many fraudulent mining companies, claiming to be doing business in the West, are selling worthless mining stocks in Boston and vicinity, that a general demand has been made for the enactment of laws by the Massachusetts legislature, to protect the public. Oregon is well represented by these conscienceless operators, who find many victims in the credulous East, and the sooner Massachusetts lands them in the penitentiary the better for the numerous legitimate propositions in this State. Oregon is one of the great mining States of the Union. Its gold-bearing quartz and gravel produce enormously, and for this reason a herd of scalawags abound who care for nothing save to swindle the public—and escape the penalties of law. Eastern legislatures will do well to protect their people from the dishonest machinations of men like these.

\* \* \*

#### THE SOIL.

THE soil of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is volcanic in origin. In the valleys it is a loam, dark and rich, with a subsoil of clay. The bottom lands along streams consist of rich deposits of alluvium. In the Willamette valley the soil varies from a sandy loam to a rich, black alluvial and the products embrace everything that is known to the temperate zone. As to the soil of the Pacific Northwest in general, the centuries' wear and tear of the elements, glacial action, or other causes, has disintegrated and ground into the finest soil wide acres of what was formerly forbidding beds of lava. Fertile valleys and plateaus are scattered all about, whose soil is mainly volcanic ash—like that upon which the Sicilians have been growing wheat for 2,000 years, and is practically inexhaustible.

\* \* \*

OREGON is one of the largest Northwestern States and contains within its boundaries 96,030 square miles. These figures do not convey a very correct idea. It will be better understood when we say that Oregon is larger than Illinois and Indiana combined.

**TEKOA, WASHINGTON.**

THE INGLENOOK acknowledges the receipt of a photograph showing the Brethren church at Tekoa, Wash., in an unfinished state. We regret that we are not able, in the present issue, to show what this church is like. It is after the distinctive architecture of the Brethren churches at large. The congregation is a live one and willing to work in the cause of the Master.

Four years ago there were eight members at Tekoa, six at Waverly, eight at Spokane and Wayside. The church was organized October, 1899 with thirty-one members. Some of these, however, have moved away to other sections of the country. It is under obligation to Mr. Geo. McDonough for valuable assistance rendered by him two years ago in the organization of these churches. In the past year sixteen people and their families, twenty-five persons in all, have settled in Tekoa, and six in Spokane. Now there are fifty-two members in the Spokane church, twenty-eight of whom live at Tekoa. The sixth of December of the present year was set for the dedication of the church at Tekoa.

We single out this Tekoa neighborhood as typical of the growth of the other churches in these two States. In moving from one section of the country to another many look to fellowship in a church way, and in many parts of Oregon and Washington there will be found Brethren churches.

The majority of the settlers in Tekoa are from the Valley of Virginia, and our many readers in that beautiful Shenandoah section will find that they have not got far away from home, so far as appearance goes, when they get into the Spokane and Palouse country.

\* \* \*

**HISTORY.**

THE discovery of the great river of the West by Captain Gray in 1792, and the expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1804-6, added to our National domain a region exceeding in extent the whole of the States of the Union east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers, the Northeastern States, or New England, included. It is a region destined to be the seat of a population of 20,000,000 within this century.

The original Oregon country now contains three of the States of the Union of the larger size, and very extensive parts of two others. It was the acquisition of this region that gave the United States its first footing on the Pacific Ocean and opened the way to our great continental development. In political importance the acquisition of the Oregon country stands among the greatest of the events in our national history.

It is the celebration of this great national event that has been undertaken at Portland. Preparations, al-

ready begun, will culminate in the Celebration and Exposition of the year 1905—the first centenary of the Lewis and Clark exploration.

\* \* \*

**A SIDE TRIP.**

ONE of the pleasant trips that may be taken by the tourist is to leave some port on the Pacific coast and take a vessel plying between the point chosen and San Francisco. One run may be taken on the Oregon Railway and Navigation Co., down the Columbia river to the Golden Gate, a distance of 765 miles. The boats are perfectly safe and complete in every detail and the trip is an exceedingly pleasant one.

The scenery is not water alone, but includes the beauty of the lower Columbia, past Astoria down the mouth of the Columbia river and out into the great ocean. The forest-covered hills of the coast mountains form a very pretty and striking background where the water and the shore meet. It takes about fifty hours to make the trip. Our inland readers, who may find themselves at Portland or San Francisco on a pleasure journey, might very profitably take this trip as a part of their journey. It is practically always pleasant sailing on the Pacific.

\* \* \*

**AS TO THE INGLENOOK ITSELF.**

THIS issue of the INGLENOOK will, doubtless, fall into the hands of people who know little or nothing about it. For their information, and possible benefit, let us say that it is a weekly magazine, issuing periodically, special numbers descriptive of some State or section of country deemed of general interest to its readers. This is the Pacific Northwest number. Ordinarily there are twenty-four pages of original matter, illustrated, with departments intended to interest and instruct the reader. Every subscriber, new and old, receives a premium. Shall we enroll you on the list for the coming year?

\* \* \*

COLUMNS could be written of the rich mines of Washington and Idaho. Suffice it by saying that each have extensive mineral belts, and have contributed hundreds of millions of dollars to the metallic riches of the world. The Coeur d'Alene region abounds in wealth.

\* \* \*

MENNALOOSE island is the Indian City of the Dead and is in the middle of the Columbia river. The railroad follows the Columbia and the tourist can see it as it is, as he rides along its banks.

\* \* \*

THE schools of the Northwest are as good as anywhere and public education is not better developed in any part of the United States than it is in the two States we write about.

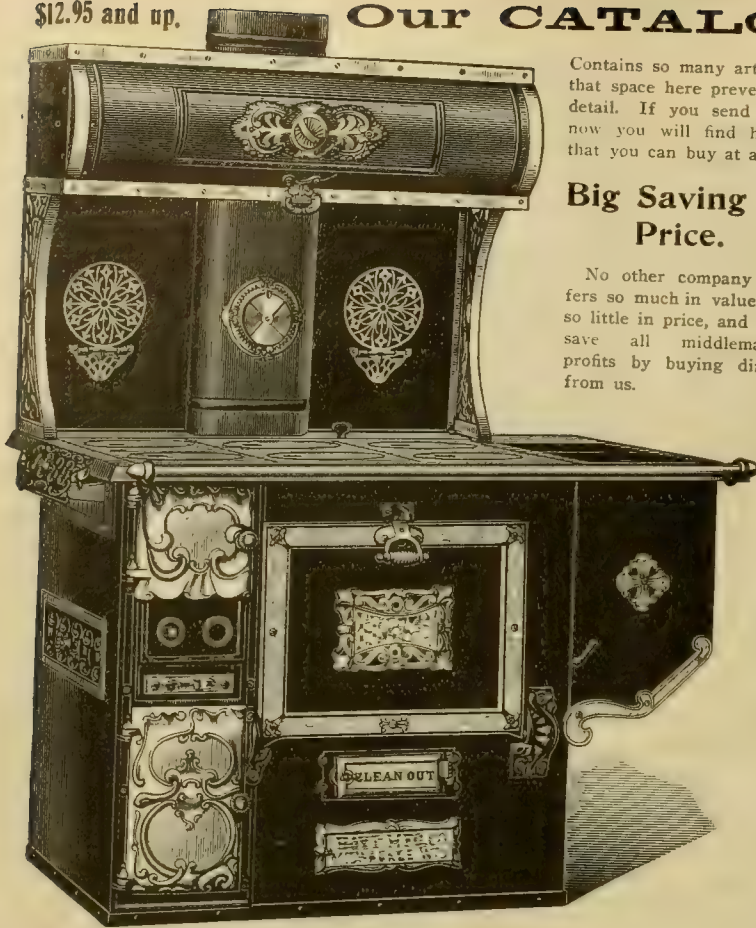


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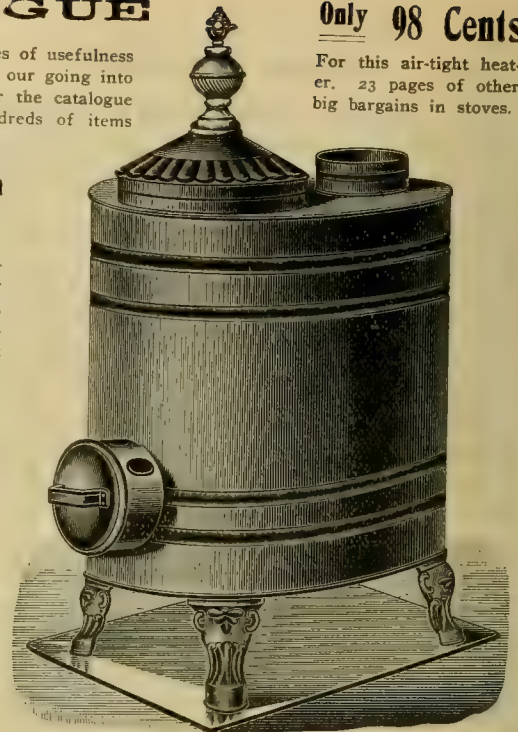
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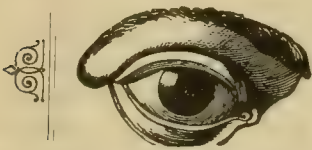
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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

DECEMBER 15, 1903.

No. 51.

## BE TRUE.

Whatever you are, my fellow,  
Whatever you hope to do,  
Be all that you can, with courage,  
But always and last be true.  
Tho' it be for living or loving,  
For the old or yet for the new,  
Be brave, be tender, be noble,  
But more than all else, be true.  
Live all of your life, you've only  
One chance on this good old earth.  
Keep out of the credit system  
And take but your money's worth.  
But whether you love or labor,  
Plan nothing to risk or rue,  
For the discounts double with doubting,  
So how can your hope be true?  
Be true to your own ideals,  
Be sure they are pure and high  
As the star of the northern heaven,  
As fair as the summer sky,  
For the dreams you have decked with roses  
And sprinkled with gracious dew  
Are the only schemes, my fellow,  
That will help you to be true.  
Be just as you are, intensely,  
And freely and unafraid,  
For how can a life grow larger  
With half of its hope dismayed?  
Reach out where the golden sunshine  
Is wasting itself for you.  
Be glad in its open glory,  
Be welcome—and so be true.  
Be more of your best, oh, bravely,  
For the rest is a clumsy mask,  
And the wearing of it forever  
Is a soul-destroying task.  
Step out of the starving service  
To idols, both old and new,  
And live for the good that's in you,  
That all of your life be true.  
Whatever you are, my fellows,  
Is all that you wish to be,  
For the shackles of fear or favor  
Can never enslave the free.  
Come up to the higher hill tops—  
Up into the open view—  
And live for the love of living  
Where men can be only true.

—Geo. E. Bowen.

## JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

*Nobody is too big for criticism.*  
\*  
*Spring chickens, but what spring?*  
\*  
*Words are the garments of truth.*  
\*  
*Some men like some paste stick to nothing.*  
\*  
*Courage and competence generally go together.*  
\*  
*The more law costs, the less justice there is in it.*  
\*  
*The borrower, if not creditable, always gets credit.*  
\*  
*A day without having done a good deed is a day lost.*  
\*  
*Man proposes and sometimes woman does the rest.*  
\*  
*It is a very cheap thing to mock what we cannot equal.*  
\*  
*You never find happiness for sale on the bargain counter.*  
\*  
*The very best men are always searching for the best in others.*  
\*  
*Yes, there's just as good fish left in the sea, but the getting hold of them is the trouble.*  
\*  
*The wife always grumbling about her husband should remember who pays the freight.*  
\*  
*Riches have wings, but nobody ever heard of their having tails that you could put salt on.*  
\*  
*At an Elgin wedding one man actually gave the bride away, while the other wouldn't hear to parting with her. Which was right?*



## THE NURSE'S HOSPITAL LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN.

THE formalities observed in receiving an applicant in a Nurses' Training School are pretty much alike in all the standard hospitals, and a brief description of one will give a fair idea of the way it is managed. The first step taken by the aspirant is to write the Superintendent of the hospital selected, stating her wish to apply for the position as soon as a vacancy occurs. The Superintendent will then send a copy of the rules governing the hospital, and an application blank, which is to be filled out by the applicant. This is then returned to the Superintendent, along with a letter of recommendation from some reliable party, as well as those from a minister and a physician, testifying to her moral and physical qualities. This done, the average applicant next goes into a state of feverish anxiety. This period of suspense is but a shadow compared to that during her month of probation, if so be it happens that her application has met with favor. The term of probation varies some however, in the different hospitals, some requiring three or more months of trial, while in others one month is considered sufficient to test the efficiency of the applicant. The full course of training also varies, being but two years in some hospitals, and in others extending over a period of three years before graduating as a professional trained nurse.

During this month, or months, the general deportment and disposition of the probationer are closely observed, and her final acceptance depends largely upon her natural ability, her respectful conduct to the senior nurses, and her willingness to obey their orders. The discipline in a hospital is very strict, and any tendency toward insubordination on the part of either the probationers, junior, or senior nurses, is promptly dealt with. No distinction or partiality is shown, but the wealthy society girl receives the same disciplinary training that is given the girl from the hillside farm.

The first duties assigned the probationer are simple, such as sweeping, dusting, answering bells, and in fact making herself generally useful wherever her services are needed. And while the probationer is not burdened with very serious responsibilities, still her position is not a sinecure by any means, as all who have come through the experience will testify. The fact is that the probationer runs against some very novel and hard propositions during the first weeks of her hospital life. Later on, however, these features gradually merge into the professional routine and cease to have any distracting effect on her. The power to render the situation of the probationer pleasant or unpleasant rests largely with the older nurses, and blessed is the "prob" who gets on the good side of them from the start and who is able to stay there. And twice blessed

are those seniors who kindly welcome the lonely stranger and who so patiently train her in the way she should go. As a fragrant rose, their memory will be cherished by the grateful "prob" in after years. And if the latter has profited by the instruction received during the probationary period, and if her work and conduct meet with the approval of both the Superintendent and the other nurses, she is then accepted for the full course of training and is entitled to wear the nurse's uniform.

The donning of the uniform is a momentous event and few fail to exhibit a degree of self-complacency as they survey themselves arrayed for the first time in all its glory, reminding you of the small boy who has discarded dresses and appears in his first pair of trousers. Her first appearance in the new garb is usually the occasion for many good-natured comments in regard to its effect on her personality, and her improved professional look. With the uniform, however, are added new responsibilities, and the young nurse is gradually initiated into professional work and the various treatments of disease, mechanical, physical, hygienic, dietetic and pharmaceutical.

For the first few months the nurse is on general duty on the ward under the supervision of the senior nurses. It is during this stage of the proceedings that the amateur nurse has many thrilling experiences. Such, for instance, as that occurring to the nurse who, with a dignified and professional air, was going around taking the temperature of the patients. Coming to one who had become slightly delirious, she inserted the thermometer in his mouth, and he promptly bit it in two. With a look of consternation on her face she rushed to the head nurse with the startling news that "Mr. Sickman has swallowed his temperature!" In the administration of medicine, probably the most difficult method for the sensitive beginner is that given hypodermically. One nurse acknowledges to the fact that her knees knocked together for two hours, with nervousness, after her first experience in giving a "hypo."

There are several distinct stages of advancement and promotion in the training school. The first post of personal responsibility assigned the junior nurse is usually that of night duty, and the mere mention of "night duty" has a tendency to cast a shadow of gloom over the average nurse. Suffice to state that it requires considerable patience, tact and executive ability to successfully and faithfully care for a ward full of patients in all stages of sickness, through the lonely watches of the night. And while there are always some patients in a condition so serious as to demand careful, if not constant, attention from the nurse, it must be admitted that there are others, comparatively well, who labor under the delusion that the nurse exists for their benefit alone, and it is this latter class of

patients that causes the distracted nurse to take a pessimistic view of life in general, and night duty in particular.

In the meantime the bells of each and every one ring at intervals, the "fidgety" patient's bell being heard regularly every hour. As an additional charm, along about midnight the telephone down stairs will ring, and the nurse hastens down to hear that an emergency case is on the way to the hospital, in fact the wheels of the ambulance can be heard almost before the telephone ceases to jingle. Verily night duty hath its allurements.

Probably the most interesting event of the night is the midnight supper for the nurses. The coffee-pot is passed around in lieu of the flowing bowl. The old saying that "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" is oftentimes verified in the case of this midnight meal. With bells to the right and bells to the left, bells above and bells below, and each striving to outdo the others, the midnight meal is sometimes partaken of amid many trials. Nevertheless there are some bright spots along with the dark, for it sometimes happens that, for a blessed interval sleep overcomes the patient, and then, amid a chorus of snores, the nurse takes a long breath and sits down to read or write for a few minutes, when,—bang—goes a bell.

After a term of night duty, the next promotion granted the junior nurse is to be appointed special nurse to one patient. A "special" assumes entire charge and is responsible for the care and treatment of the patient both day and night.

The next step is that of Head nurse on the floor. The Head nurse is responsible for the entire ward; her own work as well as that of the nurses under her. It is her duty to direct and supervise the work of the latter, to take charge of the most serious cases herself, take the doctors' orders and see that they are carried out, attend to the medicines, and weighing of drugs, and all other important features. And in order to work together in harmony and secure the best results the head nurse should possess some executive ability and be capable of wisely directing her assistant nurses, while the latter should be prompt and willing to obey.

To be surgical nurse and assist in the operating room is the highest point of honor reached in the training school, and this is not reached until the second year of training. The surgical nurse assumes charge of the operating room and its supplies. It is her duty to keep everything in readiness for an operation, to have all instruments sterilized or carbolyzed, and a plentiful supply of sterile sponges and dressings on hands. During an operation she assists the surgeon by handing instruments and sponges, and in some cases has to do the splicing.

There are lectures during the course on which the learner must pass an examination before graduation.

These are not difficult and an intelligent person can readily take them in.

As a rule, nurses are the jolliest of individuals when off duty, and the gift of looking on the bright side is one of the elements of success.

\* \* \*

#### EARLY MORNING AIR.

Most people at some time in their lives probably have risen early enough to experience the bracing effect given by filling the lungs while dew is still on the grass. So far as analysis goes the composition of early morning air is not different from that of air at any other time. It is well to remember, however, that during the passing of night to day and day to night several physical changes take place.

There is a fall of temperature at sunset and a rise again at dawn, and consequently moisture is alternately being thrown out and taken up again, and it is well known that change of state is accompanied by electrical phenomena and certain chemical manifestations also. The formation of dew has probably therefore far more profound effects than merely the moistening of objects with water.

Dew is vitalizing not entirely because it is water, but because it possesses an invigorating action, due partly, at any rate, to the fact that it is saturated with oxygen, and it has been stated that during its formation peroxide of hydrogen and some ozone are developed. It is not improbable that the peculiarly attractive and refreshing quality, which marks the early morning air, has its origin in this way.

Certain it is that the bracing property of the early morning air wears off as the day advances, and it is easy to conceive that this loss of freshness is due to the oxygen, ozone or peroxide of hydrogen, whichever it may be, being used up.

The difficulty of inducing grass to flourish under a tree in full leaf is well known, and is generally explained by saying that the tree absorbs the nourishing constituents of the soil or that it keeps the sunlight away from the grass and protects it from rain. It is doubtful whether any of these explanations is true, the real reason most probably being that the vitalizing dew cannot form upon the grass under a tree, whereas, as a rule, both rain and light can reach it.

Dew is probably essential to the well being of both plants and animals to a greater extent than is known.

\* \* \*

MISUNDERSTANDING goes on like a fallen stitch in a stocking, which in the beginning might have been taken up by a needle.



## PLANT LIFE AND NERVES.

SOME recent investigations regarding the history of feeling and sensation in lower forms of life and in plants are worthy of the attention of those who take an interest in science work at large. This subject leads us backward in effect to the beginnings of a nervous system. If it be true that between the lower fields of life and the human domain there is to be discerned a continuity, leading from no nerves at the one end of the scale to the high organization of man at the other, we may appropriately regard the studies of the physiologist as second to none in respect of the interest they are calculated to arouse.

The ways and works of the nervous system are no doubt complex, and most of us are inclined to deal with results in this case rather than to discuss causes and conditions. The understanding of the control and governance of our frames is, however, much illuminated when we approach the subject from the standpoint of lower life. If there is a gradual ascent to be noted in the matter of nervous action, reason and intelligence, it follows that we may successfully understand the higher manifestations of nerve action through the study of the lower grades, wherein the beginnings of nerves are to be perceived.

That certain plants are highly sensitive is a fact doubtless familiar to many readers. We have the case of the English sundews, whose leaves are provided with sensitive tentacles or feelers. When an unwary fly stumbles across the leaf its legs become entangled in the gummy secretion of the tentacles, and these last bend downward over the insect, and thus tie it to the leaf surface. Escape is impossible. The insect dies, and the leaf converts itself into a digestive hollow, within which the insect is digested by means of secretions nearly akin to those which are represented in the animal's digestive work. The resultant, in the shape of animal matter, is absorbed by the plant as part and parcel of its nourishment. Without insect food these plants cannot flourish. It is the general rule of nature that the animal feeds on the plant. Here the ordinary order of things is reversed, for the plant, as if in retaliation, demands the sacrifice of the animal to its nutritive needs.

Other plants exhibit a high degree of sensitiveness intended to assist the capture of insect prey.

The "Venus fly trap," or *dioncæa*, of North Carolina, is an example in point. Its leaf is divided by a hinge into two lobes, or halves. Each half is provided with three sensitive hairs. If an insect touches a hair, the leaf halves close upon it after the manner of the old-fashioned rat trap, only

the insect is inclosed within the leaf and is there duly digested.

There are other plants which, while they do not capture insects, nevertheless show sensitiveness in a high degree. Shelley's "Sensitive Plant," the mimosa of the botanist, illustrates this latter type. The leaves droop on the slightest touch, yet if rain falls on them they do not show irritability. This fact would appear to indicate that the influence of "use and wont" has been duly represented in such a case. If on the fall of every rain shower the plant carried out its leaf movements, the result would imply a woeful waste of its nervous energy. Hence to natural stimuli, as it were, it pays no heed, but when, on the other hand, there is represented the touch of a foreign body, down goes the leaf.

To explain these curious facts regarding the sensitiveness of plants we have to take a broad and general view of vegetable existence at large. It is a matter of common observation that ordinary plants show a certain degree of sensitiveness to heat and to cold. The daisies on the lawn will close their petals, or rather "florets," when a cold wave comes and open them again when the sun shines, thus illustrating a sensitiveness to the elements.

We may with safety assume that no living being, animal or plant, is nonsensitive. They must one and all possess a faculty of sensation, for the plain reason that one and all possess living matter or protoplasm, and everywhere we meet with living matter we find it exhibiting sensitiveness as one of its primary qualities. The trend of our thoughts, therefore, clearly leads us to see that all plants are really sensitive, high and low alike. Only certain species have acquired a power of exhibiting their irritability by way of capturing insects or, as in the case of the sensitive plants, for reasons we are unable adequately to explain.

When we have regard to plant structure, by way of endeavoring to explain the machinery on which the actions we have just described depend, we find that in plants the living matter is largely locked up within cells or minute sacs, with thick or at least resistant walls. It is different in the case of the animal. There we find the sensitive matter continuous throughout its frame. A nerve illustrates this latter fact, showing us the means whereby an impression made on one part of the body is readily transferred to another and distant part. The living matter of the animal, so to speak, is all in one; in the plant it is contained within separate cavities or cells, rendering obvious response to impressions less likely.

Yet botanists have shown that from cell to cell

of the plant pass delicate connecting threads of living matter, and it is these threads which no doubt convey what messages plants can receive and act upon. In the case of plants which are markedly sensitive we may suppose there has been developed a greater facility for the conveyance of messages than exists in the case of their neighbors.

Is this, then, the beginning of nerves? In my opinion it is. We have only to suppose that in the animal body, owing to its special construction, there is freer scope for the play of nervous action than exists in the plant to explain why sensitiveness is more apparently a quality and feature of

phone is in contact with both liquids. If the sample of wine under observation is as pure as the standard used for comparison no sound is heard; if, on the contrary, it contains water, the telltale telephone "speaks," and the greater the proportion of water, the louder the instrument complains. A dial on which a number of figures are marked is connected with the telephone. To ascertain the proportion of water in the wine tested, the operator moves a hand on the dial until the telephone which has been "speaking" all this time, lapses into silence. The hand has thus been brought to a certain figure on the dial. This number is then



OKLAHOMA CATTLE.

the animal than it is of its living neighbor.—*Chicago Tribune*.

♦ ♦ ♦

#### WINE TESTING BY TELEPHONE.

WINE testing by telephone is the latest contrivance of a Paris inventor. Unscrupulous venders will not bless M. Maneuvrier, assistant director of the laboratory of researches of the Paris faculty of sciences. He has just discovered an infallible method of ascertaining by the use of the telephone how much a given quantity of wine has been watered. The principle on which the invention rests is the variable conductivity of different liquids, notably of wine and water. The apparatus works as follows: Two vessels, one containing wine known to be pure, the other the same quantity of the wine to be tested, are placed on an instrument outwardly resembling a pair of scales. The tele-

phone is in contact with both liquids. If the sample of wine under observation is as pure as the standard used for comparison no sound is heard; if, on the contrary, it contains water, the telltale telephone "speaks," and the greater the proportion of water, the louder the instrument complains. A dial on which a number of figures are marked is connected with the telephone. To ascertain the proportion of water in the wine tested, the operator moves a hand on the dial until the telephone which has been "speaking" all this time, lapses into silence. The hand has thus been brought to a certain figure on the dial. This number is then

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A BILL has been prepared to be offered in the next session of the reichstag, restricting the sale of intoxicants in the German empire. All saloonkeepers will be obliged to keep on sale non-intoxicating beverages, such as lemonade, milk, tea and coffee, as well as cold foods. The number of barmaids is limited, and there is a strict prohibition of credit. The imperial health office in Berlin has come round to the belief that the use of alcoholic drinks is strongly prejudicial to the welfare of the country and the people, and issues pamphlets for popular distribution recommending total abstinence.



# The Inglenook Nature Study Club

This Department of the Inglenook is the organ of the various Nature Study Clubs that may be organized over the country. Each issue of the magazine will be complete in itself. Clubs may be organized at any time, taking the work up with the current issue. Back numbers cannot be furnished. Any school desiring to organize a club can ascertain the methods of procedure by addressing the Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.

## ADDITIONAL NATURE STUDY CLUBS.

No. 15, Inglenook Nature Study Club of Arcadia Public School, Arcadia, Pa. Sec'y, Julia J. Jacobs, Arcadia, Pa. Membership 36.

No. 16, Williston Inglenook Nature Study Club, of Williston, N. Dak. Sec'y, D. F. Landis, Williston, N. Dak. Membership 15.

No. 17, Smithville Second Grade Inglenook Nature Study Club, of Smithville, Ohio. Sec'y, Jessie A. Hartzler, Weilersville, Ohio. Membership 10.

No. 18, Brethren Publishing House Inglenook Nature Study Club, of Elgin, Ill. Sec'y, Mattie Andes, Elgin, Ill. Membership 30.

No. 19, Ridge Inglenook Nature Study Club, of District No. 4, Reading Township, Perry Co., Ohio. Sec'y, Floyd Helser, Rushville, Ohio. Membership 12.

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## CLISIOCAMPA AMERICANA.

THAT's a pretty good-sized name for so small a moth that bears it. But the class all know them. There are two *Clisiocampas*, one named above, and the *Clisiocampa sylvatica*. They are nearly alike in looks and habits, the main difference being that *Americana* is found in apple trees and *sylvatica* frequents the woods.

Did you ever see the tent caterpillar and his work in the orchard? Reference is had to the tangle of what seems a huge spider web in the fork of an apple tree. This is part of *Clisiocampa's* work, but it is not done directly by the moth. The moth is a dull reddish, or reddish-brown in color, about an inch and a half across the expanded wings, and doubtless every reader has seen it, but failed to recognize it. They are common among the night fliers that come flying in the open windows on a July or August night to flutter about the lamp. We see them, but few know them.

Clissie differs from most moths in having no hollow tongue, and it eats nothing, lives but a few weeks and then perishes. Its business is to lay eggs. Selecting a limb or twig on an apple tree she lays her eggs in ring-like clusters, each having from fifteen to twenty rows, altogether from two hundred to three hundred eggs making up the "setting." These eggs are cemented together, covered with a tough varnish that the rain does not affect. The larvæ are developed in the egg, but remain dormant in winter, hatching early in the spring, and then they eat the varnish and

the egg shells, and also feed on the young buds of the tree. Up to this point they are not readily noticed if they are not seen by a naturalist.

These larvæ are not exactly beautiful, but everything has its points of excellence, and what they lack in looks they make up in appetite. They eat voraciously, and soon begin to stretch threads across the space between the limbs. These are added to from the top, or on the outer side, and in a short time the caterpillars have a dense web of their threads. This is the home of the colony. They start out, from holes in the corners, and travel in straight lines, like soldiers, to their feeding grounds, going out and returning twice a day. They are at home mornings and evenings, and then is the time to visit them with a pole and wind off the whole house and all its people.

In five or six weeks they will mature, if left alone, and after laying another batch of eggs they flutter around as we said in the start of this article.

\* \* \*

## TRANSMUTATION.

TRANSMUTATION is a long, hard, word, meaning literally, across and changing, or changing from one thing, as a metal, to another entirely different thing. In early times, alchemists sought for the Philosopher's Stone, as they called it, meaning to find some way of turning base metals into gold. They failed but really gave birth to chemistry. They believed all material things to be but many manifestations of one original element.

Modern science took the matter up and set forth that all things were combinations of a lot of so-called elements. An element, iron, for instance, was declared to be nothing but one thing, forever and eternally iron, and so on through a lot of named substances. A number of phenomena were observed and a wonderfully tangled system of symbols, etc., and terms like "affinity" were invented to cover up a lack of accurate knowledge. Then, one by one, combinations that came under the term affinity, and the like, were found not to be chemical but physical in character.

Then radium was discovered. It was unlike anything else ever seen. It looks like salt and was said to throw off particles causing light and heat and yet losing nothing in weight or looks. And now, two years after its discovery, it is found that in the gaseous form

it is helium, a metal element of the sun. It is just the same as though a piece of iron had turned to gold. In other words it is regarded as a proof that helium is radium, and conversely, and possibly other things as well. If this is found true, science will say *all* things are but one of two original things. The discovery promises to revolutionize chemistry, as it upsets all previous notions.

\* \* \*

#### STORIES OF INTELLIGENCE.

WE will be very glad for the readers of the INGLENOOK to forward to this office well-authenticated stories of animal intelligence. Unless you are very sure of the facts in the case, do not give them. Make them exact and short.

For illustration of what is wanted, just in front of the Nookman's home the newspaper carrier comes every day to deliver his daily papers. On the opposite side of the street is an intelligent shepherd dog. The dog is always ready to answer the call of the boy and goes tearing across the street without fail every time. The boy gives the dog the paper, and he takes it in his mouth and carries it to the kitchen door where they are waiting for him. The dog never forgets it and seems to anticipate it. The dog always takes the paper, lays it down on the ground, and then takes hold of it the second time, and then off he goes with it. The only reason that the Nookman can give for this trick of taking it up the second time is on the same plan as a man who has his hat put on by another person, will invariably settle it to suit himself, and the chances are that when the paper is thrust into the dog's mouth he is not entirely pleased in its location and he lays it down and takes a hold that suits himself.

\* \* \*

#### WHAT IS SPECTRUM ANALYSIS?

IF a beam of sunlight passes through a narrow slit, and then through a prism, the colors are separated, and spread out like a fan on a screen. We get the colors of the rainbow. The spread out colors are called the spectrum. To take them up and make a study of them is called spectrum analysis.

It has been shown that every substance, heated enough to pass into the gas form, sends forth a light of its own, and passed through a prism its rays are separated, sifted so to speak, and the spectrum is always alike. Thus copper gives a green color, zinc gives three blue lines and one red line. Sodium shows an intensely yellow line and so on. There is just one substance that gives that yellow line, and common salt, chloride of sodium, burned gives the yellow line, and the chemist knows that sodium is present. The instrument is not large or expensive but it requires the "know how" to use it.

#### HOW A GLACIER IS MADE.

TALK of glaciers and the average Nature Study Student connects them with the mountains of the Old World, but there are large glaciers in this country. This is how they are made.

A heavy fall of snow up on the mountain side is packed into the hollow and it is up too high to melt. More snow falls, and yet more, centuries of it, and this packs the lower part solid and it freezes into a solid mass of ice because the snow has melted under pressure. Often there are miles and miles of glaciers in one solid mass.

\* \* \*

#### THE BULB.

TAKE an ordinary hyacinth bulb. What do we see? The nearest thing we can compare it to is an onion. If we plant this bulb some bright autumn day, in the course of time it will root, and next spring will send up its leaves and its flower shoot, and in the course of time will bloom. What we want to get at is that the rudimentary leaves and flowers are in the bulb at the time of planting, and without their being there no bloom would have been made. Our Nature Study classes should remember that each season provides the fruit and flower, in rudiment, for the following season. Sometimes it skips, and in all such cases there will be no flower or fruit the following season. Where there is a considerable interest at stake it is well for the individual in charge to dissect a sample bulb in the fall and see whether the flower is there. The rudiment will be found in the very center, undeveloped, but still recognizable.

\* \* \*

SUPPOSE you saw a foot imprint in the soft mud along the shore of the creek. It showed that it had padded feet, and sharp claws. What could you infer from this in regard to the animal itself? A skilled naturalist would make a pretty good drawing of the animal, even though he never saw it. Upon what would he base his inferences? Let us help you a little in answering this question. The pads upon its feet would show that it crept upon its prey. The sharp claws would show that it was a killer of some kind, and in order to do so would require sharp, pointed, tearing teeth. There are other things that may be readily inferred. What are they?

\* \* \*

How does the yellow jacket build its home? Is it in the form of a hornet's nest or that of a wasp's?

How do you account for the barnyard chicken being ground-squirrel striped when little?

\* \* \*

Most snails have a tongue fast at each end and covered with teeth. It acts as a rasp when its owner eats.



## REVERSION OF TYPE.

A GOOD many of our younger readers do not understand what is meant by this phrase, and so a little explanation may be necessary. In all wild plants and animals there is a common type. For illustration, one crab apple is very like another crab apple. One robin looks about as much like another robin as one Waterbury watch looks like another. When men take the crab apple, and by selection, crossing and developing, it is doubled in size, it is changed in color and in taste, making a new apple out of the old one, so to speak. There is a perpetual tendency on the part of this improved apple to revert to its former crab apple type. This is called, in scientific language reversion of type. Everything that we plant, and all animals that we domesticate, either are now, or were, at one time wild. Man took them and throughout the ages past succeeded in changing them so that they are better adapted to his wants than the wild or undeveloped species. Now if he does not continually watch these plants or animals there will be a very decided reversion to the original type. This is why when one plants an apple seed from a good and well-recognized kind of apple, in only about one instance in a thousand will he get the same kind as the parent. This is due to the fact that the ever-present tendency is to revert to the original type, in other words it is a thousand times easier to go to the bad than to develop one single rung of the ladder in the progress upward.

In connection with this an interesting thing sometimes happens, and it is that a well-developed plant may show up, here and there, in its fruit, something approaching very nearly to the original type from which it sprang. This is called avatism or atavism, both words signifying exactly the same thing, or to put it more plainly, so that it will be better understood, perhaps, it is a "throwback." It does not happen very often in the case of plants but it does frequently in the case of animals. Through some weakness of constitution of the parent animal its progeny may revert to the original type, or in other words, result in avatism or a throwback. We say of an animal that it is a "runt," but the chances are that if it is not physically deformed, instead of being an indifferent specimen, it is an effort on the part of nature to get back to first forms.

Now, how many readers can remember an instance of avatism or throwback? Sometimes it is particularly noticeable in the human family. Children are sometimes born who are the "exact picture" of their grandfather or grandmother. This is a working back process to the original form and is by no means so extremely rare, and nearly everybody who has been observant can recall an instance of it.

## ANIMALS HIBERNATING.

A GOOD deal of misunderstanding exists in regard to the hibernation of animals. The popular belief is that the animals go into their winter quarters and go to sleep and do not wake up until spring. Of course the Nookman does not know about all animals, but with the ordinary animals, both wild and domesticated, that are in the habit of sleeping in the winter time, it is a mistake pure and simple. An animal like the squirrel will fatten up in autumn, laying on a very considerable coat of fat, taking on an overcoat of fat as it were, and then during the cold and inhospitable winter season, it curls itself up in some hole or tree with its nose covered up by its tail, and lies there very much as a dog under similar circumstances.

They are spending the winter quietly, and if that is hibernation then they are doing it all right enough. But, if it is understood by the word hibernation that they are sleeping, and do not wake up, it is a mistake, for every country boy knows that squirrels do come out on fine days. He has not only seen them but he has seen their tracks. The same is true of the bear and all larger animals the Nookman is familiar with. It may be seen in the case of the pet animals put out into the cold over night. They curl themselves up in as close balls as possible, and so shape themselves that their bare nose is covered to protect it from the frost, and there they rest until compelled to move, but they are not asleep. They are only still until matters brighten up.

If they are unearthed when discovered they will be found to be very live indeed, and if you should happen upon a grizzly bear you would probably find his temper boiling over before he got on his feet. What is said about four-footed animals does not apply to the reptile family. They freeze solid, some of them, snakes for illustration, and may be broken up like a pipe stem. This is not hibernation, but a different matter.

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## GETTING LOST.

Do animals, with all their instinct and all their powers, ever get lost so they do not know where they are? Unquestionably such is the fact, and they are very apt to show it in their manner and general demeanor to all who are observant enough to note their actions. A farm dog goes to town and gets so interested in what he sees that he loses his master who goes home without him. The actions of such a dog are evident to all who notice how he loses his self-possession. He is afraid of every other dog, sneaks along, runs wildly, circles about, and lifts his head in the air trying to catch some scent that will lead him aright. In the

majority of instances, after giving up his friend as being lost, and not himself, he starts on the back track and travels on the direct home route. The chances are that the dog does not regard himself as being lost but looks upon his master as having gone astray, and this is shown by the uneasy feeling of the dog and his manifest worry and restlessness. Perhaps he takes his failure to be at the heels of his master as an evidence of disloyalty, and feels proportionately uncomfortable. This seems to be shown by the fact that when the dog and master meet at home there is every evidence of delight on the part of the fourfooted animal.

\* \* \*

## HEAT AND COLD.

A VERY common mistake in regard to animal and insect life among the lower orders is to imagine that severe cold is entirely destructive to its life. On the contrary most insects and lower animals may freeze solid and remain so for months and months without the slightest effect on their vitality. This is more largely true of the infinitely little than of the larger animals, and the more highly organized ones. They can stand cold that the more complex animals cannot and do not. A baby put out in a cold night with the temperature below zero would be dead in an hour and would freeze solid before morning, but the chrysalid of the butterfly swings on the topmost wing of some tall tree frozen as solid as the wood of the tree itself, yet when the warm spring days come around its whole organism reasserts itself, showing that the cold does not injure it.

However, none of these animals or insects can stand much heat. To put it plainly so it will be plainly understood, take the old bedstead "infested with creepies" and put it out in the cold. The troublesome insects will simply pull themselves together, flatten out, wait until the winter is over, when they are ready for business again as opportunity offers, but a degree of heat above the normal kills everything it touches. A hot iron, a red-hot poker held near them will kill them instantly, while boiling water will kill ninety-nine hundredths of them. It will do this to all of animal life with which we are familiar. There are a few which come out alive after the boiling process, but they are microscopic, and everything we can see is killed by unusual heat, while unusual cold does not seem to have the desired effect. Purification and renovation cannot be brought about by the freezing process but by boiling. Go over a garment or some household fabric with a very hot iron and you destroy all its insect life.

\* \* \*

MOST of our common snakes lay eggs from which the young are hatched in due time.

THE snake has no eyelids, but, on the contrary, its eye is covered with a thin transparent membrane, and when the snake changes its skin this membrane comes off along with the rest of the skin. Those who have seen the skin of a snake lying around, and who can overcome their natural repugnance to it, will find, upon examination, that there is, in this dried skin, the plain markings for the eyes. It is popularly supposed that the snake is especially venomous when changing its skin. This is an error, the only fact that seems to prove it being that they are more irritable at that time than at any other.

\* \* \*

THE Somali Rabbis will kill a crow every chance they get. It is related that when Mohammed was running away from his enemies he hid in a cave, and the crow, then a light-colored bird, called out "Ghar-Ghar," the word for cave. When Mohammed, who was not discovered, came out of the cave, he cursed the crow, changed its color to a black, and ordered that henceforth all of its posterity should repeat "Ghar-Ghar" to the end of all time, and so the Somali, out of contempt for its treachery, kill every crow they get a chance at.

\* \* \*

WHEN a bee goes to a flower and extracts therefrom its nectar it is not yet honey. The æsophagus just within the abdomen of the bee expands into a sac called the honey bag. Into this the nectar of the flowers is put by the bee, and when it is disgorged it is honey. The process of change is not clearly understood.

\* \* \*

RATTLESNAKES and copperheads climb upon fences to watch for their prey, while the milk snake and house snake, climb around anywhere they want to go. They can climb around on the top edge of a flour barrel, or pass from one place to another upon an ordinary walking stick.

\* \* \*

A POPULAR belief is that the age of the rattlesnake is known by the number of rattles it contains. This is a mistake, for the number of rattles indicates the number of times the snake has shed its skin, and this may be four times a year.

\* \* \*

THE copperhead and rattlesnake bring forth their young, eight or nine in number, which are as venomous when little as they ever are, differing only in the amount of poison they contain.

\* \* \*

How do all fish eat with reference to their relation to the stream?

\* \* \*

PORTLAND school population is about 22,000.



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Away down somewhere in the heart  
Of every man, there is a part  
Uncalloused by life's wearin' games,  
Unseared by passion's scorchin' flames;  
A bigger spot without a blur  
Than you had given him credit fer.

\* \* \*

## MONEY.

It would be difficult to give a thoroughly comprehensive definition of money. It is not hard to tell what it will do, and not easy to tell all the things it will not do. We often hear it stated that money will do anything. True it will do good deal, but it cannot do everything. There are some things beyond even the reach of money. Call it whatever you will, it is not always the most valuable thing in this world, not by a good deal.

How some people become attached to it! Talk about the drunkard who cannot pass the saloon without going in for a drink, and who cannot take one drink without following it up and getting drunk! He is no worse off morally, than the man who sees nothing but money in all that he looks at. Show him the frost-tinted forest and he thinks how much the timber would bring. Tell him about the sale of a beautiful picture and he will tell you how much better the money might be applied, in black hogs, probably. He thinks money, lives money, and when he dies his chief regret is that he must leave it all behind. Human swine, that's all!

It is not our intention to belittle money. It will do wonders. It is a necessity. But there are some things beyond its reach. There are some things it will even

spoil. The facts are that money has ruined more people than it ever built up. Men have risked and lost their souls, women have surrendered their virtue, and everything good has been tumbled down in the wild, mad scramble, to get it. It matters little at the supreme moment of our exit from this life whether we have much money or little, in fact, it matters not at all, yet people struggle and strive all their lives, sacrificing every principle of justice and right that they may get more money than they can possibly use. What boots it when they go away from this life and leave it all behind to be quarreled over by a lot of hungry heirs?

Did you ever think that the best things in this life are those that money cannot buy? They may not appear so at the time but viewed from their proper angle they stand out clearly and distinctly as beyond all price. Take the cottage home for illustration, where there is little money and much love and peace. Love and peace are there. As the lamp is lit of an evening, the children play on the floor, and joy and happiness have taken up their abode with them. Would there be a greater peace and a greater love if all that money can buy transformed the cottage into a palace? Take the case of one who is sick and helpless. About him are those who render every act of love and help that they may think of, or that may be suggested. They do it cheerfully, and willingly, and think nothing about it. Can money buy this loving service? Or take the case where the children all work and put in their weekly dole to the common cause. Does anybody think that much money would brighten such a picture?

The actual facts are that the greatest things of this life are those which have no element of purchase or sale, and, therefore, no money. Can the gift of the great peace, that comes over the soul of the man who has fought and won the battle, be bought with gold? Can the spirit of love to fellowmen, kindness and helpfulness to the weak, words of cheer as we pass along, can these or any of them be found in the market for sale? And when one has passed through this vale of tears with its accompaniment of song and sorrow, and comes down to the supreme moment when all earth has passed away, can heaven be bought with money? Can gold win its way for him into Paradise? No answer need be given. There are some things greater than money, some things beyond its power. While it is a mighty help as we pass along it is by no means the greatest thing in this world, nor ought it to be the most sought.

It should not be understood by those who read these lines that money may not be honestly sought and honestly kept, but the thing that we want to impress upon the minds of all is that it is only a means to an end,

and he that keeps it and does not help his fellow-men, loses most of that which is good and noble. Thousands of years ago it was said that the love of money is the root of all evil. Undoubtedly this is true and there have been many instances in the world's history where men have turned from everything good to wallow in the mire for gold. Make money. But use it well, and use it as you go along. Use it for the help of those who have less than you and for the advancement of the cause of Christ. It is not necessary that we give all we have to the church but we can give it to the poor, to those less favored than we are and by so doing we give it to Christ. He that gives to the poor lends to the Lord, yet how many of us distrust the security.

\* \* \*

### THE RIGHT PEOPLE.

WE pass numbers of men and women on the streets who present no features out of the ordinary or different from others of the crowd that comes and goes. To all intents and purposes they are ordinary men and women and to a large extent this statement is correct as far as it goes. But it is also true that here and there is an individual who has never had a chance. Given the opportunity such people are likely to develop into heroes, warriors, statesmen or the like, and their names will become household words the whole wide world over.

No observer who met General Grant when he was a tanner would have ever looked upon him as a possible commander of one of the largest armies the world has ever known, nor would they have ever recognized him as a possible president of the United States. And yet, all the emergencies that will arise in the human affairs, the wide world over, will have as most conspicuous actors the men and women who, having no previous chances to exhibit their powers, have simply waited their time. It is right along the line of God's always finding a man or woman when one is wanted. Stop and think about it a moment! There will be a future president of the United States who is now in the bread and butter stage of life. There is nothing about him to suggest that he will rise to eminence, and while his success might be attributed to accident, there is that in him which will lift him up and finally set him down in leadership. There is nothing about their looks, actions or their general make-up to indicate that they are leaders of men, nevertheless the man on horseback is always forthcoming, and he is always the man that none of his fellows with whom he associated ever suspected as being possessed of the elements of a leader.

All of us have dreamed of what we would do under given conditions, but none of us know how we would turn out until we are tried. The whole story we want to impress upon the reader in this brief article is that nobody knows, by occupation or looks, what elements of greatness are in people we see until the emergency arises.

\* \* \*

### IT DOESN'T PAY.

THE tendency on the part of the most people, when assailed, either justly or unjustly, is to retort in kind. But it never pays either party.

Jones may be a thief, convicted in open court, and sent to jail. Brown "throws it up" to him in an unseemly war of words. Jones gets back by calling attention to the illegitimacy of Brown's mother. Both are telling the truth and both are severely making fools of themselves. It never pays to dig up skeletons. They may be there, sure enough, but only ghouls and hyenas engage in it. It not only doesn't pay but it smirches all engaged in the unseemly practice. So if anybody comes your way with a spade and begins to dig up your skeleton, don't retaliate with your shovel in his graveyard. Don't turn yourself into a grave-robbler no matter who does. It is altogether likely that every last one of us has his foibles, either of himself or his family, and it is the very poorest occupation in the world to go around digging them up. A Christian can't do it and a gentleman or lady never does, and there you are, able to locate the one who does, negatively at least. Forced to listen to morbid details, receive them in silence, and, without a word, change the subject. That ought to settle it.

\* \* \*

### TAKING STOCK.

SOMETIMES a merchant takes stock of the goods he has in his possession and finds out exactly what he is worth by subtracting what he owes from what he has; and it shows his financial standing. It is a good plan at times to take stock morally, and see just how far our valuable assets offset our general worthlessness. If you are honest about it it will not be a trouble, and a good many of us will find ourselves approximating bankruptcy. One reason why a good many people do not like to think of their shortcomings and their moral standing is that they do not want to be made more miserable by reviewing in detail. Nevertheless it is a good thing to do, and the Inglenook recommends it as an excellent periodical performance.

\* \* \*

LET your religion make you more considerate, more loving and attractive, more able to think of and enter into the pleasure and interest of others.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

### GENERAL.

China is said to be ready to back Japan in a war with Russia.

The great car strike in Chicago was amicably settled and the men are all back at work again.

Negotiations have reached a point between Russia and Japan whereby the fear of war is greatly reduced.

The horses at the West Point Military school have the glanders, an epidemic of which is running through them.

An effort is being made by Chicago to secure the next National Republican Convention. It is only a question of money.

Last week the first bitter cold weather of the season was experienced in northern Illinois, and practically all over the west and northwest.

The revolt on the Isthmus, which resulted in the State of Panama, is spreading, and other adjacent provinces may secede from Bogota.

The Vatican at Rome has a large deficit to meet. The expenses amount to \$1,600,000 in a year while the present income is only \$1,200,000.

Grover Cleveland has declared openly that under no circumstance will he accept the nomination to be president of the United States for a third term.

The largest lot of apples ever sent away at once arrived in Bremen from the United States last week. There were 22,929 barrels, and 1,540 boxes.

Prof. Langley's flying machine has received its second test in the channels of the Potomac river off Arsenal point. It resulted in a complete failure.

A Paris jury which selected paintings, sculptures, and art for the St. Louis Exposition has chosen six hundred works of art which will be placed on show.

The Chicago boy murderers, interested in the car barn killings, have plead not guilty to the charge, although Marx, one of the men, admits of the crime.

Wm. L. Elkin, a millionaire in the east, made a bequest of \$240,000 or, if necessary, \$250,000 for the erection of a Masonic orphanage. This bequest has been declared illegal by the registrar, as the will was made within thirty days of the testator's death, and is, therefore, inoperative. This is the law. If you want to give away your hundreds of thousands of dollars by will do it more than thirty days before you die.

Andrew Carnegie's castle in Scotland is to be fitted out with every kind of bath that is known. There will be nothing like it in any other private house in America.

Zion City has been passed back to John Alexander Dowie, the receivers having been discharged by the creditors consenting thereto. The debts are to be paid in a year.

What are known as the car barn bandits of Chicago were caught in Indiana the other day after a fight with officers, of whom one or more were murdered during the arrest.

In the Chicago papers we notice that the city of Elgin has been exposed to black diphtheria by reason of the disease being in a neighboring town eight miles southeast.

Columbus, the big elephant in winter quarters at Chester, Pa., in a playful mood tore down his own house the other day and stood in the middle of a big pile of pieces.

In Paris they have a new industry. Women are paid large salaries to criticise dinners before being served. They taste, criticise, and then recommend as they think best.

Dowie's town of Zion, north of Chicago, has had troubles of its own by reason of the run upon it by its creditors. The chances are that the New York fiasco, precipitated this.

Andrew Carnegie, at a dinner at Delmonico's in New York, praised poverty and told of how happy the poor child is and how many advantages over the children of the wealthy he has.

Canada is getting scared at the influx of foreigners like the Americans, and is taking steps to secure more English and French emigration. This is what the Nook suggested would happen.

During the Chicago strike the police were on the cars. Several of them were in front, and one or more on the rear platform. Altogether considerable over a thousand of them lined Clark street, on both sides. It does not appear to the casual observer that there was any necessity for this, but it is said that without them there would have been trouble.

David Charters was injured in Denver a couple of years ago and the accident took the form of double consciousness. Charters wrote a book in his "off-times" and preached on the streets, established a prosperous mission, and traveled about as an evangelist. A few weeks ago he recovered, and, reading his book, he denounced the whole thing as idiotic.

The Panama republic has rejected the peace overtures made by the Colombian Commission, and the latter departed, declaring that Colombia would enforce her rights under any and all circumstances.

The Southern Pacific Railway has completed the celebrated Salt Lake cut-off. It costs \$4,200,000, and saves two hours and forty-five minutes time and over \$1,500 a day on operating expenses on the old line.

Down east, in Pennsylvania, they have been having a baby contest in a Baptist church. Over nine hundred votes were cast to determine which was the best looking. A dozen babies were entered as competitors.

The officers of the Naval Observatory at Washington are arranging to send a New Year's greeting to all the countries of the civilized world at the exact moment of the birth of the new year.

Late news from Berlin reports Emperor William's condition to be of such a character that at the best he will never be able to recover his voice. He seems to have inherited cancer and the outcome is exceedingly doubtful.

The Ohio Supreme Court has decided in the case of Christian Science, that calling a doctor is not compulsory. This decision of the court is looked upon as sustaining the views of the people and may provoke a new State law covering the ground.

A carload of buffalo will be shipped to Chicago from South Dakota and auctioneered off at the stock yards. They are intractable and dangerous and have refused domestication. They will be killed for food and will doubtless command high prices.

The United States Supreme Court has decided that a law making eight hours per day work for a man employed by a contractor doing work for a state or one of its cities, does not conflict with the federal constitution. The decision maintains that municipalities of the State are its creatures and it can prescribe conditions for them.

The town of Butler, in Pennsylvania, is in the midst of an extensive typhoid epidemic. The conditions are so urgent that an appeal has been made to the public for aid. The total population is less than thirteen thousand but over twelve hundred cases have developed in the last week. The cause of the trouble is the town's drinking water.

In New York City they are going to have a beauty show, beginning the week of Dec. 28, at Madison Square Garden. The most perfect man and the most beautiful woman will receive a prize of one thousand dollars each. The competitors are to be dressed alike

from head to foot in thin, skin-tight stockinet. The public is to be the judge. There will be a background of velvet, and lime lights will illuminate the show. One man, sixty-five years old, sent on his entry from New Jersey. He is sure he can win the thousand dollars.

\* \* \*

#### PERSONAL.

The assassination of the United States minister Beauprè was urged at a meeting of the Colombian government committee at Bogota. The legation is under guard.

The pope is angered by the revelation of his decisions which have been telegraphed all over the world before they were officially promulgated. He asks for more secrecy in the matter.

Dreyfus, the French soldier, over whom there was so much fuss, and a trial that interested the whole world, is opening up his case and it may be that he will be rehabilitated to his office.

Dr. Dwight Hillis, of Brooklyn, said in an address the other night that no man, that can say he made seven million dollars the last year, in oil or anything else, is serving God as he should.

The Czar of Russia narrowly escaped being poisoned by eating oysters that were intended for him but which were passed over to the princess, Elizabeth of Hesse. She died, and an investigation is in order.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer, one of the best known women in America, is dead. Born in Chicago in 1854 she married a millionaire who failed. To help him she established a trade in cosmetics, clearing \$200,000 in four years. Leaving this field she was on the editorial force of the *New York World*. Pneumonia caused her death.

Miss Helen Gould has offered \$750 in prizes to be awarded for the best essays on the double topic, The Origin, History and Version of the Bible Approved by the Roman Catholic Church, and the Origin, History, and American Version of the English Bible. Four hundred dollars will be given the writer of the best, \$250 for the second, and \$100 for the third. It all came from a sewing class Miss Gould was managing at Lindhurst. At the annual party she served sandwiches containing meat, and a Catholic priest was much disturbed because the children were permitted to break the rule of the church. Notice was served on the clergyman that the Bible would be read in the future. The priest replied that there would be no objection to reading the Protestant Version, whereupon Miss Gould offered the prize for the essay to show the difference between the two.



## HARRY O. ESHELMAN.

HARRY O. ESHELMAN, the subject of this sketch, passed from this world to a better one a few weeks ago. He was born at Lanark, Ill., and died in Elgin Nov. 22. Had he lived to Dec. 20, he would have been twenty-one years old. He was buried near Mt. Morris, Ill. Harry was a good boy, a member of the church, a quiet, unassuming, gentlemanly young man. Early in his life he began ailing. Nobody knew just what was the matter with him, and all that skill and care could do were lavished upon him. Gradually he grew weaker and weaker, and those of us who saw him from time to time noticed his steady approach to the boundary line of the beyond. He was always hopeful until the very last, when he expressed his willingness to die and then peacefully passed away.

This thing is happening all over the country, and at all times. With every tick of the watch some soul is passing, yet for all its frequency we never get used to it, and never will. When the young die it sets us to thinking and to asking why those in their early youth should be called on to pass over. It has been the question of ages and will continue to be until the last man has gasped out his life, and there is no longer any world or any people. We do not understand it. Nobody does; nobody ever will. It is one of the questions that will ever remain unanswered, and unanswerable. We can understand how it is that those who are aged and infirm pass off the present scene of action into another, as the leaves fall off the trees in autumn, but when the young are stricken down at the very verge of manhood and womanhood, we look into each other's eyes and ask the question to which out of the infinite comes not one whisper of reply. It is one of the strange things, one of the mysteries.

But there is something more than the immediate answer. By the eye of faith we see the future of the people who have passed before. While we know little or nothing about the brighter view of their life, beyond, yet it is something that all people, under all skies, believe.

It is not given us to know why death is in the world. And, it is not known why the young pass away, and leave us, who are older, to travel still farther in their direction. But there is this one thing that we may believe, and which all Christians do believe, and that is that it is well and as it should be, and that the great Arbiter of all human affairs knows what is best for us, even though the experience may be the bitterest of our lives. Death does not end all. It is simply the beginning of a better life.

While we say that Harry Eshelman died, we might with equal truthfulness say that he had been born into a life that knows no death. The white snow covers his new-made grave, but he is not there. It is but the handful of earth that shall pass into the primitive ele-

ments, while he, himself, is in a happier land than this. He now knows, as we all shall some day know, looking back over our earth lives with the wisdom that death endows us, and shall say, "Perfect and true are all his ways whom heaven adores and earth obeys."

\* \* \*

## CHRISTMAS DECORATION.

IN the large cities like Chicago, for instance, where Christmas is to be celebrated according to the customary way, with a Christmas tree and green hangings, it is an interesting matter to know where they all come from. Down along the river in Chicago about this time may be seen boatloads of small pine trees, thousands of them. These have been cut a good while ago up in the pine woods, and loaded on boats which sailed into the harbor with their freight. They



SUGAR LOAF ROCK, AT CATALINA ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.

were sold to the florists and dealers generally, who stacked them in front of their places of business and there sold them.

Then there are long ropes of green, which are made in several places in the country by machinery, and are used for stringing around over the interior rooms of the house. Holly comes in boxes from Virginia and farther south, and the real English mistletoe is sometimes sold at a high price to those willing to pay for it.

The toys that decorate these Christmas trees, and which are given away, are mainly made in Germany, in one or two towns, where the whole year round, in the pleasant summer months and winter's storms, these wooden toys are manufactured, whole families working at it. A few days after Christmas all this stuff will have lost its immediate value. The dealers will pack up the imperishable part and put it away for another season. The Christmas tree will go out in the alley and the toys will be littered up and broken from one end of the country to the other.

\* \* \*

ALUMINUM is superior to any stone for sharpening cutlery.

## STRIPPED HIM OF CLOTHES.

A BLINDING flash, a loud and sudden crack of thunder, a sensation as of someone striking you in the face, and then darkness and unconsciousness!

That is how it feels to be struck by lightning. It is the way of Art Bruer, a conductor for the Manitou and Pike's Peak road, who had his clothing torn from his body by lightning last week, describes the sensation.

Although Bruer's clothing was torn to shreds, his conductor's cap removed from his head, the fleece lining of his underwear set on fire and a blue streak burned across his chest from shoulder to shoulder, he recovered consciousness a few minutes later and was able to bring his train from the summit of Pike's peak to the cog road station at Manitou.

There are no tailor shops or hand-me-down stores on the peak, and Bruer borrowed a Navajo Indian blanket from the curio shop there and performed his duties as conductor while arrayed like an Indian chief.

The incident was one of the most peculiar freaks of lightning on record. It has been known to perform strange antics, but never before has it stripped a man completely of his outer clothing, tossed his hat into the air, left an indelible stamp on his body, rendered him unconscious for a few minutes, and then left him almost unhurt, with no burns except a long thin line of blue on his chest and set fire to the fleece lining of the underwear without burning or scorching any other articles of his wearing apparel.

Bruer believes that he was born lucky. In the present instance this was better than to have been born rich. The chances of a man's life being spared in such a case are so small as to be almost infinitesimal. At the time he was struck by the lightning he was standing on the steps of the coach, holding the brass railing with both hands, preparing to give the signal for the train to start on its journey down the peak. The passengers were all aboard and everything was in readiness for the downward start.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash and a deafening crash of thunder. A blue streak of forked lightning shot across the peak on its way from one cloud to another. En route it encountered the form of Bruer and his body formed the circuit which shot the bolt into the top of Pike's peak. After the passengers had recovered from their momentary fright, they saw the insensible form of Bruer lying on the ground.

They hastened to him to pick him up, as they supposed, dead, when, to their utter astonishment, he sat upright and looked bewilderingly about him. To inquiries he replied that he was not hurt, "only stunned," but one man discovered that the fleece underwear was burning. The fire was extinguished and the Navajo blanket borrowed. The clothing, which had been torn

by the electricity, was picked up and brought to Manitou.

\* \* \*

## ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

A DISPATCH of the *Philadelphia Press* under the date of New York, August 29, says: "It will not be necessary in the future for Arctic explorers to die from starvation because they are lost from civilization," said Signor Marconi to-day to a reporter. He had just arrived on the Cunarder *Lucania*.

"By means of the wireless telegraph it will be very easy for an exploring party to keep in daily communication with their home people. Every Arctic expedition hereafter probably will be equipped with a wireless telegraphic outfit. Should an explorer be so fortunate as to reach the North Pole he can announce the fact at once to the civilized world. He can tell his friends at just what point he stands. If he is in need of supplies he can direct how these shall be forwarded to him, and of what they shall consist. He can announce how long he can wait for the supplies to reach him, and can direct his rescuers how to reach him.

"All that applies to the Arctic explorer applies with equal truth to the explorer in the jungles of interior Africa and Australia. Had the wireless telegraph been invented in Dr. Livingstone's time, it would not have been necessary to send Henry M. Stanley to Lake Tanganyika to find him. It is quite likely that future African explorers will consider a wireless telegraph equipment as necessary as a medicine chest."

\* \* \*

## DOWIE'S TROUBLES.

A MOST remarkable man is John Alexander Dowie, no matter what way one looks at him, but the chances are that he has overreached himself and misjudged the situation at large. He has gathered about him a large number of people, who believe in him absolutely. He has spent money and developed a town that grew like the green bay tree. He called upon his followers from all parts of the country to move to Zion, as his town is called, and many of them came. Industries were started, mills were built, factories erected, and business was booming. Among other things which he did he sent his people in streams for a house-to-house visit in Chicago. Not much attention was paid to it until last spring he announced his intention to "restore" New York. This was the most spectacular thing Dowie ever did. It drew the surplus working capital out of Zion and took over three hundred thousand dollars out of the new town. Financially the trip was a failure if not in every other way.



## SOMETHING NEW FOR THE NOOK FAMILY.

THE Editor of the INGLENOOK and everybody about this Publishing House, who has anything at all to do with the correspondence, knows the incomplete ideas of some people as to how a letter may be best written. The wonder is that, considering the number of people and their different ways of getting at things, any result in correspondence is obtained. There are so many chances of a person's being misunderstood in his writing. Of course the great point in writing a letter is to get it so it is understood, but outside of that there are certain forms and conditions that often puzzle the writer as to know just what to do. Then a good many people, especially those in the rural districts, who do not have much writing to do, are often in doubt as to certain points in epistolary correspondence or in business letters.

We have decided, in their interest, to take this thing up. It will be of interest to every Nooker, no matter how much he knows about these things, for there will be sure to be something new. What we want to do is something like this. In the great correspondence schools that have their students the world over, there is a department known as Letter Writing. It costs in the neighborhood of five dollars to take this course and it is not always just such as the NOOK people would like to have. We have decided to reproduce the facts at the bottom of the several correspondence school courses and print them in the INGLENOOK. The matter will be taken up from the very beginning.

We will deal with pens, ink, paper, typewriting, etc., in the start. A good many people imagine that there are two kinds of paper, and possibly one kind of pen and ink that they get at their country stores. We propose to take this matter up and show something about the different kinds and methods used.

Then we will follow the course of instruction of how to address a party, how to sign your name, and the law on letters will be traced thoroughly. The public, as a rule, are very hazy about their rights in the case of a letter. The INGLENOOK will cover the entire ground.

Examples will be given how to do things and how not to do them. While we know that nobody will be made either a good speller or a good penman by studying this course, we are certain that he or she who follows it, no matter who they are, will know what is good form in correspondence. Any old woman reading the INGLENOOK and following the form, will be as certain of her ground as the latest society writer of the "Four Hundred."

It will all be in the INGLENOOK and be in the early part of the year. It will pay you to read it carefully as it will be written so you can understand it, and it is going to be worth while all the way through. In

short the management of the INGLENOOK is going to bring the INGLENOOK family a five-dollar course of instruction in letter writing. Be sure to renew in good time if your term of subscription expires at the end of the year, so that you will not miss any of the numbers. There will be a demand for the NOOKS containing this course, and we are not able to furnish back numbers in one instance out of ten where they are called for.

\* \* \*

## THE CASCADE ROCKS.

IN the Columbia river is a section of shallow falls, called the Cascades. In order to allow steamboats to



OFF THE CALIFORNIA COAST.—REACHED BY THE  
SAN PEDRO RAILWAY.

ascend the river it is necessary to go around these. The United States government spent three millions of dollars constructing locks to overcome the rapids in the river, and through this splendid piece of work the boats pass from the lower into the upper river.

\* \* \*

A GIRL from northern Europe seeking employment, after having just arrived, was interrogated by her prospective mistress as follows: "Can you cook?" The girl replied that she thought she could not. "Can you wait on the table?" This was also negatively answered. "Can you do washing?" She replied that she was not good at washing. The woman then asked her what on earth she could do, to which she replied, "Ay can malk reindeer." She was not hired.

\* \* \*

THERE'S a saying that a man who can live quite happily alone must be one of two things—an angel or a demon.—"*Sons of the Morning*" (Eden Philpotts).

\* \* \*

THE retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities.—Sir H. Taylor.

## FIRST HALF-CENT PIECE EVER REDEEMED.

THE first half-cent piece has been redeemed. More than a century after the first one was issued, and almost fifty years since their coinage was discontinued and they disappeared from circulation, the first half-cent piece ever presented to the government for redemption was recently forwarded by a St. Louis resident and redeemed by the treasurer of the United States with accompanying "red tape" worthy of a more pretentious amount.

The last annual report of the director of the mint, page eighty-two, shows that not one of the 7,985,222 half-cent pieces that were coined and issued, representing \$39,926.11, had ever been presented for redemption. For almost half a century each annual report of the treasury department included them among outstanding obligations of the government.

This coin, the most diminutive denomination ever made by this country, was its first issued currency, and also the first whose denomination was discontinued. The United States mint was established in 1792. The first coins to be issued were copper half cents and cents in 1793. The coinage, with few exceptions, however, was limited. None were coined for circulation from 1812 to 1824 and from 1836 to 1848. Their coinage, with that of the copper cent, was discontinued in 1857. On account of their limited issue during the last years of their coinage they were practically out of circulation when the coinage stopped and since then they have entirely disappeared from the channels of trade.

The needs for adopting this fractional part of our lowest value-computing factor for a coin were many at the time, and particularly because numerous Colonial half cents and British farthings of the same commercial value were then in circulation and many articles were priced and sold in half cents. With our country's progress values rose, the needs for a half cent disappeared and their use following the first decade of the century was almost entirely confined to multiples.

While all other discontinued types and denominations of United States coins have found oblivion, the half cent is the only one that treasury reports do not record some portion of their issue redeemed.

Large quantities of half cents are to be found in the stocks of coin dealers. The most common dates are sold at a good premium and a number are very rare. This coin is to-day a curiosity to many. It has always been an interesting curio to the collector, young America in particular, and

many interested in collecting enjoy possessing one of the old half cents for a pocket piece.

The St. Louis gentleman, who claims the distinction of having the first half cent piece redeemed, greatly prizes the little voucher calling for "one cent," which was forwarded to him with that amount of current coin in exchange for the two half-cent pieces he sent.

So much interest can be found for this odd denomination that it has been said if Uncle Sam would permit its revival for some notable souvenir or commemorative issue, ten million pieces could be sold at five cents each, eclipsing the sale and profit of any other special coin and with this number distributed among half as many people, as they probably would be, it would prove a great advertiser of the event they were intended to commemorate.

\* \* \*

## A SNAKE STORY.

"MEN can become accustomed to snake bite just as they can become accustomed to anything else," said a man who had spent much time in studying the habits of reptilian life, "and in not a few instances which have come under my observation the snake bite has really become not only pleasurable, but a kind of physical necessity. You see, the poison is stimulating. It works like an opiate of the kind administered by persons who fall victims to the pernicious habit of using the needle, or taking the stuff internally. I have known a number of men who would make snakes bite them every day, and they simply could not get along without it. Their energies would begin to lag. They would feel drowsy and lifeless. By allowing a snake to bite them they could relieve this condition. The poison would stimulate and buoy up, having the same effect as a dose of morphine or cocaine or other kinds of dope have on persons addicted to their use. Of course they are careful not to get an overdose of poison, always extracting enough of it to keep down the dangerous consequences of the bite. Often men addicted to this ugly practice are forced to tantalize and goad the snake up to the point of desperation in order to make it bite. But they will strike after awhile. It is an awful thing to even think about, isn't it? But this world is filled with curious things and curious persons, and among the wonders of a coarser kind is the man who takes the snake fang 'hypo.'"

\* \* \*

THE average age of death of workingmen in East London is about twenty-nine, whereas in the well-to-do districts of West London it is about fifty-five.



## PEAT.

THE use of peat is not very well known in this country, and in many places there is no end of peat deposit that might be used to advantage if its use were understood. Some of the Nookers have peat on their home places but do not use it. The INGLENOOK predicts that, in the course of time, it will be valuable for fuel purposes.

In the compressed state the peat fuel is superior in some ways to coal. It is much sought after on the continent for industrial purposes, as it contains no sulphur, and thus prolongs the life of the boiler. Peat fuel is easier to ignite than coal and burns much faster. It is a quick steam-maker, but the rapidity of the consumption is readily controlled by cutting down the draft. The fuel while burning acts like cannel coal, but it is practically smokeless, and the ash, which is a fine gray powder, does not slag or clinker, and falls away through the grate as fast as formed. After several minutes of a long flame, the peat fuel glows at a white heat until fully consumed. The ash in a good peat fuel seldom exceeds four per cent. The nature of the deposit or peat bed has a great deal to do with the ash. The compressed peat fuel is very dense and strong, has a specific gravity of one and five-tenths, and resembles fossil stone. The European compressed peat is rectangular in form and in lengths of six inches, with a cross section measurement of two by two inches. It bears transportation well, and has little waste or dirt from handling. The fuel sells in Germany at prices that range from \$2.50 to \$3.75 per metric ton of two thousand two hundred and four pounds. In Holland the price per ton is over four dollars. European engineers are now engaged in converting peat into coke on an industrial scale, and a great deal of success has resulted in their operations. Martin Ziegler, a German chemical engineer of high reputation, has developed a process which he has patented, as well as the apparatus.

In this country, during the period following the civil war, fortunes were lost in the attempt to utilize the peat deposits of New England. In a radius of twenty-five miles from Boston were located several companies engaged in attempts to manufacture this fuel. The failures of these companies were due to several reasons, and the industry died out, leaving many financial wrecks in its wake. Until the late coal strike no attempts were made to establish plants of any size for producing this fuel. Experiments are being carried on at present in the west to manufacture a briquette from peat for industrial use. The northern section of the United States contains thousands of acres of peat

bogs, some of which have been tested for their fuel value and found to be nearly the equal of some of the industrial coals. Peat bogs are the result of filling in of depressions, containing a certain amount of water, with decomposing vegetable matter. The plant which contributes the great bulk of the deposit is known as sphagnum, and as fast as it decays at its roots it grows upward. To this are added leaves, dead twigs, pond plants and other organic growth, and in several decades the deposits are filled up of eighty per cent water, fifteen per cent combustible matter, decomposed vegetable tissue, and the balance, sometimes less than five per cent, is a mixture of silicus or mineral matter.

These peat bogs sometimes cover large areas and have a depth in some cases of forty feet. Wisconsin and Minnesota have enormous areas of peat bogs and the same is true of Michigan. In all the New England States these bogs abound. Connecticut is rich in peat bogs of great depth. One of the greatest depths in this country is found in a bog near Danbury, twelve acres, having an average depth of thirty feet, which should yield in peat fuel the heating power of one hundred and seventy-five thousand tons of coal, according to the deductions of Professor Charles L. Norton, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In the neighborhood of this deposit is another bog of slightly less capacity. The Berkshire hills have many thousands of acres of bog land and eastern Massachusetts as well has a large number of bogs. New York and New Jersey possess a number of peat bogs that have been tested for fuel value. On the banks of the Hudson river, just below Tivoli, is a large depression filled with a dense black earth that has a fair calorific value. The Walkill valley, in Sullivan county, is one enormous peat deposit.

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## LASSOING A BUFFALO.

THE fare provided for steamboat crews on the Missouri river boats in early days was extremely plain and scanty. In the "History of Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River," the author tells of a boat commanded by Captain La Barge, the crew of which got very tired of their daily rations of salt pork and bread. As they got into the buffalo country, Captain La Barge told them that they should have the first buffalo they saw, even if he had to lie to half a day to get it.

Captain La Barge had as first mate an excellent man, named John Durack. He had been on the river before, but had never been engaged in a buffalo hunt, and the captain thought this a good op-

portunity to initiate him. When the boat reached the vicinity of Handy's Post four buffalo bulls were seen swimming the river.

"Man the yawl, John," said Captain La Barge. "I will go with you and we will have a buffalo before we get back."

The captain gave orders to the men on the boat to shoot the buffaloes, and he would then lasso one of the wounded ones and drag it to the boat. He put Durack in the bow with a line while he took the rudder.

The men on the steamboat fired and wounded two of the buffaloes. To get to them the boat had to pass close to the uninjured ones. The captain supposed that Durack understood the program, but the mate was not familiar with the game they were hunting, and to La Barge's consternation slipped the noose over the head of one of the uninjured animals. Too late Captain La Barge shouted to him not to do this, that he did not want to anchor to a live buffalo.

"Oh," replied Durack, "he's as good as any." The buffalo kept straight on in his course. The men backed their oars, but to no purpose; they could not stop him. Finally his feet touched bottom, and up the bank he went with the boat and its helpless crew after him. They might indeed have taken a boat ride over the bare prairie had not the stem of the yawl been wrenched entirely out of the boat, and carried off by the terrified animal.

There stood the sorry crew, shipwrecked across the river from the steamboat, and with no buffalo. A whole day was consumed in getting back to the boat and in repairing the broken yawl.

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#### IRRIGATION.

THE arid region of the United States, that is, the country in which there is not sufficient rainfall to insure crops, includes about two-fifths of the whole area of the country. The arid parts of Oregon and Washington are in the eastern parts and in this irrigated country a great many friends of the INGLENOOK live, and have their homes, surrounded by fruits, flowers, and everything that will grow "under water."

It is not necessary to go into the relative merits of sky-farming, as it is called, or farming by irrigation. Suffice it to say that if anybody wants irrigable land he can get it, and if he wants land, where, to say the least, things are pretty moist, he can have that down along the coast. There are many places yet unexploited in these valleys and where water is available, all the finest vegetables, fruits, grains, etc., can be grown.

#### A GOOD PLACE FOR STOCK.

IN either Oregon or Washington stock thrives. All they have to do is to feed and grow fat. Some of the sheep grown on the grasscovered hills get to weigh as much as three hundred pounds. One of the largest sheep ranches in the world is in Oregon. Cattle keep fat the year around on the ranges, and there are well-authenticated records of fortunes, in a small way, having been made in a year by amateurs. A few years ago a half-dozen donkeys escaped from a pack train, in the Snake river country. They multiplied wonderfully, for in 1897 some cowboys captured a thousand of them, wild as rabbits, for shipment to Japan.



A QUIET COVE IN CALIFORNIA.

It will be seen that the climate and the vegetation that goes with it, make the country an ideal one for the stock grower.

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#### OREGON'S MINING INDUSTRY.

INVESTIGATION has demonstrated that in Eastern Oregon are the largest and richest gold fields in the world. In some of the big properties of this section every 100 feet of sinking adds 30 per cent to the value of the rock. Professor Lindgren, of the United States Geological Survey, says that the values in the Eastern Oregon mines will continue with depth to a point beyond which no modern appliance can operate mines at a profit. He says, further, that there is no reason why gold mining in Oregon should not be carried to a depth of 5000 feet.

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THERE are now about two hundred thousand miles of railway in round numbers.



## Our Bureau Drawer.

"You say, when I kissed you, you are sure I must quite have forgotten myself. So I did; you are right. No, I'm not such an egotist, dear, it is true, As to think of myself when I'm looking at you."

\* \* \*

### GAGGLE GOO AGAIN.

I'm getting along pretty well, thank you, and the Nookman thinks I'd better begin to write a little for my friends. I'm a great big girl of three now, and I can talk from the time I get up till the sandman comes at about half past six in the evening. The trouble is that so many people can't understand a good deal of what I say, but that's their fault.

I have a little sister, three dolls, a red wagon and a bull pup. Sister's name is Annagalen, and the dog's name is Dinah Bess. Annagalen is little yet and can only say "goo" and "da" and cry. My, how that baby does howl and cry sometimes when its milk is not just right. Dinah Bess is a pup yet and tore up one of my dollies 'tother day.

They don't want me to use the telephone and I had one made with one of the irons my ma uses to iron clothes with, and a shoestring. I ordered all the groceries over my telephone, but one day last week the righty telephone rung when ma was out with the chickens. That was my chance. I got on a chair, took down the thing, and said "Hello." Then somebody said "Who's that?" "Pidge," says I. "You see they call me Pigeon mostly." Then he says, "What number's that?" and I said just like ma, "Yah, Pidge want two bush coffee, pound apps, shooker, banlanas and"—Then he says, "Is that 2801?" and I said, "Pidge, meat, candy, and shooker, orange for Pidge!" Then he says, "Is that Mr. Von Plee's?" and I said, "Yah, Pidge. I'm grandpa's girl—shooker, pound meat, two bushels candy." Then he says, "Is that Mr. Von Plee's house?" and I said "Yah, Pidge wants,"—and then that man said something awful. Just then ma came in and took the thing away from me and all she said was "yes," "no," "yes," "all right," "good-bye," and they think *that's* talking.

Last week I found something in the drawer that tasted good and I eat a little of it. I got some on my face and hands too and a little on my dress. Then ma came in and fairly screeched when she saw I had what she called a tube of green paint. They made more fuss about that little green paint I eat than they did about my gum boots. I must tell you about that, too. I have a pair of gum boots for wet days,

and the other day, when it snowed I went down into the lot and the snow stuck to them. When I wanted to come back I didn't want snow sticking to my boots, and so I took them off and carried them in my hands while I walked in from down the lot in my stocking feet. They took it differently. Ma scolded and grandpa roared. If I get mud on my boots they scold, and when I try to keep them clean they laugh.

The only real good time is in the evening when grandpa spreads a big blanket on the floor, and my sister, me and Dinah Bess, have a lot of fun together. Dinah Bess will try to lick sister's face. She tries it with me when she gets a chance but I pull her ears till she is glad to stay away.

Down at the store one evening I was with ma and I stopped in front of a place where there was lots of candy. A man said, "Want some?" and I said "Yah," and he put a soft, sticky chocolate in my mouth. Then he said "Want some more?" and I said "Uh huh!" and he put another in my mouth. "More?" said the man. My mouth was full and I could only say "Wow yah wow!" and he put another in my mouth when ma came along and hooked the whole lot out of my mouth with her finger, and said something to the man, who just laughed at her. I hardly ever get a chance to enjoy myself but somebody interferes.

Sometime I will tell you about some candy and a lampshade. Even grandpa acted funny about it. But they whipped me good for it.

\* \* \*

### FATTENING TURKEYS.

SOME time ago a correspondent inquired for the English plan for fattening poultry. Not knowing, ourselves, how it was done we asked, with the result that a valued friend and correspondent at Senior, Pennsylvania, tells how to do it. Here is what she says:—"Shut bird or birds up in a dark place and feed them the following:—Make a mixture in the following proportions: Take of suet one pound, sugar one-half pound, together with four pounds of meal. Give the birds milk as their drink five or six times a day." Our correspondent goes on to say they will be ready for the market in two weeks.

There can be no doubt about the success of this plan. Being in the dark and being fed with suet, sugar and meal, together with milk to drink, they could not well get anything else but fat, on such a diet. If

some Nooker will undertake to go at his in a scientific way, we will be pleased to learn the results. The bird or birds should be first weighed, and a strict account kept of the cost of the process and the gain in weight ascertained and the entire profit of the matter worked out. If any of our readers undertake this, we will be pleased to hear from them as to whether or not it has paid them. There can be no doubt as to the result, so far as increase in weight is concerned.

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#### A GOOD PASTE.

SOMETIMES the NOOK family wants a paste that will stick and here is a receipt for something that will stick by you closer than a brother. Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of water. When cold, stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of cream, carefully beating up all the lumps. Now stir in a teaspoonful of powdered rosin and pour on this mixture a teacupful of boiling water. Stir it well. When it becomes thick pour in an earthen jar and keep in a cool place. When needed for use, take some from the stock and soften with warm water. Paste made this way will keep good for at least a year, and can be made more pleasant by adding any scenting material that you may have conveniently at hand.

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#### IS IT WRONG?

Is there any harm in attending an exhibition, at the last of a school, at night? Is it wrong to have a basket social, not in a church, the money to go to a good cause?

The above questions have been sent here for answer. All will agree that if there is wrong doing at these places it is not right to be there. But if there is nothing morally wrong going on, what, then, is the correct attitude toward them? This is referred to the whole Nook family for answer. Is it right to attend these gatherings where there is nothing immoral going on?

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#### ROUGH ON RATS.

It is a little hard on the rats but it is a sure thing. Take a good-sized keg or half a barrel, and fill it two-thirds full of water, or nearly to the top. Then put some sawdust on top of this or anything that will float, and over the top of this some cornmeal. That's all. The rat family think they have found a snap and jump in from the top of the barrel, but do not jump out.

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#### CANDY CHIPS.

FOR candy chips boil one cup of granulated sugar and one-half cup of water to the crack. When the syrup, dropped in cold water, hardens, pour into a

greased pan, and when quite cool mark off in squares: these may be dipped in chocolate wafer mixture; add to the sugar and water when putting it over the fire as much cream of tartar as will rest on the end of a penknife; too much cream of tartar will make the candy tough.

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#### ALMOND CHARLOTTE.

THREE-FOURTHS cup fine sugar, one-fourth cup butter, whites of three eggs, one cup flour, one level teaspoon baking powder, one-fourth cup milk; flavor with almond and bake delicately in a square layer tin. Whip one pint of cream, sweetened and slightly flavored with almond, until very stiff. Pile thick on the cake and sprinkle thick with almonds, blanched and cut into shreds.

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To renew oilcloth which has been down for some time, and which is losing its shining surface, melt a little glue in a pint of boiling water, allowing it to stand on the top of the stove until thoroughly melted. Wash the oilcloth thoroughly and let it dry; then take your glue water and go over it thoroughly at night with a rag or a piece of flannel dipped in the mixture. In the morning the glue will be hard and the oil cloth will appear like new.

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If one is in need of a thoroughly good dentrifice, just about as good as can be bought anywhere, let him use common table salt. Wet the brush and use it as you would any other tooth powder.

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A LAYER of newspapers underneath the carpet will prevent all danger from the moths, as the insect has a great aversion to printer's ink. Every time the paper is taken up new paper should be used.

\*\*\*

If, when washing windows, you put a couple of tablespoonfuls of kerosene in a pail of hot water, the work will be easier and the glass will be much brighter.

\*\*\*

WHEN baking potatoes, prick them deeply with a fork before putting them in an oven. They will cook better and quicker than otherwise.

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SUCCESS seldom comes to a man until rather late in the game. By the time he is in a position to get all he wants he is a dyspeptic.

\*\*\*

MUSTARD plaster made of the white of an egg will not leave a blister.



# Aunt Barbara's Page

## MY WEALTH.

Mr. Morgan has his millions—  
 I haven't got a cent.  
 He has mansions built of marble—  
 I toil to pay my rent.  
 But I've more than Mr. Morgan  
 When the day of toil is o'er.  
 For I know true love is waiting  
 Just inside my cottage door.  
 I then hear what never greets him  
 Underneath his marble dome;  
 'Tis a baby's happy greeting:  
 "Hello, pop! Has 'oo t'um home?"

Rockefeller has full coffers—  
 But mine are empty quite.  
 He has private yachts and such things—  
 All mine are "out of sight."  
 But I've more than Rockefeller's  
 Wondrous wealth of gold commands;  
 I have dainty, wee caresses  
 From a baby's loving hands.  
 And when ev'ning stars are peeping  
 Overhead in heaven's dome  
 I can hear a childish welcome:  
 "Hello, pop! Has 'oo t'um home?"

Let them have their untold millions,  
 I envy not their store.  
 They are worth colossal fortunes—  
 I am worth a whole lot more.  
 For I have a grander treasure  
 Than their hoarded wealth can buy;  
 'Tis the love light I see glisten  
 In my little darling's eye.  
 They can ride in private coaches  
 And can plow the ocean's foam—  
 But they never hear the welcome:  
 "Hello, pop! Has 'oo t'um home?"

\* \* \*

## CHARLIE'S BOOK.

"MOTHER," said little Charlie, "Will Harnin says that his mother writes books. Is it very hard to write a book?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said his mother.

"I'm going to write a book," said this small man.

Just then the door-bell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back he was sitting on her footstool busily writing.

"Now, mother," said Charlie, "I'm done with my book."

"No, you are not done. God has given you a book to write. I hope that it is a long one, full of beautiful stories."

"What is the name of my book?" he asked.

"Its name is 'Charlie's Life.' You can write only one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page; and when you help mother and keep a bright face and don't quarrel with Robbie, that makes a nice, fair page, with pretty pictures on it?"

"When shall I be done writing that book?" asked Charlie.

"When God sees that it is long enough he will send an angel to shut its covers and put a clasp on it until the great day, when all our life books are opened and read."

Charlie sat very still for awhile, and then said softly, "Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white casket and laid the white roses over her."

"Yes," said his mother; "her life book was just a little hymn of praise to God. Its pages were clean and white, with no stains on them."

\* \* \*

## A NURSERY THOUGHT.

BY HENRY EDWARD WARNER.

How many miles to the slumber land,  
 Sleepy eyes, sleepy eyes?  
 How many toys in your chubby hand,  
 Given by the queen of the fairy band?  
 How many shells on the mystic strand  
 That lapped by the dream-waves lies?

How many tears in the land of sleep,  
 Weeping eyes, weeping eyes?  
 How many fears as you slowly creep  
 Down where the clouds o'er your dream-sky sweep?  
 How many angels the night guard keep,  
 There where the heart-aches rise?

How many joys where you've been all night,  
 Laughing eyes, laughing eyes?  
 What is the treasure you hold so tight,  
 Crowing and cooing with all your might?  
 How many scenes to your startled sight  
 Appeared in the grand surprise?

How many pangs when you woke again,  
 Dreamy eyes, dreamy eyes?  
 How many stops on the shadow train  
 Bringing you back to a sphere mundane?  
 How many specters in a baby's brain,  
 Brought from the land of sighs?

## The Q. & A. Department.

Is there a uniform standard for the number of pounds in a bushel in the different States?

No there is not. It varies somewhat. For illustration, in California, buckwheat is forty pounds to the bushel, while in Connecticut it is forty-eight, and it ranges from forty to fifty-six pounds. Wheat, corn, potatoes run pretty nearly alike everywhere but still there is a difference. There is no common unit of weight.

✱

Will the Nook please give us the order of the wedding anniversaries, such as silver, golden, etc.?

First year, cotton; second, paper; third, leather; fifth, wooden; seventh, woolen; tenth, tin; twelfth, silk and fine linen; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-five, silver; thirty, pearl; forty, ruby; fifty, golden; seventy-five, diamond.

✱

Why does the water in a city standpipe not freeze?

It does, but as the water is continually changing its level there is not the same chance for solid freezing. When pumped full on a cold morning a shell of ice ten feet high may be shoved up to topple over.

✱

Would it likely pay to grow willows for basket making?

There are people who do make money at growing them, but whether or not it would be profitable for the querist the Nook cannot say.

✱

What is the best way to clean a valuable oil painting?

Better get an expert to do it, as you might ruin your picture. There are people who make it a business.

✱

When and where was the first World's Fair held in the United States?

In 1853, at New York City, but it was a small affair compared with the recent performances in this line.

✱

Are all railroad conductors' punches alike?

They are generally made alike but each one punches a different shaped hole which tells who did it.

✱

What is the height of the Washington monument at Washington, D. C.?

Five hundred and fifty-five feet.

✱

How is the lead in a common pencil made?

It is not lead at all. Graphite is the substance used.

How long is it since postage stamps were first used?

They were first used in the United States in 1847 and prior to that postage was paid by the recipient according to distance. It was a very awkward proceeding.

✱

What is the Indian Territory?

An unorganized territory of the United States set apart by Congress in 1834 for Indian reservations. The Indians manage their own affairs in their own way.

✱

Do a country's colonies pay, as a rule?

No, not as a rule. Germany's are a dead weight, England's are but little good. They are maintained mainly for military and governmental purposes.

✱

What is the motto of the State of Missouri?

In Latin, "*Solus populi suprema rex esto*," which translated is, "Let the welfare of the people be the supreme law."

✱

Are there any mountains in the District of Columbia?

No, the highest altitude is only four hundred feet.

✱

What is the meaning of the Referendum?

The power of the people to accept or reject legislation.

✱

What has become of higher criticism?

Like other fads it has mainly passed away.

✱

Are there more than two ocean cables?

The world over, there are over 1,750.

✱

What is the capital of the German Empire?

Berlin.

✱

Does water freeze on the top first?

As a rule, yes. But not always.

✱

Is China an agricultural country?

Yes, essentially so.

✱

Is public education compulsory in England?

No.

✱

What is the political capital of Italy?

Rome.



## LITERARY.

THE two "men of the month" in America,—Speaker Cannon, of the national House of Representatives, and M. Munau-Varilla, the envoy of the new-born Panama Republic,—are the subjects of character sketches in the *Review of Reviews* for December. In the same issue there is interesting editorial comment on the Panama situation, the question of Cuban reciprocity, and other live topics. The Carnegie art exhibits at Pittsburg are described by Ernest Knaufft in an article which is illustrated with reproductions of famous paintings that have had a place in those exhibits, in 1903 and in previous years. Mr. Frank Fowler contributes a brief article *apropos* of the current portrait show in New York. The promised production of Wagner's "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York is the subject of an illustrated article by Lawrence Reamer. A very timely account of "Progress among the Moros" is contributed by chaplain Cephas C. Bateman, of our army, while Dr. W. P. Wilson outlines the main features of the proposed Philippine exhibit at the St. Louis world's fair in 1904, employing many striking photographs to illustrate the various aspects of Philippine trade and industry. Among what are known as the "bookish" features of the number, Mr. W. T. Stead writes by far the most interesting and important review of Morley's "Gladstone" that has yet appeared on this side of the Atlantic; Librarian Elmendorf, of the Buffalo Public Library, contributes an extremely suggestive paper on a boy's reading; and there is the usual December grouping of illustrated notes on the season's novels, histories, biographies, travel sketches, juveniles, and holiday gift books. Altogether a "Christmas Magazine," with real staying power.

\* \* \*

## THE NOVEMBER LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

"A HOUSE DIVIDED" is the taking title of the novel in *Lippincott's Magazine* for November. Its author's name, Ella Middleton Tybout, is a familiar one to readers of *Lippincott's Magazine*, though heretofore her productions have been in the line of short stories. Her "Parables in Black," lately running through *Lippincott's*, are particularly striking and indicate that which is richly fulfilled in this latest work. The little State of Delaware has been chosen by Miss Tybout for the placing of "A House Divided," and her portrayal of a farmer who, because he believes his wife to be untrue to him, has not spoken to her for sixteen years, is a remarkably clever bit of characterization. *Lippincott's* novels are always worth while—and the November number sustains this opinion.

\* \* \*

PAIN is always a danger signal.

## A LETTER.

Bagley, Iowa.

Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.

Dear Sir:—We pen you these lines to express our gratefulness in a degree, at least, for the excellent paper you are bringing out. Something over a year ago we subscribed for the Inglenook as a birthday gift for our boy, aged twelve years. He has many times expressed his delight with the magazine, and though we have coming to our home a number of the best magazines, none of them are so thoroughly read as the Nook, which he often rereads. The Nature Study class is greatly appreciated by him.

Wishing you much success, we beg to remain,

Yours sincerely, L. D. and Anna B.

## Comment.

THE above letter tells its own story, and coming as it does, unsolicited, we reproduce it here. We get a great many commendatory letters, which we do not reproduce in print, but this has such an evident tone of sincerity about it that we take pleasure in printing it. In these days of a multitude of papers, magazines and the like, it is worth something to know that at least one is put out in which every line is carefully supervised, yet the interest and construction embodied in the articles are not sacrificed to goody-goodiness. Such letters as these encourage the editor and all concerned with the output of the magazine and they render the work easier for their coming.

\* \* \*

## SWEETENING THE NOOKMAN.

THE other day Mr. J. E. Thompson, proprietor of the Melpura Apiary walked into the INGLENOOK office, and put down a quart jar of the finest honey it was ever our lot to sample. Mr. Thompson is one of the most skillful beemen in the country and understands his business thoroughly. His apiary is a model of neatness and cleanliness, knows all about his business and is a good Nooker. Doubtless, some of our beekeepers, and they are numbered by the thousands, would like to know anything from a successful man. They can reach him by addressing him at Carpentersville, Ill.

\* \* \*

Too many words be worse than not enough, for they'll often leave a man's meaning foggy.—"The River" (*Eden Philpotts*).

\* \* \*

To be perfectly just is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.—*Addison*.

\* \* \*

SPEAKING to, or crying over, a husband never did any good yet.—"Plain Tales from the Hills" (*Rudyard Kipling*).

\* \* \*

WE first make our habits and then our habits make us.—*Emmons*.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

DECEMBER 22, 1903.

No. 52.

## THE LOST LIGHTS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MARGARET HUNT.

There's not a light in the leaden skies,  
The world is wrapped in rain;  
The color angel has shut his eyes  
And the sun is asleep again.  
But Marguerite by the window stands,  
Enraptured eyes of blue  
Are traveling fast through fairy lands  
As she looks the prism through.  
I turn to smile on the eager child,  
Old pulses throb again;  
I know what colors run, rich and wild,  
O'er the blurred, wet window pane.  
A rainbow glory floods the air  
And jewels the ashen hue;  
How many of us, like the baby there,  
Have looked the prism through!  
Oh! fairy prism that life bestows  
(And breaks, too soon, alas!)  
Oh! lovely vision that throbs and glows  
Through youth's enchanted glass!  
Ah! how will it be when the prism falls  
And gone is the gold and blue;  
When the cold, cold voice of the real calls  
And the sweet dreams won't come true?  
We all have visions, we all look through  
A prism that falls and breaks.  
Alas! for the dreams that don't come true  
And the souls that light forsakes;  
But when Time's glass falls from our hands  
The spirit's unveiled view  
May find lost lights in loftier lands—  
If only the dreams come true!

\* \* \*

## JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

*Merry Christmas to all of you, Nookers!*

\*

*Gastronomy beats Astronomy this week.*

\*

*Say, how much does your stocking hold?*

\*

*Too much pie and you will be more crusty than pious.*

*It costs so little to make a child happy.*

\*

*How can a selfish man enjoy Christmas?*

\*

*Think of the day after when you are at it.*

\*

*No, a gobbler doesn't necessarily have feathers.*

\*

*God bless everybody, especially the Nook family.*

\*

*All you give is all that you will take along when you go over.*

\*

*Gift making and gift taking without love are but sorry matters.*

\*

*See that the farm animals get an extra feed on Christmas day.*

\*

*Give thanks, for the time will come when the family will be broken up.*

\*

*Don't stay too long or your long-going will be considered a shortcoming.*

\*

*If the Nookman had his choice, he would be a child again Christmas morning.*

\*

*No matter what the provocation, don't let a bad word escape you Christmas day.*

\*

*Hunt out the people, young and old, who are not in the way of receiving presents.*

\*

*Now "mom," it only comes once a year. Let them loose if they do make a noise.*

\*

*If the gobbler knew English as well as he does Turkish he would take to the tall timber.*

\*

*Vergessen sie net de kinner sthirmf, und won ken kinner selvert husht, denk von onri kinner. Dar Nookman air sacht so.*



## THE THREE WISE MEN.

BY MARGARET BAKER.

THERE is a pretty little legend that when the children of Israel were gone out of Egypt and had made subject Jerusalem and all the land about there, they kept sentinels on the little hill called Vows, or Hill of Victory. By night they kept a great fire, and by day a great smoke. At that time there lived a prophet Balaam, who prophesied of the Star and the Christ that was to come. The fame of the Star went through all the lands of the East.

Twelve of the greatest of the astronomers in all the land were ordained to keep watch on the Hill of Vows for the Star. They waited long, some of them watching all the time. If one man died, another was ready to take his place. When Christ was born, the Star was seen by the twelve astronomers on the Hill of Vows. At first it was a bright shining star, then it took the form of a bright shining sun, then it took the form of an eagle. When the day of Nativity was passed, the Star took the form of a young child and above him the sign of the cross.

The Three Wise Men or Kings, by following the Star, met by the Hill of Calvary. None had before heard of the other, or of his coming. Yet they met each one with great reverence and kissed each other. They all spoke with different tongues, still they understood each other. This legend may have something to do with the celebration of Christmas in Spanish and Spanish-American countries.

The ceremony of the adoration of the Infant Savior is celebrated in one of the churches of Caracas, Venezuela, on the "Twelfth Day" or twelve days after Christmas. The ceremony is one of great splendor. The church is jammed with people. In one end of the church opposite the altar, there is a magnificent throne erected. Seated upon the throne are three boys about eight years old, each one dressed in the style of an Oriental king with crowns on their heads. They are called the three kings, Gaspar, Melchar and Baltazar. They represent the three wise men. One boy is white, representing the white king; the other an Indian king, and the other a negro, representing the African king. Beautiful figures of the young child and Mary, his mother, are placed upon the altar. The padre comes chanting to the throne, and takes the white king up to the altar where the young child is, and falls down and worships him and presents his gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh. The padre then takes the Indian king who presents his gifts. Last the African king is taken up where he falls down and worships and presents his gifts. These kings show the different races, and prove that the white race will always be first, the Indian second and the African last.

Out in the country the ceremony is a little different. The three kings ride on horseback up on a mountain. The African king dismounts and bows down before the Indian king. The Indian king dismounts and bows down before the white king.

"O tell us, Magi! Answer, learned seer!

Who long foretold the branch from Jesse's stem;  
Know ye the time the meteor should appear  
That ushers in the Babe of Bethlehem?

"Each wise man seized his astrolabe.

Each gray-haired wizard stretched his wand  
To find where breathed the holy Babe,

"When, hark! the stillness of the night

Is broken by triumphant song;  
The plains are bright with heavenly light,  
Reflected from that heavenly throng."

*Belleville, Ill.*

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DREAMING OF SANTA CLAUS.

## AN IRISH BULL.

GEORGE MOORE, the novelist, has accumulated from his residence in Ireland a number of Irish anecdotes that are not included in his sad book, "The Untilled Field." Mr. Moore says that he was walking one day in a Dublin street when an undertaker's assistant passed him, carrying on his back a coffin unusually tiny. A young man stopped the assistant near Mr. Moore.

"Is it possible," exclaimed the young man, "that this coffin is intended for any living creature?"

## QUEER CHINESE WAYS.

JAMES DONOHUE, assistant general passenger agent of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad company, has received a letter from a relative in Pekin, China, relating some interesting phases of Oriental life. Following are extracts from the letter, written August 16:

"Yesterday we all went up to an adjoining temple and called on some Chinese ladies, wife and daughters of a Chinese official of high rank. According to Chinese etiquette a man should never see a woman not his wife and it is thought to be especially improper for a girl to be the object of a man's gaze. But the mother likes Americans very much and wanted her girls to see us. So we all went and took a look at the 'beauties,' and they had a look at us, apparently to the mutual satisfaction of both sides.

"One girl was twenty-one, one twenty and another fifteen years old. The two younger ones were very nice looking but for the horrid paint they always smear on their cheeks and lips. A girl or married woman always has her cheeks painted red and her lips painted a deep cherry color. To us, it is hideous, but they think they are not fit to be seen without it. It is the fashion and they must do it, whether they like to or not.

"A widow is the only woman who is permitted to go unpainted. The reason is that a woman once having been married and her husband being dead has no further reason for being attractive, and so out of respect to her dead husband she no longer paints.

"But few Chinese widows ever remarry. It frequently happens, since a girl's engagement is always fixed by her parents when she is quite young, that her betrothed dies before the marriage. In that case it is considered a mark of great virtue if the girl remains through life unmarried, out of respect to her fiancé. It happens, too, but not so frequently, that a girl is married to her fiancé on his deathbed or even 'after' his death, so that she may have the title and dignity of a widow.

"It is the rule among Chinese that the engaged couple shall not meet or see each other before the wedding day. There is no love-making, no acquaintance, or anything of that nature before the marriage. If there is anything of that nature at all it comes after the wedding. It is considered a great joke if a young man gets a glimpse of his future wife. So there is little romance or sentiment among the Chinese. Their system of parental marriage precludes all love and sentiment from their lives.

"And yet human beings all have more or less sentiment in their makeup. The Chinese, in order to satisfy this demand of their natures, have instituted the system of polygamy, often having as many as six or

eight wives, the number depending upon a man's rank and wealth. A man selects these wives himself and so the element of love enters into these marriages much more frequently than the first marriage. Wife No. 1 enjoys all the social rank privileges and has power over all the other wives, and has the dignity of the household on her shoulders, but she seldom has the affection of her husband. The system is a great failure and tends to reduce the level of the family life. Its evil effects are everywhere apparent.

"The Manchu women do not bind their feet as the Chinese do, and as a result they are more active and



BLESSINGS ON THEE, LITTLE ONE.

better looking. The present dynasty being Manchurian, 'foot-binding' by that race is prohibited by law and they even have tried to induce the Chinese to throw the vicious practice aside. The suffering and agony of the little girls while this process is going on is terrible, but as a girl with big feet can scarcely get a desirable husband, the mother is compelled by custom to thus torture her child. Yet I am glad to say that the custom is gradually losing favor and we all hope that in the next twenty-five years or so they will have stopped it altogether."



### THE "CRISTUS" IS DEAD.

JOSEPH MAYER, ex-burgomaster, the Cristus in the "Passion Play," of 1870, 1880 and 1890 and choir leader in the performance in 1900, died the other day.

Joseph Mayer had played Cristus and been associated with the role so long that he had come to look like the traditional representation of Christ. His part in the play carried with it the obligation to live a Christian life and follow as closely as possible all the teachings of Christ. Living in this atmosphere all his life, had made him startlingly like the picture most men have in mind of what Christ probably was like. He was about sixty years old. The Oberammergau passion play began as a periodical institution in the middle ages. A plague was killing thousands of inhabitants of the Tyrol, but had spared Oberammergau.

One of the inhabitants of the town returned from an infected district to see his wife and slipped past the quarantine. The plague broke out in Oberammergau and the inhabitants made a vow to perform the passion of Christ as a miracle play every ten years forever, if the plague were averted. The disease died out soon afterward and the play has been performed every ten years since that time except in the Thirty Years' war when there were not enough men at home to take the parts and when the country was too disturbed to permit of necessary preparations. It is considered the highest honor an inhabitant of the district can have to be selected to play the part of Cristus.

The entire district is thoroughly permeated with the spirit of religion, but the inhabitants are nevertheless of sturdy fighting stock. When the Franco-Prussian war began in 1870 Joseph Mayer was about to play Cristus in the performance of that year. The Bavarian war office, however, was not interested in local beliefs, and took the strapping Cristus as gunner in a battery of artillery. Mayer's long hair, worn in imitation of Christ, was cut off by the battery barber and he was put to work at the most unbiblical occupation of trying to learn how to sit on a caisson while the springless vehicle bumped around in a circle to bring the gun into action. About the time Mayer learned to stick to the caisson and not to fly off into space, friends in Oberammergau obtained permission for him to do garrison duty in an interior town of Bavaria and Cristus was spared the pain of being compelled to kill Frenchmen.

The rest of the village went to the front and seemed to lose its godliness with its long hair and fought before Paris so fearlessly that its company was badly cut up. Joseph Mayer lost many relatives in the war. The monument in the cemetery at Oberammergau, to its citizens killed in the Franco-Prussian war, bears a large iron cross set into the stone in imitation of the decoration, the iron cross, given in the German army for special acts of heroism.

Joseph Mayer suffered severely in the crucifixion scene in the play. He hung twenty minutes supported by a narrow strap around the waist and two spikes between his fingers. Several times he was taken down unconscious. When asked how he stood the pain, he replied, "Oh, but think of the honor of it." The place of Joseph Mayer as Cristus was taken in 1900 by Anton Lang.

\* \* \*

### CHRISTMAS DAY.

CHRISTMAS is a festival of the Christian church that occurs on the 25th day of December in memory of the birth of Christ. Every reader of the INGLENOOK knows this but perhaps not all may know that it is purely legendary and nobody knows at all about the time when Christ was born. There is one fact very much against the present date, and that is that December is in the rainy season and neither shepherds nor sheep are in the fields around Bethlehem. About five hundred years had passed before the 25th of December was settled upon as the time. Before this time the festival was kept on the 6th day of January. It is one of those church festivals that has taken such a firm hold on the world at large that it would be impossible to abolish it at the present time. Think of doing away with Christmas! Take it out of the life of the children! Such a thing seems hardly credible, and yet, when you go back to the actual facts in the case there is no more ground for it, than many another legend of the church.

Nevertheless it is the day and the spirit in which it is observed that gives it its religious tone. It has, perhaps, passed out of the original meaning of being set apart as a time for devout thankfulness and has passed into a period of gifts and giving and feasting. While we may not know the exact date of the birth of Christ, as we certainly do not, yet there remains but one fact that, in remembering our friends, and helping those who are in need, we effectually honor Christ and advance his Kingdom.

\* \* \*

### SEEING SANTA CLAUS.

At one of the big stores in Chicago they had an exhibition of Santa Claus and it was a decided success. It was managed after this manner, and in all probability this is going on as the reader gets this INGLENOOK.

A place on the fourth floor about as large as a medium-sized room, was enclosed in canvas. A background was sketched filled in with winter landscape showing the moon over the tops of the houses. There was a very large sleigh, all over gilt, hitched to two reindeers, the real thing but mounted by a taxidermist, of course. In the sleigh was a very pretty girl dressed like a queen and old Santa Claus himself

was just outside the sleigh, rigged out in orthodox fashion, and the place was so arranged that the people went in at one door, filed along the narrow way, and out at the other end. It was Santa Claus' business to interview all the children as they passed through with a few words of inquiry as to what they wanted. If a little tot would come along he would stop her and ask her what she wanted for Christmas, note the replies mentally and the child was pushed on and out of the never-ending crowd of people that followed.

It was realistic in the extreme and it was worth while to watch the faces of the children who took it all for a fact. A little fellow just in front of the Nookman stood up bravely and declared that he want-

them in the garret, especially in houses where several rooms are heated, and where the heat has free access to the upper part of the house. If the garret has a window in it and the plants are arranged around the window, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, if successfully carried through, the plants will even flower. It is due to the fact of the rise of the heated air to the upper part of the house just as the ceiling of a room is warmer than the floor.

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#### BANK NOTES AT A PREMIUM.

THE recent notice authorizing the issue of notes to the value of £275,000 recalls the fact, little known to



ASK YOUR GRANDPARENTS ABOUT THIS.

ed a drum and a wagon and kept on talking until out in the open again. The little fellow behind was frightened so that he cried and thus it went with every variation of human feeling. But the majority of the children took it all in with wondering eyes, and most of them were glib enough in telling what they wanted. Those children who saw the sight would carry it with them for many a day, telling that Santa Claus is a real person, for they saw him in Chicago.

\*\*\*

#### HOUSE PLANTS.

A GREAT many people who have house plants which they desire to keep over, are apt to put them in the cellar to keep through the cold season. No particular objection to this plan may be urged, but few people know that the same result may be attained if they put

the present generation, that Bank of England notes were at one time actually at a premium in the market. In the year 1825 coin was very scarce and the bank applied for and obtained permission to postpone payment of a portion of its issues of note, only the holders of those which bore date prior to a certain period being able to demand cash for them. As a result, those notes were worth and did actually sell for more than their face value.

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THERE is no action so slight, not so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefore; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it much, most especially that chief of all purposes, the pleasing of God.

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THE average depth of the ocean is about two miles.



# The Inglenook Nature Study Club

This Department of the Inglenook is the organ of the various Nature Study Clubs that may be organized over the country. Each issue of the magazine will be complete in itself. Clubs may be organized at any time, taking the work up with the current issue. Back numbers cannot be furnished. Any school desiring to organize a club can ascertain the methods of procedure by addressing the Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.

## THE HUNTER.

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

The dawn peeps out of the dark. Arise!  
Shake the heaviness out of the eyes,  
Put the reluctant sloth to rout,  
Shoulder the hollow steel and out  
Into the East, whose virgin blush  
Sets the answering cheek of the earth aflush.

I bare my brow to the morning. See!  
The mock-bird rocks in the topmost tree.  
The breath of the dew darts through me. Hark!  
The shortened song of the meadow lark,  
A flash of color salutes my sight  
As the swallow swims in the morning light.  
The robin runs and the bluebird sings  
And the squirrel—I can almost see his wings!  
The glory is on me. The very snail  
Leaves a rainbow tint in his slimy trail.

So fresh! so sweet! I greet the sun,  
As if the world had just begun,  
As if the Creator toiled last night  
And the word was leaving the Lips-for light.  
I bow my head and I understand  
Religion, worship in every land;  
The worship of bird, of beast, of sun,  
The worship of All, the worship of One.  
And the wonder is that we do not bow  
To worship the Nature-Mother now.

My frantic dog leaps into my face,  
Drops and freezes into his place.  
My blood leaps up, my pulses thrill.  
The savage within me clamors "Kill!"  
"Kill!" and I bury my fangs of death  
Where glows the warmth of the living breath.  
"Kill!" and I sear the sensitive sight  
And blast it forever to life and light.  
"Kill!" and I tear the quivering note  
From its praise of love in the sensate throat.

A moment ago and I hardly trod  
The earth, for I held the hand of God.  
I held the hand, and I clearly heard  
The deepest song and the fullest word,  
Fresh-pulsed from the living heart of him!  
But now the sight of my soul is dim,  
Blurred by the blot of a clotted stain.  
Then I was Adam; now I am Cain.

—The Critic.

## THE MURDER OF SHADOWTAIL.

SHADOWTAIL is the English rendering of the word from which squirrel is derived. Our Shadowtail was one of the Greys and lived in Western Pennsylvania on a hillside covered with large trees. He had been born there and he and his brothers and sisters ran wild in the tall trees that grew there. Shadowtail was a beauty. His eyes shone and his fur was satiny in look and feel. Small ears and a tail that was the pride of the woods made him the standard of beauty among all the squirrels on the hill.

It was on a bright November day that Shadowtail lost his life. It was done after this manner. There was a high school managed by a young man with a love of sport in him. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and knew as well how to handle a rifle as to correct a Latin exercise handed in by one of the scholars. This man loved a dog and gun. He owned a wiry terrier that knew squirrels and hated them without cause. The man had also an old-fashioned rifle girt with silver stars and crescents set in the birdseye maple stock. This gun carried a comparatively large ball and would shoot with absolute accuracy for a hundred or more yards.

The man and the dog loved to hunt and kill in the forest. Both the biped and the quadruped had no clear knowledge of the rights of animals. The dog loved to run them down for the man who shot them, and then the dog shook the remaining life out of them when they fell. Oh! but it was cruel.

On this November day the man and the dog started out, the animal ranging far ahead. The man followed with the gun. He saw the hepatica at the root of the tree, the Indian pipe, the red of the Jack-in-the-pulpit, and other wild plants he knew, but he had murder in his heart that day.

Shadowtail had been visiting and was leisurely hopping over the ground, remembering that here he had buried an acorn, there a hickorynut, and was full of the joy of living. The squirrel saw something from afar. He stopped, sat up on his haunches and listened. There was no doubt of it now. It was the smell of dog. He leaped to the nearest tree and scaled up the bark like a grey streak. But the terrier had seen the leap, and was off like a shot, "yap-yap." The man knew and ran to the tree up which Shadowtail had

gone. The little animal recognized a new complication and thought best to hide. He lay down on limb and hugged it tight, his long beautiful tail flattened close so that he could not be seen. He was a part of the tree apparently.

The man knew less than the dog. The dog saw the squirrel perfectly well and danced around the man trying to tell him. Presently the man began to slowly circle around the tree. Ah! up there, silhouetted against the sky, were the two ears of Shadowtail, no more, but clearly ears.

Oh! run, Shadowtail, run! Make for the great tree and the hole away up where the branch broke off in a storm many years ago. Never mind the dog! The man cannot reach you if you get in that big tree. For your life, Shadowtail, run! Murder is below you, red-handed murder.

The man of then is not the man of now. He has learned something of love, mercy and peace since that murderous day. Then he moved back, cocked, and set the hair-spring of the old gun. "Now," said he to himself, "I will make a fancy shot." Oh! Shadowtail, it is not too late, run! Fly! Jump! Only get away out of sight. The dog stood like a statue, one eye on the squirrel and one on the murderer.

The man laid the heavy rifle along a tree and sighted long. Then there was a spurt of fire, a crack-snap of a report, and Shadowtail bounded into the air, his tail spread out and all aquiver with the death throe. Not a hair had been touched, the skin not broken, for, as intended, the ball tore through the limb just under the bark next the heart and it was as though a man had been struck with a sledge hammer.

Shadowtail fell through fifty feet of air, turning once and writhing in agony. The dog was ready for him and shook him till it was as a gray mist about his head. The man took Shadowtail away. There was but one faraway look in the black eyes, one quiver of the fine tail, one tremor and the little animal had gone back to nothing. The man looked the squirrel over, thought of the skill of the shot, patted the dog, and put the dead in his pocket with the tail streaming out, and then passed on to kill again.

Is it any wonder that all the birds and animals of the forest run for their lives when they see such a sight as one created but a little lower than the angels coming to kill, cripple and maim, when they might have brought love and good will to the feathered folk? No man can be a true disciple of the white Christ and yet be needlessly cruel to any of his creatures, and the man who murdered Shadowtail wants to say to the whole Nook family that he is sorry he killed him, and that he will never again be so cruel. And he wants every good Nooker to wash his hands of murder and stand on the side of peace and love to all things the good God has made. As we do to them so it may be to us.

## THE CAT.

IN some respects the cat is a peculiar animal, and although it has been domesticated for thousands of years, there are not near the variations that are to be found in the dog family. Nobody knows just exactly where the cat originated, but it is probable that it is a distinct form and not developed from some little tiger or the wild cat. One reason why they have not been established in separate breeds like the dog family is undoubtedly in the fact that they are nocturnal to a large extent in their habits. Old Tabby will doze away the whole day long under the stove if she is allowed to stay there, and care so little to go out that it is necessary to pick her up by the scruff of the neck and drop her outside at night. Where she goes and what she does after that only the cat knows, and she is not telling.

Now, remembering this one fact, that there is a continual tendency to revert to the one primitive form with every animal, it will be seen that the prowling thing is very apt to rear a family that has all the vagrant qualities that go with cross-breeding and this is conducive to keeping them tending toward the original instead of setting up a distinct variety of its own. One thing that goes to prove this is that where cats are bred on an island they retain all their physical characteristics and markings. Take the cats which are found on the Isle of Man. The difference is in the size of the head and the length of the limbs, and the animal is also without a tail. This is the result of a continual interbreeding on the island where the type has become fixed. In the domesticated cats of the Malay archipelago the tail is short, and in truncated form that is, resembles a cone with the upper third cut off. The Chinese cat has ears that hang down, while the cats of Madagascar have twisted tails.

The cat often escapes from domestication and takes to the woods and assumes all the characteristics of a wild animal, but it should be remembered by the class that no matter how long she runs wild, or how often she breeds, she never becomes the animal known as the wildcat. If you should happen to run afoul a real wildcat, you will know that it is the genuine thing by reason of its having a short cut-off tail which is the same size throughout its entire length, while the ordinary cat's tail, no matter how long wildness has been her lot, preserves the uniform style of tail.

The Nookman remembers a cat hunt in western Pennsylvania at one time where several families of alleged wild cats were disturbing the neighbors. Some of them were shot and pronounced wildcats, but any naturalist would have known that they were not real wildcats because of the shape of the tail.

In regard to the cat's ability to find her way back home after being carried in a flour sack for a distance of many miles, this feature has puzzled naturalists



for a long time. Mr. A. R. Wallace, an eminent naturalist, explains it as a result of the cat's smell. It is an established fact that every home and every community has a distinct odor of its own, and, in taking the cat away from home, although she cannot see her way, Mr. Wallace's idea is that her sense of smell having full play enables her to remember, so to speak, her way back home by reason of this scent being impressed on her brain, or mind, if she has one. A dog can find his way, from a distance, back to his master, but if he is put in a bag and carried away from home, along with a cat similarly treated, and both find themselves in a community they have never seen before, the cat will go straight home and the dog will be lost. The writer of these lines remembers once taking a cat along with him and turning her loose at a church, remote from any dwelling place. He preached there morning and evening, and going home late at night, congratulated himself on having lost the cat. The next morning Tabby was sitting on the porch, washing her face and apparently glad to see everybody, after which she was allowed to remain with us.

Cats never learn to love individuals to any great extent. You may think that you own a cat but this is a mistake. The cat belongs to the place and not to the individual. Her entire campaign ground is around the house, where she knows every point of vantage, every available tree, every hole under the barn, every hiding place that she can use in flight. If a strange dog cuts after the house cat, she will take the nearest point with which she is familiar for, clearly, she has not time to hunt for one. She knows where they are and cuts around the corner, and plunges through a hole in the foundation and is safe. This goes to show that Tommy is mapping out his campaign at night, and is more attached to places than to individuals.

How many of us have ever observed the distress of a strange cat in a strange place. Though treated with all kindness it is uneasy, and gives vent to wailing cries of distress, and is in fact not at home until it has first explored the entire neighborhood of the house and all its surroundings. After a time she is satisfied to remain at the place, but not with the individuals.

It may have occurred to many of our Nature Study people that it would be a profitable thing to engage in raising fancy cats for sale. While some of them bring very high prices, and the finer varieties are very costly, yet it is a business that cannot be engaged in wholesale. Cats cannot be raised in droves as sheep or chickens. Beyond a certain limit they cannot be made to breed. Whether it is disease, or what causes the failure, has never been ascertained but a cat farm in a large way cannot be made profitable.

\* \* \*

If there is any special animal or plant concerning which information is desired, send it along.

## AN OUT OF SIGHT SUBJECT.

If we had a seventeen-year locust, as they are called, before us, we would have one of the most interesting specimens possible to get hold of. All of the older readers have seen them. They know that they come in swarms in certain seasons, make the air full of their shrilling music, disappear and are forgotten. Still they are in existence at this very moment, and it is of that we will talk this week.

In order to get at the matter intelligently let us look at a full-grown locust, as we will call it, and note how it lays its eggs. On the under side of a female there is a longitudinal channel containing three parts, one like a bradawl, and the other two, one on each side, like a pair of keyhole saws. When she is ready to lay her eggs she gets on a twig, heading toward the terminal bud, clasps tight, thrusts her awl obliquely into the bark, using the saws at the same time, and repeating the process, till the hole is large enough to hold from ten to twenty eggs. These she puts in by twos, set so that one end points upward. The eggs are separated by a little piece of woody fiber. When the fissure in the wood is full she moves to another place and repeats the process. In all she lays about six hundred eggs, and is so exhausted that she falls down and eventually perishes.

It takes about six weeks for the eggs to hatch, and the grub that comes out is about one-sixteenth of an inch long. There are six legs, the first pair being like lobster claws. There is a mouth for suction, and the grub is exceedingly frisky in its movements. And now there happens something that is without a parallel in all natural history. These little fellows creep out to the end of the twig and simply let go. They fall as lightly as a feather and at once begin to burrow, using their lobster-like claws. Now you explain how and why these senseless little, undeveloped grubs, do this, for the Nookman knows just nothing at all about it. There is a lot of stock words, such as instinct, inheritance, and all that sort of thing, to cover up ignorance. We will use none of them. The writer does not know why these things happen, that's all of that.

Now there are three kinds of cicadas, harvest-flies, they are sometimes called, one being annual, the other taking thirteen years to get around, and the one we are talking about, requiring seventeen years to show up again. They bore down till they reach a root, fasten on it, and live and grow there. They move about by digging their way, and sometimes they get as much as ten feet below the surface of the ground. In the course of time they grow large and strong enough to begin to bore out. All this development is going on in millions of instances right around where many a Nooker reads this. The growth, in area, is different in different parts of the country. That is, in Pennsylvania it began three years ago, and when the seventeen years

are up, the crop will come out. In the south there is another cycle, so that they come out not all at once over the United States, but in great patches, so to speak, covering several States at a time.

The hole of exit is about a half inch in diameter, and the earth loosened in digging is pushed behind them. At the top they rest for a day or two, taking the air and light gradually, then emerge, the most helpless things imaginable. They develop very fast, so rapidly that they can almost be seen to grow. Then after about two weeks of rest, the egg-laying process begins, and from the time they came out of the ground till they are all dead is about six weeks. The hole from which they emerge from the ground is very circuitous, but always in an upward direction. They come out in literal millions, and everything living seems desirous to get a chance at them when in the helpless state just after they have pulled out of their shells. Thousands and millions perish at the hands of their natural enemies, and more millions survive, and, as said before, right around where many Nookers read this, there are thousands underground, waiting their end of the seventeen years voluntary imprisonment to bore to the light again.

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### THE SNAKE AND THE TOAD.

BY D. Z. ANGLE.

ON one occasion, years ago on the farm, I saw a snake trying to swallow a toad. He had it pretty well down his throat, which, of course, was much distended. I made it a rule to kill every snake in sight, providing I had on boots or shoes or could find a club. So this one with the toad went the way of many of his kind. During the process of extermination Mr. Toad was disgorged and hopped away, apparently none the worse for his Jonah-like imprisonment, but glad for sunshine and freedom once more.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

\*\*\*

AT Mont Pelè, the volcano that blew off its head some time ago, the scientists have studied it and a big tooth-like formation was noticed growing out of the old crater. It had risen to the height of 295 feet before it was observed. It had rather the appearance of a solid shaft of stone, and was called the Obelisk of Pelè. From the time it was first discovered it steadily grew in height, and then was somewhat reduced. Then, after a series of explosions, it was reduced again until it finally disappeared within the cone which had formed about it.

It is very smooth on one side and almost polished. Its color is reddish brown with a white incrustation. Volcanoes that are plugged in this way, when their activity begins again, blow this plug out and with it

the whole top of the mountain. This is called "Blowing its head off." It would be a good thing for the Nook family to see it at a good long distance.

How many Nook readers have ever seen a volcano in eruption?

\*\*\*

We have the skunk all to ourselves in North America. He lives in Canada as far north as the upper part of the Mackenzie river, and is distinctively a North American animal.

He is found throughout our broad domain, from Portland, Me., to Oregon, and from Florida to Los Angeles. For some reason he seems to have a prejudice against Nova Scotia and is not known in Newfoundland.

The skunk is really a very respectable beast and cannot be severely blamed for making himself obnoxious to his enemies. Some bold experimenters assert that the skunk is very good eating.

\*\*\*

THE habitat of the eider duck, whose down is so highly valued, practically coincides with that of the polar bear. It is found on all arctic coasts, but also lives considerably south of the southern limits of the polar bear. The time was when the eider duck girdled all the northern coast lines of the world with its myriad of nests, but the bird has been so mercilessly hunted that it has now disappeared from the thousands of beetling cliffs along the sea where it was formerly known.

\*\*\*

Do you know any instances of animals of any kind abandoning domesticity for wild life, in connection with their young, yet returning in the meantime to civilization? That is to say, do you know of any bird or animal who will hang around the house, yet raise a family at a distance, making no sign that such an arrangement is in effect?

\*\*\*

GYPSUM is sulphate of lime, and gypsum rock is mined out at Fort Dodge, Iowa, Blue Rock, Kans., and different points in Michigan. It is also found in other parts of the country. The rock is crushed and reduced in a grinder until it resembles impalpable flour. It is then cooked for two hours in kettles that hold eight to ten tons each. This flour is commercially known as plaster-of-paris.

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It is a good time to take up the study of natural history, as there will be some interesting articles in the Nook along toward the latter part of this winter.

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Do birds always go South in the winter?



# THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

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THE INGLENOOK is a publication devoted to interesting and entertaining literature. It contains nothing of a character to prevent its presence in any home.

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Bright is the ring of words  
When the right man rings them,  
Fair the fall of songs  
When the singer sings them.  
Still they are caroled and said—  
On wings they are carried—  
After the singer is dead  
And the maker buried.  
Low as the singer lies  
In the field of heather,  
Songs of his fashion bring  
The swains together.  
And when the west is red  
With the sunset embers,  
The lover lingers and sings  
And the maid remembers.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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## CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS all over the world! It starts somewhere and sweeps round the earth, bringing hope and cheer wherever men have heard of the Christ child. It is the day for youth to meet with expectancy, a day it is for gifts, both given and received, following the night "when all through the house," when the children go to bed reluctantly and youth and hope meet under the mistletoe—truly it comes but once a year and for that once all but the utterly miserable make merry.

Let us think of it! Back through the centuries there was a time when the world was filled with darkness, the land of holy tradition was in its last gasp politically. On the street corners of the even then old city of Jerusalem, the Roman soldiers stood guard. The

air was filled with Pagan music as the square built men of Rome marched down the stone-paved street, with a sneer and a blow for the crouching Jew they met on the way. The whole world was in spiritual darkness. Hundreds of years had passed since the last miracle. The city of David was under the iron heel of the Roman, and the Jews were very dogs to the Romans. The time was ripe—the hour had come.

Over in the star-lit Bethlehem, in a wayside inn, there was being enacted the beginning of a life that ended in a tragedy but which changed from the last eventful moment into the world's one hope. The mute animals looked in wonder. The stars rained fire and one jewel of the sky burned low over the little stone-built town, quavering, quivering, blazing as a monitor for the shepherds who came wondering, talking low in their guttural tongue of the strange happening, while their sheep huddled closely together, bereft for the time, of the watchful shepherds who came to see the child whose name has since passed the lips of uncounted millions. The stars sang together; peace and good will had come to a cheerless earth. Mary, pale and joyful, Joseph buoyant, and the stars jubilant! Art and all that men could think of have striven to show the solemn majesty of the day and the child.

Back in the walled city the Jews dreamed of the promised one. Seer and prophet had foretold the event and they had waited for generations for the coming of the King. Not as a son of the Judean peasant was he to come, but as a devouring fire, a warrior King, one who would sweep from the face of the earth the hated Roman, and restore it to its wonted place at the head of the nations of the earth. Let us not be too hard on the Pharisee. Dog as he was to the Roman, he remembered his history in the long past years, when God and his forbears talked together. Now the swart man of distant Rome sat in his palaces and judged him for his misdeeds and reviled him everywhere.

Little thought the high-priests of the chosen people of the child that over in the wayside khan was lying asleep in his mother's arms, one who should rule the world when their very names had been forgotten. Truly the King had come, but with no royal proclamation, without blare of trumpets, or tramp, tramp, of cohorts. The Jew tied on his frontlets and the soldier buckled on his sword, one prayed to the God of his fathers, the other swore by his many gods—meanwhile the infant slept, crooned over by Mary, who, as the one next to him, is worshiped by millions as the Mother of Jesus.

And the child grew and waxed strong. We may wonder what his thoughts were as he played with the

other children, or learned his letters at his mother's knee. We know what his later manhood wrought for the world but it is left for the imagination to picture his childhood. This much we may be sure of—from the time he played about his father's workshop, up through the years of his ministry, down to the fatal moment when he cried that it was finished, never was there a life so pure, a character so noble or a career so far-reaching, as that of the child Jesus.

Some deny the expediency of a day of feasting and rejoicing. They take the sour Puritan kind of enjoyment and look on religion as a thing rightly garbed in black. The INGLENOOK believes in a time to be glad, an occasion to be set aside from the yearly grind for perfect freedom of innocent enjoyment of all the really desirable things of life, that God, in his goodness, has put in our way. We rejoice that the King came as one of us, and that He has come unto his own, and now sits on the right hand of God, interceding for us.

So let the day be dark and drear, or bright with sun and snow, our hearts on this one day of days, should be light and cheerful. It is well to sit by the groaning board, if done in the spirit of thankfulness and rejoicing. Most of all should childhood's cup be overflowed. The years will come and go, as they have in the past, only they will race by with the older ones, and the coming years of Goldilocks should be garnished with the pleasant memories of what is so pathetically expressed by older people in the phrase, "when we were all together yet." So let the gift pass, the stockings be hung up, and the mistletoe be suspended over the door—over all God's in his Heaven, and the world's all right that day.

\* \* \*

#### CHRISTIAN GIVING.

A GREAT many people when called upon to contribute to any cause, do so through various motives. It may be that, like some of the Pharisees of old, they want to make a show to their credit among their neighbors. Or it may be that they do not want to be behind their neighbors in the matter of giving. It strikes the Nook that the Christian giving that makes the least display is the most acceptable.

One of the questions that has troubled many people is the extent or amount of their income that should be given to the cause of Christ or in the interest of charity. It is not such a difficult question to answer and he who gives one-tenth of his income for the good of others, fills every requirement of the moral law. It used to be the case that this was the law in olden times, and with the incoming of the Christian dispensation there has been no repeal of this to be found in the Scriptures, and the tithing, or giving one-tenth to God,

will clear every obligation. It is the only way, relatively, that giving can be equalized.

\* \* \*

#### CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

OVER and over we have said that the best gift you can possibly give a person is a year's subscription to some good publication. Buy a book and it is read and cast aside; get a toy, or some expensive trifle of gold or silver, and all pass out of mind in a short time. But a magazine that comes around once a month, or a weekly that shows up every week in the year, or even a daily paper that comes every day, is a constant reminder of the kindly feeling of the giver. The INGLENOOK believes in the INGLENOOK, and while it is not the only magazine published, by a long ways, yet we can think of nothing better among our own people, and the large class who are now reading it, to make it a Christmas gift for a friend.

A book, paper or magazine is always in order and settles the much vexed question, "What shall I give to my friends?"

\* \* \*

#### FRAUDS.

SHOULD any reader of the INGLENOOK at any time answer an advertisement that appears in the pages of this periodical, and find that the promises made were not literally and religiously kept, he will do a great favor by immediately communicating the fact to us. We take great care in all that we admit to the columns of the magazine, but sometimes we are deceived. We cannot tell when we receive an advertisement whether or not the parties at the other end are honest in their professions and intend to carry out what they say. Wherever they prove disreputable and dishonest at once notify us of that fact, being sure that your complaint is based on a reasonable foundation, and we will at once take the matter up, setting the advertisement out and exposing the fraud. We have several of this kind under consideration now.

\* \* \*

#### TO OUR FRIENDS.

It is frequently the case that readers of the INGLENOOK, in response to advertisements in the publicity department, send orders for the advertised article to this office. It happens almost daily. This should not be done. If any reader sees anything advertised in the magazine that he wants to know about, or wishes to secure, go into correspondence with the parties whose names are attached to it and not with us. We have nothing whatever here to sell except the House products. Let it be understood that we are desirous of helping everybody in the whole Nook family but it will only delay matters to have you write to us about things that other people have to sell.



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## GENERAL.

Reports of the Kaiser's condition show his liability to not recover.

In New York City, last year, 365 lives were lost by street mishaps.

It is rumored that there is an anti-Christian uprising in certain parts of China.

Maud Ballington Booth declares that no field is more hopeful than that of aiding ex-convicts.

Robert Collier has passed his eightieth birthday and is receiving congratulations on all sides.

Dowie has made an effort to win over his creditors in order that the receivership may be abandoned.

According to the president's message the rural free delivery service is enlarging and is giving great satisfaction.

A church census in New York shows three women to one man. Only about one-third of the city goes to church.

A crusade is being started in Chicago to number the police, so identification can be made when the law is violated.

Some of the Chicago papers are raising money for the poor children who, otherwise, would not have any Christmas.

The town of Emaus, Pa., has been visited by five outlaws, who committed depredations and fled to the Lehigh mountains.

The scarlet fever and diphtheria are epidemic at Geneva, Ill., and the public schools have been closed until after the holidays.

Andrew Carnegie is going to establish a model town at Dumfermline, Scotland, as a gift. The location is backed by a gift of \$2,500,000.

Owing to the trouble with cooks and waiters, about fifty of the best restaurants in San Francisco are closed until the trouble can be settled.

The affairs of the bank that failed at Elkhart, Ind., are to be thoroughly investigated, the comptroller of the currency being in the inquiry.

The human heart in full operation in life will be exhibited, and motion pictures shown on screen just like the picture of a race horse in action.

The outlook for Dowie and his industries at Zion is decidedly more hopeful than it has been at any time hitherto. He may pull through yet.

It has been decided that a doctor's prescription belongs to the man who paid for it and not to the druggist with whom it is filled for convenience.

It is now affirmed that President Roosevelt was married in St. George church, Hanover Square, London. It will be interesting news to the Nook family.

The police in Chicago are making special efforts to do away with the city's crime. The car barn murders and the frequent hold-ups have led to this condition.

Richard Wesson, one of the Wessons of revolver fame, has fallen heir to \$250,000. He is a marine in the United States Navy and may have to serve out his time.

At Vandalia, Ill., a cat chasing a mouse caused a gun in the corner of the room to fall and be discharged. The load killed instantly a two-year-old child.

The crops of Nebraska are reported to have been smaller this year than ordinary but the money returns will be greater, owing to the superior quality of the crop.

In consideration of the late car barn murders the police in Chicago are dragnetting all the bad places and those open to suspicion. Many arrests have been made.

A Boer colony is reported to be settled in Mexico on 2,000,000 acres of land in the northern part of the republic. The Mexican climate resembles that of the Transvaal.

The stores in the city are all brightening up with the coming Christmas trade. Everything is taking on a look of newness. Toys by the millions are being offered for sale.

The president's message has been sent to congress and it lays emphasis on important current events, and about one-third of it is devoted to a defense of the Panama course.

The Indians of the Peace River neighborhood in Canada have taken to drinking cologne. Traders are not allowed to sell them whiskey. Cologne is about ninety per cent pure alcohol.

Lena Fleer, of Duluth, Minn., accidentally allowed the needle of her sewing machine to go through her finger. It clinched and held her fast. She was finally rescued by a neighbor.

In Adams county, Colo., Charles Cowan, thirty-three years of age, lay nine days and nights in a blizzard without food or water. He was rescued through some Italian laborers and sent to a hospital.

Dr. Dowie and his people had a night of rejoicing over the way their troubles turned out. The receiver-ship has been removed and they are handling their own affairs again.

Colombia is taking action toward bringing Panama into its control. The United States is undertaking the protection of the new republic and there may be a clash between the two before it is all over.

Chicago is the only city that has no serious rival for the big national republican convention in 1904. St. Louis asked for it, but in lieu of the convention will try to get a four-million dollar loan.

There has been a suit filed in the courts of Chicago for \$10,000,000, claiming land in the heart of the city's South Side residential quarters. It is claimed that the signature of a deed made in 1820 is a forgery.

The "Rain of Blood" has been noticed at Salerno, Italy, frightening people. Rain as red as blood fell, making a blood-like stain where it fell. It is said to be caused by severe sand storms in the Sahara desert.

Hundreds of Scandinavians are leaving Chicago for the holidays at home. Six hundred Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes from Chicago and west left over the Wabash Dec. 7. The Scandinavian holiday season lasts ten days.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, any employé of the Northern Pacific Railway Company caught taking a drink will have to go. Heretofore reference was had to drinking while on duty. Now the rule is operative on or off duty.

A London paper publishes a report of a telephone which keeps a permanent record of all the messages transmitted. It leaves its imprint mechanically on a cylinder of wax which is afterward worked out by the reverse process.

An old woman was hit by an engine at Mt. Vernon, near New York. She was poorly dressed and seemed to be in want, yet eighteen hundred dollars including bank notes were concealed in bags hung around her neck and under her skirts.

Nez Perce Indians to the number of 160 have forwarded a petition to the Secretary of the Interior, asking for the removal of the Superintendent of the Reservation school and ex-officio agent. He is charged with cruelty and mismanagement.

The German Colonial Society is thinking of sending a number of young men to the Texas Agricultural school to study the different methods of growing cotton. The idea is to grow cotton in Germany's colonies.

A family of ignorant Russian peasants traveled on foot for three thousand miles to the mint with a wagon loaded with what they thought was gold. On their arrival they found its value was ten dollars. It had taken six-months to make the trip.

Charles Stallbohn ahead of a Monon locomotive near Hammond, Ind., was caught on the cow catcher, and carried for fifteen miles. He was fixing his cart when the accident occurred and was more concerned about the horse which was killed than himself.

In order to increase the membership of the Lady of Maccabees in East Chicago, Mrs. John Hannelman lost her life. A contest was started offering a prize to the woman who got the most new members. The woman grew so excited over the matter that she fell dead.

Scientists are thinking of the time when they will be able to make radium. They will attempt to transform helium into the mysterious product. If they are successful in changing one metal into another, the possibilities are far reaching, at present incomprehensible in their outcome.

Canada is trying to pass a law to change Hudson Bay to what they call Canadian Sea. This modest bay has fifty-eight thousand square miles and the change is being made in order to protect it from America and put this great inland sea under the control of the Dominion government.

Mrs. Lydia Whitaker dressed in men's clothing and was hired by the city of Des Moines, Iowa, as a teamster. She says she put on male attire in order to do a man's work and draw men's wages. Her sex was not discovered by men. She was discovered by a woman who became suspicious.

Three hundred cabin passengers on the Atlantic liner "Kroonland" about three hundred miles on their way to New York found that the vessel had broken down. Wireless telegraphy was resorted to and over two hundred reassuring messages were flashed through the air to friends and families.

The blunder of a Chicago surgeon has come to light a year after an operation he performed which cost the life of Dr. I. B. Washburn, of Indiana. A post mortem was held in which it was found that a pair of steel forceps had been left in the body after the operation. The patient had these forceps under his liver for a year.



## MAKING THE INGLENOOK.

VERY few, if any people who read, know how the NOOK is made. So we tell you how it is done. In the first place the NOOK you are just now reading is not the INGLENOOK that we are considering. This copy you have in hand is ancient history at the office. There is another you have not yet read, complete in every detail, not yet mailed, another part done, and one formless and void. The last is what we shall consider, telling how it is born.

The first thing the Editor does is to have a clear mental picture of what the unborn NOOK is to be like. As far as possible, every page stands out clear and distinct. There is nothing hazy, nothing haphazard about it. Such and such an article on such and such a page, and so on. Then the search begins. The available articles are hunted up, and if they are not on hand they are made. Each day's stunt of news is made in the morning, the first thing. The Editor sits in his chair, scans the morning paper's news, selects that of general interest, dictating it to the stenographer at his side.

The selected and original articles are passed out to the printer. They come back in long strips, called galley proofs. The next thing is to read them carefully for errors of fact of all kinds. This is not the proofreading, as that is done in a near-by room, but the idea is to hunt for bad errors, slang, bad English, and the like. The galley proofs are not corrected as the Editor handles them, other than as noted. The whole mass is technically called "stuff," and when there is thought to be enough of it for the issue, there is a proof taken of all in the composing room. Then comes what is known as "pasting up." A copy of last week's magazine is laid on the table, and the pictures are selected from a lot of proof halftones. These are pasted in their places, simply stuck on the pages where they are to go. Then the poetry is pasted in on the first page, followed by a foot or two of italics to be fit in place. Then the articles are pasted in place, each page complete, as far as may be. When it is complete it is passed out to the printer again, and with the "dummy," as it is called, before him, he proceeds to "make up." He now arranges the type in pages, on a marble slab, and gets it into shape. When all is made up, there is a proof taken, and it is submitted in loose pages to the Editor. He scans it for errors of make-up, and returns it with a word here and there on the margin. Then it goes down the elevator to the press room, where it is set on the press and a clean proof of one-half the magazine is printed, folded into shape, and again it comes to the Editor for a final review. The same thing is done on the other half, and finally, bumpety thump, the presses knock it off.

Then, after going to the folders, the stitchers, the

cutters, it finds its way to the mailing room where it is sacked, and in due time reaches you while we are all on the third one ahead. The mail sacks containing the NOOK or any other papers put out here, do not go to the post office, but are sacked and routed here at the office, and a post office official comes here and weighs the sacks. The mail bags are put on the cars here at the House, not from the post office.

Now one would think that with all the care and revision that errors would all be detected, but the facts are that such is never the case in any office. Very often a glaring error will manage to keep out of sight till the edition is all sent out. Then it is seen and run down. The copy is hunted up, and if there is any



THE SISTINE MADONNA; ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST PAINTINGS.

variation it lies between the typesetter and the proof-reader. On occasions there are some pretty lively times when the mistake is a bad one.

The closest revision the whole thing gets is at the hands of the foreman, who reads the revises. Few things escape him. His name is Louis Plate, and he is the best all round printer the writer ever saw. It is to him, unseen and unknown, that every NOOK and *Messenger* reader should return thanks for the final cleanliness of their articles. He does not make "stuff," but he licks it into presentable shape before it goes out into the world.

\*\*\*

SEVEN million persons in India are to be vaccinated with plague serum.



### HOW THE CHRISTMAS TREE TRADE WAS STARTED.

It is natural for us to take it for granted that there have always been Christmas trees, yet fifty years ago there were few in America, save in the homes of foreigners.

About thirty years ago a number of duck hunters cruising along the coast of Maine noticed the millions of young balsam firs which grew along the shores, and

But the wood has always been useless to the lumberman.

Therefore, when the New York yachtsmen offered to buy a few shiploads of young firs, the honest Maine farmers failed to see the joke. But when the city man opened his purse they fell to with a will.

The first venture proved a success and others hurried into the business.

Ten years later the whole coast of Maine was stripped of firs and the business moved inland.



EARLY CHRISTMAS MORNING.

the brilliant idea occurred to one member of the party that these symmetrical evergreens would make excellent Christmas trees, says *Country Life in America*.

At this time the "abandoned farm" era had begun and it looked as if the whole State would grow to firs.

The balsam fir used to be a synonym for worthlessness.

Nowadays "Canada balsam" is made from this tree, and thousands of vacation tourists gather its young twigs for "balsam pillows."

From this beginning the trade has grown until now a million and a half of Christmas trees are sold every year in New York and New England, of which about a million come from Maine alone.

\* \* \*

Not more than eleven per cent of the deaths from heart disease occur at ages under forty-five.

\* \* \*

A GRATEFUL dog is better than an ungrateful man.  
—Saadi.



### THE TOWN OF THREE CHRISTMASSES.

CHRISTMAS this year will have a greater significance than for a long time at Bethlehem, for peace now reigns between the Greek and the Armenian and the Catholic congregations, whose single edifice, the Church of the Nativity, is built upon the spot where Christ was born.

A long, bitter quarrel, brought about through no fault of the Catholic monks, has at last been patched up.

No fewer than three Christmases are celebrated at Bethlehem, each with equal pomp and ceremony, for only in that city do the three sects which have fixed upon different days exist in anything like equal numbers.

The difference of dates is really one of calendars, for each sect holds that its Christmas is the real 25th of December. According to our calendar the Greek Christmas falls on January 7 and the Armenian Christmas twelve days later.

The Church of the Nativity, in which all of the ceremonies are held, was erected by the mother of Constantine the Great about the fourth century, making it the oldest Christian church in the world. The Greeks have built a wall right across the center, shutting themselves off from the Armenians and the Catholics, and their share of the basilica is not used in the first celebration, although the Armenian altars and other objects of worship are rented to the Latins for this occasion.

The Grotto of the Nativity is a small cave cut out of the living rock underneath the church, and is reached from the interior by two flights of stairs. The Grotto is lighted night and day by scores of brass hanging lamps, and here is exhibited a representation of the original manger, cut in marble, and in the stone floor is inlaid a large silver star, marking the actual spot where the Royal Birth took place.

The Catholic and Latin celebration on the 25th of December is similar to the one so well known throughout the world.

It is thirteen days later, on January 7, that the Orthodox Greeks hold their festival. The initial service at midnight is crowded to suffocation, the followers of the faith being attired in their richest garments and ornamented with jewels and strings of coins. The priests take their places at the altars and the ceremonial begins with the mass of the Orthodox Greek liturgy. There is chanting and prayers, and the people are continually on their knees. The five loaves are blessed, the wheat, the wine and oil, after which the loaves, resembling little round breakfast biscuits, are broken into diminutive portions and passed among the worshipers. Another service follows the midnight mass without intermission, and a procession of all the worshipers, led

by the priests, winds, with candles flaring about the huge columns of the nave, down through the Grotto of the Nativity and up again to the altars. This double service continues until three o'clock.

At half-past ten o'clock the actual Christmas ceremony begins. At that time a vast procession, headed by the Greek Patriarch from Jerusalem, and flanked by monks and nuns and brothers of the Franciscan Monastery, and hundreds of Greek and Russian pilgrims, forms at the entrance of the town. To chants by a trained choir and with cross uplifted, the procession sweeps through the town and enters the Basilica, where masses and ceremonies and processions continue throughout the day.

The Armenian Christmas follows twelve days later. On January 19 a very similar celebration takes place. In this the Copts—a sect of Assyrians who have accepted the Armenian ritual—and the Maronites join. They gather in their portion of the Basilica at midnight of the 18th and kneel in the darkness and rock to and fro through the almost interminable hours until daybreak, while the priests, in chants, discourse on the birth and life of the Savior. Toward daybreak the aged and infirm quietly depart to refresh themselves for the Christmas day procession.

The grand procession is led by the Armenian Patriarch of Bethlehem or Jerusalem.

\* \* \*

### MUSICIANS IN HARD LUCK.

THE annual complaint of English musicians comes from London. It is that an English musician has no chance to get work in competition with foreigners. There are three hundred orchestral bands in London during the season, and practically all of them are made up of aliens. The one chance an Englishman has of steady employment is to disguise himself and pretend to be a German or a Belgian. One band of sixteen wears foreign uniforms, trims beards in foreign style and speaks only in foreign monosyllables, but every one is an Englishman, forced to the subterfuge by the necessity of making a living.

\* \* \*

### NOT QUITE FORTITUDE.

AMIE had been suffering from toothache for several days. At last she consented to go with her papa to the dentist. When she was starting her mamma said: "Now, dearest, be a brave little girl. Show fortitude and mamma will be proud of you."

In due time Amie returned. "And did you show fortitude?" mamma inquired.

Amie hesitated. "It hurt awful, mamma; I guess (reflectively) I showed about twentytude."

\* \* \*

ONE-THIRD of the college graduates now are women.

## SENDING A TELEGRAM.

THERE'S something ghastly in the receipt of a telegram five hundred miles away from home reading, "Come home immediately." I want to take that for a text. Never send such a telegram.

Suppose a case. There are five of you in the family. The husband goes to Chicago, five hundred miles away, on business. He arrives at noon, gets a telegram from the hotel clerk at 7 P. M. The first thing he does is to inquire for a train. None are available till three o'clock next day. There is a night and

Colgate University—Maroon and orange.  
 College of the City of New York—Lavender.  
 Columbia University—Light blue and white.  
 Cornell University—Carnelian and white.  
 Dartmouth—Dark green.  
 Hamilton—Continental blue and buff.  
 Harvard University—Crimson.  
 Johns Hopkins University—Black and old gold.  
 Lafayette—Maroon and white.  
 Lehigh University—Brown and white.  
 Leland Stanford, Jr., University—Cardinal.  
 New York University—Violet.



A GOOD TIME IN THE BACK YARD.

day of abject misery. Then another day and night of agony. You who sent the telegram are responsible for all the torture. There's a better way.

Now suppose that Johnnie broke his leg, that Jennie has the smallpox, that the house burned down, that one of you is likely to die, or at the worst one is dead. Then *say so*. Make your message intelligent. Telegram thus: "Johnnie gunshot accident serious. Likely not fatal. Best come." Such a message is bad enough to get, but it is infinitely better than to let the man run the gamut of all possible worse things. Remember, now, put some intelligence in your telegrams.

\* \* \*

## COLLEGE COLORS.

THE various college colors are as follows:

Amherst—Purple and white.  
 Bowdoin—White.  
 Brown University—Brown and white.

Oberlin—Crimson and gold.  
 Princeton University—Orange and black.  
 Rutgers—Scarlet.  
 Trinity—Dark blue and old gold.  
 Union—Garnet.  
 University of Chicago—Maroon.  
 University of Michigan—Maize and blue.  
 University of Pennsylvania—Red and blue.  
 U. S. Military Academy—Black and gray.  
 Wesleyan University—Cardinal and black.  
 Williams College—Royal purple.  
 Yale University—Dark blue.

\* \* \*

FORTUNE may find a pot, but your own industry must make it boil.—*Rousseau*.

\* \* \*

To be happy is not the purpose of our being, but to deserve happiness.—*Fitch*.



## THE TURK.

NOT the sick man in Europe, but the gobble-un of the farmyard is what is meant in this article. As the NOOK goes to press there are thousands of turkeys who have given up the ghost and have been started on their way to the markets in the various cities, and there are other thousands that are gobbling about the barnyard in all the sheen of their feathers that will, by another week, have passed the way of all the turks. The turkey may be said to be our national bird, and while it may be very unpatriotic to say so, it is infinitely more appreciated than the screaming, stealing, high-flying eagle.

It is not known just where the turkey originated. On the discovery and early settlement of America it was found everywhere where the white people penetrated, much more than it is now. A thousand years ago it was known in Mexico, because its pictures are sculptured upon the ruins of that country. At all events it is *par excellence* the Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner bird.

This year, for some reason, not readily explicable, the turkey will be high in price. Here in Elgin, they are now twenty cents a pound, and by Christmas will probably be twenty-five or more in the Chicago markets. A good, fat, wild turkey is much superior to the domestic kind, where it can be had, and when it is properly prepared. The roasted turkey seems to be the most desirable method of its presentation and in the cities there is a very small demand for the very large turkey. Fifty turkeys weighing from eight to twelve pounds will be sold where one, weighing twenty pounds, is in demand. The reason for this is manifest when we consider that for the ordinary family twelve pounds is more than sufficient, and that it is something that a family soon tires of in the way of a left-over.

The Nookman thinks it was old Governor Ritner, of Pennsylvania, who is credited with having made the remark, that the turkey was a mighty unhandy bird, being too much for one and not enough for two, and even in these days it appears that the largest turkeys are not in demand. A young turkey hen is much to be preferred to an old gobbler who has seen many winters.

Now the INGLENOOK wishes that there was a turkey in every home where the INGLENOOK goes and there will be thousands of them sacrificed to the god of appetite. This is as it ought to be, for if on Thanksgiving day we give thanks for the good things of this life and there is no reason why we should not, there is no good reason why we should not enjoy some of them.

There are a good many ways of spoiling your Christmas turkey. One of them is to stuff it with

oysters. Now the INGLENOOK man will admit that the oyster dressing is something to be desired on a clear, cold, Christmas day, and it can be had with any turkey anywhere that oysters are available, but whatever you do, don't crowd them into the interior of your bird unless you want to give the whole thing a fishy flavor. In fact it is entirely feasible to have all the dressing required prepared in the highest style of art and yet not be crammed into the bird. The same is true of all other dressings, including chestnuts, oysters, celery, and similar preparations that the guests are most likely to take to. The fifteen pound turkey, so perfectly cooked that it is almost ready to drop apart, is a bird that is fit for a king, and, like most of the best things of this sort, is equally available to every INGLENOOK family, and as the INGLENOOK readers are all kings and queens, we wish everybody a good fat turkey next Friday, or its equivalent if they prefer it, and the orders are that Jenny and Johnnie are to have all they want of it, even though it involves getting up in the middle of the night and rummaging around to find a little something for a great big pain.

\* \* \*

## TOYS MADE IN HOMES.

IN thirty thousand German homes the finishing touches are being put on toys which will go to gladden the hearts of children on Christmas morning. Great Britain will pay for five million dollars worth of this output, bearing the "made in Germany" stamp, which she caused to be placed on articles of German manufacture, while the United States will pay but a million less as a tribute to the skill and patience of our Teutonic cousins.

The women and girls of Sonneberg have made that city famous by their skill in the making of dolls' clothing, while from the small villages in the country about come wooden toys of all descriptions. Families who have never seen a sea or navigable river are busily engaged at Hämmer, turning out toy ships, large and small.

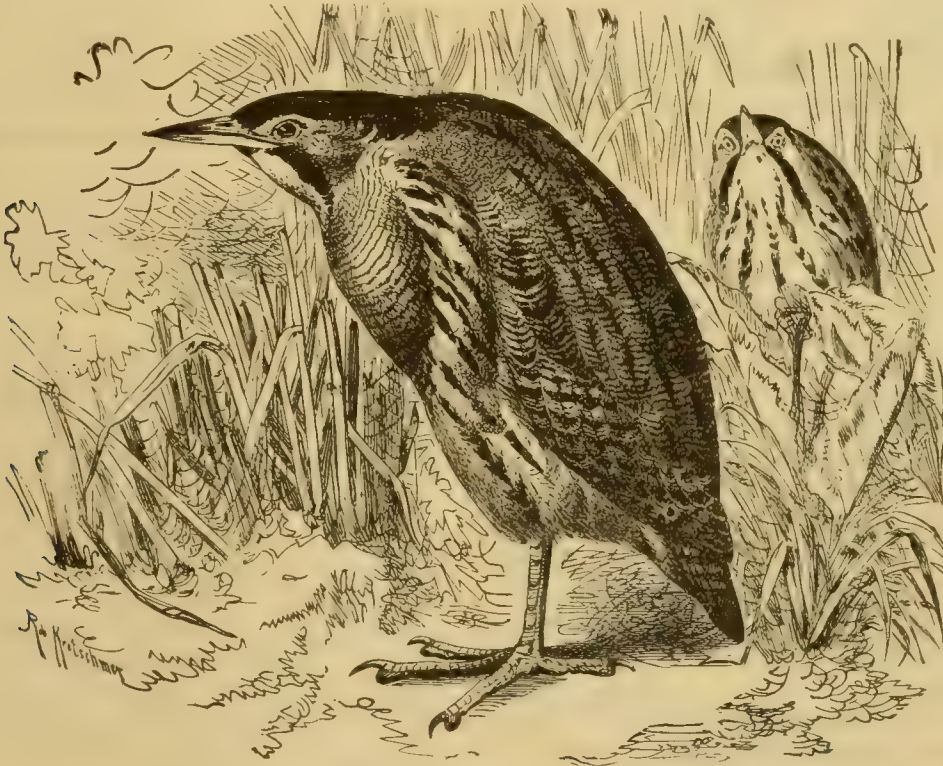
Hobby horses come from Eisfeld; wooden guns of every size and variety from Schalkau and Ehnes, while rattles, wagons, trumpets, whistles, and toy animals are manufactured in large quantities in other nearby villages. Fur and feathers fly in the little town of Neufang, where the animals and fowls receive their life-like covering.

Sonneberg itself is the birthplace of the doll. This year its chief product is made largely from papier mache, which is gradually pushing the wax doll from the market because of the fragility and sensitiveness to touch and climate of the latter. Every imaginable variety of doll, ranging in price from ten cents to three dollars, is here turned out to find its way to the hearts of little mothers the world over.

And while this city and its environs have been so busily engaged in preparing to add to the joys of the girls at Christmas time, another German city has been equally interested in the happiness of the boys. Nuremberg differs in other ways from Sonneberg, for its contributions to toyland are the product of factories employing technique, mechanical skill, and trained intelligence with mental as material. Thence come the tin soldiers, swords, railway trains, fleets, models of machinery, and other toys intended to amuse and develop the military and mechanical instincts of future voters.

There is the rank and file in every business, but I think that fewer women go on the road now than did a few years ago.

"Men do not regard the woman commercial traveler with favor, and many houses employ them simply as an advertisement to attract attention to their goods and make them talked about in the small towns. Other houses refuse to have a woman represent them on the road, and there are still others who find that the percentage of sales by their feminine representatives if as large, if not larger, than by the men who have made the same territory.



THEY ALL FORGOT ME!

In the manufacture of tin toys Nuremberg distinctly holds its own. It is probable that this industry has developed out of the old handicraft of the tinsmith, which in former years flourished in Nuremberg.

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#### WOMEN AS DRUMMERS.

THERE are more than half a hundred women in the United States who earn a living, and a good one at that, by acting as "drummers," or commercial travelers, for business houses. One of the most successful of these saleswomen is not of the opinion that all members of her sex could do as well as she has done. "The women who have made a success on the road," she said recently, "are the women who would have made a success in any line of work they took up.

"The work is hard, but less hard than that of a clerk who stands all day behind a counter, and the pay is better. Most traveling saleswomen can make at least one thousand dollars a year, and a few clerks receive more than fifteen a week. Some routes are pleasanter than others, and it is not always agreeable to make towns of less than eight thousand inhabitants, as the hotels are likely to be poor, and there is nothing to do for amusement after the day's work is over."

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WHEN a man has not a good reason for doing a thing he has one good reason for letting it alone.—*Thomas Scott.*

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WHEN a person is down in the world, an ounce of help is better than a pound of preaching.—*Bulwer.*



## Our Bureau Drawer.

### GAGGLE GOO.

"TOTHER day my pa got me a pair of new shoes. They are the shiny kind, and I am proud of them, and told some people about them when I had them on. Then on a Sunday we all went to church, a big house with lots of people in it where they sing some and a man talks till I go to sleep. As we were going up the aisle to where we sit, I thought that all the people ought to know that I had the shoes, and as they were not talking among themselves, I said out loud, so that they could all hear, "I got new shoes. I got new shoes," and I was going to tell it again, when my ma pretty nearly snatched the breath out of me. The people laughed quietly, then got awful quiet, and then all snickered out again. Ma said afterward that if I did that again I would get the smacking of my life. I wonder what people put all their finery on for and go to church, if it isn't to be seen? How did they know I had new shoes unless I told them?

One good thing about them is that they dress me up warm and let me run around in the open air all I want to. I stay out till I get just blue with the cold, and then I go in the house and get warm, and do it all over again. Me and the pup have lots of fun together. Sister's too little to go out, so Ma holds her up to the window till she can see me. I haven't had a cold this winter.

We have a gramophone, and it sings Mr. Dooley. I have learned it, and I can hit off a tune pretty well for a three-year-old, pa says. One day they took me to meeting, after making me promise to be good. They were singing something I never heard, and I thought I would sing Mr. Dooley for them, and I did just when they stopped. I got as far as "Mr. Dooley, ooley, ooly, oo," when I thought ma would have a fit. The people all put their faces in their handkerchiefs and let on as though they were going to cry. I went to sleep, and when I came to, ma was dragging me down the aisle to go home. I can't see why I daren't sing Mr. Dooley in one place as well as in another. Do you?

A good time is when I get my nighty on ready for bed. Then Grandpa takes me up, and rocks me and tells me a story, and sometimes I go off and don't know a thing till morning. Once not long ago I was being "wocked to seep," and I heard Grandpa say "She's gone," and then they began to talk about me. They said that they didn't know whether to get me a red wagon or a dollie. I heard, and without opening

my eyes I said "Gimme both of 'em." You see I hadn't been asleep at all. They kept very quiet for a little while, and then began to whisper. I heard them call me names. They spoke of me as "The infant," and Grandpa called me "Buster."

There are some funny people in the world. I saw a lot of them in a street car the other day, and sometime I am going to tell you all about them.

\* \* \*

### SOME CHRISTMAS CANDY.

THERE are very few people who do not like candy in some form or other. Within proper limitations the use of it is not to be objected to. For the benefit of our readers we give a few recipes below which will be found to work well.

**BUTTER SCOTCH.**—One-half cup New Orleans molasses, four tablespoons water, one-half cup sugar, one-quarter pound butter. Put ingredients into a saucepan, stir until thoroughly melted. Boil until a drop or two in water is sharply brittle. Pour in buttered tins.

**PLAIN MOLASSES CANDY.**—One cup New Orleans molasses, one cup brown sugar, one tablespoon vinegar, one ounce melted butter. Pour all ingredients into saucepan, boil without stirring till a little dropped in water is hard. Add teaspoon baking soda, stir in thoroughly, pour in buttered tins. This is the foundation for all molasses candies, and peanuts, walnuts, shellbarks or cocoanut may be added, before pouring into the buttered tins.

**NOUGAT.**—Grease a large square shallow pan well with butter. Nearly fill with hickory nut kernels, Brazilian nuts cut in slices, almonds, cocoanut cut in strips, or any candied fruits if wished. Boil one pound of granulated sugar and one-half cup water without stirring (except to melt sugar) until it hardens and becomes brittle in cold water, and add a half tablespoonful of lemon juice; pour into the pans over the nuts. When nearly cold mark out in squares with greased knife.

**CREAM CANDY.**—One pound granulated sugar, one tablespoon gum arabic water, one-half teaspoon cream tartar, one cup water, one teaspoon vanilla. Mix all ingredients except vanilla and stir over fire till sugar is dissolved. Boil without stirring until it hardens when dropped in cold water. It must not be brittle. When done pour into large greased plate or marble slab. Pour over it the vanilla. When nearly cold, begin to

pull, and pull till it is perfectly white. Cut into pieces or sticks, or it may be braided. Put in tureen, cover, and in two hours it is ready to use.

**CREAM CANDY.**—One pound white sugar, one-half teacup vinegar, one tumbler water, vanilla; boil one-half hour, and pull if you choose.

**MOLASSES CANDY.**—One cup molasses, two cups sugar, one tablespoon vinegar, a little butter and vanilla; boil ten minutes, then cool it enough to pull.

**BUTTER SCOTCH.**—Four cups brown sugar, two of butter, vinegar to taste, two tablespoons water, and a little soda, boil half an hour; drop a little in water, and if crisp, it is done.

**COCOANUT DROPS.**—To one grated cocoanut, add half its weight of sugar and the white of one egg, cut to a stiff froth; mix thoroughly and drop on buttered white paper or tin sheets. Bake fifteen minutes.

**KISSES.**—One egg, one cup sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup milk, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one-half of soda, flour enough to make a stiff dough; drop on tins and sprinkle over with powdered sugar. Bake in a quick oven.

**SUGAR TAFFY.**—Three pounds best brown sugar, one pound butter, enough water to moisten the sugar; boil until crisp when dropped into cold water, then pour into pans or upon platters, as thin as possible. It usually requires, to boil fast, without stirring, three-quarters of an hour.

**CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.**—One cup of fine granulated sugar, one cup of New Orleans molasses, one-fourth cup of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one cup of chocolate after it is cut up, if made single quality; if doubled, it is as well not to put the chocolate in until about done, and then the same quantity of this recipe will suffice, as it retains the flavor if not cooked as much. Boil it until it will stiffen in water; pour into flat, buttered pans to the thickness of half an inch.

**WHITE CANDIES.**—Three and one-half pounds of sugar to one and one-half pints of water, dissolve in the water before putting with the sugar, one-quarter of an ounce of fine, white gum arabic, and when added to the sugar, put in one teaspoon of cream of tartar. The candy should not be boiled quite to the brittle stage. The proper degree can be ascertained if, when a small skimmer is put in and taken out, when blowing through the holes of the skimmer, the melted sugar is forced through in feathery filaments; remove from the fire at this point and rub the syrup against the dish with an iron spoon. If it is to be chocolate candy, add two ounces of chocolate, finely sifted, and such flavoring as you prefer,—vanilla, rose, or orange. If you wish to make a cocoanut candy, add this while soft, and stir until cold.

## DISAPPOINTED.

BY LIZZIE FORNEY.

WHEN I was small, away back in the sixties, what jolly times we used to have at Christmas. We thought that the great and good Santa Claus made his yearly visits and our stockings were hung up over chairs or poles every Christmas.

We always received something, and a gift, however small, was joyfully received, if it was nothing more than cakes or nuts.

Toys in those days were rare. The cakes were just the same kind we always had but they were cut in such funny shapes and were very pleasing to us. Sometimes we would each receive cakes which represented whole families, father, mother and children with the horses, cows, pigs, sheep, chickens and the faithful dog, Shep.

One time I thought I would hang up my stocking on New Year's eve. I felt rather dubious about receiving any presents, especially after my brother, a mischievous boy of about twelve, told me that Santa never came but on Christmas. I thought it wouldn't hurt to try anyway. The next morning when I went to my stocking, lo, I felt something inside. I hastened to take it out and found it to be a huge fried cake. Just then I saw my brother look in and laugh, so I knew where it came from. He teased me a great deal about my New Year's present.

Once I spent Christmas with an old-fashioned Uncle and Aunt. Their only son was twenty-six, but I had no doubt but that Santa would find me. My Aunt had a long pole hung up before the fireplace to dry socks on. In those days nearly every family kept sheep, and did their own weaving, and knit not only their own stockings and socks, but knit them to sell. After the socks were knit they were a dirty white. Then they "scoured" them and hung them on the poles before the fire to dry. It was on one of these poles I hung my stockings. My aunt laughed when I told her what I was doing and I, of course, wondered at her ignorance. I went to bed very wide awake. After while, when she thought I was asleep, I heard her say to her son, "I wonder what that child means? It will never do to disappoint her, for she believes it is true." So she told him to go and put in some nuts. I saw him put them in. The next morning there was nothing there but nuts, so my faith in Santa was utterly shattered, and I felt like crying. I never let on to my relatives but that I thought Santa Claus brought them.

*Phoenix, Arizona.*

♦ ♦ ♦

IN order to remove the smell of onions on a knife, spoon, or the like, wash thoroughly and rub with common salt. The smell will entirely disappear.



# Aunt Barbara's Page



HOME FROM THE VISIT.

## MAMMA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

I hung my Christmas stocking up  
Beside the fire at night;  
My mamma hung hers up there, too,  
Right near it, close and tight.

Now, down beside the cupboard door  
There was a tiny hole,  
And through it, when the house was still,  
A little mousie stole.

He climbed right on the very chair  
Where mamma's stocking hung,  
And then ran quickly down, and hid  
Her Christmas things among.

Next morning, when my mamma took  
Her pretty presents out,  
I dropped my very nicest toy,  
To hear a dreadful shout;

For when that tiny mouse jumped down,  
My! how my mamma yelled!  
It was the funniest Christmas gift  
A stocking ever held.

Elgin, Ill.

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## A QUEER DOLL.

HILDA DILL has dolls and dolls; but the one that occupies the place of honor is "White Feather Blue Eyes," which came to her as a birthday present all the way from a United States fort in Arizona. Hilda's uncle is a cavalry officer out there, and not long since an Indian woman came to the fort with horn spoons, reed-covered bottles, beaded moccasins and dolls, of which one was White Feather Blue Eyes.

White Feather Blue Eyes is a rag doll from head to foot. Her face is stained with the juice of some

berry until it is brown as any little Indian girl's. Her cheeks are the color of brick dust, and in each of her black ears is a wire on which is fastened a large bead for an earring.

Her blue eyes are large, blue glass beads. Her hands are black, with a red ring painted around each finger. In a band of doeskin which is fastened tightly around White Feather Blue Eyes' head are five white feathers, nearly the length of the doll. These are tipped with red.

The doll has no underclothes, but a doeskin dress, covered nearly all over with beads. The front of this dress has a beaded canoe and a tomahawk embroidered in the beads. The back has a very good Indian papoose, or baby, in its bark cradle.

A piece of red blanket fringed with beads, and a pair of moccasins, complete White Feather Blue Eyes' truly striking costume. The Indian doll is coveted by all the little girls in Hilda's neighborhood; but she cannot be borrowed, begged nor bought.

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## SANTA CLAUS LETTERS.

EVERY Christmas many children take it into their heads to write letters to Santa Claus. Sometimes they have the help of the older folks who take it as a joke, and older ones write and post the letters themselves. If the little girl thinks that Santa Claus lives in Washington, she sends the letter there, if she addresses it to London, England, it will cross the ocean and be officially stamped "Not found," and returned to the dead letter office at Washington, D. C. Sometimes the letter will have to travel around over a half-dozen different European capitals before it is finally returned to their country to the dead letter office. Here it is promptly opened and disposed of according to law.

A great many of these letters are very pathetic, and sometimes the hardened officials at Washington make up a purse and forward some little child something that has been asked for from Santa Claus. Most such letters, however, provoke only a smile at the credulity of the children and are not again thought of.

\*\*\*

How shall I a habit break?  
As you did that habit make;  
As you gathered you must lose;  
As you yielded, now refuse.  
Thread by thread the strands we twist,  
Till they bind us—neck and wrist;  
Thread by thread the patient hand  
Must untwine, ere free we stand.

## The Q. & A. Department.

What is the Mafia?

It is an organization made up of Sicilians and Italians if it can be called an organization. The general provisions are that strict silence in regard to another's crime be maintained when committed in the presence of any member, that it is their duty to supply evidence to save the perpetrator from the law, and to take personal revenge for injuries without resorting to law. Its members are usually of the lower classes. Down in New Orleans the chief of police was killed a few years ago. After waiting for two years for the murderers to be tried, the citizens of New Orleans arose and killed eleven of them.

✧

What is the Grand Lama?

The Grand Lama is a child into whose body the soul of Buddha is supposed to have passed. The boy is selected when he is about five or six years old and is kept strictly out of sight of the world. All of his acts are dictated by the real ruler, the temporary Chief. He dies conveniently when he is fifteen or sixteen years old and another child is selected.

✧

In what war did the charge of the Light Brigade take place?

This charge was made by 670 men under Lord Cardigan on the Russian battery at Balaklava, Oct. 25, 1854. There was a battery in front, and one on each flank, and Russian riflemen on both sides. It took only twenty minutes, and three hundred men were killed. Tennyson's lyric gives a fine description of it.

✧

By whom was the Sunday school first established?

This opens up a question that is disputed at every turn, but Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, England, is usually accorded with being the first to organize Sunday schools.

✧

What kind of money passes in Newfoundland?

Gold and silver dollars, a dollar being the unit and worth about the same as our own money, perhaps a trifle over.

✧

What is the value of the largest diamond in the world?

The value of a diamond is not regulated by its size. None of the largest is worth less than \$500,000.

✧

When was Grover Cleveland married?

Grover Cleveland was married June 2, 1886.

Will snakes bite or run away if they have a chance? Please settle an argument.

Nearly all, if not all snakes run rather than fight, except, as far as our knowledge goes, in the case of the cotton-mouthed moccasin of the south. It will not go out of its way, but is ready for you as soon as you come in sight. It is true that some snakes seem ready to fight, but it is usually the case that they think they have not time to clear out of sight. Scores of snakes see us that we never see. They either hide or run.

✧

What is the Phi Beta Cappa society?

A literary college society established in some of the American colleges to which students of high scholarship are admitted. It was founded in 1776 in William and Mary college, Virginia.

✧

How is the height of a mountain determined?

In two ways, one by a system of triangulation, and the other by means of an aneroid barometer, an instrument which registers height or altitude by reason of the reduced atmospheric pressure.

✧

What are curbstone brokers?

Curbstone brokers are men who operate in stocks and bonds without being members in a regular organization, and they do business mainly on the sidewalk.

✧

Are all city papers printed singly?

In a sense yes, but they come off a huge spool of paper on a run and are printed and cut by the machine.

✧

Will the Nook explain how a cat finds her way home from a strange place?

It is explained as far as known in the Nature Study pages in either this or a later issue.

✧

What does the word "stocker" mean when used by cattle men?

It is applied to animals too thin to be killed for beef.

✧

Where is the highest waterfall in the world?

Cerosola Cascade, Alps, Switzerland, 2,400 feet

✧

When was the first census of the United States taken?

In 1790.



## DAR BESHT KRISHTAG FOON AL.

YUSHT denk on un olt-fashond Doitch bowerhaus, in Pensylfony. Es is ein olt shta haus, mit grosa baim drum rum, un en grosser hohf. Un es mus en grossa roda shire nacht to bi si, uter es vaar net ein Pensylfony bower blats. Es sin feel un fette fee im shire hohf. De gans frintschaft sine hame cumma fo Krish-tag mittag.

Es is net de lied so feel os de godonka, un es is nix besser os sel in dar grossa wita welt. Es is aw waar das de lied sin net so fersheta fun onanner, ober dar is un fershetan labighkite mit nonnor. De ivrich welt vas nix fun dem.

Ober, des mittag, des is de gross ding. Es mak net rusht si we de "shmartelied" es hova wet, ober es is de sot wos by em bliht, un mer forgests solaba net. Es is kens fun selle up-go-du mittaga wos mer net esse kon, ober es is de recht sot, un wun un mench mul glichlich gununk is fur ans hovva, ar duds net schwindt fergesse.

We is des for en mittag mul? Dod is der turkey in de mid, and drum rum is ein grosser deller foll washt, si-ribbi, bloot-washt, paanhaas, hinkle, brod-mush grumbara, buna, grout und sauer-kraut, hunich, lod-wike, blowmabudder, berabudder, drowabudder un pashingbudder; abble, pashing, blowma, drowna and feel unri chelliss, un dot sin fet kucha, un finf unri sot kucha un feer sotto boi un onner smemarkase un kessel kase. Es sin ow nuch lot onner soch, fer sie sin engstlich es wer net gununk fur rum ga.

De frind sin net all cumma zu dem grossa mittag, obers sin sivenen-swansich dot, un se denka oll fun sella wu net cumma hen kenna. Wuns oll iver is, un der dish is go-glord, no gana se all em haas rum, the wibslid mitnonner swetzie, un de monslid bekara sich zu em shirehof, dot de zit ferdriva bis ovet cumdt un no ains noch onnoner gana se hame. Wond nuch net on soan mittag worsht, dun husht du es salava nuch net es scana os dowart wor.

\* \* \*

## ANN AGAIN.

A SPECIAL dispatch to the *North American* states the following in reference to the problem contained in the INGLENOOK not long ago concerning Ann's age: R. M. Oliver, a district school teacher of the eastern part of the country near Hiawatha, Kans., has appealed to the county superintendent to save him from dismissal. Oliver worked out Ann's age to be eighteen. A scholar whose father is a director took it home and together they decided that Ann was only twelve, and that a man who would make her out anything else was not fit to teach children. The director took the matter up with other directors and they all agreed that Ann was twelve. The teacher stuck to his solution, whereupon

the directors declared him ignorant, incompetent, pig-headed and threatened to dismiss him when his month was up.

\* \* \*

## SPOILED BY KINDNESS.

ONE of the worst things you can say about members of the human family is that kindness is not good for them. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred kindness will spoil a man. Let a boy sleep until 8 o'clock and the next morning he will want to sleep until 9. The best children are those who have been compelled to mind, who have had hard masters. The successful men of this country are those who have been forced to work, who have had little kindness shown them. An incubator, regulated by strict rules, will raise chickens better than a hen. Are you ungrateful to those who are kind to you? For every favor you receive do you impudently expect others? Do you ride a free horse in a cruel and unfair manner? Look around you and think it over. There is nothing in the world so cruel as riding a free horse too hard; nothing so mean as becoming lazy and selfish because people are kind to you.—*Atchison Globe*.

\* \* \*

## AN IMPEDIMENT TO PLAIN SPEAKING.

SENATOR BERRY, of Arkansas, is one of the story tellers of the Democratic cloakroom.

"Down in Pike county," he said, "we had a trial I attended once where a man named Joinson was on the stand. Joinson was for the defense, and the way he was setting things straight was a caution.

"'Here,' said the attorney for the prosecution when he took Joinson in hand, 'I want you to stop prevaricating. Don't you know you are under oath?'

"'Stop what?' asked the witness.

"'Stop prevaricating.'

"The witness drew himself up with great dignity. 'Well,' he said, 'I'd like to know how a man can help prevaricatin' when he's lost two front teeth.'"

\* \* \*

## SAD PLIGHT OF A SMALL BOY.

A SMALL boy was watching workmen lay a composition roof in Columbia, Mo., a few days ago when his hat blew off. In trying to recover it he stepped on the composition and his feet stuck. In struggling to release his feet he lost his balance and got his hands stuck in the composition. He was held a prisoner on all fours until the workmen got turpentine and dissolved the tar and pulled him loose.

\* \* \*

ONE of the most prominent oil magnates in Los Angeles is a woman, who is said to control about half of the whole product.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

DECEMBER 29, 1903.

No. 53.

## WE'D BETTER WAIT AND SEE.

IAN E. LOWANN.

The future from our longing sight  
By mercy's hand is veiled.  
We may not see the hidden plight  
By which we were assailed.  
So let us to God's fiat bow,  
Unpleasant though it be.  
We cannot know the future now,  
We'd better wait and see.

The fittest of all things survives,  
There is, as poets say,  
A destiny that shapes our lives,  
Rough hew them as we may.  
To-morrow grief may cloud your brow,  
But let to-day be free.  
We cannot know the future now,  
We'd better wait and see.

The path of duty is the way  
To honor and to fame.  
Her ev'ry call we must obey,  
Would we her plaudits claim.  
But time is passing. Let us vow  
To follow her decree.  
We cannot know the future now,  
We'd better wait and see.

Pocahontas, Ill.

\* \* \*

## JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

*To use friends is to lose them.*

\*

*Some people keep their piety in vinegar.*

\*

*Kindness is the key that unlocks all hearts.*

\*

*High living is popular, high thinking is godly.*

\*

*The devil does not lose sleep over watch charm piety.*

\*

*The ear hears everything, the brain must accept and reject.*

\*

*It is hard to fight the devil while sitting down to dinner with him.*

*Love knows no boundaries.*

\*

*A part of genius is being genuine.*

\*

*Shining lives are not often born purple.*

\*

*Unless a sermon hurts somebody it is of little good.*

\*

*A soft heart does not necessarily mean a soft head.*

\*

*A good thump will scare the devil more than preaching.*

\*

*Denouncing sin and renouncing sin are two different things.*

\*

*Men great on little things are usually little on great things.*

\*

*You cannot make trouble for others and make peace yourself.*

\*

*Honesty is the best policy, but don't be honest for policy's sake.*

\*

*The saint has his religion in his heart, the fraud has it all over him.*

\*

*Every deed, good or bad, is a seed which will grow either good or evil.*

\*

*If you want to win a friend, ask him to favor you, instead of you him.*

\*

*The finest signature does not always drain the most money out of the bank.*

\*

*You look out of your eyes to see the world, the world looks into them to see you.*

\*

*Beware of the man who buys his books solely for their binding, for he generally picks his friends in a like manner, by their appearances.*



## HOW THE SOLDIER IS MARKED.

It will be of more than passing interest to know how and why uniforms are worn. The *New York Commercial Advertiser* tells something out of the ordinary about the subject.

Although the general order prescribing the new uniform for the soldiers of the United States regular army was issued a year ago last July and went into effect on the first of the year, the men one sees about the streets are still clad in the traditional blue. But that is because there is still a supply of such cloth on hand and the government economically determined to use it up. The enlisted men do not get new suits until their old ones are worn out.

In some months' time we will no longer see the lads in army blue. They will wear the blue only on dress occasions; on service they will wear olive drab and on fatigue duty they will wear brown cotton duck. On some occasions in tropical service they will wear a uniform of white cotton duck.

The stripes on the trousers of the non-commissioned officers are of the following colors: Cavalry, yellow; artillery, scarlet; infantry, light blue; engineers, scarlet piped with white; ordnance, black piped with scarlet; post quartermaster sergeants, buff; the hospital corps, maroon piped with white; the signal corps, orange. Sergeants' stripes are one inch wide. A corporal wears a stripe half an inch wide. Musicians wear two stripes half an inch wide.

Thus by the color one can tell the arm of the service in which the enlisted man serves and the stripe shows his rank. By the dress cap one can tell at a glance the regiment and company of the enlisted man, also his arm. Thus the cavalryman wears crossed sabers, the artilleryman crossed cannon, the infantryman crossed rifles, the engineers a castle. Ordnance men wear the shell and flame, post commissary sergeants a crescent of white metal, electrician sergeants a symbol resembling forked lightning, hospital corps men a caduceus, which is the snake entwined, winged rod that Mercury carried. The men of the signal corps wear two crossed flags and a torch. Band musicians wear a lyre of white metal, while field musicians of infantry and the engineers and trumpeters of cavalry wear a bugle.

There are many kinds of sergeants and many ranks. The chevrons on the sleeves tell what the bearer is. The regimental sergeant major, for instance, wears three bars and an arc of three bars. The regimental quartermaster sergeant also has three bars, but they are joined by three straight bars. The regimental commissary sergeant has the same insignia with a crescent in the angle. Squadron or battalion sergeant majors have three bars with an arc of two bars. The chief musician wears a bugle in his chevron, so does the chief trumpeter. The drum major wears two embroid-

ered crossed batons. In the ordnance department the shell and flame are borne. The hospital corps and the signal corps also bear the insignia of their corps. First-class privates of engineers wear a castle or red cloth piped with white.

The chevrons of the sergeants of the line all have three bars. The first sergeant bears a lozenge also, a quartermaster sergeant a tie of one bar, a color sergeant a star, a stable sergeant of field artillery a horse's head. A corporal wears two bars and a lance corporal one bar.

A cook wears on his arm the insignia of a cook's cap, a farrier bears a horseshoe, a saddler a saddler's knife and a mechanic or artificer two crossed ham-



THE CHILDREN AT CALIFORNIA.—COURTESY  
SALT LAKE ROUTE.

mers. A first-class gunner wears an insignia of scarlet cloth representing a cannon projectile.

Besides these chevrons of rank there are chevrons for service and for service in war. The first is a diagonal half chevron of cloth of the color of the man's corps. For service in war the men wear a diagonal half chevron of white cloth piped with the color of the arm of service in which the man won the distinction. Men may wear as many of these chevrons as they earn.

The general order which prescribes the change of uniform goes into the minutest details regarding the dress of the officers and men of the United States army. When certain dress must and must not be worn is laid down in the regulations. The very braids in the sword's hilts are subject to rules of position and tying.

The lieutenant general wears on his shoulder straps, which are embroidered with gold, three silver embroidered stars; a major general has two stars and a brigadier general but one. A colonel wears a silver embroidered spreadeagle on his shoulder straps, while a lieutenant colonel wears a silver leaf. A major wears

a gold leaf. A captain has two silver bars, a first lieutenant one bar and a second lieutenant no bar at all, just the plain shoulder strap. Chaplains wear a plain Latin cross of silver.

The insignia of corps, department of arm of service are as follows: Adjutant general's department, a shield of gold; inspector general's department, a gold sword and fasces crossed and wreathed; judge advocate's department, a pen and sword, crossed and wreathed; quartermaster's department, a sword and key crossed on a wheel; subsistence department, a silver crescent; pay department, a gold caduceus; corps of engineers, a silver turreted castle; ordnance department, shell and flame; signal corps, crossed flags and a torch.

The braid insignia for rank is worn on the sleeve. A colonel has a knot of five strands, a lieutenant one of four, a major one of three, a captain one of two and a first lieutenant a knot of one strand. Second lieutenants and chaplains wear no knots.

Officers of the army have, of course, all provided themselves with the new uniforms. The order stated they were to have them by Jan. 1. It was quite a cost to many of the officers, as they must have, to comply with the regulations, many suits. These clothes are expensive and some unlucky officers had provided themselves with new uniforms of the old pattern just before the order came out. All that was a dead loss to them or nearly so.

The enlisted man has no such troubles. The government supplies his clothes and he need not buy new ones until the old ones are worn out.

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#### ODD ARTICLES OF EXPORT.

WE send Dakota seed to Russia, from which she raises wheat to compete with our own product in the markets of the world. To plant, cultivate, reap and harvest her own crops we send to Russia nearly one-half our total exports of agricultural machinery. This year we have already shipped some 80,000 tons of these implements to the land of the czar. In former years all this passed through the ports of New York and Philadelphia, but a fractional increase in freight rates between the lakes and the east has diverted the trade to southern ports, while experiments are being made in direct shipment from Chicago, by the way of the lakes, the St. Lawrence river and the Atlantic ocean.

The cotton plant first came to America from Asia; now the greater part of the central Asia crop is grown from American cotton seed. American cultivators till the soil, which is watered by an American irrigation system. Yankee gins clean the fiber, American compounds press the cotton into bales wrapped with American bands, and finally the cotton finds its way to Mos-

cow over a railroad built with American capital and is turned into cloth by second-hand machinery from an American cotton factory to compete abroad with American prints.

Another regular article of export to central Asia is the Ohio grapevine cutting. The vineyards of central Asia are all offshoots from American vines and the fruit is prized above all others in Russia proper for its delicacy and flavor. Twenty to thirty tons of American grapes to the acre is a common yield in central Asia, and as the American vine is free from parasites it is being introduced everywhere the world over, from south Africa to northern China and Japan. We still export tobacco plants to Russian Asia, so that the Russian tobacco, grape, cotton and wheat crops are all American, once removed.

No oriental fable is stranger than the accomplishments of the up-to-date Yankee drummer. In Bagdad, the home of Aladdin, he offers new American lamps that burn either Russian or Ohio oil, for the old battered bronze tallow burners of the Bagdad housewife, and as these time-worn oriental lamps find a ready sale in New York the enterprising drummer who introduced the American lamp to Bagdad was well repaid for his trouble. Now, however, American lamps are becoming a drug in the Bagdad market and the supply of old lamps is rapidly giving out as our lamp trade with Turkey increases.

A Connecticut firm manufactures sacred scarabs for the Egyptian tourist trade. The little charms are carved and even chipped by machinery, colored in bulk to simulate age and shipped in casks to the Moslem dealers at Cairo. The Arabian guides are the chief buyers, many of them being adepts at "salting" the sands at the base of the pyramids or about the sacred temples, where they artfully discover these scarabs before the very eyes of the Yankee tourist and sell for an American dollar an article manufactured at a cost of less than a cent, perhaps, within a stone's throw of his own home. For enterprise it beats wooden nutmegs.

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A NORMAL child at two years of age should weigh twenty-six and one-half pounds; a greater weight is not evidence of health, but the reverse, and the amount of fats and sugars given it should be lessened. Its height should be thirty-two and one-half inches and the circumference of both its head and chest should be nineteen inches.

\*\*\*

A PRIVATE in the German navy is reported to have committed suicide "by the common device of exploding a blank cartridge in a rifle, the barrel of which was filled with water." The suicide killed himself by this "common device" because of the abuse he had suffered at the hands of a noncommissioned officer



## TIPS IN EUROPE.

IN marked contrast with the stories of the pleasures of a European trip are the tales travelers tell of the brutal annoyances and persistence of the tip-seeking servants. No sooner have they left port than these demands begin. Seasick as they may have been on board steamer, they cannot rest their weary heads because of reckoning on the tips they must give when they get off. Though they have paid from \$125 to \$150 for a six days' trip on the ocean, they are expected to pay the whole crew, from captain to stokers.

A returned Chicago traveler says her experience has shown that the absolutely essential tips exacted on a six days' trip amount to \$18.50 to secure adequate service.

"Passengers may try hard to avoid the tax," she said, "but it is useless. One after another these important personages present themselves to get their fees. The morning we left the steamer I gave my waiter \$2.50. He thanked me and walked away. Five minutes later another waiter approached me and said he had served me. I told him I had paid my waiter. He answered that that was all right, but he was the assistant waiter.

"Though this evil begins on board ship it by no means ends there. The first city we went to was Hamburg. On arriving in the hotel we were met by an important personage, whom I took for the proprietor, and three porters. The three carried our belongings, but after they placed them on the floor they stood as if they were an appointed bodyguard. My companion informed me that these men were waiting for their tips. I never paid any more attention to the important personage with the waxed beard and Prince Albert coat, though I saw him every day, as I was quite sure he was the manager. I was greatly surprised when I left to see him line up with the other servants in the hotel to get their tips. I was sure now he played the main part in the little farce how to rob and fleece Americans. He is called concierge, his position being to give information and lighten guests' purses."

Besides the regular charges of the hotels the traveler found herself obliged to distribute from \$4 to \$5 weekly among the employes. "It makes little difference," she continued, "whether you are at a hotel a week or three or four days, you are expected to pay the same. To make the situation more aggravating, travelers who do not speak the foreign languages are actually at the mercy of these people. Though you know what these friendly terms will cost, you feel you cannot afford to be on unfriendly terms with people in a strange land.

"But you no sooner say a friendly word to your chambermaid than she tells you the story of her life. She usually informs you that her parents are old, there

is a large family of children, and she is looked on as the mainstay. And though she works so hard that she cannot sleep at night she depends largely, and in many cases wholly, on the guests for her earnings. Every time you leave a hotel you feel like an escaped prisoner who is being pursued.

"The employes of a hotel have a secret service by which they notify each other of your departure. The day you leave a hotel the chambermaid usually stands before your door or within easy range. Though she frowns and grumbles whenever she is asked a favor, she is more friendly now. Beside her stands the man who is supposed to clean your shoes. You might as well let him help wear your shoes out cleaning them, for you will have to tip him. There is the porter who carries your trunk down, and he has two or three assistants waiting for you at the door. At the breakfast table the head waiter and three waiters appear, though they never explain to you that what you give them goes into a common fund. The elevator boys and hall boys follow you to the bus, and the concierge will not leave you out of his sight until he gets his share of the pie. If you are not inclined to give these people what they ask, they will mark your trunk, so that the next hotel will know what to expect. Many of the waiters in the hotels do not receive any pay, so they take the law into their own hands.

"In Germany, as a whole, they are not as bad as in the large hotels in Paris, where the force of servants is doubled, apparently for no reason but to see that no possible avenue is open for the fee to escape. Though the valet de chambre and the femme de chambre are husband and wife, they consider themselves independent corporations when it comes to the question of tips. My lord, the proprietor, provides this sentiment at your expense.

"Though the cabman's fare is regulated by law, they all expect a *pourboire* or macaroni, as they call it in Italy. One day we took a cab for an hour and on return I handed the driver a tip that did not satisfy him. He made so much noise that I gladly paid him what he wanted, to keep a crowd from gathering about us. Another time we went to the theater in Paris, and at the end of the performance the man called our cab. We were about to drive off when he reminded me that we had not given him a *pourboire*.

"The tipping in the theaters is almost as annoying as in the hotels. You have to buy a program and pay the usher, who is usually a woman, for showing you to your seats. The chairs are so high you need a footstool and that is to be paid for extra. You cannot bring your hat and wrap into the theater and you must pay for checking them.

"The carriers of your luggage is another factor that must be considered. Whenever you arrive in a large city every one grabs after the few carriers in the fore-

ground; the greater part of them act as a reserve force. These people go to the highest bidders. The carriers act as a syndicate and by limiting the active force keep prices high. It was 11 o'clock at night when we got to Rome, and after much searching I found some one to carry our luggage. We had not gone far when the man pretended the load was too heavy and taking advantage of the situation, said he would not carry it unless paid more.

"In London the taxes are further increased, for in the hotels lights and attendance are charged extra, but when you leave, all the people working in the hotels expect their tips just as though you had not paid a cent.

"If you go into Italy your purse is further taxed by carriage hire, because you are told that if you run about in the heat you will get Roman fevers. You must surely take a guide, your friends tell you. Besides paying and tipping your guide each day, you must pay an entrance fee for yourself and him, though the guide usually goes in free and keeps what you pay for him."

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#### A CITY OF PIGEONS.

CONSTANTINOPLE is sometimes called the city of dogs, but it might be called quite as well the city of pigeons, for the pretty gray-white birds are there in innumerable flocks.

They are protected and fed by the Turks, who hold them and the spider in great veneration. The reason they give is this: When Mohammed, their great prophet, was fleeing to Mecca he found one day that his enemies were in close pursuit, so he hid in a cavern on the road to Medina. After he got in, a pair of doves immediately built their nests and laid two eggs at the mouth of the cave and a spider flung his web across it. When the pursuers came along they stopped, but, seeing the nest, with the eggs and the spider's web, they said: "No human being has been here," and on they went. This accounts for the Turks' veneration for the dove and tenderness for spiders, which they never kill.

These doves have a great fondness for the mosques, where they form great garlands of black and white along the cornices and about the platforms of the minarets. One reason for this may be that in the court-yards of the mosques there are always fountains and trees, while the imams, or priests, keep a bag of corn or millet seed on hand to feed them. Many of the sultans, as well as private individuals, have left money in their wills for the maintenance of these holy birds. One mosque in particular, built by Sultan Bayezid II, is generally called "pigeon mosque" on account of the specially large number of birds that make their home there. The tradition about this is that when the mosque was building, a poor widow wished to help.

She had no money, but she had a pair of pigeons, so she gave these, the best she had. The sultan was so pleased with the gift that he decreed that no one should disturb the birds and their descendants, and so they have increased and multiplied beyond calculation. These pigeons know a stranger and as soon as they see one enter the courtyard down they come, a feathered whirlwind, with a sound like the roar of a cataract, ready for the corn, which they have learned to expect. A Turkish imam stands under the archway with a basket of corn, which he sells to the visitor for a few coins, just as children here buy peanuts to feed the animals at the circus or zoo.

At the mosque of Eyoub, which the Turks consider too sacred for Christians to enter, there is in the courtyard a fountain. Close to the fountain is a beau-



AN OLD ORANGE GROVE IN CALIFORNIA.

tiful plane tree, which is something like our button ball, and when it is a very hot day the pigeons leave the roof and minarets and settle under the thick leaves of the tree, until it looks as though there were more pigeons than leaves. An old gray woman is employed to feed these birds.

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#### DO ANIMALS UNDERSTAND?

HAVE birds and beasts any medium of exchange of thought? Undoubtedly some of them do have this gift. It can be noticed clearly in the case of crows feeding in a field. One or more is on watch, and when a man comes around there is a peculiar "caw-caw" that starts the whole flock. Ants have the gift of leading other ants to the broken sugar bag. Undoubtedly dogs have some means of communication with each other, and likely all animate things have their ways of letting their fellow-creatures know what is doing in the little world of their own.

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OVER in Germany it is a practice for the family to put a sheaf of grain on a high pole for the birds on Christmas day.



# The Inglenook Nature Study Club

This Department of the Inglenook is the organ of the various Nature Study Clubs that may be organized over the country. Each issue of the magazine will be complete in itself. Clubs may be organized at any time, taking the work up with the current issue. Back numbers cannot be furnished. Any school desiring to organize a club can ascertain the methods of procedure by addressing the Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.

## ADDITIONAL NATURE STUDY CLUBS.

No. 20, Inglenook Nature Study Club, of Abbottstown, Pa. Sec'y, Reba Miller, Abbottstown, Pa. Membership 7.

No. 21, Botetourt Normal Inglenook Nature Study Club, of Daleville, Va. Sec'y, Minnie M. Nicar. Daleville, Va. Membership 60.

No. 22, Inglenook Nature Study Club of Maryland School, Surrey, N. Dak. Sec'y, Paul E. Shorb. Surrey, N. Dak. Membership 28.

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## THE COON.

THE raccoon is an animal that is found all over the eastern part of the United States, and is much more common than is thought, because it is very largely nocturnal. Its description is not necessary, as nearly everybody has seen a picture, or the animal itself. Its scientific name is *Procyon lotor*, and it might be known as the Washer, that being the meaning of the word *lotor*. It gets this name from its peculiar habit in fishing. The coon is a great animal to get into the shallow bed of a creek, wading through it and inserting his fore paws, which are very much like hands, under the stones and in the crevices in search of crawfish and water insects. When he gets anything he rubs it between his paws to determine its character by the sense of touch. This trick of the coon very much resembles that of washing a handkerchief or some other such article, and that is what gives it its name.

The hind feet of the coon are very much like those of the bear, and in fact the animal itself is nothing but a little bear with a long tail, and the track made by the raccoon in soft mud very much resembles that of a small child, and is exactly like that of the bear except on a smaller scale. This peculiar method of walking puts it among the plantigrade animals, in other words, the whole sole of its hind feet is used in taking each step. This is what makes the children's footprints in the mud which so many have seen and perhaps wondered at.

The raccoon is a nocturnal animal, though it sometimes wanders out in the daytime, and it can see just as well, apparently, in the daytime as in the night, but it does most of its traveling at night. It lives in hollow trees. In every other respect it is very much like a bear both in its habits and its food.

One unfailing sign of the presence of raccoons is in the breaking down of the pokeberry bushes that are found along the fences. Our friend, the Washer, will coon it along the top of the rail fence until he comes to the tall growing pokeberry bushes laden with their grapelike purple fruit. These he is very fond of, and he breaks off the limbs, or pulls them down, so that he can get at the berries. He gets his hands and mouth all stained red, and very frequently when he is caught at this season of the year people who do not know will wonder what has colored him a purplish red about his paws and mouth. It is due to the fact of his love for pokeberries.

The best time for a raccoon to be out, so far as being caught is concerned, is on a close, muggy, damp, evening. Whether the coon prefers traveling on such a night as being the best to go about, or whether it is a peculiarity of the scent being better retained at such a time, the Nook does not know, however it is a fact that on a damp, close, sticky night, the coon and all his relatives will be on the go and it is then that the coon dog finds him the quickest.

It seems to require a specially gifted dog to be successful as a coon hunter. Many a time an apparently stupid, curly-haired mongrel can pick up the scent and follow it better than a half-dozen hounds that sometimes go along in the killing. Once the coon finds himself pursued he takes to the best tree that he can find to hide in. Sometimes, however, he makes the mistake of getting on a sapling, and then the so-called fun takes place.

If he is on a larger tree it must be chopped down, but if he is on a sapling he may be shaken off. It is one of the weird sights of the hunting life, about ten o'clock at night, in the woods where it is dark as Egypt, three or four men, half a dozen dogs and a coon up a sapling! The coon sees the dogs and the dogs see the coon, and they know just what is going to happen. A man climbs the tree where the coon is sitting on a limb, with his eyes shining like coals of fire, and proceeds to shake him off. The moment he strikes the ground the pack are on him. While the coon is a small animal compared with the dog, yet if there is but one dog, and the coon is not interfered with, the chances are that he will get away, and the dog be a subject for the hospital for the next week or two.

There is probably no animal that runs wild that can

put up a better fight than the coon, save perhaps the wildcat. Even where he is overmastered and the dogs are standing on their heads to get at him, the ones nearest to him are glad to let go and drag themselves away with their ears slit, or their noses bitten through and through. Once the coon gets a fair chance at one of his four-legged persecutors he is very apt to make it exceedingly interesting for him and make him pretty careful about tackling him lonehanded or lonejawed the second time.

In the persimmon country the coons are rather more plentiful than at other places, though it has a very wide range or habitat. Its flesh is used for food and is said by those who like such things that it is very good to eat. Considering that the coon lives on insects, grubs, crawfish and the berries of the wild plants he cannot be said to be a harmful animal. When taken young and made a pet of at home he becomes very tame and rather affectionate. The Nookman once owned one that made friends with the house dog, and they got along very well together except that they had an occasional difference in which the dog got the worst of it.

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#### HOW ?

A NOOKER is puzzled over the classification of plants, and asks the NOOK how it is managed. It is a little difficult to tell but we will take an instance and describe it in a way.

Suppose we take a wild rose and note the structure of the flower. It is too common to need description. Let us call it a pattern flower. And we will call it the rose family. Now if we can find another plant, the flower and the fruit of which are put up on the same structural plan, it will fall into the classification of the rose. The rose has naturally five petals and a pip or fruit back of it full of seeds. Taking an apple flower we find it exactly on the same lines of make-up. The rose is a bush, the apple a tree, but the flowers are made alike, and it must go into the rose family. And now, are not the flowers of the peach, the pear, the plum, the crabapple, and other plants we will not name, made over the same plan? Certainly. Then they belong to the rose family? Assuredly they do.

And now take a sunflower. Is it not on an entirely different plan? Would it go into the rose family? No, it is made in another way, as each seed has a special fertilizing arrangement of its own. In other words, it is composite in plan. Isn't a dandelion made the same way as the sunflower—that is, each seed has a special arrangement of its own? Certainly, as we could see if we had a dandelion and a sunflower before us—they are both composite.

Now that the foreign botanist, or any other scientific man, may know what we mean, let us take a dead

language and get a word. Let us call one order the *Rosacea*, and the other the *Compositae*, and there you are, and so it is in the botanies of all lands.

Seems easy, doesn't it? In practice there are a good many stumps and fallen logs in the field for us to stumble over. For instance all have seen the black hair a carriage cushion is stuffed with, being the core of the long Spanish moss of the South. Then all have seen a pineapple. It would not seem possible that they are grouped together, but they are, and are put together because the fruiting and flowering are similar, both being compressed in form, and they are the only two of their class.

♦ ♦ ♦

#### REMEMBER THESE WORDS.

*Altrices*, birds reared in the nest and fed by the parents. *Anomalous*, very unusual or strange. *Anserine*, goose-like. *Deciduous*, temporary, falling early, as the leaves of an apple tree. *Fauna* means the animal life of a country or locality. *Habitat*, locality frequented by species. *Hybrid*, a cross between two species. *Insectivorous*, insect-eating. *Carnivorous*, flesh-eating. *Fructivorous*, fruit-eating. *Gramivorous*, grain-eating. *Glaucous*, shining like the bloom of a cabbage head. *Mandible*, properly the under jaw. *Melanism*, an excess of black or dark coloring, frequent among hawks. *Monogamous*, mating with a single one of the opposite sex. *Nidification*, nesting, or mode of nesting. *Polygamous*, mating with many females. *Scansorial*, capable of climbing, as the woodpecker. *Type*, a particular specimen, about which are grouped others of the same kind. *Aberant*, deviating from the usual. *Arboreal*, living in trees. *Albino*, whitish-looking in color.

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#### HOW THE LAKE FREEZES.

HERE is a little experiment all can try and it shows how water freezes. Select a pane of glass, frosted all over, the thicker the better. Now with your mouth close to the glass breathe gently on it till there is a watery spot, say the size of a dollar. Now stand close enough to see what goes on. Presently the freezing process is on. Crystals will shoot out like magic and the miniature lake is frozen solid. What goes on right under your eyes is what is going on in the mill pond, or the lake. The very same processes are repeating themselves.

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D. J. McDANIEL, of Oklahoma, writes the NOOK family that he saw a lunar rainbow at West Baden, Ind., July 3, 1898, at nine o'clock at night. It was very plain and bright.

♦ ♦ ♦

DID you ever know a stream to freeze over from the bottom up? How and why?



## HOW TO STUDY NATURE.

JUST about the worst possible combination in Nature Study in the woods is a boy or two, a dog and a gun. The boys are shouting, the dog running about, and every eye and ear of the animal world is watching and listening, wondering what the terrible combination is about. It is about the same as though a couple of lumbering giants with a wild elephant or two came slashing, yelling and smashing their way through a village. Everybody in sight or hearing would get out or hide till the danger had passed.

A better way is to go alone, though two or even three people are not objectionable if they are of the same mind and can keep quiet. A camera is better than a gun, and just as soon as it can be bought, about every learner should own a field glass. It will bring into range the doings of bird and beast that do not know they are being watched.

One of the best places to work is along an old worm fence where the bushes and briars have been allowed to grow up unmolested. In such a hedgerow affair there always abound interesting features. If we are not intrusive and do not appear to see we may notice a Bunnie squat on the ground with her ears laid back carefully, and not even breathing, as far as we can see. As long as the rabbit thinks she is not noticed, that long will she trust in craft, and remain in sight. A dog would have started her running before she had been seen. But one of the easiest things to do is to look for the cocoons that are liable to be found there. They may be hung high on the trees, or fastened to a berry cane, or, as is often the case, they may be on the under side of the rails. At all events, with sharp eyes, it is very easy to detect them, and the exercise is a good one, for it begets seeing things. What will be a wonder to you is that while you think you have studied the hedgerow very thoroughly, when you go out again you will see things that will be a surprise to you, and you will not be able to understand why you missed them. Again the learner is cautioned against pinching a cocoon when one is found. The best way to carry them is to put them in a pasteboard box till they are properly put away at home.

The traces of the smaller animals will be seen on all sides if we know where to look for them. Under a wildcherry tree, or a crabapple, we will find any number of seeds that have had the kernels eaten out of them. There is the little round telltale hole that shows where the mouse has been at work. The galls on the blackberry canes will repay dissection. The lichen on the rails, the moss on the trees, the spoor, or tracks of the animals, big and little, that have passed that way are of intense interest. The facts are no life is long enough to master the outside edge of knowledge of the insects, animals, and other denizens of the hedge.

## THE HUMMINGBIRD.

THERE are fifteen species of hummingbirds found in the United States, but of these only one is east of the Mississippi river—the Ruby-throat. The Nook family, being all over the United States, may not at once recognize this hummer, but, as stated, over that part of the country east of the Mississippi it is the *only* one to be seen. Its scientific name is *Trochilus colubris* and its habitat, or the places where it may be found, are from the far north down to Cuba. It is the smallest of all the feathered visitants, and arrives in Pennsylvania and similar latitudes about the first of May, and goes about the middle of September.

They are not strictly gregarious but sometimes small flocks have been observed. It is said that the hummingbird is never seen on the ground, but that is not saying that it never does alight though it is very rare that it does. It has a habit of drawing its quill feathers through its bill when perched on a twig.

The nest is small, cup-shaped, made of downy vegetable substances, covered on the outside with mottled lichens stuck on the nest with the bird's saliva. This nest may be in a rosebush or on top of a large limb of a tree. Both birds work at the nest which is completed in five or six days. The nest is about one and one-half inch high, the same in depth and the cavity about three-fourths of an inch each way. There are two white eggs, equally blunt at each end, about one-half inch long, and the hatching time is ten days.

Because of their frequenting flowers, the popular belief is that the hummingbird lives on honey alone. This is an error as it lives on flies, beetles, and spiders. These it is seeking when they are feeding on the nectar in flowers, when the bird seems to be honey hunting. There is no more beautiful bird than our hummingbird.

Have any Nookers noted any hummingbirds other than the Ruby-throat, and where?

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## HOW YOU TALK.

IF you will put your finger upon the protuberance on your throat known as "Adam's apple" and which stands out very prominently in some people and is not much noticeable in others, you will be touching the grizzly framework across the top of which are stretched the vocal cords which enable you to speak and talk. They are a couple of strong, white-colored, highly-elastic bands, which are never wholly at rest. When you take a deep breath they are spread wide apart and are lost in the membrane of the throat, and when you expire your breath, or try to talk, as it is called, they come so closely together as to let only a thin stream of air to make its exit. When you want to talk, the air rushes from your lungs by the contraction of your

chest muscles and drives the vocal cords apart so as to allow a small puff of air to escape. They close again by their own resiliency and then a second puff may be caused. It is done by the peculiar motion of the mouth, tongue, teeth, and lips, which has been acquired early in youth and which results in producing sounds which we know as words. That is all there is to it so far as speech is concerned.

With babies there is but little difference between the throat of the boy and the girl. About the fourteenth year the boy's larynx doubles in size and it does not take on its full growth until he is about twenty-five years old. The girl's larynx increases about one-third in size and consequently the woman's throat is the smaller and is never capable of producing the same kind of note, upon the same principle that the difference of diameter of a musical instrument affects its note.

Now, what is the deep down difference in the voice of the ordinary person and that of a famous singer? There is such a trifling difference between the vocal cords as to be almost unnoticeable. But there is a variation, and this difference, accentuated by practice, is what makes the difference in singing. A peculiarity of each voice is that it is wholly beyond the control of its owner. If a dog's vocal cords were a little finer than what they are, dogs might learn to talk just as well as we do, and indeed it is not beyond the pale of possibility that some day a dog may be born that will be found to have the gift of speech if it only can be developed.

Any member of the Nature Study clubs who will take the trouble of dissecting a chicken's throat will have no trouble whatever in locating the vocal cords whereby it makes its noise and having once found them there will be less trouble in locating them in any other bird or beast.

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#### THE YOUNG OF THE OPOSSUM.

THERE is perhaps no animal young that presents more unusual phases of existence than the baby opossums. It is not known how they are born, at least the NOOK does not know, but they are to be first seen in the pouch of the mother. She is the only native pouched animal in America. Inside of the pouch are the teats, and the young are placed there when born, by the mother, and they are about the size of a large pea and resemble a grub worm. They are born absolutely naked, and without hind legs. These latter develop in the pouch. When very little and it is desired to separate them from the mother, they hang on so tight that it seems they must be pulled to pieces to succeed in getting them loose. Once the legs are developed they start out in life for themselves and get a strange prehensile power in the tail with which they

can hang on as well as with their paws. Taken when very young they are readily tamed, and make interesting pets, but being nocturnal in their habits they are uneasy and worthless at night.

\* \* \*

#### SOME FAMOUS GIANTS.

FOLLOWING is the height of some famous giants:  
 John Middleton, Lancashire, England, 9 feet 3 inches.  
 Patrick Cotter, the "Irish giant," 8 feet 7 inches.  
 Charles Byrne, Ireland, 8 feet 4 inches.  
 Big Sam, porter of Prince of Wales (George IV), 8 feet.  
 Robert Hales, 7 feet 6 inches.  
 Chang-Woo-Gow, 8 feet.  
 The "Amazon Queen," 8 feet 2 inches.  
 Joseph Winklemaier, 8 feet 9 inches.  
 Elizabeth Lyska, (aged 12), 6 feet 8 inches.

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#### DUST.

EVERY Nooker has noticed the motes of dust floating in a ray of sunlight through a room, and the immediate inference is that the whole room is floating with dust just the same way. In a room where no sunlight appears there is probably no dust floating, but the warm sun beating through an open window, or through crevices and cracks creates a current in the air and causes the motes apparently to dance up and down. If a room is so fixed that half will be sunlight and the other half shaded, it will be found that there is more dust in the sunny part than in the shaded part and the reason is that it is created by the sunbeams and thus the dust floats.

\* \* \*

#### INSECTS AS AERONAUTS.

INSECTS enjoying aerial navigation by the use of balloons were recently caught by a French naturalist, who noticed them as small, bright objects floating in the air and behaving as if they were being steered. He caught some of them and found them to be viscous air bubbles, one-fourth of an inch long, of uniform dimensions, and show the iridescent reflection. Each balloon was suspended by the feet of an insect resembling the hornet fly.

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THE aborigines of Peru can, in the darkest night and in the thickest woods, distinguish respectively a white man, a negro, and one of their own race by the smell.

\* \* \*

THERE are more than forty species of bumblebees known in this country and the countries north and south.



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A Weekly Magazine

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

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## Happy New Year to You!

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### THE PAST YEAR, AND THE COMING ONE.

IN a few days after this issue of the NOOK reaches its readers, the year that has flown will have passed into history. To the younger readers it will be but one year nearer the realization of the failure of present hopes. To the older ones it is but another milestone in the fast shortening journey. To one it is hopeful, to the other pathetic. As we grow older the years are shorter. They are long enough to the impatient young, but they are fleet of wing to him whose face is turned toward the setting sun.

All that has passed in the dead year is not now to be remedied. It is as a book that has been closed, never again to be opened this side of eternity. It has written there our failures, our successes, our hopes and our tears. It is all one now, this thing of regretting what has gone. It will neither help nor hinder. It is a fruitful field for thought, and it contains perhaps more graves than laurels. It is as some rural landscape over which the shades of evening are falling, and over which we look thoughtfully, feeling certain that we shall not again see it. It has gone and we shall not again pass its way, nor it ours.

And here we stand on the threshold of a new year that no man has seen, and none may foretell what it contains. What there is of weal or woe in it for us is mercifully hidden from us. Pain and suffering, rejoicing and happiness, are equally behind the veil.

It is sometimes said that life is what we make it. This is only true in part, for there are paths that we must travel, and go alone, no matter how we plan personally. We are not independent of our surroundings, but are a part of a universal whole, and we take the part supreme wisdom and expediency in the divine economy assign to us, and this wholly without our knowledge or consent. What this will be, is not for us to know. But come weal or woe, by the eye and ear of faith we may know that what comes is for the best, and to Him who sends it be all praise and glory.

Let us think of some of our blessings. Underneath the bare, brown earth, there sleep the countless millions of wild flowers that will wake at the touch of the warm breath of the spring. The meadows will be full of the early spring blooms, and the violet and the buds of the apple and the rose will come to life again, and each year will be as bright and as beautiful as the one that is dead and gone. On thousands of hillsides there will be the annual miracle of grass and flower springing into warm life.

Then there will be the blossom time, when all the orchards will glow with their flowers, and there will be balmy days that seem as though escaped from paradise, and earth will be aglow with the life and light that the year will bring us. If there is a dead year back of us there will be a new one all around us, and we will remember the past till all its blemishes are forgotten, and its blessings will remain in our memories till every picture is a glory, the farther back the brighter. Do we not remember our childhood's years as blessings that will brighten till our eyes close in death?

Yes, the year just passed is gone, not to come again, but there is another ahead of us in which all the tragedy and the comedy will be reenacted till the play is ended and Death rings down the curtain. There will be deeds of daring for unnamed heroes, there will be songs for the singer, as well as complaints for those of us who will be laid to rest. Blessed rest! Blessed sleep, nevermore to wake in this world of sin and sorrow, but in some fairer land than this, under the sheltering care of the happy ones who have gone before, we will know neither cold, nor dark, nor death, and every day, and all eternity will be blossom time. So good-bye, the past, welcome the future, and speed the day when it is all over and perfect peace is ours.

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### HOW SOON FORGOTTEN.

As we get older and begin the journey toward the setting sun, in the latter half of life, we come to realize more and more how little account we are compared with the great bulk of humanity. A man comes on

the stage of action, plays his part, great or small, and then passes out of this earth life. What of memory does he leave behind him? Practically so little, outside of a few immediate friends, who also forget, that it amounts to nothing.

There are reasons. One is that mercifully we do forget. Time blunts the memory and dulls the edge of sorrow, and it is good that it is so. Another is that none are indispensable. No man fills a place in the world, especially if honor or emolument is attached, who has not a number clamoring for his place, and, inside of a few days, the work goes on just the same, and what is bitter to remember, it often goes on better.

Go out to the place of the dead and read the graven names of the departed. How many of them you do not know! "John Smith, ætat 65. Blessed are the dead," and that is all of it. Stand beside this grave and ask yourself the maiden name of your great-grandmother. As it is with you so it will be with your grandchildren who read the uncared-for stone over the neglected mound under which you will lie. It is not at all sad, for it is natural. All things in nature work out for the best in the long run.

The thing to do is to render life more pleasant and bearable for others we pass on the way to the great oblivion. We all go the same road together, and all the difference is that some of us reach the end quicker than the others.

After the forgotten mound, what then? It all depends, and depends on how we have related ourselves to those with whom we walked. Our future will be based on what we did, not what we professed.

\* \* \*

#### THE GREATEST THING OF ALL.

EVERYTHING has its value, some more than others, some less. And all things pass away and are lost,—all but one. The one and the only thing that never dies is Love. We need not say that the minor part of it in the way of love between the sexes is not all of it. It has a higher range, and, as said before, is immortal.

It is strange how men seek the transitory and imperfect. Millions spend their lives in a struggle for gold. Some win it, most fail, and winner or loser, all die and leave it behind. In the struggle for money the better part of life is lost sight of. Only when most of us come to the very brink, do we look back and see how selfish we were, and vainly regret that we cannot do it all over again that we might do it better.

Love is a thing to think about, to talk about, but, most of all, to live it. It may not come easy at all times, but it is easier after each successful effort. This thing of kindly feeling, which is another

way of speaking of Love, is a growth that feeds upon itself. The more we have of it, the more that comes. When we have passed over all that is of any account whatever on the other side is Love. He who has the most of it here is nearest the kingdom.

\* \* \*

#### ANTICIPATION OR POSSESSION.

It's an old country school debating question whether there is more pleasure in pursuit or in having. It is altogether likely that more people have been pleased with the exhibit of the impossible things than will have pleasure in possessing them. Ten thousand people may see an article in a show window and receive greater pleasure from it than the one individual who gets it for a present.

There are so many things in the stores at this season of the year that the wonder is where all this lot of fancy material goes, who buys it and who gets it. It disappears, is swallowed up by the public, and the next year brings other gifts for other people. If there is as much happiness in having as in hoping, this week will bring happiness to many a person the wide world over. The only thing the Nookman envies in this whole Christmas business is the unalloyed pleasure that will fill many a youthful heart.

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#### OUR NEXT YEAR.

READ the prospectus on the last page of this issue of the INGLENOOK and you will find some things that we will undertake next year. That letter writing business is going to be a splendid thing and we are only sorry that there are not thousands of people ready to take it up.

Then the woman's issue of the INGLENOOK will be as good a thing as we have ever put out. Every line in it will be written by women, NOOK women at that. That means that there will be an exceptionally good issue.

A good word to the neighbors in regard to the merits of the NOOK will be doing missionary work that will be to the advantage of all concerned. Of publications for classes and conditions of people there is no end, but among the whole of them the INGLENOOK maintains a unique position, and its friends are in the thousands but it ought to have many more thousands, and the suggestion is made that each one considers himself or herself a committee to extend the good work. That letter writing business will begin about February.

\* \* \*

If a citizen of New York is a New Yorker, and the man who lives in Pennsylvania is a Pennsylvanian, how should we call the man who lives in Panama?



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

Pittsburg, Pa., has had a \$150,000 fire.

The National Republican convention will be held in Chicago.

The Jewish emigration to America from Russia is increasing.

The St. Louis Fair directors may ask Congress for money to help them.

The Princess Charlotte, sister of Emperor William, is suffering from cancer.

Recent dispatches predict war between Japan and Russia in the near future.

An Englishman has invented a new smokeless powder. He calls it veloxite.

Dowie has declared for a cash basis in the future management of his business.

Chicago will hereafter have a daily railroad service to southern Florida the year round.

Baron Arthur de Rothschild is dead of heart disease. He leaves a fortune of \$15,000,000.

A Jewess died in Philadelphia the other day who was a lineal descendant of King David.

Sir Thomas Lipton thinks there is luck in Shamrock IV, and will try racing again for the cup.

The remains of Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, were cremated Dec. 14, at Hamstead, England.

The Chicago hotels have combined to raise their rates for the big Republican convention next June.

Thieves have robbed the vatican, getting away with four big copper kettles and a gold crown. No clues.

William Jennings Bryan, accompanied by his son, was received in private audience by the pope Dec. 13.

J. H. Fischer, seventy years old, dropped dead in a Chicago court yesterday, just as he was to testify in a case.

Nine American jockeys on the French turf are reported as having "earned" an aggregate of \$200,000 this year.

Arrangements are being entered into whereby the Union Pacific will enter the city of Portland over the tracks of the Northern Pacific.

At last accounts the United States cruisers along the coast of Panama have been unable to find any signs of invasion on the part of Colombia.

The Pope is having troubles of his own. Disappointment in being advanced has soured many officials.

There is much stealing in Chicago and the carnival of crime in that city does not seem to have grown less.

The friars at Manila have agreed to sell their lands in the Philippines for \$7,250,000. There are large tracts.

Again we hear that Japan is close on the edge of war with Russia. Reports conflict so that no one can keep even with them.

Fears have been expressed for the life of Pope Pius X. Since his accession to place and power ill health has taken hold of him.

Prof. Robert Baird, of the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., declares modern Sunday school literature to be of little value.

An aerolite, weighing twenty-three pounds, fell on Muleshoe mountain, Wheeler Co., Oregon. It narrowly escaped hitting two men.

A considerable body of United States troops has been landed on the republic of Panama, pending the action of Bogota in the premises.

The fleets of Russia and Japan have been banding in battle array. This would not indicate that peace is in contemplation by the several nations.

The price of eggs in Chicago has gone higher in the last week than in any period for ten years. They are thirty-three cents in Chicago, wholesale.

A movement is on foot to reunite the Methodist church North and South, after sixty years of separation. The church split on human slavery.

The annual meeting of the Afro-American Congressional League will be held in Chicago in June, 1904. Booker T. Washington will make an address.

The Westminster Abbey authorities have refused burial within that place of England's great dead to Herbert Spencer. The dispatch gives no reasons.

The pillory has been substituted for solitary confinement in the dark houses in the workhouse in Cincinnati, Ohio, and is declared to be most effective.

A half human chimpanzee in London has been examined by doctors who decide that he can never be taught to speak, being incapable of making the sounds.

The mysteries of the Antarctic region are discovered to be very much like Patagonia. No land animals are found by the explorers, but marine fauna are abundant.

General Lew Wallace is taking the X-rays treatment for a cancerous condition of the nose. If this treatment fails he will then submit to an operation.

Two youthful highwaymen in Chicago, each seventeen years old, started out on a hold-up course the other day, which landed them in the police station in short order.

The president has offered the position of Civil Service Commissioner to Gen. John C. Black, of Chicago. Gen. Black is Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The Sultan has protested against the action of the United States in sending warships to Alexandretta, where there was some trouble with the United States consul recently.

Dr. Frank Burr Mallory, a Harvard Medical professor, claims to have discovered the cause of scarlet fever. He says the germ of the disease is of animal and not vegetable origin.

Pope Pius X, according to advices from the Vatican, has addressed a note to President Roosevelt, offering his services to arrive at a just and equitable solution of the present troubles with Colombia.

Emperor William shot nine stags and three wild boars last week on a hunting expedition. The foresters beat the game up past the station where the emperor and his guests were partly concealed.

Clinton Lisk, of New Jersey, worked at farmer Neyhart's place and ran off with and married the daughter, Pearl, fourteen years old, in her first long dress. They are forgiven and are living with the old folks.

The mayor of Chicago has issued an ultimatum to the drivers and engineers of the Fire Department that they cannot hold allegiance to the two bodies, the city and the Unions. They must give up the Union.

Prof. Hugh, of the Northwestern University, near Chicago, has been elected associate member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. He is regarded as the greatest living authority on the planet Jupiter.

The cold snap which spread over a large part of the United States has resulted in many deaths and injuries being reported in the papers. A large number of accidents and mishaps are never reported for publication.

The National Convention at Chicago next June will be a big affair. In the first place its location is a matter of bidding and the recouping of the amount by the sale of tickets makes it more a matter of theatricals than of patriotism.

They are having a serious time in Chicago endeavoring to clear out the criminals. An epidemic of crime has made this necessary,—and the authorities have a Herculean task before them.

The worst blizzard of the year has passed over the northern tier of States and a number of them are covered with snow. At this writing the outlook for a white holiday week is good indeed.

More U. S. troops are being taken to the Isthmus of Panama. The chances are that there may be a clash between the troops of Colombia and those of the United States before it is all over.

Clara Barton, president of the American Red Cross Society, has visited Butler, Pa., and has issued an appeal for that fever-stricken city. Bad water caused an epidemic of typhoid fever. Many people are down with it.

The first divorce ever granted an Oneida Indian passed the courts Dec. 19. Joseph Metoxen, aged fifty-eight, was separated from Lena Metoxen, aged twenty-one. They lived together three weeks. Joseph alleged that Lena deserted him.

King Menelek, of Abyssinia, received the ambassador from the United States very kindly. The United States man is negotiating a treaty with the Abyssinian emperor, who is very ignorant of this country and has never heard of some of our large cities.

There has been a great rock and land slide at Mt. Tacoma, which has changed the entire configuration of the southeastern peak of that mountain. Millions of tons of rock and earth were precipitated down the side of the mountain.

Owing to a strike among the livery drivers of Chicago, on Dec. 18, eighty people were taken to the cemeteries in an unpretentious undertaker's wagon, not a single hearse being used at any of the funerals. This is the result of a union strike, one that strikes even the dead.

All packages of every character intended for the Alaskan region are declined. Letters are forwarded to their destination but Christmas packages, and all that sort of thing will not go out until spring. The reason therefor is in the difficulty with which the mail is handled at the present time.

Geo. Grant pleaded guilty to stealing jewelry at St. Paul in order to save his friend. There were two of them and his friend broke into the house and stole the jewelry and pawned it. The man who did the actual stealing was married and his friend plead guilty in order to allow him to remain with his wife and children. The judge sent him to the penitentiary.



## HOW TO USE OLD PAPERS.

New uses for old paper are being found almost daily by the different trades and by people who have a little ingenious turn of mind. The penny papers are reeling off tons of paper every hour of the twenty-four, and everybody buys these, two or three a day, and throws them away after using them for half an hour or so. There are eager scavengers of the city after every stray newspaper and bundle of wrapping paper. If it were not so, the street cleaning department would have to organize a special corps of men just to collect newspapers and burn them.

Most of the newspapers are gathered up and converted into marketable paper again, and some go in with the rags to make various kinds of commercial material; but outside of these two lines of industry the paper is made into different useful articles of a wonderful nature. The newspapers are made of the spruce pulp, and by a steaming process they can be reconverted into a similar pulp again. This pulp is not so good as in the first instance, and no one has yet found a way to make it possible to use it over again for newspaper work. However, it is chewed and steamed up, and it is then used for many other purposes. Wood pulp novelties, lead pencil holders, paper weights and ash receivers, are manufactured from this waste paper. There is an endless variety of things made from wood pulp, but not all of these can be obtained from printed waste paper. The wood pulp straws, telegraph poles and kitchen hollow utensils cannot be made in this way; but paper floors and ceilings which are to be stained can be manufactured of the waste paper.

A paper floor is a splendid thing for keeping out the cold, and also for making a clean, germ-proof surface. The paper is ground and steamed, and then mixed with some hardening paste, such as cement in a pulverized condition or plaster of Paris. It is applied to an ordinary wooden floor when in the plastic condition. When rolled and pressed into position until every crack is filled, and the surface made perfectly smooth and even, the result is highly satisfactory. The paper and cement dry and harden, producing a finish that will stand well the action of water, heat and cold. Such a surface will take well a stain or paint.

A good many tons of waste paper every week go to a certain manufacturer of novelties and it is surprising what he can do with them. He simply boils the old newspapers with a little steaming apparatus he has installed in his basement store, and then he runs the pulp in molds which he makes himself. These molds are pressed by a small handpress, worked by a screw and lever, and when dried the paper weight, ash receiver, cigar holder, penholder, or some other novelty is hard and firm to the touch. A little paring off with a

knife completes the articles before the paint, enamel or gold leaf is applied. Within a few hours after the old newspapers are delivered to this man he turns them out for sale again in the shape of gold or silvered novelties. He secures the molds of cupids and fauns, which the plaster of Paris man uses to make heads and busts, and makes good statuettes out of his old newspapers. They are solid and have the advantage of weight over the plaster of Paris products.

There is another genius uptown who furnishes a store with kitchen and dining room utensils from old newspapers. He purchases several wagon loads of old paper every week. These he boils up in his kitchen, which is located back of his store, and, after reducing them to a thick pulp, he adds some kind of paste of his own invention to give the mass a sticky consistency. Then he proceeds to cast the pulp into molds, which he bakes in a large oven. He has ob-



TERMINAL ISLAND STATION, SALT LAKE ROUTE.

tained iron molds for a great variety of plates, saucers, pans, cups and shallow dishes. When the paper pulp is pressed into shape and taken from the mold, the man applies a glazing enamel of his own invention which gives a rich finish or luster to the plates. Such plates make excellent articles for kitchen use, and they are sold extensively by the man in his store. He does not pretend to supply the trade, but merely makes them for his own store. His customers buy them right along, and recommend them to others, so that he can usually dispose of all he can make.

Paper carpets and rugs have been made with more or less success, and a good many of the cheaper floors in Chicago are covered with paper rugs that are as useful as woolen materials. This requires plenty of heavy machinery to roll the pulp in large masses, and hence the small dealer is not in it. I know of one concern that takes a good many loads of old papers every week just for experimental purposes. It is aiming to capture the summer trade in Japanese mattings and rugs. The theory of the owner is that our homes at the seaside and mountains should be covered with

paper flooring, and that in time he will be able to produce the ideal paper carpet or matting. He has not only installed his place with expensive rolling machinery, but with costly stamping and printing machines.

\* \* \*

#### TOOLS USED IN OPENING SAFES.

"WE have tools for opening safes," said the foreman of the machine-room of a safe factory, "that no burglars could imitate even if he got them. But it would be one of the most difficult things in the world for him to get even a sight of them. The toolroom is guarded as closely as a bank vault. A watchman stays in it all night. We are very careful about employing our men. They must give bonds and have the best of references. The chances of a burglar getting into our employ for the purpose of learning our methods is scarcely worth thinking about.

"Very frequently we have hurry calls for a man to open a safe where the time lock has gone askew or where the clerk has forgotten the combination. You can readily imagine that with a bank or trust company it is an essential thing to have the safe open before business begins. When we send a man out he takes a wagon load of tools, for he must open the safe without ruining the lock, and he does not know precisely what the trouble is. He carries a photograph of himself, with our credentials on it. Nor will he open the safe while alone. Some bank official must remain with him, no matter how long the job takes. That is for our protection. Some very queer alleged robberies have been charged to men sent out to open safes.

"To mechanics in our business it is laughable to read that a full kit of burglar's tools has been found beside a safe. As I have said, it would require an express wagon to carry them, and the burglars don't work that way. If they care to take chances by blowing up a safe with dynamite, it is another matter, but those fellows nearly always get caught.

"A police officer told me that burglars make their own tools. The big crooks are all spotted and are afraid to go out and buy the material for them. Some of them send their wives and children. As a general thing they don't work in New York. A man making tools in a flat or tenement would be likely to attract attention. They get a house somewhere in the suburbs. Philadelphia, where they can get a brick house for about twenty dollars a month, is a great place for them."

\* \* \*

#### WILL ALWAYS BE COSTLY.

TORTOISE shell is one of those commodities whose intrinsic value is such that the real article will never be cheap. Beautiful in itself, rare and difficult to obtain, it will never be so common or of so little value as

are silver ornaments now being worn. The tortoise shell of commerce is the shell or epidermis plates of the hawbill turtle, (*eretmochelys imbricate*), a species of turtle which inhabits only tropical seas. This outer shell is in thin plates, beautifully mottled and shaded. These are removed from the living animal with a very thin knife slipped beneath them. When removed they are very irregular in form, but are easily flattened by heat and pressure. They become very plastic when heated and as the heat also softens and liquefies a sort of film or gum on their surface, they can be readily welded and pressed together while warm and so made of an increased thickness.

The quality of the tortoise shell depends on the thickness and size of the scales and on the clearness and brilliancy of the colors. This tortoise inhabits the Indian ocean and the waters of Central America. They are very prolific, laying from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five eggs.



A PLEASURE WHARF AT TERMINAL ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Each tortoise produces annually from five to six pounds, valued at three dollars and fifty cents per pound. Tortoise shell has been highly prized for ornamental purposes from early times. It was one of the most esteemed of the treasures of the far east brought to ancient Rome by way of Egypt and was eagerly sought by wealthy Romans as a veneer for their fine furniture.

\* \* \*

THE German emperor, who underwent a surgical operation some time ago, it is rumored, will require a second one owing to complications that have arisen. His wound is slow in healing, and the parties immediately interested are in serious doubt as to the outcome.

\* \* \*

BIRMINGHAM has fourteen steel pen manufactories, more than in all France, Germany and America combined.

\* \* \*

A WITTY woman is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power.—"*Diana of the Crossways*" (*George Meredith*).



## KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

THERE is a great big religious reason why we should be kind to animals. It is that the good God made them as well as he made the reader. All things God made have certain rights. The man has rights and so has his dog, so has every animal he owns—so have all animals whether owned or not. The man is continually making mistakes of judgment and for the present punishment of them oftener than not he squirms out of it. In the end, the long run, everybody gets settled with. But let that go. The animal makes mistakes, but it is not expert at excuses and for errors of what little judgment it has it is kicked and beaten by another animal who ought to remember his own failings, but who doesn't.

Take the case of the house dog. He knows he is forbidden the house, but dog-like he forgets and when the door is open he walks in. One of the family comes in and roughly orders him out. Moreover, the man stands where he can deliver a kick at the dog as he passes and the dog gets it. Then he, the dog, goes out to grow a broken rib together, or to recover from an internal injury. The man goes back into the other room and reads the Bible, possibly that part that says something about a merciful man's being merciful to his beast. Meanwhile the dog licks the spot over the kick in the small of the back. "Let him stay out, then!" the man says in extenuation. The dog only licks the sore place and when the man returns that night he meets him with a joyous bark and a glad welcome. The dog has not forgotten, but he puts loyalty to the master above grudge. The man? Oh! he never gives it a thought. It seems that the dog has rather the better of it.

Then the woman who has left the kitchen door open! She likes cats "in their place." Tabby has crept in and is discovered. A well-directed kick with the toe of the fashionable shoe drives her out like wild. When the kittens have all died, our good woman doesn't know why. She doesn't think. She is busy with the Sunday lesson, something about being good, and kind, and true to what is right.

It looks to the writer as though the world needed instruction along these lines. It is not that most people are bad at heart, but because they have never been taught to think. The Nookman doesn't want to score them, to empty acid over them, but he *does* want to impress the lesson that all needless cruelty is forever and eternally wrong. It is not only cruelly wrong, but it is sinful, and it is mean, too, to use our strength and intelligence to hurt animals when there is a kinder way of it. What do you think?

\* \* \*

A SNOW fell in Chicago last week, not very heavy, but it has cost that city \$18,500 to clean the streets.

## A PLANT WORTH WATCHING.

"A PLANT that is its own gardener is, you would think, an impossibility," said a peanut dealer. "In the peanut, though, we have just such a plant—a plant, as it were, with a spade. The peanut grows in the air and sun, but when the flowers fall off and the pods appear it is necessary for these pods to mature under ground and, therefore, the plant buries them. It buries them with a movement of the stalk, a downward bend that pushes the pod beneath the soil. This is a strange thing to see; it makes a peanut patch well worth a



A PALM DRIVE IN CALIFORNIA.

visit. Go to one of these patches at the season when the flowers are falling and if you are patient you may have the luck to catch a plant in the very act of burying its pods."

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## GERMAN PIANOS.

IN Germany 435 piano factories make 80,000 instruments annually. Half of them, or about \$6,000,000 worth, are sold abroad, principally in England.

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IN some places they have started what they call good resolution dinners. The guests write on a sheet of paper their good resolutions for the coming year and then they adjourn to the drawing room and each reads his own aloud.

### PICKETING THE DEAD.

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THERE is a strike on hand in Chicago among the livery drivers and the *Chicago Tribune* in commenting on it says as follows:

The livery drivers who are on a strike do not permit themselves to be influenced by sentiment or religion. They wish to keep their late employers from doing business of any kind— even burying the dead in the customary fashion. Consequently they are as ready to picket an undertaker's shop, a church where funeral services are being held, or a private house where a corpse is lying, as they are to picket a barn or a stable. They make no distinction between the living and the dead. They have no respect for ministers or mourners. If they discover a nonunion man driving an undertaker's wagon with a body in it they are ready to mob him even at the door of a church.

The striking livery drivers evidently are not courting popular sympathy, and assuredly they will not get it. Usually death makes a truce to hostilities which last until the dead are buried. That is not so here. It is not permissible for a nonunion man to drive a hearse, although those who wish to accompany the dead to the grave do not object to him. After a battle the wounded are gathered up without interference and removed. The strikers are not so merciful. They will not allow private ambulances to be used to carry sick people to hospitals.

At this time, when there is so much crime, all the patrolmen ought to be attending to their regular duty. It should not be necessary to detail one of them to protect undertakers and others who are attending to funerals, but it appears to be necessary. Why send missionaries to Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea when there are men in Chicago who stand in such great need of Christianizing and humanizing as some of the pickets of the livery drivers' union? The home heathen are the ones to be looked after first.

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### THE COMING YEAR.

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OF all the countless people on the face of the earth not one of them knows the happenings of the year we are about to enter upon. What it holds for us in the way of weal or woe is hidden behind the inscrutable veil of the future. But this much we are tolerably sure of: What has been in the past will be repeated in the future. There will be joys and sorrows, smiles and tears, weddings and burials, just the same as there have been in the past. Life is pretty much alike the whole wide world over at all times. Children are children as they always have been and as they always will be. Men and women travel pretty much the same roads though under different skies and different languages.

Life is like a wheel which makes a revolution once a year. It brings us around to the starting point and repeats pretty much the same things we have had before and save for the fact that we grow older, people do not change much. Those who come upon the scene of action in 1904 will be pretty much like those who have been in evidence in the past year. Pretty much the same things will happen to those who have come down to the turn of the road where the end is in sight. As they look backward over a long lifetime, and see how matters have repeated themselves, to all such the coming year gives no sign of change in any material respect from the years that are past and gone, but one thing is sure, and that is, we are nearer the end of the journey, and look forward to the close without fear or doubt, in the trustful hope of a perfect faith that all will come out right in the end.

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### NEW YEAR.

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IN a few more days 1903 will have passed away and the new year will be on us. Perhaps everybody who reads these lines will start with good resolutions, some of which will be kept and the most of them will go the way of the world in such matters. It is better to have made good resolutions and have broken them than not to have made them at all, because it is just the same as to have tried and failed, to have remained supine and powerless.

The INGLENOOK would suggest, as it has in previous occasions of this character, that not too much be undertaken in good resolutions. Let the thoughtful INGLENOOKER take stock of his shortcomings and begin to eliminate them one by one. No man living can "turn good" over night. Character and correct life is a growth and, until it becomes a habit of life, it is just as well not to undertake to carry the earth and the failings thereof at one load. Begin with something and when you have that conquered take another.

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### GREECE HAS PERMANENT EXECUTIONER.

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IN Greece the death penalty is said to be often pronounced, but the difficulty of obtaining executioners was for a long time almost insuperable. It was at last surmounted by giving to a murderer the choice between his own death, or acceptance of the office of permanent executioner. The man lives alone in an old tower built by Venetians on an islet outside the port of Nauplia, where necessities are taken to him every morning by the boatman, who is careful to exchange no word with him. Twice a year a steamer calls for him and his instruments of death, and he leaves upon a tour of executions.



## CHRISTMAS AT THE MULLIGANS.

BY KATHLEEN.

It was the day after at the Mulligans. And considering the quantity of indigestibles disposed of by the Mulligan twins it is no marvel that they woke up with a grievance against the world.

Mickey was characterized by a reckless treatment of his toys and books and a disposition to tease his sister Katy. Katy's method was different. It was her custom to withdraw to a corner, and there wait developments. It was understood that this corner was sacred ground, and not even Mickey had the temerity to intrude. After a short period spent in this manner, playing by one's self began to lose interest and usually it was Mickey who would make the first advances toward reconciliation, and peace would once more reign.

On this morning however, matters assumed an unusually serious aspect. And as the day wore on, the last straw was added by the untimely fate of the beautiful, rubber, "blow-up" pig given to Katy. Against her wishes, Mickey decided to blow it up to its fullest capacity. And as Mickey possessed good lung power, the effect was startling. Instead of pining away with a musical squeal and a last faint grunt, the pig uttered a sudden and ear-piercing shriek and collapsed.

Horror-stricken, Mickey gazed upon the tragic sight. As for Katy, words are inadequate to describe her emotions. Neither tears nor protest were of any avail now, but Mickey should not go unpunished. But how? Suddenly she had an inspiration. Mickey should be taught a lesson long to be remembered.

"Mickey Mulligan, I won't never play with you any more. I'm going to run away, and then you'll be sorry for the way you have treated me." And with air of a tragedy queen she flounced upstairs. Returning shortly, the remorseful Mickey noticed that she was arrayed in her hat and coat and carried a corpulent bundle that had many queer angles and protuberances in its makeup. Coldly indifferent to the pleadings of Mickey, she marched resolutely forth, until the bend in the road hid her from the view of Mickey, who stood at the window and wept bitterly. Could he ever play or have a good time again, and Katy gone, gone in righteous anger at him? Never, no never again. And how could he explain it to pa and ma when they come home? And as he thought of the probable results, his tears flowed afresh and his sobs grew louder.

In the meantime pa and ma returned and coming in by way of the kitchen, discovered Katy sitting by the stove and the sound of lamentation issuing from the front room. Naturally an explanation was demanded. And for the first time Katy began to doubt the wisdom of her plan. The doubt deepened into conviction,

when, after telling of her little scheme to fool Mickey into thinking that she had run away, she saw the stern look on her father's face and a reproving one on her mother's.

"Well, Katy, Oi'm surprised that you and Mickey can act this way afther getting so many foine prisints and so many good things to ate, and if you can't live together without quarreling I s'pose you're betther apart. And as I see that you have your bundle packed up and are all ready to lave, I guess you betther just pull out."

Poor Katy! Kind and indulgent as her father was, still his word had always been law to her, and being rather plucky she had too much pride to dispute the present decision. It was with an entire change of mind that she started out the second time. The coming tears blinded her so that she could scarcely see to open the front gate. A most pathetic picture she presented. The bundle coming untied, the contents began to work out, unnoticed by her. The new dress given her by her aunt Katy, unfolded and trailed behind through the snow. And as she walked slowly down the road she tried to decide what she should do, and where she could go. Under such circumstances one's mind works rapidly. She didn't want to live with any of the neighbors. They all had little girls and boys and she felt that she could not endure playing with any one else and Mickey not there. Oh, if she could just undo the work of that morning! She wanted Mickey to play with and no one else. Mickey could do as he pleased with her toys and she would never say another cross word. But now it was too late, and she could restrain her sobs no longer.

She would go to aunt Katy's. She knew the road there, and if she would not keep her, then she didn't know where next to go. Having reached this decision, she stepped a little more briskly and had just reached the bend in the road when she heard her father calling to her. With a thrill of hope in her breast she turned and looked back, and saw him beckoning to her to come back to the house. Her father met her at the gate, and taking her, bundle and all, in his arms, he kissed the tear-stained face, and told her that he guessed she could come back and stay with them if she would promise to be a good girl and not quarrel with Mickey any more, that Mickey was partly to blame, but he was going to be good too in the future.

Between smiles and tears, Katy promised, and now can any of you guess which was the happier, Mickey or Katy, at the way it all ended?

\* \* \*

## A WAYSIDE PARABLE.

AN old man was toiling along the King's highway. He was bent with years, and with a heavy pack that

he carried. The pack was made up of many parcels that were strapped together; some of them bore labels, thus: Loneliness, Fear, Disappointment, Sorrow, and so on. The old man's step grew feebler every moment, and it seemed as though he would fall upon the highway.

There overtook him a little laughing child, and she said: "Let me carry thy heavy load," whereupon the old man turned, and he, too, smiled to see so small a child offering to carry so big a burden. The sight of her sweet face, however, seemed to put new strength into his bowed back and tottering limbs. As she put her little hand in his she went along singing as sweetly as an angel! The old traveler clean forgot his burden, and, being very fond of singing from his youth up, he joined his tremulous bass with the child's soft, clear treble, and rare music they made together.

When the old man's cottage was reached, the little one looked into his face and said, "Now, did I not carry thy burden?"

"True!" he replied, "for I have never once thought of it since I saw thy pretty face. Do not leave me," he went on, "for my cottage is lonely and dark, and my life is very sad. I have not sung a song for twenty years, till to-day!"

And the little maid laughed a ringing laugh as she said, "No, dear grandfather, I will not leave thee forever!" That evening, as the child was sitting upon the old man's knee by the cheery fire which she had kindled for him, he said, "Child, what shall I call thee?"

And again she laughed her silvery laugh, then stroked his wrinkled cheek, and said, "Dost thou not know my name? It is such a pretty one, spelled with four letters." Then as though it were a great secret, she whispered, "Just call me Love!"

\* \* \*

#### GRANDMA'S GIFTS.

Few things are more pathetic than the so-called "gifts" bestowed upon the elderly members of the household. Grandpa gets a pair of slippers and a new spectacle case, and grandma receives a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" and some plain, but substantial handkerchiefs. In a certain house not a thousand miles from Boston, says Katherine L. Norton in *The Brown Book*, a college boy came home at the holiday season to find everybody wondering "what to give grandma." She had everything, apparently, in the way of caps, slippers, shoulder shawls and handkerchiefs. "I thought I'd give her a book," said one, "but she's got five Bibles and nine prayer books and I don't know what to get her."

While this discussion was going on, "grandma" sat nodding by the fire, deaf and isolated. "See here," said the college boy, "you people get your money to-

gether and give it to me, and I'll attend to grandma's Christmas." Everybody was glad to be rid of the responsibility, and the young man went a-shopping. The family were asked to write the cards, but remained in profound ignorance of what they were giving away, until Christmas morning, when everybody came down to breakfast.

Grandma's plate was piled high with tissue paper parcels, tied with blue ribbon, clumsily, it is true, but effectively none the less. Trembling with excitement and surprise, the old lady opened her packages. She had a box of candy, such as would have pleased a girl, a silver backed hand mirror, a bottle of fine perfume, a pretty pair of gray suede gloves, with white stitching on the backs, a yard of real lace, a very frivolous gray chiffon boa, two "Sherlock Holmes" books, "The Virginian" and "The Lightning Conductor."

That night, when the clock was striking twelve, the college boy came home, and saw a bright light in grandma's room. He tapped at the door, then went in, softly. Grandma sat in an easy chair, with her feet on another, and her gray hair loose over her shoulders. A bright pink spot burned in either cheek, the box of candy stood open on the table near her, and she was reading, "The Lightning Conductor."

"Merry Christmas!" said the college boy, laughing. Grandma looked up in surprise. "Merry Christmas!" she returned, brightly, "I haven't felt so young in years!"

\* \* \*

#### GREATEST OF ALL TRUANTS.

BERLIN lays claim to the distinction of having the champion truant of the world. He is a boy of ten. Nothing could make him attend school, and it finally became necessary to send him thither each day in charge of a policeman. This lasted for a week or so, and then he began to run away from home at night so that the policeman could not find him in the morning. To stop this practice he was locked up. One night he jumped from the window in the room where he was confined and landed in the street, thirty feet below, with his skull and most of his ribs broken.

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THE nineteenth century was one of preparation; the twentieth century is to be a century of opportunity and consummation.—*Dr. Shier.*

\* \* \*

THESE are days of glorious promise. I thank God this is the best day the church of Jesus Christ has ever seen.—*Bishop Joyce.*

\* \* \*

THE saloon would abolish the church if it could and the church could abolish the saloon if it would.—*President Samuel Dickie.*



## Our Bureau Drawer.

### GONE IS THE SUMMER.

BY JESSIE H. BROWN.

Gone is the summer, the harvest is ended,  
 Sheaves have been gathered and fruits have been stored,  
 Treasured the gifts that from God have descended,  
 Filled is the house and heaped is the board.

Brown are the wheat-fields, and brown are the meadows,  
 Bare are the trees that with fruitage were hung;  
 Over the earth lie the autumn's cold shadows,  
 Gone are the wild birds that fluttered and sung.

Yet is the promise of glad resurrection  
 Hidden deep under the stubble-grown ground;  
 Gracious and true is our Father's protection,  
 Surely at length will the springtime come round.

Sowing and reaping, and waking and sleeping,  
 This is the round of the swift circling year;  
 Waking and sleeping, and sowing and reaping,  
 Till we are done with our pilgrimage here.

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### WOMEN WHO STEAL SOUVENIRS.

WAITERS at the fashionable hotels and restaurants have an opportunity of noting many petty thefts on the part of guests that are never brought to the attention of the public at large. The head waiter at one of these places was complaining the other day about the frequency with which the women guests with whom he has to deal carry off the silverware and table decorations. "These petty pilferers," he said, "are not the second-rate people or the third, for then we wouldn't mind dropping on one or two of them and making them pay for some of these mysterious 'disappearances.' No, it's the smart folk who think there is nothing immoral in taking a spoon (even if it happens to be solid silver), a liquor glass or a muffineer. They call them 'souvenirs' and take them as a remembrance of the hotel.

"The waiters used to be made answerable for all such losses, but so alarmingly has this petty pilfering increased that it is now found impossible to enforce any such rule. If the proprietors did otherwise there would be a likelihood of some aggrieved waiter, when he found a lady secreting a spoon or fork, accusing her there and then and making a scene, which would do infinite injury to the hotel.

"It is a curious fact, and yet perhaps not curious, that this thieving is committed mostly by women. Many ladies have a complete record of their journeyings for years in pieces of silver, cut glass, table nap-

kins and towels picked up on the quiet at hotels where they have registered for a few nights. These things, of course, are not taken because they are needed. It is considered a joke, and women find much amusement in comparing notes and exhibiting their trophies, even in the presence of servants, and the bad effect this must have on a class who might perhaps be forgiven for occasionally helping themselves to a few 'souvenirs.' I leave you to judge.

"At this hotel I have known as many as three hundred spoons and the same number of forks disappear in a single month. When breakfast is sent up to a room, especially if it should happen to be a lady, the serviettes seldom return. They have been kept as 'souvenirs,' and when the manager is told he simply shrugs his shoulders and puts the items down in his loss account.

"When Prince Henry visited the States last year I had a friend who was engaged for one of the banquets which was given in the prince's honor. The caterer was all but ruined not from any failure on the part of the guests to pay for their dinners, but simply from the fact that besides making hearty meals they grabbed and pocketed everything made of silver on which they could lay their hands. They were souvenir collectors and desired some remembrance of the interesting occasion and never thought of the loss such wholesale robbery would prove to the poor caterer. Then, you will remember what happened during the prince of Wales' Canadian tour.

"At one port where the prince landed he informed the captain that visitors might be allowed on board during his absence. They came and invaded even the princess of Wales' private stateroom, which they were informed was closed against them.

"Every portable object in the royal room was taken by these 'souvenir' collectors, and when the captain arrived he found the apartments almost denuded. He called the crew and had the visitors, who were mostly elegantly dressed women, simply turned out, and then set to work to get the place in order before the return of the royal couple. He told the prince what had occurred and his royal highness laughed and ordered the things to be replaced. This is a fair example of what the 'souvenir' mania has come to."

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IF, when washing windows, you put a couple table-spoonsful of kerosene in a pail of hot water, the work will be easier and the glass will be much brighter.

## A DEFINITION.

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It was in a Philadelphia public school the other day, relates the *Public Ledger*, that a class in spelling was going over a lesson in words of two syllables. One of the words was "mummy." "Children," said the teacher, "how many of you know the meaning of the word 'mummy?'" After a long silence one little girl raised her hand.

"Well, Maggie?"

"It means yer mother."

The teacher pointed out her mistake, and explained fully the meaning of the word. Presently the word "poppy" had to be spelled.

"Who knows what 'poppy' means?" asked the teacher.

The same little girl raised her hand, this time in brimful confidence.

"Well, what's the answer, Maggie?"

"It means a man mummy," replied the child.

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## SMALL FANCY CAKES.

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CREAM three-fourths cup butter, add two cups sugar, beat till light, add well-beaten yolks of four eggs, one cup milk and three and a half cups pastry flour mixed with three and one-half level teaspoons baking powder. Mix well, then beat in the stiffly beaten whites. Divide the dough in three parts. Bake two parts on long, shallow pans. To the remaining dough add one teaspoon mixed mace and cinnamon, two teaspoons each wine and molasses, and two cups mixed fruit. Bake in small fancy tins in moderate oven and frost with plain frosting. Cut the plain cake in small squares, crescents, diamonds, cards or dominoes. Frost and ornament as the shape of your fancy suggests.

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## OATMEAL CAKES.

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HALF a cup of butter, three-fourths cup of sugar, two eggs, four teaspoons of sour milk, one-half teaspoon of soda dissolved in milk, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one cup of rolled oats, one cup of flour, one cup raisins chopped, three-fourths pound English walnuts weighed in shell. Drop on buttered tin, one teaspoon at a time, at intervals, and bake.

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## DANISH PUDDING.

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EIGHT eggs beaten into three tablespoonfuls of sugar; stir this into one quart of boiling cream, or milk if you can do no better. Melt in an ordinary spider one-third of a pound of brown sugar till it is a syrup,

stirring all the time. Pour this into a pudding dish, which should be placed in a dripping pan of hot water, then pour the custard on top of syrup, and bake in the oven until the custard is firm. Turn out on dish just before serving, and a fine addition is to cover with whipped cream, though this is not necessary. —Irene W. Chittenden, Detroit.

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## ORANGE MARMALADE.

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WASH, seed and slice very thin a dozen oranges and two large lemons. If you have not a quart and a pint of juice, add enough water to make that quantity of liquid. Put the fruit and liquid over the fire, cover and simmer very slowly until the peel is tender.

Add three pounds of sugar and boil until the skin looks clear and is like jelly when poured in a saucer and cooled.

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## ORANGE JELLY.

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BY GRACE GNAGY.

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TAKE nine oranges, four ounces gelatine, three lemons, one pound of sugar and the whites of three eggs. Soak the gelatine in one pint of water. Boil three pints of water and sugar together, skim well, add dissolved gelatine, oranges, lemon-juice, and beaten whites, and let it come to a boil. Skim off carefully all the scum, boil until it jells and pour into mold.

Glendora, Cal.

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## RICE AND CHICKEN CROQUETTES.

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ONE cup of cold chicken, chopped fine and seasoned with salt and pepper, one cup of cold boiled rice. Heat both together in a double boiler, adding a little milk, if the mixture seems dry. When hot, stir in one egg beaten light, and when it is thoroughly mixed, remove from the fire. When the mixture is cold, form into croquettes, roll in egg, then in fine bread or cracker crumbs and again in egg, and fry in hot lard.

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## MOLASSES COOKIES.

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TAKE one cup of New Orleans molasses, half a cup of butter, one egg, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a cup of sour milk in which you have dissolved an even teaspoonful of soda and a little ground cinnamon and cloves. Add sufficient flour—about a quart—to make a dough stiff enough to roll out rather thin. Keep the dough cold while rolling and cutting and less flour will be required and your cakes will be nicer.



# Aunt Barbara's Page



HAVING A GOOD TIME.

## HIS LAST GRANDMA.

My grandma, if you knew her well  
As I do, you would know  
That words we use could never tell  
How good she was; and so  
A lump keeps coming in my throat  
To see her empty chair,  
And know she nevermore will quote  
Her texts, or lead in prayer.

I looked into her room one day,  
My heart was beating fast;  
Her Bible and her glasses lay  
Just where she laid them last.  
I tell you what, a boy like me  
Has trouble hard to bear,  
To go about the house and see  
That grandma isn't there.

If any boy has stumped his toe,  
Or made his finger bleed,  
He ought to know just where to go  
To find a friend in need.  
His grandma knows the way to cure,  
If any mortal does,  
And he will get a cookie, sure—  
That's how my grandma was.

If any rich man—one that's good—  
Should lose most all he had;  
If he had suffered all he could,  
I'd think his lot was sad;  
And when the tears came in his eyes,  
He'd have my pity, sure,  
But when a boy's last grandma dies,  
You better think he's poor!

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THERE is hardly a family that doesn't have occasional scraps, but most of them are tremendously happy between scraps.—*J. M. Buckley.*

## HIS FATHER'S WORDS.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

"HIGHER! Quick! Oh! Bert, you should have got that!"

Bert picked up the ball, and flung it back to his father, who caught it dexterously, and sent it spinning from the bat in a "grounder" across the field again. Bert sprang nimbly aside, and this time it was his.

"That's right, boy. Keep your wits and don't hesitate. There!" his father shouted, as another fly cut the air. Bert caught it after a hard race backward. "You're not half the man I take you for, if you can't get the best of a little weakness like that!"

Bert had been ill all the spring term, and vacation was a trial to him. He was somewhat inclined to self-petting, a thing his father never tolerated. He went back to school at the beginning of the fall semester, rather inclined to expect indulgence; but the expectation fell flat. He was sore over the fact, and peevish with nervousness.

When a boy, young or old, begins to regard himself as ill-used, he is very apt to pass the compliment on to somebody. So it happened that one day Bert found himself well into a plot to play a mean trick on one of the professors, who had incurred the ill-will of his class.

He sat waiting on the school campus for a friend, that afternoon, when a gentleman passed, who somehow distantly reminded him of his father. Quick as a flash, there came back to him that day of his convalescence, when there were two "batting flies" on the field at home. A sudden remembrance brought Bert, as the saying is, "up standing." It was not his father's sympathetic comradeship, nor the patient nursing through that weary illness,—though both those had done their part.

"You're not half the man I take you for, Bert. if you can't get the best of a little weakness like that."

It was Bert's real, better self that heard the words. He sat a long time in silence, and then got up, straightening his shoulders. He had his little speech of resignation all ready. When the boys heard it, they concluded to resign, too, and that mean, practical joke was never played.

*Elgin, Ill.*

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BBETTER far form than reform character.—*Mrs S. T. McKim.*

## The Q. & A. Department.

Will the Nook please tell something about Thibet and Lassa?

Thibet is a single state in the north of India, which has not been allotted to any of the powers. Lassa is its capital and since 1846 no person has entered the city and escaped alive. A number of people have tried to get through, but are met by pickets one hundred and sixty miles away from the capital, and are politely advised to turn back and are even provided with food and raiment. If they persist in trying to get through they meet a fate too horrible to describe. A section of the British army is now on its way to Lassa, and, if there is any trouble on the part of the people of Thibet, the orders are to penetrate to the very interior of the country.

✧

Why does not extreme cold kill trees?

It does in cases. Entire orchards have been frozen to death and sometimes fruit trees will split their trunks in very cold weather. Up in the far north where it gets very cold the only forms of vegetation that will survive are the mosses and a few stunted plants. In the case of some trees, the white birch for illustration, in very cold weather a single blow of an axe will lay them open their entire length.

✧

At what period in their life does the venom of snakes come?

We do not know about all venomous snakes but with the rattler and the copperhead one just born is as capable of inflicting a deadly wound as it ever will be, and differs only in the amount of poison secreted. It is never safe to handle a poisonous snake, no matter how little and innocent it may seem.

✧

What are the physical features of the Republic of Panama?

There is no well-defined coastal plain. Along the coast are short, rough, and jagged mountains, and wide stretches of swamps. The interior is broken up in hills and rivers in a way to make it habitable only for wild natives. Most of it is an impenetrable jungle, characteristic of the tropics.

✧

How large a place is Bethlehem in Palestine?

Its population is about three thousand. Its people are in the business of manufacturing relics and curios. The center of interest in Bethlehem is the Church of the Nativity, and is the oldest Christian church in existence, being founded by St. Helena, 335 A. D.

What is chewing gum made of?

The best chewing gum is made of chicle, imported from Mexico and the countries farther south. It is first chopped into fine particles, dried, cooked, and put into steam kettles. Afterward it is sweetened and flavored and the resulting dough rolled out and cut into suitable pieces.

✧

What is the size and population of Greenland?

The habitable area of Greenland is almost wholly on the western front and is about 47,000 square miles and almost identical with that of Newfoundland or the State of Pennsylvania. Its population is only some thirteen thousand, and these are mainly Eskimos living along the coast.

✧

What amount of radium is there in the world?

In all the world there is now said to be about one tablespoonful of radium, about one and one-third ounces, but this quantity is worth \$65,000. There is about one-third of an ounce in the United States. It is kept in small glass cases and is only shown on special occasions.

✧

Are squirrels born blind?

Yes, they are. Taken when blind and raised with a bottle they become much tamer and more attached to a kind owner than if taken at any other period of their lives.

✧

What amount of radium can be got out of a ton of ore?

After careful handling about one-third of an ounce can be worked out of eight tons of ore, but the chances are that in the near future it will be easier to get.

✧

How many senators and members of congress are there?

There are ninety senators and three hundred and eighty-six members of congress. There are also four territorial delegates.

✧

Why is the Bible called a polyglot Bible?

The word polyglot means many tongues of a Bible of different languages.

✧

What is the geographical nickname of Idaho?

It is called the "Gem of the mountains."

✧

What is the population of New York?

1,515,301.



# PROSPECTUS

WE want to call the attention of the whole NOOK family to a fact that perhaps they need no telling about, and that is, the ending of the year with this number of the INGLENOOK.

**If You Have not Renewed Your Subscription You  
Ought to Do It Right Away,**

so as not to miss any future numbers of the magazine. People are careless the world over. They let their subscriptions run out, and then hurry them in and want back numbers. We do not know whether we are able to furnish them or not, the chances are that we are not. No subscriptions continue after the time for which they are paid. If you don't want the Nook, that ends it. If you do want it, and a good many thousands of people do, we don't want you to miss any part of it.

There are some reasons why

**Everybody Ought to Read the Inglenook,**

and here are some things that we are going to undertake next year. You have heard of the Correspondence Schools that teach by mail. They are a very good thing and some of them have thousands of students scattered all over the world. Now we propose to take some similar subjects and work them through the NOOK for the benefit of the Nook family.

The first we will run will be the Letter Writing part. You would have to pay five dollars for this if you went through the course regularly,

**We Propose to Give It to You for Nothing.**

You may think you know all about letter writing and maybe you do, how do we know whether you do or not? But, all the same, you will get a great many new ideas that are worth while if you follow the course. We do not know anything that has been in the INGLENOOK for a long time that is of more practical good than just what this is. You would pay five dollars for this course at any of the schools, and not get it near as good in most of them, as you will in the NOOK, as the Nook combines the good of all of them.

Then there is that Nature Study work that is running through the INGLENOOK. Every domestic animal and every one of the commoner birds and animals to be

found on the farm will be treated first or last. You ought to know something about the natural history of the people in fur and feathers around you and in the INGLENOOK is where you get it.

One of these fine days along towards spring there will be a

**Woman's Issue of the Inglenook,**

every line of which will be written by NOOK women. You will want to see that without borrowing it of somebody, and so be sure to keep up your end of the matter, and lose nothing that might be of interest. There are other things that we are not telling about now but what we want to impress upon you and all your friends is not to lose a single issue by any delay on your part. Now, then, a happy New Year to you and lots of them. Address,

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.**

The United States Naval Observatory at Washington has announced the details of its scheme to send telegraphic signals throughout the civilized world, at the beginning of the new year. The signals will begin at 11:55 at night and end at midnight, eastern time. The same series will be sent out an hour later, ending at midnight, central time, and so on throughout the world.

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"I AM an old man. My hair and beard are white. I never believe in putting old heads on young shoulders. Reading the Nook keeps my head and mind young."—*J. J. H., Kansas.*

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THE Mount Morris, (Ill.) *Index* has put out a splendid Christmas issue. For a country town Mt. Morris has as good a paper as may be found anywhere.

## Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—An old man who wants a home can find such a place by addressing the Editor of the INGLENOOK, *Elgin, Ill.*

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WANTED.—A girl about ten or twelve years of age, of good family, for a home in Dakota. Address, the Editor of the INGLENOOK.

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WANTED.—A good Brother farmer with team to work a 150-acre farm—fifty acres in orchard. Address *S. Z. Sharp, Fruita, Colo.* The above is a good chance for a man with a boy or two.











